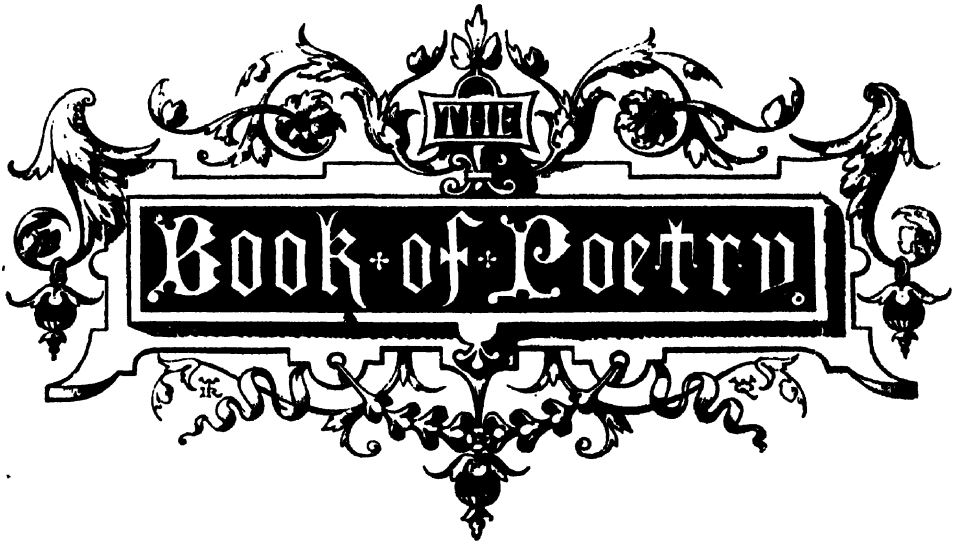

THE
Book of Poetry



THE OLD WATER-MILL.

"And is this the old mill-stream?"

[*Poem* 1724.

BEETON'S

GREAT BOOK OF POETRY

FROM

CÆDMON AND KING ALFRED'S BOETHIUS

TO

BROWNING AND TENNYSON;

ALSO

SEPARATE SELECTION OF AMERICAN POETS,

CONTAINING NEARLY

TWO THOUSAND OF THE BEST PIECES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

WITH SKETCHES OF THE

HISTORY OF THE POETRY OF OUR COUNTRY

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES OF THE POETS

LONDON:
WARD, LOCK, AND CO., WARWICK HOUSE,
DORSET BUILDINGS, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.

PREFACE.

THE intention of the Projector of the present Book of Poetry was to collect and publish as many poems, or parts of poems, as could be comprised within one large and handsome, but not unwieldy Volume. Beginning with the earliest known efforts in verse of English writers, the line of our Poets was to be traced from the very Fathers of English Poetry, through all the Periods of its greatness or decadence, to the Modern Masters of the Divine Art.

To compile a work of the scope and magnitude of this collection has not been an easy task. More than thrice the number of years have been spent in completing the volume than was reckoned would be necessary in the original calculation of time. One of the chief assistants in the work, who looked upon his labours for this compilation as a delight and joy, has passed away from this world within the past twelve months, without seeing the consummation of an undertaking which he ably helped and longed to see brought to a conclusion.

In the selection and rejection of poems, difficulties have occurred inseparable from the presence of a multitude of candidates. It was impossible to pass all as being able to obtain a place, although it was felt that many were omitted which were worthy of admittance, although not destined to the better fortune of those ultimately selected.

The Earlier Poems have been carefully compared with the best originals to which access was possible; the reading of various versions has been collated, and, where differences arose, the criticisms of our first literary guides have been searched, and their judgments consulted before a decision was taken. Since the first portion of the volume was printed, certain discoveries have been announced concerning English Poetry of the Fourteenth Century, which we have, unfortunately, been unable to take advantage of.

If it was difficult to deal with the enormous amount of English verse written up to the end of the last century, the task became infinitely harder as our own times were approached. The rights of property in the works of the living and dead had to be respected, and the law of copyright considered. In all cases where we discovered the existence of these rights, application was made to the poet or his representatives for permission to print the desired quotations. In nearly every instance the permission was kindly granted; and we especially have to thank Mr. Strahan for his very generous reply to our requests; also Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. Moxon, besides many other publishers, for their courtesy, as well as Messrs. Warne & Co.

It is, nevertheless, necessary, in our view of the duty we owe to the interests of literature and to the sentiments of authors in connection with the laws of copyright, to refer to communications which passed between us and two firms or publishers. In the one instance, Messrs. Longman claimed to be in the possession of the copyright of the poem of Ivry, or the War of the League, written by Lord Macaulay, and first published in Charles Knight's "Quarterly Magazine." We believed, upon good grounds as we thought, that the copyright of this piece had

expired for some years, and so stated our belief to Messrs. Longman. They, however, insisted they were right, and demanded that the electrotype plates containing that particular poem should be destroyed. Still believing that we were correct, we made further search, and proved to Messrs. Longman that they were claiming a right which had expired four or five years. If, however, they had been never so right, we contend that to refuse permission for the insertion in such a collection as our own, of a poem by an author of the rank of Lord Macaulay, is, at the least, a churlish piece of business, and unworthy of a house whose name stands so high in the estimation of its contemporaries. Surely, the possession of Lord Macaulay's copyrights for the legal term of forty-two years should be sufficient to satisfy the most extortionate. But here we see Messrs. Longman straining to assert their rights long after they had lapsed, and when Lord Macaulay's copyright had ceased to be individual property—to become, as the Legislature intended, the property of the nation.

In the other instance, Messrs. Bell and Daldy refused to permit the insertion of any poems by Miss Procter. That charming poetess, to our great regret, is absent from these pages; and wrongly, indeed, did they read her wishes who is now no more, when, after several applications on our part (even when we asked for one little poem, so that she should not be entirely unrepresented here), they still adhered to their very ungenerous resolution.

It becomes, indeed, a matter for the public to find fault with, when extreme rights, such as we have referred to, are extremely insisted on. There would be no collection of modern prose, or poetry, possible, if firms who happen to be in the possession of the valuable works of deceased authors, to whom there is no appeal for assistance against the selfishness of the copyright-holders, should all declare their unwillingness to abate a jot of their pretensions even in behalf of the public welfare. This kind of procedure, also, becomes more reprehensible when such houses as we have named, who ought to be foremost in liberality, are the transgressors. The eminent men and women whose works they print, would consider that their publishers were ill doing their duty to authors and to literature, if they were systematically to refuse to compilers a reasonable use for popular advantage of their writings.

A word remains to say about the arrangement of this volume. Biographical notices of nearly all the Poets whose works are quoted precede the poems of each Period. Prefixed to each Period is a brief sketch of its Poetry. Every Poem has the name of the Author at its foot, with the date of his Birth and Death. As nearly as possible the Chronological sequence of the poems has been maintained. Lastly, the American Poets are represented in the final sheets of the volume, with as much of their biography as we have been able to discover.

Many errors of omission and commission will be found in our Book of Poetry. We shall feel exceedingly obliged by critics and correspondents pointing out these blunders, so that we may correct them in future editions. But we sincerely believe that, with all its faults, this Volume stands, in regard to quantity and quality, high above any existing Selections yet made from the inestimable stores of our glorious English Poetic Literature.

S. O. BEETON.

Paternoster Row, 1870.

INDEX.

PAGE

Names of the Poets, with the Periods in which they Flourished vii

Names of the Poets, with Numbers of Poems xi

Names of the Poets, with the Titles of Poems xv

Alphabetical List of the Poems xxxv

First Lines of the Poems xlix

Biographies of American Poets lxvii

Names of American Poets, with Numbers of Poems ... lxvii

Names of American Poets, with the Titles of Poems ... lxvii

Titles of American Poems lxix

First Lines of American Poems lxx

NAMES OF THE POETS,

WITH THE

PERIODS IN WHICH THEY FLOURISHED.

	PERIOD
Addison, Joseph	v
Aird, Thomas	vii
Akenside, Mark	vi
Alexander, William	iii
Alford, the Very Rev. Henry	vii
Alfred the Great	i
Alison, Richard	iii
Ancrum, Earl of	iii
Anstey, Christopher	vi
Armstrong, John	vi
Arnold, Matthew	vii
Atherstone, Edwin	vii
Aytoun, William	vii
B.	
Bailey, P. J.	vii
Baillie, Joanna	vii
Bampfylde, John	vi
Barbauld, Anna Letitia	vii
Barbour, John	i
Barnard, Lady Anne	vi
Barnfield, Richard	iii
Barton, Bernard	vii
Baxter, Richard	iv
Bayly, Thomas Haynes	vii
Beattie, James	vi
Beaumont and Fletcher	iii
Beckford, William	vii
Behn, Mrs. Aphra	iv
Belchier, Dabridgecourt	iii
Bennett, William Cox	vii
Bishop, Samuel	vi
Blacklock, Thomas	vi
Blackmore, Sir Richard	v
Blackstone, Sir William	vi
Blair, Robert	vi
Blake, William	vii
Blamire, Miss Susanna	vii
Blind Harry	ii
Bloomfield, Robert	vii
Booth, Barton	v
Boswell, Sir Alexander	vii
Bourd, Andrew	ii
Bowles, William Lisle	vii
Breton, Nicholas	iii
Brome, Alexander	iii
Brown, Thomas	iv
Browne, William	iii
Browning, Elizabeth	vii
Browning, Robert	vii
Bruce, Michael	vi
Burns, Robert	vii
Burton, Robert	iii
Butler, Samuel	iv
Byrom, John	vi
Byron, Lord George Gordon	vii
Brunne, Robert de	i
Buckinghamshire, John Sheffield, Duke of	iv
C.	
Cædmon	i
Campbell, Thomas	vii
Canning, George	vii
Carew, Thomas	iii
Carey, Henry	vi
Carrington, N. T.	vii
Cartwright, William	iii
Chalkhill, John	iii
Chamberlayne, William	iv
Chapman, George	iii
Chatterton, Thomas	vi
Chaucer, Geoffrey	i
Chettle, Henry	iii
Churchill, Charles	vi
Cibber, Colley	vi
Clare, John	vii
Cleveland, John	iii
Cockburn, Mrs.	vi
Coleridge, Samuel Taylor	vii
Coleridge, Hartley	vii
Collins, William	vi
Constable, Henry	iii
Cook, Eliza	vii
Corbet, Richard	iii
Cotton, Charles	iv
Cotton, Nathaniel	vi
Cowley, Abraham	iv
Cowper, William	vii
Crabbe, George	vii
Crashaw, Richard	iii
Crawford, Robert	vi
Crawfurd, William	vi
Croker, Right Hon. John Wilson	vii
Croly, George	vii
Crowne, John	iv
Cunningham, Allan	vii
Cunningham, John	vi
D.	
Dale, Rev. Thomas	vii
Daniel, Samuel	iii
Darwin, Dr. Erasmus	vii
Davenant, Sir William	iii
Davies, Sir John	iii
Davison, Francis	iii
Dekker, Thomas	iii
Denham, Sir John	iv
Dibdin, Charles	vii
Digby, George	iv
Dobell, Sydney (Yendys)	vii
Doddridge, Philip	vi
Dodsley, Robert	vi
Donne, John, D.D.	iii
Dorset, Earl of	iv
Douglas, Gawain	ii
Dowland, John	iii
Drayton, Michael	iii
Drummond, William	iii
Dryden, John	iv
Dunbar, William	ii
Dyer, John	vi
E.	
Edwards, Richard	ii
Elliott, Ebenezer	vii
Elliot, Sir Gilbert	vi
Elliot, Miss Jane	vi
Etherege, Sir George	iv
F.	
Fairfax, Edward, B.D.	iii
Falconer, William	vi
Fanshawe, Sir Richard	iii
Farquhar, George	v
Fawkes, Francis	vi
Fenton, Elijah	v
Fergusson, Robert	vi
Field, Nathaniel	iii
Fitzgeffrey, Charles	iii
Flatman, Thomas	iv
Fletcher, Giles	iii
Fletcher, Phineas	iii
Ford, John	iii

	PERIOD
G	
Gall, Richard	VII
Garth, Sir Samuel	V
Gascoigne, George	III
Gay, John	V
Gifford, William	VII
Gilfillan, Robert	VII
Gloucester, Robert of	I
Glover, Richard	VI
Godolphin, Sidney	III
Goffe, Thomas	III
Goldsmith, Oliver	VI
Gould, Robert	IV
Gower, John	I
Grahame, James	VII
Granger, Dr James	VI
Grant, Mrs	VII
Granville, George	V
Gray, Thomas	VI
Green, Matthew	V
Greville, Fulke	III
H.	
Habington, William	III
Hall, Joseph, D D	III
Hall, John	III
Hamilton, William	VI
Harrington, John	III
Harrington, Sir John	III
Hart, Joseph	VI
Haughton, William	III
Hayley, William	VII
Headley, Henry	VI
Heber, Bishop	VII
Hemans, Felicia	VII
Henrysone, Robert	II
Herbert, George	III
Herrick, Robert	III
Hervey, T K	VII
Heywood, John	III
Heywood, Thomas	III
Hill, Aaron	VI
Hislop, James	VII
Hogg, James	VII
Hood, Thomas	VII
Houghton, Lord	VII
Howard, Henry	II
Howitt, William and Mary	VII
Hume, Alexander	III
Hunnis, William	II
Hunt, James Henry Leigh	VII
Hunter, Mrs	VII
I.	
Ingeland, Thomas	III
J.	
Jago, Richard	VI
James I, King of Scotland	II
James VI., King	III
Johnson, Dr Samuel	VI
Jones, Ernest	VII
Jones, Sir William	VI
Jonson, Ben	III
K	
Keats John	VII
Keble John	VII
Ken, Bishop	V
King, Dr Henry	III
Kingsley, Rev Charles	VII
Kingsley Henry	VII
Knowles Herbert	VII
Knox, William	VII
L	
Laidlaw William	VII
Lamb, Charles	VII
L E Landon	VII
Landor, Walter Savage	VII
Langhorne, John	VI
Langlande, Robert	I
Lee, Nathaniel	IV
Lewis, Matthew Gregory	VII
Leyden, John	VII
Lillo, George	V
Lloyd, Robert	VI
Lockhart, John Gibson	VII
Lodge, Thomas	III
Logan, John	VI
Lovelace, Richard	III
Lydgate John	II
Lyly John	III
Lyndsay, Sir David	II
Lyttelton, George, Lord	VI
M	
Macaulay Lord	VII
Mackay, Charles	VII
MacNeill, Hector	VII
Macpherson, James	VI
Maitland, Sir Richard	III
Mallett, David	VI
Marlowe, Christopher	III
Marston, John	III
Marvell, Andrew	IV
Mason, William	VI
Massey, Gerald	VII
Massinger, Phillip	III
Mathias, Thomas James	VII
May, Thomas	III
Mayne, John	VII
Merrick, James	VI
Mickle, William Julius	VI
Middleton, Thomas	III
Milman, Henry Hart	VII
Milton, John	IV
Moir, David Macbeth	VII
Montgomery, Alexander	III
Montgomery, James	VII
Montgomery, Robert	VII
Moore, Edward	VI
Moore, Sir John Henry	VI
Moore, Thomas	VII
More, Henry	IV
Moss, Thomas	VI
Motherwell, William	VII
N	
Nabbes, Thomas	III
Nash, Thomas, & Greene, Robert	III
Nicols, Richard	III
Nicoll, Robert	VII
Norton, Hon Caroline Elizabeth Sarah	VII
Nugent, Lord	VI
O	
Oldys, William	VI
Oldmixon, John	V
Opie, Mrs Amelia	VII
Otway, Thomas	IV
Overbury, Sir Thomas	III
Oxford, Earl of, Edward Vere	III
P	
Parnell, Thomas	V
Patmore, Coventry	VII
Poole, George	III
Penrose, Thomas	VI
Percy, Bishop	VI
Philips, Ambrose	V
Philips, John	V
Philips, Katherine	III
Pollok, Robert	VII
Pomfret, John	IV
Pope, Alexander	V
Pope, Dr Walter	IV
Praed Winthrop Mackworth	VII
Pringle, Thomas	VII
Prior, Matthew	V
Procter, Bryan Waller	VII
Q	
Quarles, Francis	II
Quarles, John	IV
R	
Raleigh, Sir Walter	III
Ramsay, Allan	V
Randolph, Thomas	III
Robert de Brunne	I
Robert of Gloucester	I
Roberts, William Hayward	VI
Rochester, Earl of	IV
Rogers, Samuel	VII
Rolle, Richard	I
Roscommon, Earl of	IV
Ross, Alexander	VI
Rowe, Nicholas	V
Russell, Thomas	VI

	PERIOD
S.	
Sackville, Thomas	iii
Sandys, George	iii
Savage, Richard	vi
Scot, Alexander	iii
Scott, John	vi
Scott, Sir Walter	vii
Sedley, Sir Charles	iv
Seward, Miss Anna	vii
Sewell, Dr. George	v
Shadwell, Thomas	iv
Shakspere, William	iii
Sheffield, John, Duke of Buckinghamshire	iv
Shelley, Percy Bysshe	vii
Shenstone, William	vi
Shirley, James	iii
Sidney, Sir Philip	iii
Skelton, John	ii
Smart, Christopher	vi
Smith, Alexander	vii
Smith, Mrs. Charlotte	vii
Smith, Horace	vii
Smith, James	vii
Smollett, Tobias	vi
Somerville, William	v
Sotheby, William	vii
Southerne, Thomas	v
Southey, Robert	vii
Southey, Mrs.	vii
Southwell, Robert	iii
Spencer, the Hon. William R.	vii
Spenser, Edmund	iii
Stanley, Thomas	iv
Stepney, George	iv
Still, John	iii
Stirling, Earl of	iii
Storer, Thomas	iii
Suckling, Sir John	iii
Swain, Charles	vii
Swift, Jonathan	v
Sylvester, Joshua	iii
T.	
Tannahill, Robert	vii
Tate, Nahum	v
Taylor, Bishop Jeremy	iv
Tennant, William	vii
Tennyson, Alfred	vii
Thompson, Edward	vi
Thomson, James	vi
Thrale, Mrs.	vi
Tickell, Thomas	v
Tighe, Mrs.	vii
Toplady, Augustus	vi
Trench, Archbishop	vii
Tusser, Thomas	ii
U.	
Udall, Nicholas	iii
V.	
Vanbrugh, Sir John	v
Vaughan, Henry	iv
W.	
Waller, Edmund	iv
Walsh, William	iv
Ward, Edward	v
Warner, William	iii
Warton, Joseph	vi
Warton, Thomas	vi
Wastall, Simon	iii
Watson, Thomas	iii
Watts, Alaric A.	vii
Watts, Isaac	vi
Webster, John	iii
Wesley, Charles	vi
Wesley, John	vi
West, Gilbert	vi
White, H. Kirke	vii
Whitehead, Paul	vi
Whitehead, William	vi
Wiffen, J. H.	vii
Wilde, Dr.	iii
Wilson, Alexander	vii
Wilson, Professor John	vii
Winchelsea, Anne, Countess of	v
Wither, George	iii
Wolcot, John	vii
Wolfe, Charles	vii
Wordsworth, William	vii
Wotton, Sir Henry	iii
Wyat, Sir Thomas	ii
Wycherley, William	iv
Wyntoun, Andrew	ii
Y.	
Yendys, Sydney (Dobell)	vii
Young, Edward	vi

NAMES OF THE POETS.

NO. OF POEM.

Adamson, John 743
Addison, Joseph 763-770
Akenside 801-803
Alfred, King 1726-1736
[illegible] 5-12
[illegible] 1338
[illegible] ..... 510-535, 712-734, 735-[illegible], 742, 744-746, 1814
Anstey, Christopher 1025
Armstrong, John 924-927
Arnold, Edwin 1757, 1758
Arnold, Matthew ... 1759-1761
Ayres, Philip 707, 708
Ayton, Sir Robert 839
Aytoun, W. E. 1662-1663

B.

Bailey, Philip J. 1672
Baillie, Joanna 1470-1473
Bampfylde, John ... 1007-1010
Barbauld, Anna L... 1104-1110
Barbour, John 32-35
Barnard, Lady Anne 1047
Barnfield, Richard 121
Barton, Bernard 1453-1459
Baxter, Richard 570
Bayly, T. Haynes ... 1500-1502
Beattie 988-993
Beaumont and Fletcher, 212-220
Beckford, W. 1519
Behn, Aphra 704, 705
Belchier, Dabridgecourt... 445
Bennett, W. C. 1764-1778
Bishop, Samuel 1002-1006
Blacklock, Thomas ... 975-978
Blackmore 787
Blackstone, Sir William... 936
Blair, Robert 842-849
Blamire, Susanna ... 1102, 1103
Blind Harry 46, 47
Bloomfield, Robert... 1123-1128
Boethius 9-12
Bonar, Horatius 1779, 1780
Booth, Barton 836
Boswell, Sir A. 1609-1611
Bourd, Andrew 80
Bowles, W. L. 1238-1271

NO. OF POEM.

Breton, Nicholas 116-118
Bristol, Lord 571
Broome, Alexander 381-383
Brooke, Lord 154-157
[illegible] 1781-1784
[illegible] 679
[illegible] 285-291
Browning, Mrs. 1558-1561
Browning, Robert ... 1785-1788
Bruce, Michael 959-961
Brunne, Robert de 14, 15
Brydges, Sir Egerton, 1520, 1521
Buchanan, R. 1835
Buckinghamshire, Duke of 681
Burns, Robert 1575-1592
Burton, Robert 487
Butler, Samuel... 637-645, 734, 741
Byrom, John 1056, 1057
Byron, Lord 1337-1358

C.

Cædmon 1-4
Campbell, Thomas... 1297-1312
Canning, George ... 1144-1146
Carew, Thomas 258-270
Carey, Henry 1035
Carrington, N. T. ... 1513-1518
Cartwright, William... 337-339, 482, 483
Chalkhill, John 333-336
Chamberlayne, William, 579-584
Chapman, George 485
Chatterton, Thomas ... 940-944
Chaucer 19-28
Chettle 433, 434
Churchill 952-958
Cibber, Colley 1033
Clare, John 1405-1413
Cleveland, John... 377, 378, 740
Clough, A. H. 1836, 1837
Cockburn, Mrs. 1049
Coleridge 1503-1512
Coleridge, Hartley... 1569-1574
Collins, William 887-892
Constable, Henry 164
Cook, Eliza 1720-1725
Corbet, Bishop 251-253
Cotton, Charles 646-649
Cotton, Nathaniel 1024

NO. OF POEM.

Cowley, Abraham 540-554
Cowper 1077-1088
Crabbe, George 1173-1179
Crashaw, Richard 297-301
Crawfurd, William... 1028-1030
Croly, George 1538-1551
Crowne, John 695-699
Cunningham, Allan... 1617-1627
Cunningham, John... 1022, 1023
Cunningham, Thomas 1648

D.

Daniel, Samuel 135-140
Darwin, Erasmus ... 1092-1098
Davenant, Sir William, 372-374
Davies, Sir John 221-226
Davison, Francis 498-500
Dekker, T. 432-438
Denham, Sir John 576-578
Dibdin, Charles 1136-1140
Dickens, Charles 1818
Dobell, Sydney 1671
Doddridge 1058-1063
Dodsley, Robert 1000, 1001
Dommett, Alfred 1792
Donne, John 227-236
Dorset, Earl of 680
Dorset, Thomas Sackville, Earl of 96-98
Douglas, Gawain ... 52, 56, 57
Dowland, John 497
Drayton, Michael 141-147
Drummond, William... 361-366
Dryden, John 658-665
Dunbar, William 51-55
Dyer, John 880

E.

Edwards, Richard 91, 92
Elliot, Sir Gilbert 1051
Elliot, Miss Jane 1048
Elliott, Ebenezer ... 1552-1557
Erskine, Ralph 711
Etherege, Sir George... 701-703

F.

Fairfax, Edward 148-149
Falconer, William 945-949

NO. OF POEM.

Fanshawe, Sir Richard 368–371
Fawkes, Francis 1014
Fenton, Elijah 834
Fergusson, Robert... 1052–1055
Field, Nathaniel 488
Fitzgeffrey, Charles ... 492, 493
Flatman, Thomas 672–675
Fletcher, Giles 310–313
Fletcher, Phineas 314–315
Ford, John 456–459
Frere, J. H. 1294–1296
Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke 154–157

G.

Gall, Richard 1603, 1604
Garth, Samuel 786
Gascoigne, George..... 101–106
Gawain Douglas..... 56, 57
Gay, John 792–805
Gemmet, T. M..... 1813
Gifford, William..... 1141–1143
Gilfillan, Robert..... 1646, 1647
Gloucester, Robert of..... 13
Glover, Richard..... 997–999
Godolphin, Sidney 481
Goffe, Thomas 467, 468
Goldsmith 916–920
Gould, Robert 684, 685
Gower, John..... 29–31
Grahame, James ... 1156–1164
Granger, Dr..... 1015
Grant, Mrs..... 1119, 1120
Gray 907–912
Green, Matthew..... 815, 816
Greene, Robert 419–427
Greet, J. 1815
Greville, Mrs. 987

H.

Habergham, Mrs. Fleetwood 671
Habington, William ... 316–328
Hall, Bishop 248–250
Hall, John..... 375
Hamilton, William ... 881–883
Harrington, John 99, 100
Harrington, Sir John 150–153
Hart 1075, 1076
Haughton 433, 434
Hayley, William ... 1089–1091
Headley, Henry 1041
Heber, Bishop 377–1382
Hemans, Mrs..... 1436–1452
Henrysone, Robert 48–50
Herbert, George..... 302–309
Herrick, Robert..... 340–351
Hervey, T. K..... 1525–1529
Heywood, John 400, 401
Heywood, Thomas..... 469–476
Hill, Aaron 1031
Hislop, James 1652
Hogg, James 1612–1616
Hood, Thomas 1484–1499
Hook, N. 706
Houghton, Lord..... 1717–1719
Howitt, Mary..... 1653–1660

NO. OF POEM.

Howitt, William 1661
Hume, Alexander 391–393
Hume, Mary C. 1817
Hunnis, William 93
Hunt, Leigh 1397–1404
Hunter, Mrs. 1112–1115

I.

Ingeland, Thomas 397
Ingelow, Jean 1832
Ingram, J. K. 1793

J.

Jago, Richard 985
James I. of Scotland..... 41–43
James VI., King 394
Johnson, Samuel 884–886
Jones, Ernest 1794
Jones, Sir W. 1011–1013
Jonson, Ben..... 237–247

K.

Keats, John 1824, 1825
Keble, John..... 1795–1798
Ken, Bishop 819–821
King Alfred 5–8
King, Bishop 254–256
Kingsley, Charles ... 1799, 1800
Knowles, Herbert 1383
Knox, William 1474–1477

L.

Laidlaw, William..... 1649
Lamb, Charles 1228–1234
Landon, L. E..... 1460–1469
Landor, W. S. 1272–1277
Langford, J. A. 1816
Langhorne, Dr. 930–935
Lansdowne, George Granville, Lord 837
Lee, Nathaniel 692–694
Lewis, M. G..... . 1313
Leyden, John 1129–1135
Lillo, George 831
Lloyd, Robert 950, 951
Lockhart, J. G. 1522–1524
Lodge, Thomas 428–431
Logan, John 962–964
Loker, T. 1810
Longlande, Robert 17, 18
Lovelace, Richard 352–357
Lydgate, John 36–40
Lyly John 404–408
Lyndsay, Sir David 58–62
Lyttelton, Lord 904–906
Lytton, Lord..... 1828
Lytton, Robert 1829, 1830

M.

Macaulay..... 1565–1568

NO OF POEM.

Macdonald, George 1831
Mackay, Charles..... 1737–1742
Macneill, Hector ... 1595–1597
Macpherson, James..... 939
Maitland, Sir Richard..... 388
Mallet, David 897–900
Marlow, Christopher..... 113
Marston, John 466
Marvell, Andrew 633–636
Mason 913–915
Massey, Gerald 1745–1756
Massinger, Philip 463–465
May, Thomas 367
Mayne, John 1605–1608
Meredith, George..... 1744
Merrick, James 1016, 1017
Mickle 928, 929
Middleton, Thomas ... 450–455
Milman, H. H. 1664–1670
Milton, John 603–632
Moir, D. M..... 1534–1537
Montgomery, Alexander, 389, 390
Montgomery, James, 1394–1396
Montgomery, Robert, 1[illegible]
Moore, Edward [illegible]
Moore, Sir John H. . . 950, 951
Moore, Thomas ... 1275–[illegible]
More, Henry .... [illegible]
Morris, William..... 1[illegible]
Moss, Thomas 1027
Motherwell 1631–1641
Moultrie, John..... 1801

N.

Nabbes, Thomas 376
Nash, Thomas 439–444
Niccols, Richard 496
Nicholson, William..... . 1650
Nicoll, Robert 1642–1645
Norton, Hon. Mrs... 1710–1716
Nugent, Earl..... 1044

O.

Oldmixon, John 838
Oldys, William..... .. 1021
Opie, Mrs. 1116–1118
Otway, Thomas 687–691
Ouseley, Thomas J. 1811, 1812
Overbury, Sir Thomas ... 495
Oxford, Edward, Earl of... 494

P.

Parnell, Thomas..... 808–814
Peele, George 409–418
Penrose, Thomas 981, 982
Percy, Dr. Thomas ..(937, 938
Philips, Ambrose 788–791
Philips, John 666
Philips, Katherine..... 384, 385
Pollok, Robert 1430–1435
Pomfret, John 677, 678
Pope, Alexander..... 776–783
Pope, Dr. Walter..... 686

NO. OF POEM.

Praed, W. M..... 1709
Pringle, Thomas..... 1478–1480
Prior, Matthew 747–762
Procter, B. W..... 1673–1696

Q.

Quarles, Francis, 292–296, 737
Quarles, John 676

R.

Raleigh, Sir Walter ... 114, 115
Ramsay, Allan 824–826
Randolph, Thomas..... 358–360
Rands, W. B..... 1826, 1827
Redford, John 403
Robert de Brunne..... 14, 15
Robert of Gloucester 13
Roberts, W. H. 979, 980
Rochester, Earl of..... 654–657
Rogers, Samuel 1180–1188
Rolle, Richard 16
Roscommon, Earl of ... 650–653
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel 1841–1843
Ross, Alexander..... 1045, 1046
Rowe, Nicholas 828–830
Russell, Thomas 1042, 1043

S.

Sandys, George 477–480
Savage, Richard..... 840, 841
Scot, Alexander..... 386, 387
Scott, John 1018–1020
Scott, Sir W. 1314–1336
Sedley, Sir Charles ... 667–670
Seward, Anna 1111
Sewell, Dr. George 832
Shadwell, Thomas 700
Shakspere, William ... 165–211
Shaw, Cuthbert 1036
Shelley, Percy B. ... 1359–1376
Shenstone 893–896
Shirley, James, 379, 380, 460–462
Sidney, Sir Philip 107
Skelton, John 63
Skinner, John 1050
Smart, Christopher ... 994–996
Smith, Alexander 1743
Smith, Charlotte ... 1099–1101
Smith, Horace 1418–1420
Smith, James 1417
Smith, J. & H. 1414–1416
Smollett, Tobias..... 921–923
Somerville, William ... 806, 807
Sotheby, William ... 1235–1237
Southerne, Thomas..... 827
Southey, Caroline ... 1530–1533
Southey, Robert..... 1213–1227
Southwell, Robert.. ... 108–112
Spencer, Peter 1807–1809
Spencer, Hon. W. R. 1395–1396
Spenser, Edmund 124–134
Stanley, Thomas 565–569
Stepney, George 682
Sterline, Earl of 489
Still, Bishop 402
Stirling, Earl of 396
Storer, Thomas 490, 491
Suckling, Sir John..... 329–332
Surrey, Howard, Earl of, 64–71
Swain, Charles 1697–1702
Swift, Jonathan 771–775
Swinburne, Algernon Charles..... 1833, 1834
Sylvester, Joshua 119, 120

T.

Tannahill, Robert ... 1598–1602
Tate, Nahum 822, 823
Taylor, Jeremy 555
Tennant, William ... 1628–1630
Tennyson, Alfred ... 1703–1708
Tennyson, Frederick, 1804–1806
Thackeray, W. M.... 1762, 1763
Thompson, Edward 1038–1040
Thomson, James 864–879
Thrale, Mrs. 1026
Tickell, Thomas 784, 785
Tighe, Mary 1121, 1122
Toplady, A..... 1072–1074
Train, Joseph 1651
Trench, Richard C. 1802, 1803
Tusser, Thomas..... 81–90

U.

Udall, Nicholas 398, 399
Uncertain 502–509

V.

Vanbrugh, Sir John 833
Vaughan, Henry 556–564
Vere, Aubrey de ... 1789–1791

W.

Waller, Edmund 585–602
Walsh, William 683
Ward, Edward 835
Warner, William 484
Warton, Joseph 974
Warton, Thomas 965–973
Wastell, Simon..... 501
Watson, Thomas 122–123
Watts, Dr. 850–854
Webster, John 446–449
Wesley, Charles..... 1064–1066
Wesley, John 1067–1071
West, Gilbert 1032
White, H. Kirke ... 1165–1172
Whitehead, Paul 1037
Whitehead, W..... 986
Wilde, Dr..... 257
Wilson, A. 1593, 1594
Wilson, John 1421–1429
Wilson, R..... 432
Winchelsea, Anne, Countess of 817, 818
Wither, George 271–284
Wolcot, Dr..... 1147–1155
Wolfe, Charles 1562–1564
Wordsworth, William, 1189–1212
Wotton, Sir Henry ... 158–163
Wyat, Sir Thomas 72–79
Wyntoun, Andrew..... 44, 45

Y.

Young, Edward 855–863

NAMES OF THE POETS AND TITLES OF THE POEMS:

	NO. OF POEM.
ADAMSON, JOHN.	
The Cavalier's Farewell to his Mistress	743
ADDISON, JOSEPH.	
A Song for St. Cecilia's Day	763
An Ode for St. Cecilia's Day	764
A Letter from Italy	765
An Ode	766
A Hymn	767
An Ode	768
A Hymn	769
Paraphrase on Psalm xxiii.	770
AKENSIDE, MARK.	
Tendencies of the Soul towards the Infinite	901
Taste	902
An Epistle to Curio	903
ALFORD, DEAN.	
A Remembrance	1726
The Past	1727
One Summer's Night	1728
Morning and Evening	1729
The Cross	1730
Gentlest Girl	1731
England	1732
There is an Ancient Man	1733
The Father and Child	1734
Autumn	1735
My own dear Country	1736
ALFRED, KING.	
The Soul in Despair	5
Nothing on Earth Permanent	6
The Only Rest	7
The Happy Man	8
ALISON, RICHARD.	
There is a Garden in her Face	486
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.	
The Emigrant's Adieu to Ballyshannon	1838
ANCRUM, EARL OF.	
Solitary Life	395
ANONYMOUS.	
The Sailing of Beowulf	9
An Old Man's Sorrow	10
Good Night	11
Summer is i-cumen in	12
The Nut-brown Maid	94
King Arthur's Death	95
Robin Goodfellow	510
The Old and Young Courtier	511
Time's Alteration	512
Loyalty confined	513
Adam Bell	514
The Birth of Robin Hood	515
A Tale of Robin Hood	516
Robin Hood and Allan-a-Dale	517
Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's three Sons	518
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne	519
Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar	520
How Robin Hood lends a Poor Knight Four Hundred Pounds	521
The Knight releases his Lands and succours a Yeoman	522
Little John in the Service of the Sheriff of Nottingham	523
Robin Hood reimburses himself of his Loan	524
Robin Hood's Death and Burial	525
Patient Grissell	526
The Twa Sisters o' Binnorie	527
The Hunting of the Cheviot	528
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury	529
Edom o' Gordon	530
Thomas the Rhymer	531
The Water o' Wearie's Well	532
Lord Beichan	533
Love will find out the way	534
The Childe of Elle	535
King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth	536
The Heir of Linne	537
The Spanish Lady's Love	538
The Lass of Lochroyan	539
The Young Man's Wish	709
The Midnight Messenger	710
Smoking spiritualized	711
The Catholick	712
The Three Knights	713
The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green	714
Lord Delaware	715
The Golden Glove	716
King James I. and the Tinkler	717
The Keach i' the Creel	718
Sir John Barleycorn	719
The Nobleman's Generous Kindness	720
The Brave Earl Brand and the King of England's Daughter	721
The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove	722

NO. OF POEM.

Lady Alice 723
The Useful Plow 724
The Farmer's Boy 725
The Mow 726
The Hitchin May-day Song 727
The Haymakers' Song 728
The Garden Gate 729
The New-mown Hay 730
Begone Dull Care 731
When the King comes Home in peace again 732
I love my King and Country well 733
The New Litany 735
The Old Protestant's Litany 736
The Cameronian Cat 738
I thank you twice 739
Prattle your Pleasure under the Rose 742
The Cobbler and the Vicar of Bray ... 744
A Country Song intituled the Restoration 745
The Loyal Soldier 746
Time's Song 1814

ANSTEY, CHRISTOPHER.
A Public Breakfast 1025

ARMSTRONG, JOHN.
Choice of a Rural Situation and Description of the Ague 924
Recommendation of a High Situation on the Sea-coast 925
Angling 926
Pestilence of the 15th Century 927

ARNOLD, EDWIN.
Almond Blossom 1757
Woman's Voice 1758

ARNOLD, MATTHEW.
Urania 1759
Philomela 1760
Euphrosyne 1761

AYRES, PHILIP.
To the Nightingale 707
On the Sight of his Mistress's House 708

AYTON, SIR ROBERT.
The Church Builder 839

AYTOUN, W. E.
Massacre of the Macphersons 1662
The Burial March of Dundee 1663

B.

BAILEY, P. J.
Love 1672

BAILLIE, JOANNA.
Address to Miss Agnes Baillie 1470
The Black Cock 1471
The New Year's Gift 1472
The Kitten 1473

BAMPFYLDE, JOHN.
Sonnets 1007, 1008, 1009, 1010

BARBAULD, ANNA L.
Ode to Spring 1104
To a Lady, with some painted Flowers 1105
Hymn to Content 1106

NO. OF POEM.

Washing-day 1107
The Death of the Virtuous 1108
Come unto Me 1109
Praise to God 1110

BARBOUR, JOHN.
Apostrophe to Freedom 32
Character of Sir James of Douglas ... 33
Death of Sir Henry de Bohun 34
The Battle of Bannockburn's Path 35

BARNARD, LADY ANNE.
Auld Robin Gray 1041

BARNFIELD, RICHARD.
Address to the Nightingale 121

BARTON, BERNARD.
Power and Gentleness 1453
To the Evening Primrose 1454
There be those 1455
Not ours the Vows 1456
Stanzas on the Sea 1457
The Solitary Tomb 1458
Bishop Hubert 1459

BAXTER, RICHARD.
The Valediction 570

BAYLY, T. H.
To his Wife 1500
Think not of the Future 1501
O where do Fairies hide their Heads 1502

BEATTIE.
Opening of the Minstrel 988
Morning Landscape 989
Life and Immortality 990
Retirement 991
The Hermit 992
Ode to Peace 993

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.
Plighting Troth 212
Nature and Love 213
Cæsar's Lamentation over Pompey's Head 214
Melancholy 215
Song 216
The Power of Love 217
To Sleep 218
From Rollo 219
Song to Pan 220

BECKFORD, W.
Prayer 1519

BEHN, APHRA.
Songs 704, 705

BELCHIER, DABRIDGECOURT.
The Confession 445

BENNETT, W. C.
Invocation to Rain in Summer 1764
To a Cricket 1765
Baby May 1766
Baby's Shoes 1767
The Worn Wedding-ring 1768
Wedding Words 1769
Mother and Son 1770
To a Lady I know, aged One 1771
Cradle Song 1772

NO. OF POEM.

To W. G. B. 1773
The Queen 1774
Sketches from a Painter's Studio 1775
From India 1776
The Boat-race 1777
The Wife's Appeal 1778

BISHOP, SAMUEL.
To Mrs. Bishop 1002, 1003
Epigrams 1004, 1005, 1006

BLACKLOCK, THOMAS.
Flowers 975
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience 976
Ode to Aurora 977
The Author's Picture 978

BLACKMORE.
Creation 787

BLACKSTONE, SIR WILLIAM.
A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse 936

BLAIR, ROBERT.
The Grave 842
Friendship 843
The Miser 844
Unprepared for Death 845
Death 846
The Grave 847
The Death of a Good Man 848
The Resurrection 849

BLAMIRE, SUSANNA.
The Nabob 1102
What ails this Heart o' mine 1103

BLIND HARRY.
Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water 46
The Death of Wallace 47

BLOOMFIELD, ROBERT.
The Farmer's Life 1123
Banquet of an English Squire 1124
The Soldier's Home 1125
To his Wife 1126
Song for a Highland Drover returning from England 1127
Lines addressed to my Children 1128

BOETHIUS.
The Soul in Despair 5
Nothing on Earth permanent 6
The only Rest 7
The Happy Man 8

BONAR, HORATIUS.
A Little While 1779
All Well 1780

BOOTH, BARTON.
Song 836

BOSWELL, SIR A.
Jenny dang the Weaver 1609
Jenny's Bawbee 1610
Good Night and Joy be wi' ye a' 1611

BOURD, ANDREW.
Characteristic of an Englishman 80

NO. OF POEM.

BOWLES, W. L.
To Time 1238
Hope 1239
The Greenwich Pensioners 1240
The Greenwood 1241
Come to these Scenes of Peace 1242
On the Funeral of Charles I. 1243
At Oxford, 1786 1244
Written at Tynemouth 1245
At Bamborough Castle 1246
To the River Wensbeck 1247
To the River Tweed 1248
Sonnet 1249
On leaving a Village in Scotland 1250
Sonnet 1251
On a Distant View of England 1252
To the River Cherwell 1253
Sonnet 1254
April, 1793 1255
Netley Abbey 1256
May, 1793 1257
On Revisiting Oxford 1258
On the Death of the Rev. William Benwell 1259
On Reviewing the foregoing 1260
Path of Life 1261
Sunrise 1262
Summer's Evening 1263
Spring.—Cuckoo 1264
Sheep-fold 1265
Primrose 1266
Bird's Nest 1267
Winter.—Redbreast 1268
Butterfly and Bee 1269
Glowworm 1270
Starlight Frost 1271

BRETON, NICHOLAS.
Farewell to Town 116
A Pastoral of Phillis and Coridon 117
A Sweet Pastoral 118

BRISTOL, LORD.
Song 571

BROME, ALEXANDER.
The Resolve 381
The Mad Lover 382
To a Coy Lady 383

BROOKE, FULKE GREVILE, LORD.
Constitutional Limitation of Despotism 154
Imagination 155
Of Church 156
Reality of a True Religion 157

BROWN, FRANCES.
If that were true! 1781
Is it come? 1782
Oh! the pleasant Days of Old! 1783
Losses 1784

BROWN, THOMAS.
Song 679

BROWNE, WILLIAM.
Morning 285
Evening 286
A Night Scene 287
Night 288
Songs 289, 290
Address to his Native Soil 291

NO. OF POEM.

BROWNING, MRS.
- Cowper's Grave 1558
- The Child and the Watcher 1559
- Bertha in the Lane 1560
- The Sleep 1561

BROWNING, ROBERT.
- One Way of Love 1785
- In a Year 1786
- Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister 1787
- The Lost Leader 1788

BRUCE. MICHAEL.
- A Rural Scene 959
- Happiness of a Country Life 960
- Elegy 961

BRUNNE, ROBERT DE.
- The Interview of Vortigern with Rowen 14
- Praise of Good Women 15

BRYDGES, SIR EGERTON.
- Echo and Silence 1520
- To Autumn 1521

BUCHANAN, R.
- Iris, the Rainbow 1835

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, DUKE OF.
- Homer and Virgil 681

BURNS, ROBERT.
- To a Mountain Daisy 1575
- Ae Fond Kiss 1576
- My Bonnie Mary 1577
- Mary Morison 1578
- Bruce's Address 1579
- My Heart's in the Highlands 1580
- Auld Lang Syne 1581
- Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes 1582
- Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw ... 1583
- A Red, Red Rose 1584
- Bonnie Leslie 1585
- Highland Mary 1586
- To Mary in Heaven 1587
- My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing ... 1588
- John Anderson 1589
- Here's a Health to them that's awa ... 1590
- Tam O'Shanter 1591
- The Cotter's Saturday Night 1592

BURTON, ROBERT.
- Abstract of Melancholy 487

BUTLER, SAMUEL.
- Accomplishments of Hudibras 637
- Religion of Hudibras 638
- Personal Appearance of Hudibras ... 639
- Hudibras commencing Battle with the Rabble 640
- Vicarious Justice 641
- Hudibras consulting the Lawyer 642
- The Elephant in the Moon 647
- Miscellaneous Thoughts 644
- To his Mistress 645
- The Tub Preacher 734
- The Roundhead 741

BYROM, JOHN.
- Careless Content 1056
- A Pastoral 1057

NO. OF POEM.

BYRON, LORD.
- To Thomas Moore 1337
- Maid of Athens 1338
- The Girl of Cadiz 1339
- Stanzas for Music 1340
- The Dream 1341
- When we two parted 1342
- The Destruction of Sennacherib 1343
- Song of the Greek Poet 1344
- The Prisoner of Chillon 1345
- The Gladiator 1346
- Apostrophe to the Ocean 1347
- Description of Haidee 1348
- Haidee visits the shipwrecked Don Juan 1349
- Haidee and Juan at the Feast 1350
- The Death of Haidee 1351
- All for Love 1352
- She walks in Beauty 1353
- Elegy on Thyrza 1354
- Youth and Age 1355
- Vision of Belshazzar 1356
- To Belshazzar 1357
- The Night before the Battle of Waterloo 1358

C.

CÆDMON.
- The First Day 1
- The Fall of the Rebel Angels 2
- Satan's Speech 3
- The Temptation of Eve 4

CAMPBELL, THOMAS.
- Hope Triumphant in Death 1297
- Domestic Love 1298
- Maternal Care 1299
- Battle of Wyoming and Death of Gertrude 1300
- To the Evening Star 1301
- Song 1302
- Lochiel's Warning 1303
- Hohenlinden 1304
- Ye Mariners of England 1305
- Battle of the Baltic 1306
- Lord Ullin's Daughter 1307
- The Soldier's Dream 1308
- Hallowed Ground 1309
- The Parrot 1310
- Napoleon and the Sailor 1311
- Adelgitha 1312

CANNING, GEORGE.
- The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder 1144
- Song by Rogero in "The Rovers" 1145
- Lines on the Death of his Eldest Son . 1146

CAREW, THOMAS.
- Songs 258, 259, 260, 262, 263
- The Compliment 261
- Disdain returned 264
- On Mr. W. Montague's Return from Travel 265
- Persuasions to Love 266
- Approach of Spring 267
- Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham . 268
- To Saxham 269
- The Primrose 270

CAREY, HENRY.
- Sally in our Alley 1035

NO. OF POEM.

CARRINGTON, N. T.
The Commencement of "Dartmoor"... 1513
Dartmoor ... 1514
The Pixies of Devon ... 1515
England's Landscape ... 1516
Bird, Bee, and Butterfly ... 1517
Love and Nature ... 1518

CARTWRIGHT, WILLIAM.
A Valediction ... 337
To Chloe ... 338
Love's Darts ... 339
On the Death of Sir Bevil Grenville ... 482
Love's Darts ... 483

CHALKHILL, JOHN.
Description of the Priestess of Diana 333
The Image of Jealousy in the Chapel of Diana ... 334
The Witches' Cave ... 335
The Votaress of Diana ... 336

CHAMBERLAYNE, WILLIAM.
A Summer Morning ... 579
Virgin Purity ... 580
Argalia condemned on False Evidence 581
The Father of Pharonnida discovers her Attachment to Argalia ... 582
Argalia taken Prisoner by the Turks... 583
The Death of Janusa and Ammurat ... 584

CHAPMAN, GEORGE.
Sonnet ... 485

CHATTERTON, THOMAS.
Morning ... 940
Spring ... 941
The Prophecy ... 942
Bristow Tragedy ... 943
The Minstrel's Song in Ella ... 944

CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.
The Canterbury Tales—The Prologue 19
The Squiere's Tale ... 20
The Cuckow and the Nightingale ... 21
To his Empty Purse ... 22
The House of Fame ... 23
Mercy ... 24
Introduction to the "Flower and the Leaf" ... 25
The Duplicity of Women ... 26
Praise of Women ... 27
The Last Verses of Chaucer ... 28

CHETTLE.
Sweet Content ... 433
Lullaby ... 434

CHURCHILL.
Remorse ... 952
Smollett ... 953
Hogarth ... 954
On the Poverty of Poets ... 955
Character of a Fribble ... 956
Characters of Quin, Tom Sheridan, and Garrick ... 957
From the Prophecy of Famine ... 958

CIBBER, COLLEY.
The Blind Boy ... 1033

CLARE, JOHN.
To the Glowworm ... 1405
From "the Fate of Amy" ... 1406
What is Life ... 1407
Summer Morning ... 1408
The Primrose ... 1409
The Thrush's Nest ... 1410
First Love's Recollections ... 1411
Dawnings of Genius ... 1412
Scenes and Musings of the Peasant Poet ... 1413

CLEVELAND, JOHN.
His Hatred of the Scots ... 377
On Phillis walking before Sunrise ... 378
The Puritan ... 740

CLOUGH, A. H.
Incitement to Perseverance ... 1836
To a Sleeping Child ... 1837

COCKBURN, MRS.
The Flowers of the Forest ... 1049

COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.
Sonnet ... 1569
On Shakespere ... 1570
Sonnets to a Friend ... 1571
To certain Golden Fishes ... 1572
Song ... 1573
November ... 1574

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner ... 1503
Hymns before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni ... 1504
Love ... 1505
The Nightingale ... 1506
Frost at Midnight ... 1507
Song ... 1508
Kubla Khan ... 1509
Severed Friendship ... 1510
Epitaph on an Infant ... 1511
Answers to a Child's Question ... 1512

COLLINS, WILLIAM.
Ode to Pity ... 887
Ode ... 888
Ode to Evening ... 880
To the Passions ... 892
Dirge in Cymbeline ... 891
Ode on the Death of Thomson ... 899

CONSTABLE, HENRY.
Sonnet ... 164

COOK, ELIZA.
The Old Arm-chair ... 1720
The Land of my Birth ... 1721
The Old Farm-gate ... 1722
The Loved One was not there ... 1723
The Old Water-mill ... 1724
A Home in the Heart ... 1725

CORBET, BISHOP.
To his Son, Vincent Corbet ... 251
Journey into France ... 252
Farewell to the Fairies ... 253

COTTON, CHARLES.
The New Year ... 646
Invitation to Isaak Walton ... 647
The Retirement ... 648
A Voyage to Ireland in burlesque ... 649

NO. OF POEM.

COTTON, NATHANIEL.
The Fireside ... 1024

COWLEY, ABRAHAM.
Of Myself ... 540
The Chronicle ... 541
Anacreontics ... 542
Against Hope ... 543
For Hope ... 544
Claudian's Old Man of Verona ... 545
The Wish ... 546
From the Hymn to Light ... 547
From the Pindaric Odes ... 548
The Complaint ... 549
From Friendship in Absence ... 550
The Waiting Maid ... 551
Honour ... 552
Of Solitude ... 553
Epitaph on a Living Author ... 554

COWPER.
The Character of Chatham ... 1077
The Greenland Missionaries ... 1078
Rural Sounds ... 1079
Conversation ... 1080
On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture ... 1081
To Mary (Mrs. Unwin) ... 1082
English Liberty ... 1083
The Winter Evening ... 1084
Winter Evening in the Country ... 1085
Opening of the Second Book of "The Task" ... 1086
John Gilpin ... 1087
Epistle to Joseph Hill ... 1088

CRABBE, GEORGE.
The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary ... 1173
Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant ... 1174
Phœbe Dawson ... 1175
An English Fen—Gipsies ... 1176
The Dying Sailor ... 1177
Reflections ... 1178
The Wife's Funeral ... 1179

CRASHAW, RICHARD.
Sospetto d'Herode, Lib. I. ... 297
Hymn to the Name of Jesus ... 298
Sudden Change ... 299
Music's Duel ... 300
Mark xii. 17 ... 301

CRAWFURD, WILLIAM.
The Bush aboon Traquair ... 1028
Tweedside ... 1029
On Mrs. A. H. at a Concert ... 1030

CROLY, GEORGE.
Pericles and Aspasia ... 1538
The French Army in Russia ... 1539
To the Memory of a Lady ... 1540
Come, Evening Gale! ... 1541
The Painter ... 1542
Rebellion ... 1543
A Lowering Eve ... 1544
A Calm Eve ... 1545
Satan ... 1546
The Poet's Hour ... 1547
Noon ... 1548
Notre Dame ... 1549
Jacob ... 1550
The Angel of the World ... 1551

NO. OF POEM.

CROWNE, JOHN.
Wishes for Obscurity ... 695
Passions ... 696
Love in Women ... 697
Inconstancy of the Multitude ... 698
Warriors ... 699

CUNNINGHAM, ALLAN.
Hame, Hame, Hame ... 1617
My Nanie, O ... 1618
The Young Maxwell ... 1619
Fragment ... 1620
She's gane to dwell in Heaven ... 1621
The Poet's Bridal-day Song ... 1622
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea ... 1623
The Town Child and Country Child ... 1624
Thou hast vow'd by thy Faith, my Jeanie ... 1625
Gentle Hugh Herries ... 1626
The Sun rises bright in France ... 1627

CUNNINGHAM, JOHN.
May Eve ... 1022
Content ... 1023

CUNNINGHAM, THOMAS.
The Hills o' Gallowa' ... 1684

D.

DANIEL, SAMUEL.
Early Love ... 135
The Introduction of Foreign Vices deprecated ... 136
Richard II. ... 137
An Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland ... 138
The Nobility exhorted to the Patronage of Learning ... 139
Sonnets ... 140

DARWIN, ERASMUS.
Destruction of Sennacherib's Army ... 1092
The Belgian Lovers and the Plague ... 1093
Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden ... 1094
Philanthropy—Mr. Howard ... 1095
Persuasion to Mothers to suckle their own Children ... 1096
Song to May ... 1097
Song to Echo ... 1098

DAVENANT, SIR W.
Gondibert ... 372
Song ... 373
To the Queen ... 374

DAVIES, SIR JOHN.
The Vanity of Human Learning ... 221
That the Soul is more than a perfection or reflection of the sense ... 222
That the Soul is more than the temperature of the humours of the body ... 223
In what manner the Soul is united to Body ... 224
The Immortality of the Soul ... 225
An Appeal to the Heart ... 226

DAVISON, FRANCIS.
Psalm xxx. ... 498
Psalm xxiii. ... 499
Psalm xiii. ... 500

NO. OF POEM.

DEKKER, T. & WILSON R.
The Summer's Queen 432

DEKKER, CHETTLE, & HAUGHTON.
Sweet Content 433
Lullaby 434

DEKKER, T.
Virtue and Vice 435
Patience 436
A Contrast between Female Honour and Shame 437
A Description of a Lady by her Lover 438

DENHAM, SIR JOHN.
Cooper's Hill 576
On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death 577
Song to Morpheus 578

DIBDIN, CHARLES.
The Tar for all Weathers 1136
Sir Sidney Smith 1137
Love and Glory 1138
Nongtongpaw 1139
Tom Bowling 1140

DICKENS, CHARLES.
The Ivy Green 1818

DOBELL, SYDNEY.
How's my Boy? 1671

DODDRIDGE.
The Gospel 1058
Evening Hymn 1059
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine 1060
On Recovery from Sickness 1061
Preparing to meet God 1062
A Christmas Hymn 1063

DODSLEY, ROBERT.
The Parting Kiss 1000
Song 1001

DOMMETT, ALFRED.
A Christmas Hymn 1792

DONNE, JOHN.
Address to Bishop Valentine 227
A Hymn to the Father 228
A Hymn to Christ 229
The Will 230
Valediction 231
Song 232
The Break of Day 233
The Dream 234
Sonnets 235
Ode 236

DORSET, EARL OF.
Song 680

DORSET, THOMAS SACKVILLE, EARL OF.
The Induction to the Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham 96
Allegorical Personages described in Hell 97
Henry, Duke of Buckingham, in the Infernal Regions 98

DOUGLAS, GAWAIN.
The Shipwreck of the Caravel of Grace 56
Morning in May 57

NO. OF POEM.

DOWLAND, JOHN.
Sleep 497

DRAYTON, MICHAEL.
Mortimer, Earl of March, and the Queen surprised by Edward III. in Nottingham Castle 141
Description of Morning, Birds, and Hunting the Deer 142
The Ballad of Agincourt 143
David and Goliah 144
To his Coy Love 145
Ballad of Dowsabel 146
Sonnet 147

DRUMMOND, WILLIAM.
To a Nightingale 361
To his Lute 362
Spring 363
Think on thy Home 364
John the Baptist 365
The Praise of a Solitary Life 366

DRYDEN, JOHN.
Reason 658
Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale 659
Mac-Flecknoe 660
Alexander's Feast 661
Character of Shaftesbury 662
Character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham 663
Theodore and Honoria 664
Enjoyment of the Present Hour recommended 665

DUNBAR, WILLIAM.
The Merle and Nightingale 51
The Vanity of Earthly Things 52
No Treasure without Gladness 53
Of Discretion in Giving 54
Of Discretion in Taking 55

DYER, JOHN.
Grongar Hill 880

E.

EDWARDS, RICHARD.
Amantium iræ Amoris Redintegratio est 91
The Lover requesteth some Friendly Comfort, affirming his Constancy 92

ELLIOTT, EBENEZER.
To the Bramble Flower 1552
The Excursion 1553
Pictures of Native Genius 1554
Apostrophe to Futurity 1555
A Poet's Epitaph 1556
A Poet's Prayer 1557

ELLIOT, SIR GILBERT.
Amynta 1051

ELLIOT, JANE.
The Flowers of the Forest 1048

NO. OF POEM.

ETHEREGE, SIR GEORGE.
Songs 701, 702, 703

F.

FAIRFAX, EDWARD.
Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle 148
Rinaldo at Mount Olivet, and the Enchanted Wood 149

FALCONER, WILLIAM.
Character of the Ship's Officers 945
The Ship departing from the Haven... 946
Distress of the Vessel 947
Council of the Officers 948
The Vessel going to Pieces 949

FANSHAWE, SIR RICHARD.
The Spring 368
A Rose 369
The Saint's Encouragement 370
A Rich Fool 371

FAWKES, FRANCIS.
The Brown Jug 1014

FENTON, ELIJAH.
An Ode to the Right Hon. John Lord Gower 834

FERGUSSON, ROBERT.
Braid Claith 1052
The Farmer's Ingle 1053
To the Tron Kirk Bell 1054
A Sunday in Edinburgh 1055

FIELD, NATHANIEL.
Song 488

FITZGEFFREY, CHARLES.
Sir Francis Drake 492
To Posterity 493

FLATMAN, THOMAS.
For Thoughts 672
Dying 673
The Thought of Death 674
An Evening Hymn 675

FLETCHER, GILES.
The Rainbow 310
The Sources of Vain Delights 311
A Hymn 312
The Demand of Justice 313

FLETCHER, PHINEAS.
Happiness of the Shepherd's Life 314
Instability of Human Greatness 315

FORD, JOHN.
The Real and the Ideal 456
Summer Sports 457
Beauty beyond the Reach of Art 458
Bridal Song 459

FRERE, J. H.
Mr. Murray's Proposal 1294
The Giants and the Abbey 1295
War Song on the Victory of Brunnenburg 1296

NO. OF POEM.

G.

GALL, RICHARD.
My only Jo and Dearie O 1603
Farewell to Ayrshire 1604

GARTH, SAMUEL.
The Dispensary 786

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE.
The Arraignment of a Lover 101
Swiftness of Time 102
The Vanity of the Beautiful 103
Good Morrow 104
Good Night 105
De Profundis 106

GAY, JOHN.
The Monkey who had seen the World 792
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody 793
The Lion and the Cub 794
The Old Hen and the Cock 795
The Goat without a Beard 796
The Sick Man and the Angel 797
The Fox at the Point of Death 798
The Council of Horses 799
The Poet and the Rose 800
The Hare and many Friends 801
Sweet William's Farewell 802
A Ballad 803
The Country Ballad-singer 804
Walking the Streets of London 805

GEMMET, T. M.
Ye're a' the Warl' to me, Lassie! 1813

GIFFORD, WILLIAM.
The Grave of Anna 1141
Greenwich Hill 1142
To a Tuft of Early Violets 1143

GILFILLAN, ROBERT.
In the Days o' Langsyne 1646
The Exile's Song 1647

GLOUCESTER, ROBERT OF.
The Muster for the First Crusade 13

GLOVER, RICHARD.
A Night Scene 997
The Armies at Salamis 998
Admiral Hosier's Ghost 999

GODOLPHIN, SIDNEY.
Love 481

GOFFE, THOMAS.
The Madness of Orestes 467
Love without Return 468

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.
Edwin and Angelina 916
Retaliation 917
The Traveller 918
The Deserted Village 919
The Haunch of Venison 920

GOULD, ROBERT.
Songs 684, 685

GOWER, JOHN.
The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets 29

NO. OF POEM.

Rosiphole's Vision of Ladies 30
The Envious Man and the Miser 31

GRAHAME, JAMES.
Scotland 1156
A Spring Sabbath Walk 1157
A Summer Sabbath Walk 1158
An Autumn Sabbath Walk 1159
A Winter Sabbath Walk 1160
The Burial of the Righteous 1161
A Scottish Country Wedding..... 1162
The Impressed Sailor Boy 1163
To My Son 1164

GRANGER, DR.
Ode to Solitude 1015

GRANT, MRS.
As a Sprig of Heath 1119
The Highland Poor 1120

GRAY.
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College 907
Hymn to Adversity 908
The Bard 909
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard 910
Ode on the Spring..... 911
On Vicissitude 912

GREEN, MATTHEW.
Contentment 815
The Seeker 816

GREENE, ROBERT.
Beauty Suing for Love..... 419
Samela 420
Content 421
Sephestia's Song to her Child 422
The Shepherd and his Wife..... 423
A Roundelay 424
Philomela's Ode 425
Jealousy..... 426
Dorastus on Fawnia..... 427

GREET, T.
Household Treasures..... 1815

GREVILLE, MRS.
Prayer for Indifference..... 987

H.

HABERGHAM, MRS. FLEETWOOD.
The Seeds of Love..... 671

HABINGTON, WILLIAM.
To Roses in the Bosom of Castara 316
To Castara..... 317, 318
A Dialogue between Hope and Fear... 319
To the Spring..... 320
To Seymors..... 321
Description of Castara..... 322
To Castara..... 323
To my Noblest Friend, I. C., Esq..... 324
Nomine Labia mea aperies 325
Paucitatem Dierum meorum nuncia mihi..... 326
Et exaltavit Humiles..... 327
Cupio dissolvi 328

NO. OF POEM.

HALL, BISHOP.
The Requirements of a Tutor..... 248
Portrait of a Poor Gallant..... 249
Discontent of Men with their Condition 250

HALL, JOHN.
The Morning Star..... 375

HAMILTON, WILLIAM.
The Braes of Yarrow..... 881
Songs 882, 883

HARRINGTON, JOHN.
Sonnet made on Isabella Markham..... 99
Verses on a most Stony-hearted Maiden..... 100

HARRINGTON, SIR JOHN.
Of Treason..... 150
Of Fortune..... 151
Of Writers who Carp at other Men's Books..... 152
Of a Precise Tailor..... 153

HART.
Come, Holy Spirit, come 1075
Be Wise to run thy Race 1076

HAUGHTON.
Sweet Content 433
Lullaby..... 434

HAYLEY, WILLIAM.
Tribute to a Mother on her Death..... 1089
Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper... 1090
On the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin 1091

HEADLEY, HENRY.
From his "Invocation to Melancholy" 1041

HEBER, BISHOP.
Passage of the Red Sea..... 1377
From Bishop Heber's Journal..... 1378
An Evening Walk in Bengal..... 1379
Epiphany..... 1380
Thou art gone to the Grave 1381
Spring..... 1382

HEMANS, MRS.
The Homes of England 1436
The Treasures of the Deep 1437
The Voice of Spring 1438
The Graves of a Household..... 1439
Marguerite of France 1440
Bring Flowers 1441
Casabianca 1442
The Hour of Prayer 1443
Passing Away..... 1444
The Better Land 1445
A Father reading the Bible..... 1446
To a Family Bible..... 1447
The Child's First Grief..... 1448
Willow Song 1449
The Wandering Wind 1450
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England 1451
The Adopted Child 1452

HENRYSONE, ROBERT.
Robene and Makyne..... 48
Dinner given by the Town Mouse to the Country Mouse..... 49
The Garment of Good Ladies 50

NO. OF POEM.

HERBERT, GEORGE.
Sunday ... 302
Virtue ... 303
The Flower ... 304
The Odour ... 305
Complaining ... 306
Easter ... 307
The Call ... 308
Man ... 309

HERRICK, ROBERT.
The Kiss, a Dialogue ... 340
To Blossoms ... 341
To Daffodils ... 342
Song ... 343
To Meadows ... 344
The Country Life ... 345
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew ... 346
Julia ... 347
Cherry Ripe ... 348
A Thanksgiving for his House ... 349
To Find God ... 350
To Corinna to go a-Maying ... 351

HERVEY, T. K.
The Convict Ship ... 1525
Dry up thy Tears, Love ... 1526
I am All Alone ... 1527
At his Sister's Grave ... 1528
Parting ... 1529

HEYWOOD, JOHN.
Idleness ... 400
Be Merry, Friends ... 401

HEYWOOD, THOMAS.
The Death-bell ... 469
What is Love ... 470
Go, Pretty Birds ... 471
Diana's Nymphs ... 472
The Lark ... 473
Shepherd's Song ... 474
Shipwreck by Drink ... 475
Search after God ... 476

HILL, AARON.
Verses written when alone in an Inn at Southampton ... 1031

HISLOP, JAMES.
The Cameronian's Dream ... 1652

HOGG, JAMES.
When the Kye comes Hame ... 1612
The Skylark ... 1613
The Moon was a-waning ... 1614
Kilmeny ... 1615
To the Comet of 1811 ... 1616

HOOD, THOMAS.
Town and Country ... 1484
Song ... 1485
A Parental Ode to my Son ... 1486
Flowers ... 1487
Autumn ... 1488
To a Child embracing his Mother ... 1489
To my Daughter on her Birthday ... 1490
I Remember, I Remember ... 1491
Fair Inés ... 1492
Ruth ... 1493
The Dream of Eugene Aram ... 1494
The Bridge of Sighs ... 1495

NO. OF POEM.

The Song of the Shirt ... 1496
The Death-bed ... 1497
The Water Lady ... 1498
Song ... 1499

HOOK, N.
From a Poem entitled Amanda ... 706

HOUGHTON, LORD.
The Brookside ... 1717
The Men of Old ... 1718
The Long Ago ... 1719

HOWITT, MARY.
Mountain Children ... 1653
The Fairies of the Caldonlow ... 1654
The Monkey ... 1655
Little Streams ... 1656
The Broom Flower ... 1657
Summer Woods ... 1658
Little Children ... 1659
Cornfields ... 1660

HOWITT, WILLIAM.
The Departure of the Swallow ... 1661

HUME, ALEXANDER.
Early Dawn ... 391
The Noon-tide of a Summer's Day ... 392
Evening ... 393

HUME, MARY C.
Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's ... 1817

HUMPHREYS, DAVID.
Western Emigration ... 1847

HUNNIS, WILLIAM.
The Love that is requited with Disdain ... 93

HUNT, LEIGH.
On the Birth of the Princess Royal ... 1397
To T. L. H., six years old ... 1398
To the Grasshopper and Cricket ... 1399
Chorus of Flowers ... 1400
The Nun ... 1401
Abou Ben Adhem ... 1402
Jaffar ... 1403
Mahmoud ... 1404

HUNTER, MRS.
Songs ... 1112, 1113
To my Daughter, on being separated from her on her Marriage ... 1114
The Lot of Thousands ... 1115

I.

INGELAND, THOMAS.
My Fantasy will never turn ... 397

INGELOW, JEAN.
Requiescat in Pace! ... 1832

INGRAM, J. K.
The Memory of the Dead ... 1793

NO. OF POEM.

J.

JAGO, RICHARD.
Labour and Genius 985

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.
Spring 41
James bewails his Captivity 42
James first sees the Lady Jane 43

JAMES VI., KING.
Ane schort Poeme of Tyme 394

JOHNSON, SAMUEL.
London 884
The Vanity of Human Wishes 885
On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett 886

JONES, ERNEST.
Moonrise 1794

JONES, SIR W.
An Ode in Imitation of Alcæus 1011
A Persian Song of Hafiz 1012
Tetrastic 1013

JONSON, BEN.
To the Holy Trinity 237
Cupid 238
Song of Hesperus 239
On Lucy, Countess of Bedford 240
Song 241
Song to Celia 242
A Nymph's Passion 243
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke 244
A Celebration of Charis 245
A Hymn to God the Father 246
Advice to a Reckless Youth 247

K.

KEATS, JOHN.
From "Endymion" 1819
The Eve of St. Agnes 1820
True Beauty in Women 1821
Ode to a Nightingale 1822
Ode on a Grecian Urn 1823
Sonnet 1824
La Belle Dame sans Merci 1825

KEBLE, JOHN.
April 1795
The Elder Scripture 1796
St. Peter's Day 1797
Is this a time to Plant and Build? 1798

KEN, BISHOP.
Morning Hymn 819
Evening Hymn 820
Midnight Hymn 821

KING ALFRED.
The Soul in Despair 5
Nothing on Earth permanent 6
The only Rest 7
The Happy Man 8

KING, BISHOP.
Song 254
Sic Vita 255
Life 256

NO. OF POEM.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.
O, Mary, go and call the Cattle home. 1799
The Fishermen 1800

KNOWLES, HERBERT.
Lines written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire 1383

KNOX, WILLIAM.
Opening of the Songs of Zion 1474
Dirge of Rachel 1475
A Virtuous Woman 1476
Conclusion of the "Songs of Israel" ... 1477

L.

LAIDLAW, WILLIAM.
Lucy's Flittin' 1649

LAMB, CHARLES.
To Hester 1228
A Farewell to Tobacco 1229
The Old Familiar Faces 1230
On an Infant Dying as soon as Born ... 1231
The Christening 1232
The Gipsy's Malison 1233
Childhood 1234

LANDON, L. E.
From the Improvisatrice 1460
Crescentius 1461
The Shepherd Boy 1462
Little Red Riding Hood 1463
Night at Sea 1464
The Awakening of Endymion 1465
Hannibal's Oath 1466
The Grasp of the Dead 1467
The Troubadour 1468
Last Verses of L. E. L. 1469

LANDOR, W. S.
The Maid's Lament 1272
The Brier 1273
Children 1274
Iphigenia and Agamemnon 1275
To Macaulay 1276
The One Gray Hair 1277

LANGFORD, J. A.
To the First Cuckoo of the Year 1816

LANGHORE, DR.
Country Justices and their Duties 930
Gipsies 931
An Appeal for the Industrious Poor ... 932
Mercy should have mitigated Justice .. 933
A Farewell to the Valley of Irwan 934
Owen of Carron 935

LANSDOWNE, GEO. GRANVILLE, LORD.
Song 837

LEE, NATHANIEL.
Speech 692
Love 693
Self-murder 694

LEWIS, M. G.
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine 1313

NO. OF POEM.

LEYDEN, JOHN.
Dying in a Foreign Land ... 1129
Sonnet on Sabbath Morn ... 1130
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin ... 1131
The Mermaid ... 1132
To Ianthe ... 1133
Ode to the Evening Star ... 1134
Scotland ... 1135

LILLO, GEORGE.
From Fatal Curiosity ... 831

LLOYD, ROBERT.
The Miseries of a Poet's Life ... 950
Wretchedness of a School Usher ... 951

LOCKHART, J. G.
Bernardo and Alphonso ... 1522
Zara's Ear-rings ... 1523
The Excommunication of the Cid ... 1524

LODGE, THOMAS.
Beauty ... 428
Rosalind's Madrigal ... 429
Rosader's Sonetto ... 430
Another ... 431

LOGAN, JOHN.
To the Cuckoo ... 962
Written on a Visit to the Country in Autumn ... 963
Complaint of Nature ... 964

LOKER, T.
Many, many Years ago ... 1810

LONGLANDE, ROBERT.
Mercy and Truth ... 17
Covetousness ... 18

LOVELACE, RICHARD.
Song ... 352
To Lucasta ... 353, 354
To Althea ... 355
Song ... 356
A Loose Saraband ... 357

LYDGATE, JOHN.
Canace ... 36
From "The London Lackpenny" ... 37
A Sylvan Retreat ... 38
The Golden Age ... 39
God's Providence ... 40

LYLY, JOHN.
Cupid and Campaspe ... 404
The Song of Birds ... 405
Complaint against Love ... 406
Apollo's Song of Daphne ... 407
Song to Apollo ... 408

LYNDSAY, SIR DAVID.
Grievances of a Scottish Peasant of the 16th Century ... 58
The Exactions and Delay of the Law ... 59
Description of Squyre Meldrum ... 60
Meldrum's Duel with the English Champion Talbart ... 61
Christ Coming to Judgment ... 62

LYTTELTON, LORD.
The Progress of Love ... 904
To the Rev. Dr. Ayscough ... 905
To the Memory of the First Lady Lyttelton ... 906

LYTTON, LORD.
The Secret Way ... 1823

LYTTON, ROBERT.
The Apple of Life ... 1829
Epilogue ... 1830

M.

MACAULAY, LORD.
The War of the League ... 1565
Naseby ... 1567

MACDONALD, GEORGE.
The Owl and the Bell ... 1831

MACKAY, CHARLES.
The Parting of Lovers ... 1737
The Child and the Mourners ... 1738
Under the Holly Bough ... 1739
What might be Done ... 1740
The Good Time Coming ... 1741
The Sailor's Wife ... 1742

MACNEILL, HECTOR.
The Ale-house ... 1595
The Husband's Return ... 1596
Mary of Castle-Cary ... 1597

MACPHERSON, JAMES.
The Cave ... 939

MAITLAND, SIR RICHARD.
The Town Ladies ... 388

MALLET, DAVID.
William and Margaret ... 897
Edwin and Emma ... 898
Song ... 899
A Funeral Hymn ... 900

MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love ... 113

MARSTON, JOHN.
A Scholar and his Dog ... 466

MARVELL, ANDREW.
Thoughts in a Garden ... 633
The Emigrants in Bermudas ... 634
Young Love ... 635
The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn ... 636

MASON.
An Ode from Caractacus ... 912
Ode to Memory ... 914
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason ... 915

MASSEY, GERALD.
The Men of Forty-eight ... 1745
No Jewell'd Beauty is my Love ... 1746
A Poor Man's Wife ... 1747
Kisses ... 1748
Sweet and Twenty ... 1749

NO. OF POEM.

Sweet Spirit of my Love 1750
Old England 1751
England goes to Battle 1752
There's no Dearth of Kindness 1753
To a Beloved One 1754
A Wail 1755
Oh, lay thy Hand in mine, Dear ! 1756

MASSINGER, PHILIP.
Welcome to the Forest's Queen 463
The Sweets of Beauty 464
Death 465

MAY, THOMAS.
The Death of Rosamond 367

MAYNE, JOHN.
Logan Braes 1605
Helen of Kirkconnel 1606
To the River Nith 1607
Mustering of the Trades to Shoot for the Siller Gun 1608

MEREDITH, GEORGE.
Love in the Valley 1744

MERRICK, JAMES.
The Chameleon 1016
The Wish 1017

MICKLE.
Cumnor Hall 928
The Mariner's Wife 929

MIDDLETON, THOMAS.
The Three States of Woman 450
What Love is like 451
Happiness of Married Life 452
Devotion to Love 453
Indignation at the Sale of a Wife's Honour 454
Law 455

MILMAN, H. H.
Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon 1664
The Fair Recluse 1665
The Day of Judgment 1666
Bridal Song 1667
Hymn 1668
Brother, thou art gone 1669
Chorus 1670

MILTON, JOHN.
L'Allegro 603
Il Penseroso 604
Lycidas 605
Hymn on the Nativity 606
Praise of Chastity 607
The Lady's Song in Comus 608
The Spirit's Epilogue in Comus 609
On May Morning 610
Sonnet to the Nightingale 611
Sonnet on Age of Twenty-three 612
Sonnet on his Blindness 613
Sonnet on his Deceased Wife 614
Sonnet on the late Massacre in Piedmont 615
Samson bewailing his Blindness and Captivity 616
Translation of Horace 617
Athens 618

NO. OF POEM.

The Invocation and Introduction to Paradise Lost 619
Satan's Address to the Sun 620
Assembling of the Fallen Angels 621
Satan meets Sin and Death 622
Address to Light 623
The Angelic Worship 624
Paradise 625
Adam and Eve 626
Eve's Recollections 627
Morning in Paradise 628
Evening in Paradise 629
The Messiah 630
Temperance 631
Expulsion from Paradise 632

MOIR, D. M.
Casa Wappy 1534
Langsyne 1535
The Unknown Grave 1536
Hymn 1537

MONTGOMERY, ALEXANDER.
The Cherry and the Slae 389
Night is nigh gone 390

MONTGOMERY, JAMES.
Night 1384
The Grave 1385
Aspirations of Youth 1386
The Common Lot 1387
Prayer 1388
Home 1389
A Mother's Love 1390
To a Daisy 1391
The Reign of Christ on Earth 1392
The Stranger and his Friend 1393
The Field of the World 1394

MONTGOMERY, ROBERT.
The Starry Heavens 1481
Picture of War 1482
Lost Feelings 1483

MOORE, EDWARD.
The Happy Marriage 1034

MOORE, SIR JOHN H.
L'Amour Timide 983
Song 984

MOORE, THOMAS.
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer 1278
Wreathe the Bowl 1279
Fill the Bumper fair 1280
And doth not a Meeting like this 1281
Friend of my Soul 1282
Go where Glory waits thee ! 1283
Fly to the Desert 1284
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls 1285
Song 1286
O ! Breathe not his Name 1287
Those Evening Bells 1288
Arranmore 1289
Miriam's Song 1290
Echoes 1291
The Light of other Days 1292
The Journey Onwards 1293

MORE, HENRY.
The Philosopher's Devotion 572
Charity and Humility 573

NO. OF POEM.

The Soul and the Body 574
The Pre-existence of the Soul 575

MORRIS, WILLIAM.
From "The Loves of Guarun" ...1839, 1840

MOSS, THOMAS.
The Beggar 1027

MOTHERWELL.
Jeanie Morrison 1631
Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi 1632
They come! the Merry Summer Months 1633
The Water, the Water 1634
The Midnight Wind 1635
The Cavalier's Song 1636
The Bloom hath fled thy Cheek, Mary 1637
My Hoid is like to rend, Willie 1638
The Covenanter's Battle Chant 1639
When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping 1640
Song of the Danish Sea-king 1641

MOULTRIE, JOHN.
The Three Sons 1801

N.

NABBES, THOMAS.
Song by Love to Physander and Bellanima 376

NASH, THOMAS.
Spring 439
The Decay of Summer 440
The Coming of Winter 441
Approaching Death 442
Contentment 443
Despair of a Poor Scholar 444

NICCOLS, RICHARD.
Robert, Duke of Normandy, previously to his eyes being put out 496

NICHOLSON, WILLIAM.
The Brownie of Blednoch 1650

NICOLL, ROBERT.
Thoughts of Heaven 1642
We are Brethren a' 1643
Wild Flowers 1644
Death 1645

NORTON, HON. MRS.
Picture of Twilight 1710
The Mother's Heart 1711
To Ferdinand Seymour 1712
We have been Friends together 1713
Allan Percy 1714
Love not 1715
The King of Denmark's Ride 1716

NUGENT, EARL.
Ode to Mankind 1044

O.

OLDMIXON, JOHN.
Song 838

NO. OF POEM.

OLDYS, WILLIAM.
Song 1021

OPIE, MRS. AMELIA.
The Orphan Boy's Tale 1116
A Lament 1117
Song 1118

OTWAY, THOMAS.
A Blessing 687
Parting 688
Picture of a Witch 689
Song 690
Description of Morning 691

OUSELEY, T. J.
The Angel of the Flowers 1811
The Seasons of Life 1812

OVERBURY, SIR THOMAS.
The Wife 495

OXFORD, EDWARD, EARL OF.
Fancy and Desire 494

P.

PARNELL, THOMAS.
A Fairy Tale 808
The Hermit 809
Hymn to Contentment 810
Song 811
Morning Hymn 812
Noontide Hymn 813
Evening Hymn 814

PEELE, GEORGE.
Œnone's Complaint 409
The Song of the enamoured Shepherd. 410
The Aged Man-at-Arms 411
England 412
Joab's Description of David 413
Joab's Address to David on Death of Absalom 414
King David 415
Bethsabe bathing 416
Bethsabe's Address to the Zephyr 417
David enamoured of Bethsabe 418

PENROSE, THOMAS.
The Helmets 981
The Field of Battle 982

PERCY, DR. THOMAS.
O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me 937
The Friar of Orders Gray 938

PHILIPS, AMBROSE.
A Fragment of Sappho 788
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset 789
The First Pastoral 790
To Charlotte Pulteney 791

PHILIPS, JOHN.
The Splendid Shilling 666

PHILIPS, KATHERINE.
The Inquiry 384
A Friend 385

POLLOK, ROBERT.
Thus stood his Mind 1430

NO. OF POEM.

Hell 1431
A Scene of Early Love 1432
The Death of the Young Mother 1433
Friendship 1434
Happiness 1435

POMFRET, JOHN.
Custom 677
The Wish 678

POPE, ALEXANDER.
The Messiah 776
Satire 777
To a Lady 778
The Man of Ross 779
The Toilet 780
The Dying Christian to his Soul 781
The Quiet Life 782
Moonlight 783

POPE, DR. WALTER.
The Old Man's Wish 686

PRAED, W. M.
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine 1709

PRINGLE, THOMAS.
Afar in the Desert 1478
The Lion and the Giraffe 1479
The Emigrant's Farewell 1480

PRIOR, MATTHEW.
An Ode 747
A Song 748
The despairing Shepherd 749
The Lady's Looking-glass 750
Cupid and Ganymede 751
Cupid mistaken 752
Mercury and Cupid 753
The Garland 754
Henry and Emma 755
The Thief and the Cordelier 756
Protogenes and Apelles 757
Abra's Love for Solomon 758
Epitaph, Extempore 759
For my Own Monument 760
An Epitaph 761
On Bishop Atterbury's burying the Duke of Buckingham 762

PROCTER, B. W.
Address to the Ocean 1673
Marcelia 1674
Night 1675
The Sleeping Figure of Modena 1676
An Invocation to Birds 1677
To the Snowdrop 1678
Song of Wood Nymphs 1679
The Blood Horse 1680
The Sea 1681
The Stormy Petrel 1682
The Sea in Calm 1683
The Hunter's Song 1684
The Owl 1685
A Song for the Seasons 1686
The Poet's Song to his Wife 1687
Softly woo away her Breath 1688
The Mother's last Song 1689
Peace! what do tears avail? 1690
A Bridal Dirge 1691
Hermione 1692
A Poet's Thought 1693
A Petition to Time 1694

NO. OF POEM.

Sit down, sad Soul 1695
Life 1696

Q.

QUARLES, FRANCIS.
What is Life 292
The Vanity of the World 293
Faith 294
Delight in God only 295
Song 296
Hey, then, up go we 737

QUARLES, JOHN.
Hymn to the Almighty 676

R.

RALEIGH, SIR WALTER.
The Nymph's Reply 114
The Country's Recreations 115

RAMSAY, ALLAN.
Song 824
The last time I came o'er the moor ... 825
Ode from Horace 826

RANDOLPH, THOMAS.
To a Lady admiring Herself in a Looking-glass 358
From the Muse's Looking-glass 359
To my Picture 360

RANDS, W. B.
Lilliput Levee 1826
Baby 1827

REDFORD, JOHN
Song of Honest Recreation 403

ROBERTS, W. H.
Belshazzar and Daniel 979
The Jews' Return to Jerusalem 980

ROCHESTER, EARL OF.
Song 654
Constancy 655
Song 656
Song 657

ROGERS, SAMUEL.
From the "Pleasures of Memory" ... 1180
From "Human Life" 1181
From the "Voyage of Columbus" ... 1182
Genevra 1183
The Sleeping Beauty 1184
A Wish 1185
An Italian Song 1186
To the Butterfly 1187
On a Tear 1188

ROLLE, RICHARD.
What is Heaven? 16

ROSCOMMON, EARL OF
Against False Pride 650
An Author should be sincere 651
A Quack 652
On the Day of Judgment 653

NO. OF POEM.

ROSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL.
The Blessed Damozel 1841
The Portrait 1842
Newborn Death 1843

ROSS, ALEXANDER.
Woo'd and Married and a' 1045
Mary's Dream 1046

ROWE, NICHOLAS.
Colin's Complaint 828
The Contented Shepherd 829
Song 830

RUSSELL, THOMAS.
Sonnet to Valclusa 1042
Sonnet, supposed to be written at Lemnos 1043

S.

SANDYS, GEORGE.
A Thanksgiving 477
Psalm xlii 478
Psalm lxviii 479
Chorus of Jewish Women 480

SAVAGE, RICHARD.
Remorse 840
The Wanderer 841

SCOT, ALEXANDER.
To his Heart 386
Rondel of Love 387

SCOTT, JOHN.
The Tempestuous Evening 1018
Ode on hearing the Drum 1019
Ode on Privateering 1020

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.
Description of Melrose Abbey 1314
Love of Country 1315
Death of Marmion 1316
Young Lochinvar 1317
Jock of Hazeldean 1318
Songs 1319, 1320
Border Ballad 1321
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu 1322
Coronach 1323
Hymn of the Hebrew Maiden 1324
Cadyow Castle 1325
The Outlaw 1326
A Serenade 1327
Where shall the Lover rest 1328
The Maid of Neidpath 1329
The Pride of Youth 1330
Rosabelle 1331
Hunting Song 1332
The Palmer 1333
The Wild Huntsman 1334
Christmas 1335
Hymn for the Dead 1336

SEDLEY, SIR CHARLES.
To a very Young Lady 667
Song 668
Cosmelia's Charms 669
Song 670

SEWARD, ANNA.
The Anniversary 1111

NO. OF POEM.

SEWELL, DR. GEORGE.
Verses 832

SHADWELL, THOMAS.
Inconstancy of Love 700

SHAKSPERE, WILLIAM.
Mercy 165
Night 166
Night and Music 167
Grief that cannot be comforted 168
Flowers 169
Richard the Second's Lament 170
Soliloquy of Richard the Second in Prison 171
Hotspur's Defence 172
Rumour 173
Sleep 174
Henry the Fourth's Expostulation with his Son 175
The Answer of the Lord Chief Justice to Henry V 176
The King's Answer 177
Henry the Fifth's Address to his Soldiers before Harfleur 178
Henry the Fifth's Address at Agincourt 179
Henry the Fifth's Soliloquy on the Battle-field 180
Glostor's Soliloquy 181
Wolsey on his Fall 182
Cranmer's Prophecy of Queen Elizabeth 183
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death 184
Macbeth before murdering the King 185
Cassius to Brutus 186
Mark Antony's Oration on the Body of Cæsar 187
Cleopatra 188
Life 189
Appearances 190
The Uses of Adversity 191
A Meditative Fool 192
The World a Stage 193
Adversity 194
Beauty 195
Ceremony 196
Friends falling off 197
Gold 198
Insanity 199
Self-inspection 200
Love 201
England 202
Order and Obedience 203
Proper use of Talents 204
Take the beam out of thine own eye 205
The Voice of the Dying 206
A Good Conscience 207
Good Name 208
Ariel's Song 209
The Fairy to Puck 210
Amiens' Song 211

SHAW, CUTHBERT.
From "A Monody to the Memory of his Wife" 1036

SHELLEY, PERCY B.
Opening of Queen Mab 1359
The Cloud 1360
To a Skylark 1361
Lines to an Indian Air 1362
I fear thy kisses 1363

NO. OF POEM.

Love's Philosophy 1364
To the Night 1365
The Flight of Love..... 1366
One Word is too often profaned 1367
Invocation..... 1368
Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples..... 1369
Ozymandias of Egypt 1370
To a Lady, with a Guitar..... 1371
Ode to the West Wind..... 1372
Autumn..... 1373
The Widow Bird..... 1374
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty..... 1375
Mutability..... 1376

SHENSTONE.
The Schoolmistress..... 893
A Pastoral Ballad..... 894
Ode to Memory..... 895
Written at an Inn at Henley..... 896

SHIRLEY, JAMES.
Upon his Mistress sad 379
Echo and Narcissus 380
Shepherd and Shepherdesses..... 460
The Common Doom 461
The Equality of the Grave 462

SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP.
Sonnets..... 107

SKELTON, JOHN.
To Mistress Margaret Hussey..... 63

SKINNER, JOHN.
Tullochgorum..... 1050

SMART, CHRISTOPHER.
Song to David..... 994
From a Trip to Cambridge 995
Ode.. 996

SMITH, ALEXANDER.
Lady Barbara..... 1743

SMITH, CHARLOTTE.
On the Departure of the Nightingale 1099
Written at the Close of Spring 1100
Recollections of English Scenery 1101

SMITH, HORACE.
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition..... 1418
Hymn to the Flowers 1419
On the Death of George III. 1420

SMITH, JAMES.
The Upas in Marylebone-lane 1417

SMITH, JAMES AND HORACE.
The Theatre..... 1414
The Baby's Début..... 1415
A Tale of Drury-lane 1416

SMOLLETT, TOBIAS.
Ode to Independence..... 921
Ode to Leven Water 922
The Tears of Scotland 923

SOMERVILLE, WILLIAM.
Description of a Hare-hunt 806
Praise of a Country Life 807

NO. OF POEM.

SOTHEBY, WILLIAM.
Staffa 1235
Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines 1236
Song of the Virgins celebrating the Victory..... 1237

SOUTHERNE, THOMAS.
Song 827

SOUTHEY, CAROLINE.
Autumn Flowers..... 1530
The Pauper's Deathbed 1531
The Last Journey 1532
Mariner's Hymn..... 1533

SOUTHEY, ROBERT.
The Widowed Mother..... 1213
A Moonlight Scene..... 1214
The Holly-tree 1215
The Alderman's Funeral 1216
Love 1217
The Miser's Mansion..... 1218
After Blenheim 1219
The Scholar..... 1220
Youth and Age..... 1221
The Complaints of the Poor..... 1222
The Old Man's Comforts 1223
The Inchcape Rock 1224
Bishop Hatto..... 1225
Mary the Maid of the Inn 1226
St. Romuald..... 1227

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.
Love's Servile Lot..... 108
Look Home..... 109
Times go by turns 110
The Image of Death 111
Scorn not the least 112

SPENCER, PETER.
Lines to Fanny 1807
Sent with a Rose to Rose..... 1808
A Thought among the Roses..... 1809

SPENCER, HON. W. R.
Beth Gêlert..... 1395
Wife, Children, and Friends..... 1396

SPENSER, EDMUND.
Una and the Redcross Knight..... 124
Una followed by the Lion..... 125
The Squire and the Dove..... 126
Fable of the Oak and the Briar 127
From the Epithalamion 128
The House of Riches..... 129
The Ministry of Angels 130
Prince Arthur's Address to Night..... 131
The Garden of Adonis 132
The Bower of Bliss..... 133
Sonnets..... 134

STANLEY, THOMAS.
The Tomb..... 565
Celia Singing..... 566
Speaking and Kissing..... 567
La Belle Confidante..... 568
Note to Moschus..... 569

STEPNEY, GEORGE.
To the Evening Star..... 682

NO. OF POEM.

STERLINE, EARL OF, WILLIAM ALEXANDER.
Sonnets 489

STILL, BISHOP.
Drinking Song 402

STIRLING, EARL OF.
Sonnet 396

STORER, THOMAS.
Wolsey's Ambition 490
Wolsey's Vision 491

SUCKLING, SIR JOHN.
Song 329
A Ballad upon a Wedding 330
Constancy 331
Song 332

SURREY, HOWARD, EARL OF.
Imprisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed 64
No Age Content with his Own Estate. 65
The Means to attain Happy Life 66
Description of Spring 67
How each Thing, save the Lover, in Spring reviveth to Pleasure 68
Description and Praise of his Loue, Geraldine 69
A Vow to Loue 70
A Lover's Complaint 71

SWAIN, C.
The Death of the Warrior-king 1697
The Voice of the Morning 1698
The Mother's Hand 1699
The Orphan Boy 1700
Sabbath Chimes 1701
Love's History 1702

SWIFT, JONATHAN.
Morning 771
Description of a City Shower 772
Baucis and Philemon 773
Verses on his own Death 774
The Grand Question debated 775

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES.
The Sea 1833
Meleager Dying 1834

SYLVESTER, JOSHUA.
The Soul's Errand 119
To Religion 120

T.

TANNAHILL, ROBERT.
The Braes o' Balquhither 1598
The Braes o' Gleniffer 1599
The Flower o' Dumblane 1600
The Midges dance aboon the Burn 1601
Gloomy Winter 's now awa' 1602

TATE, NAHUM.
The Birth of Christ 822
From Psalm civ 823

TAYLOR, BISHOP JEREMY.
Of Heaven 555

NO. OF POEM.

TENNANT, WILLIAM.
From Anster Fair 1628
The Heroine of Anster Fair 1629
Description of the Comers to the Fair 1630

TENNYSON, A.
Song of the Brook 1703
The Reconciliation 1704
The Widow and Child 1705
From In Memoriam 1706
Lady Clare 1707
Dora 1708

TENNYSON, FREDERICK.
First of March 1804
The Bridal 1805
The Blackbird 1806

THACKERAY, W. M.
The Age of Wisdom 1762
Damages Two Hundred Pounds 1763

THOMPSON, EDWARD.
The Sailor's Farewell 1038
Songs 1039, 1040

THOMSON, JAMES.
Showers in Spring 864
Birds Pairing in Spring 865
Domestic Happiness 866
Musidora 867
A Summer Morning 868
A Summer Evening 869
Lavinia 870
The Harvest Storm 871
Autumn Evening Scene 872
A Winter Landscape 873
A Hymn 874
From the Bard's Song in the Castle of Indolence 875
Ode 876
Hymn on Solitude 877
The Happy Man 878
Rule Britannia 879

THRALE, MRS.
The Three Warnings 1026

TICKELL, THOMAS.
Colin and Lucy 784
To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Addison 785

TIGHE, MARY.
The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche 1121
The Lily 1122

TOPLADY, A.
Love Divine, all love excelling 1072
Deathless Principle, arise 1073
Rock of Ages cleft for me 1074

TRAIN, JOSEPH.
Song 1651

TRENCH, R. C.
Harmosan 1802
Be Patient 1803

TUSSER, THOMAS.
An Introduction to the Book of Husbandry 81

NO. OF POEM.

A Preface to the Buyer of his Book on Husbandry ... 82
The Ladder to Thrift ... 83
Directions for Cultivating a Hop-garden ... 84
Housewifery Physic ... 85
Good Husbandly Lessons ... 86
The Winds ... 87
A Christmas Carol ... 88
Posies for thine own Bed-chamber ... 89
Principal Points of Religion ... 90

U.

UDALL, NICHOLAS.
The Work-girl's Song ... 398
The Minion Wife ... 399

UNCERTAIN.
Sadness ... 502
The Soul's Errand ... 503
Content ... 504
The Woodman's Walk ... 505
Canzonet ... 506
The Oxford Riddle ... 507
Ambitio Feminini Generis ... 508
Nec Sutor ultra ... 509

V.

VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN.
Fable, related by a Beau to Æsop ... 833

VAUGHAN, HENRY.
Early Rising and Prayer ... 556
The Feast ... 557
The Bee ... 558
Peace ... 559
They are all gone ... 560
The Timber ... 561
The Rainbow ... 562
The Wreath ... 563
The Retreat ... 564

VERE, AUBREY DE.
Early Friendship ... 1789
Song ... 1790
Sonnet ... 1791

W.

WALLER, EDMUND.
On a Girdle ... 585
On Love ... 586
A Panegyric to the Lord Protector ... 587
At Penshurst ... 588
The Bud ... 589
Say, lovely Dream ... 590
Go, lovely Rose ... 591
Old Age and Death ... 592
To Amoret ... 593
To Phyllis ... 594
Of the Queen ... 595
On my Lady Sydney's Picture ... 596
On my Lady Isabella playing the Lute ... 597
To a Lady ... 598
Love's Farewell ... 599

NO. OF POEM.

On Loving at First Sight ... 600
The Self-banished ... 601
The Night-piece ... 602

WALSH, WILLIAM.
Song ... 683

WARD, EDWARD.
Song ... 835

WARNER, WILLIAM.
Tale of Argentile and Curan ... 484

WARTON, JOSEPH.
To Fancy ... 974

WARTON, THOMAS.
The Hamlet ... 965
On Revisiting the River Loddon ... 966
Written on a Blank Leaf of Dugdale's Monasticon ... 967
Sonnet ... 968
Inscription in a Hermitage ... 969
The Suicide ... 970
Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a Favourite Village ... 971
A Panegyric on Oxford Ale ... 972
The Progress of Discontent ... 973

WASTELL, SIMON.
Man's Mortality ... 501

WATSON, THOMAS.
The Nymphs to their May Queen ... 122
Sonnet ... 123

WATTS, DR.
The Rose ... 850
A Summer Evening ... 851
Few Happy Matches ... 852
The Day of Judgment ... 853
God known only to Himself ... 854

WEBSTER, JOHN.
A Dirge ... 446
The Madman's Song ... 447
The Preparation for Execution ... 448
Death ... 449

WESLEY, CHARLES.
Come, O thou Traveller ... 1064
Weary of Wandering ... 1065
Jesu, Lover of my Soul ... 1066

WESLEY, JOHN.
From Tersteege ... 1067
From the German ... 1068
From Count Zuizendorf ... 1069
From Scheffler ... 1070
From the German ... 1071

WEST, GILBERT.
Allegorical Description of Vertu ... 1032

WHITE, H. KIRKE.
To an Early Primrose ... 1165
Sonnet ... 1166
The Star of Bethlehem ... 1167
A Hymn for Family Worship ... 1168
The Christiad ... 1169
The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song ... 1170
From Clifton Grove ... 1171
Hymn ... 1172

NO. OF POEM.

WHITEHEAD, PAUL.
Hunting Song ... 1037

WHITEHEAD, W.
Variety ... 986

WILDE, DR.
A Complaint of a Learned Divine in Puritan Times ... 257

WILSON, A.
A Village Scold surprising her Husband in an Alehouse ... 1593
A Pedlar's Story ... 1594

WILSON, JOHN.
To a Sleeping Child ... 1421
The Sabbath Day ... 1422
Lines written in a lonely Burial-ground in the Highlands ... 1423
The Midnight Ocean ... 1424
The Evening Cloud ... 1425
Plague Scenes ... 1426
Address to a Wild Deer ... 1427
Mary ... 1428
The Widowed Mother ... 1429

WILSON, R.
The Summer's Queen ... 432

WINCHELSEA, ANNE, COUNTESS OF.
A Nocturnal Reverie ... 817
Life's Progress ... 818

WITHER, GEORGE.
Christmas ... 271
Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss ... 272
The Companionship of the Muse ... 273
A Prisoner's Lay ... 274
From "A Dirge" ... 275
To a Brother Poet ... 276
The just Indignation of the oppressed ... 277
A persecuted Poet's Address to his King ... 278
My Heavenly Father and his erring Child ... 279
Against hired Flatterers ... 280
The 148th Psalm paraphrased ... 281
The Ford of Arle ... 282
The sequestered Retirement of Bentworth ... 283
Prayer for Seasonable Weather ... 284

WOLCOT, DR.
The Pilgrims and the Peas ... 1147
Dr. Johnson's Style ... 1148
Advice to Landscape Painters ... 1149
The Apple Dumplings and a King ... 1150
Whitbroad's Brewery visited by their Majesties ... 1151
Lord Gregory ... 1152
May-Day ... 1153
Epigram on Sleep ... 1154
To my Candle ... 1155

WOLFE, CHARLES.
The Burial of Sir John Moore ... 1562
The Death of Mary ... 1563
Song ... 1564

NO. OF POEM.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM.
London, 1802 ... 1189
The World is too much with us ... 1190
On King's College Chapel, Cambridge ... 1191
Lines ... 1192
Lucy ... 1193
A Portrait ... 1194
Tintern Abbey ... 1195
To a Highland Girl ... 1196
An Old Man's Reflections ... 1197
Ode ... 1198
Yarrow Visited ... 1199
To a Distant Friend ... 1200
To the Skylark ... 1201
To the Cuckoo ... 1202
Composed at Neidpath Castle ... 1203
Upon Westminster Bridge ... 1204
Admonition to a Traveller ... 1205
The Reaper ... 1206
The Daffodils ... 1207
To the Daisy ... 1208
By the Sea ... 1209
To Sleep ... 1210
Written in Early Spring ... 1211
The two April Mornings ... 1212

WOTTON, SIR HENRY.
To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia ... 158
A Farewell to the Vanities of the World ... 159
The Good Man ... 160
A Meditation ... 161
On the sudden Restraint of the Earl Somerset, then falling from favour ... 162
In praise of Angling ... 163

WYAT, SIR THOMAS.
The Lover complaineth of the Unkindness of his Love ... 72
The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness ... 73
The re-cured Lover exulteth in his Freedom and voweth to remain Free until Death ... 74
That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain ... 75
A Description of such a one as he would love ... 76
An earnest Suit to his unkind Mistress not to forsake him ... 77
To his Mistress ... 78
He lamenteth that he had ever Cause to doubt his Lady's Faith ... 79

WYNTOUN, ANDREW.
The Return of David II. from Captivity ... 44
Interview of St. Serf with Sathanas ... 45

Y.

YOUNG, EDWARD.
Night ... 855
On Life, Death, and Immortality ... 856
Thoughts on Time ... 857
Procrastination ... 858
The Emptiness of Riches ... 859
The Love of Praise ... 860
The Astronomical Lady ... 861
The Languid Lady ... 862
The Swearer ... 863

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF THE POEMS.

	NO OF POEM
A Ballad	805
A Ballad upon a Wedding	350
A Blessing	687
A Bridal Dirge	1691
A Calm Eve	1545
A Celebration of Charis	245
A Christmas Carol	88
A Christmas Hymn	1063
A Christmas Hymn	1732
A Contrast between Female Honour and Shame	437
A Country Song, intituled the Restoration	745
A Description of a Lady by her Lover	438
A Description of such a One as he would love	76
A Dialogue between Hope and Jen	319
A Dirge	446
A Fairy Tale	908
A Farewell to the Vanities of the World	159
A Farewell to the Valley of Irwan	914
A Farewell to Tobacco	1229
A Father reading the Bible	1446
A Fragment of Sappho	788
A Friend	385
A Funeral Hymn	900
A Good Conscience	207
A Home in the Heart	1725
A Hymn	312
A Hymn	767
A Hymn	769
A Hymn	874
A Hymn	1172
A Hymn to Christ	229
A Hymn to the Father	228
A Lament	1117
A Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse	936
A Letter from Italy	765
A Little While	1779
A Loose Sarabund	357
A Lover's Complaint	71
A Lowering Eve	1544
A Meditation	161
A Meditative Fool	192
A Moonlight Scene	1214
A Mother's Love	1390
A Night Scene	287
A Night Scene	997
A Nocturnal Reverie	817
A Nymph's Passion	243
A Panegyric on Oxford Ale	972
A Panegyric to the Lord Protector	587
A Parental Ode to my Son, aged three years and five months	1486
A Pastoral	1057
A Pastoral Ballad	894
A Pastoral of Phillis and Corydon	117
A Pedlar's Story	1594
A Persecuted Poet's Address to his King	278
A Persian Song of Hafiz	1012
A Petition to Time	1694
A Poet's Epitaph	1556
A Poet's Prayer	1557
A Poet's Thought	1693
A Poor Man's Wife	1747
A Portrait	1194
A Preface to the Buyer of his Book on Husbandry	82
A Prisoner's Lay	274
A Public Breakfast	1025
A Quack	652
A Red Herring	1584
A Remembrance	1726
A Rich Fool	371
A Rose	369
A Roundelay	424
A Rural Scene	959
A Scene of Early Life	1432
A Scholar and his Dog	466
A Scottish Country Wedding	1162
A Serenade	1327
A Song for the Seasons	1686
A Spring Sabbath Walk	1157
A Summer Evening	851
A Summer Evening	869
A Summer Morning	579
A Summer Morning	968
A Summer Sabbath Walk	1158
A Sunday in Edinburgh	1055
A Sweet Pastoral	118
A Sylvan Retreat	38
A Tale of Drury Lane	1416
A Tale of Robin Hood	516
A Thanksgiving	477
A Thanksgiving for his House	349
A Thought among the Roses	1809
A Valediction	337
A Village Scold surprising her Husband in an Alehouse	1593
A Virtuous Woman	1476
A Vow to Love	70
A Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque	649
A Wail	1755
A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea	1623
A Winter Landscape	873
A Winter Sabbath Walk	1160
A Wish	1185

	NO. OF POEM
Abou Ben Adhem	1402
Abra's Love for Solomon	758
Abstract of Melancholy	487
Accomplishments of Hudibras	637
Adam and Eve	626
Adam Bell	514
Address to a Wild Deer.	1427
Address to Bishop Valentine	227
Address to his Native Soil	291
Address to Light	623
Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday	1470
Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition	1418
Address to the Nightingale	121
Address to the Ocean	1673
Adelgitha	1312
Admiral Hosier's Ghost	999
Admonition to a Traveller	1205
Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water	46
Adversity	194
Advice to a Reckless Youth	247
Advice to Landscape Painters	1149
Ae Fond Kiss	1576
Afar in the Desert	1478
After Blenheim	1219
Against False Pride	650
Against Hired Flatterers	280
Against Hope	543
Alexander's Feast	661
All for Love	1352
All Well	1780
Allan Percy	1714
Allegorical Description of Vertu	1032
Allegorical Personages described in Hell	97
Almond Blossom	1757
Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene	1313
Amantium Iræ Amoris Redintegratio est	91
Ambitio Feminini Generis	508
Amiens' Song	211
Amynta	1051
An Appeal for the Industrious Poor	932
An Appeal to the Heart	226
An Author should be sincere	651
An Autumn Sabbath Walk	1159
An Earnest Suit to his unkind Mistress not to forsake him	77
An English Fen—Gipsies	1176
An Epistle to Curio	903
An Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland	138
An Epitaph	761
An Evening Hymn	675
An Evening Walk in Bengal	1379
An Introduction to the Book of Husbandry	81
An Invocation to Birds	1677
An Italian Song	1186
An Ode	747
An Ode	766
An Ode	768
An Ode for St Cecilia's Day	764
An Ode from Caractacus	913
An Ode in imitation of Alcæus	1011
An Old Man's Reflections	1197
An Old Man's Sorrow	10
Anacreontics	542
And doth not a Meeting like this	1281
Ane Schort Poeme of Tyme	394
Angling	926
Another	431
Answer to a Child's Question	1512
Apollo's Song of Daphne	407
Apostrophe to Freedom	32
Apostrophe to Futurity	1555
Apostrophe to the Ocean	1347
Appearances	190
Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines	1236
Approach of Spring	267
Approaching Death	442
April, 1793	1255
April	1795
Argalia condemned on False Evidence	581
Argalia taken Prisoner by the Turks	583
Ariel's Song	209
Arranmore	1289
Aspirations of Youth	1386
Assembling of the Fallen Angels	621
At Bamborough Castle	1246
At his Sister's Grave	1528
At Oxford, 1786	1244
At Penshurst	588
Athens	618
Auld Lang Syne	1581
Auld Robin Gray	1047
Autumn	1373
Autumn	1488
Autumn	1735
Autumn Evening Scene	872
Autumn Flowers	1530

B

Baby	1827
Baby May	1766
Baby's Shoes	1767
Ballad of Dowsabel	146
Banquet of an English Squire	1124
Battle of the Baltic	1306
Battle of Wyoming and Death of Gertrude	1360
Baucis and Philemon	773
Be Patient	1803
Be Merry, Friends	401
Be Wise to Run thy Race	1076
Beauty	195
Beauty	428
Beauty beyond the reach of Art	458
Beauty Sung for Love	419
Begone, Dull Care	731
Belshazzar and Daniel	979
Bernardo and Alphonso	1522
Bertha in the Lane	1560
Beth Gêlert, or the Grave of the Grey hound	1395
Bethsabe Bathing	416
Bethsabe's Address to the Zephyr	417
Bird, Bee, and Butterfly	1517
Bird's nest	1267
Birds Pairing in Spring	865
Bishop Hatto	1225
Bishop Hubert	1459
Bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary	1639
Bonnie Leslie	1585
Border Ballad	1321
Braid Claith	1052
Bridal Song	459
Bridal Song	1667
Bring Flowers	1441
Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bawdin	943
Brother, thou art gone	1669
Bruce's Address	1579
Butterfly and Bee	1269
By the Sea	1209

C.

	NO. OF POEM.
Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes	1582
Cadyow Castle	1325
Cæsar's Lamentation over Pompey's Head	214
Canace, condemned to death by her father, Æolus, sends to her guilty brother, Macareus, the last testimony of her unhappy passion	36
Canzonet	506
Careless Content	1056
Casa Wappy	1534
Casabianca	1442
Cassius to Brutus	186
Celia Singing	566
Ceremony	196
Character of a Fribble	956
Character of Shaftesbury	662
Character of Sir James, of Douglas	33
Character of the Ship's Officers	945
Character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham	663
Characters of Quin, Tom Sheridan, and Garrick	957
Characteristic of an Englishman	80
Charity and Humility	573
Cherry Ripe	348
Childhood	1234
Children	1274
Choice of a Rural Situation and Description of the Ague	924
Chorus	1670
Chorus of Flowers	1400
Chorus of Jewish Women	480
Christ coming to Judgment	62
Christmas	271
Christmas	1335
Claudian's Old Man of Verona	545
Cleopatra	188
Colin and Lucy	784
Colin's Complaint	828
Come, Evening Gale!	1541
Come, Holy Spirit, come	1075
Come, O Thou Traveller	1064
Come to these Scenes of Peace	1242
Come unto Me	1109
Commencement of "Dartmoor"	1513
Complaining	306
Complaint against Love	406
Complaint of a Learned Divine in Puritan Times	257
Complaint of Nature	964
Composed at Neidpath Castle, the property of Lord Queensberry, 1803	1203
Conclusion of the Songs of Israel	1477
Constancy	331
Constancy	655
Constitutional Limitation of Despotism	154
Content	421
Content	504
Content, a Pastoral	1023
Contented Shepherd	829
Contentment	443
Contentment	815
Cooper's Hill	576
Cornfields	1660
Coronach	1323
Cosmelia's Charms	669
Council of the Officers	948
Count Zinzendorf	1069
Country Justices and their Duties	930
Country Song, intituled the Restoration	745
Covetousness	18
Cowper's Grave	1558
Cradle Song	1772
Cranmer's Prophecy of Queen Elizabeth	183
Creation	787
Crescentius	1461
Cumnor Hall	928
Cupid	238
Cupid and Campaspe	404
Cupid and Ganymede	751
Cupid Mistaken	752
Cupio dissolvi	328
Custom	677

D.

Damages Two Hundred Pounds	1763
Dartmoor	1514
David and Goliah	144
David enamoured of Bethsabe	418
Dawnings of Genius	1412
Day of Judgment	853
De Profundis	106
Death	449
Death	465
Death	846
Death	1645
Death of Eliza, at the Battle of Minden	1094
Death of Marmion	1316
Death of Sir Henry de Bohun	34
Deathless Principle, arise!	1073
Delight in God only	295
Description and Praise of his Loue Geraldine	69
Description of a City Shower	772
Description of a Hare-hunt	806
Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle	148
Description of Castara	322
Description of the Comers to the Fair	1630
Description of Haidee	1348
Description of Melrose Abbey	1314
Description of Morning	691
Description of Morning Birds and Hunting the Deer	142
Description of Spring	67
Description of Squyre Meldrum	60
Description of the Priestess of Diana	333
Despair of a Poor Scholar	444
Destruction of Sennacherib	1343
Destruction of Sennacherib's Army	1092
Devotion to Love	453
Diana's Nymphs	472
Dinner given by the Town Mouse to the Country Mouse	49
Directions for Cultivating a Hop Garden	84
Dirge in Cymbeline	891
Dirge of Rachel	1475
Discontent of Men with their Condition	250
Disdain Returned	264
Distress of the Vessel	947
Dr. Johnson's Style	1148
Domestic Happiness	866
Domestic Love	1298
Dora	1708
Dorastus on Fawnia	427
Drinking Song	402
Dry up thy Tears, Love	1526
Dying	673
Dying in a Foreign Land	1129

E.

	NO. OF POEM.
Early Dawn	391
Early Friendship	1789
Early Love	135
Early Rising and Prayer	556
Easter	307
Echo and Narcissus	380
Echo and Silence	1520
Echoes	1291
Edom O'Gordon	530
Edwin and Angelina	916
Edwin and Emma	898
Elegy	961
Elegy on Thyrza	1354
Elegy written in a Country Churchyard	910
England	202
England	412
England	1732
England goes to Battle	1752
England's Landscape	1516
English Liberty	1083
Enjoyment of the Present Hour recommended	665
Epigram	1004
Epigram	1005
Epigram	1006
Epigram on Sleep	1154
Epilogue	1830
Epiphany	1380
Epistle to Joseph Hill	1088
Epistle to the Earl of Dorset	789
Epitaph, Extempore	759
Epitaph on a Living Author	554
Epitaph on an Infant	1511
Epitaph on Mrs. Mason	915
Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke	244
Epitaph on the Duke of Buckingham	268
Et oxaltavit Humiles	327
Euphrosyne	1761
Eve's Recollections	627
Evening	286
Evening	393
Evening Hymn	814
Evening Hymn	820
Evening Hymn	1059
Evening in Paradise	629
Excommunication of the Cid	1524
Expulsion from Paradise	632

F.

Fable of the Oak and the Briar	127
Fable related by a Beau to Æsop	833
Fair Ines	1492
Faith	294
Fall of the Rebel Angels	2
Fancy and Desire	494
Farewell to Ayrshire	1604
Farewell to the Fairies	253
Farewell to Town	116
Fatal Curiosity	831
Few Happy Matches	852
Fill the Bumper Fair	1280
First Love's Recollections	1411
First of March	1804
Flowers	169
Flowers	975
Flowers	1487
Fly to the Desert	1284
For Hope	544
For my own Monument	760
For Thoughts	672
Fragment	1620
Friend of my Soul	1282
Friends falling off	197
Friendship	843
Friendship	1434
From "A Dirge"	275
From a "Monody to the Memory of his Wife"	1036
From a Poem entitled "Amanda"	706
From a Trip to Cambridge, or the Grateful Fair	995
From "Anster Fair"	1628
From Bishop Hober's Journal	1378
From Clifton Grove	1171
From "Conversation"	1080
From "Count Zinzendorf"	1069
From "Endymion"	1819
From "Friendship in Absence"	550
From his "Invocation to Melancholy"	1041
From "Human Life"	1181
From "In Memoriam"	1706
From India	1776
From "Lilliput Levee"	1826
From "Rollo"	219
From "Schoffler"	1070
From "Torsteege"	1067
From the Bard's Song in the "Castle of Indolence"	875
From the "Blessed Damozel"	1841
From the Epithalamion	128
From the "Fate of Amy"	1406
From the German	1068
From the German	1071
From the "Hymn to Light"	547
From the "Improvisatore"	1460
From the "London Lackpenny"	37
From the "Loves of Gudrun"	1839, 1840
From the "Muses' Looking-glass"	359
From the Pindaric Odes	548
From the "Pleasures of Memory"	1180
From the "Portrait"	1842
From the "Prophecy of Famine"	958
From the "Voyage of Columbus"	1182
Frost at Midnight	1507

G.

Garment of Good Ladies	50
Gentle Hugh Herries	1626
Gentlest Girl	1731
Ginevra	1183
Gipsies	931
Gloomy Winter's now awa'	1602
Gloster's Soliloquy	181
Glow-worm	1270
Go, lovely Rose!	591
Go, pretty Birds!	471
Go, where Glory waits Thee	1283
God known only to Himself	854
God's Providence	40
Gold	198
Gondibert	372c
Good Husbandly Lessons	86
Good-morrow	104
Good Name	208
Good-night!	11
Good-night!	105
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'!	1611
Greenwich Hill	1142

	NO. OF POEM
Grief that cannot be comforted	168
Grievances of a Scottish Peasant of the Sixteenth Century	58
Grongar Hill	880

H.

Haidee and Juan at the Feast	1350
Haidee visits the Shipwrecked Don Juan	1349
Hallowed Ground	1309
Hame, Hame, Hame	1617
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death	184
Hannibal's Oath	1466
Happiness	1435
Happiness of a Country Life	960
Happiness of Married Life	452
Happiness of the Shepherd's Life	314
Harmosan	1802
He lamenteth that he had ever cause to doubt his Lady's Truth	79
Helen of Kirkconnel	1606
Hell	1431
Henry and Emma	755
Henry, Duke of Buckingham, in the Infernal Regions	98
Henry the Fifth's Address at Agincourt	179
Henry the Fifth's Address to his Soldiers before Harfleur	178
Henry the Fourth's Expostulation with his Son	175
Henry the Sixth's Soliloquy on the Battlefield	180
Here's a health to them that's awa'	1590
Hermione	1692
Heroine of Anster Fair	1629
Hey, then, up go we	737
Highland Mary	1586
Highland Poor	1120
Hills o' Galloway	1648
His hatred of the Scots	377
Hogarth	954
Hohenlinden	1304
Home	1389
Homer and Virgil	681
Honour	552
Hope	1239
Hope triumphant in Death	1297
Hotspur's Defence	172
Household Treasures	1815
Housewifery Physic	85
How each thing, save the Lover, in Spring reviveth to Pleasure	68
How Robin Hood lends a poor Knight Four Hundred Pounds	521
How's my Boy?	1671
Hudibras commencing Battle with the Rabble	640
Hudibras consulting the Lawyer	642
Hunting of the Cheviot	528
Hunting Song	1037
Hunting Song	1332
Hymn	1537
Hymn (16th Sunday after Trinity)	1668
Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni	1504
Hymn for Family Worship	1168
Hymn for the Dead	1336
Hymn of the Hebrew Maid	1324
Hymn on Solitude	877
Hymn on the Nativity	606
Hymn to Adversity	908
Hymn to Content	1106
Hymn to Contentment	810
Hymn to God the Father	246
Hymn to Intellectual Beauty	1375
Hymn to the Almighty	676
Hymn to the Father	228
Hymn to the Flowers	1419
Hymn to the Name of Jesus	298

I

I am all alone	1527
I fear thy Kisses	1363
I love my King and Country well	733
I remember, I remember	1491
I thank you twice	739
Idleness	400
If that were true!	1781
Il Penseroso	604
Imagination	155
Imprisoned in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed	64
In a Year	1786
In praise of Angling	163
In the Days o' Langsyne	1646
In what manner the Soul is united to the Body	224
Incitement to Perseverance	1836
Inconstancy of Love	700
Inconstancy of the Multitude	698
Indignation at the Sale of a Wife's Honour	454
Insanity	199
Inscription in a Hermitage	969
Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper	1090
Instability of Human Greatness	315
Interview of St Serf with Sathanas	45
Introduction of Foreign Vices deprecated	136
Introduction to the "Flower and the Leaf"	25
Invitation to Izaak Walton	647
Invocation	1368
Invocation to Rain in Summer	1764
Iphigenia and Agamemnon	1275
Iris the Rainbow	1835
Is it come?	1782
Is this a time to plant and build?	1798
Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant	1174

J

Jacob	1550
Jaffar	1403
James bewails his Captivity	42
James first sees the Lady Jane	43
Jealousy	426
Jeanie Morrison	1631
Jenny dang the Weaver	1609
Jenny's Bawbee	1610
Jesu, Lover of my Soul	1066
Joab's Address to David on the Death of Absalom	414
Joab's Description of David	413
Jock of Hazeldean	1318
John Anderson	1589
John the Baptist	365
Journey into France	252
Julia	347

K.

	NO. OF POEM.
Kilmeny	1615
King Arthur's Death	95
King David	415
King Edward IV. and the Tanner of Tamworth	536
King James I. and the Tinkler	717
King John and the Abbot of Canterbury	529
Kisses	1748
Kubla Khan	1509

L.

L'Allegro	603
L'Amour Timide	983
La Belle Confidante	568
La Belle Dame sans Merci	1825
Labour and Genius, or the Millstream and the Cascade	985
Lady Alice	723
Lady Barbara	1743
Lady Clare	1707
Langsyne	1535
Last Verses of L. E. L.	1469
Lavinia	870
Law	455
Life	189
Life	256
Life	1696
Life and Immortality	990
Life's Progress	818
Lilliput Levee	1838
Lines	1192
Lines addressed to my Children	1128
Lines on the Death of his Eldest Son	1146
Lines to an Indian Air	1362
Lines to Fanny	1807
Lines written in a Lonely Burial-ground in the Highlands	1423
Lines written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire	1383
Little Children	1659
Little John in the Service of the Sheriff of Nottingham	523
Little Red Riding Hood	1463
Little Streams	1656
Lochiel's Warning	1303
Logan Braes	1605
London	884
London, 1802	1189
Look Hore	109
Lord Beichan	533
Lord Delaware	715
Lord Gregory	1152
Lord Ullin's Daughter	1307
Losses	1784
Lost Feelings	1483
Love	201
Love	481
Love	693
Love	1217
Love	1505
Love	1672
Love and Glory	1138
Love and Nature	1518
Love Divine, all Love excelling	1072
Love in the Valley	1744
Love in Women	697
Love of Country	1315
Love of Praise	860
Love not	1735
Love will find out the way	534
Love without Return	468
Love's Darts	339
Love's Darts	483
Love's Farewell	599
Love's History	1702
Love's Philosophy	1364
Love's Servile Lot	108
Loyalty confined	513
Lucy	1193
Lucy's Flittin'	1649
Lullaby	434
Lycidas	605

M.

Macbeth, before Murdering the King	185
MacFlecknoe	660
Madness of Orestes	467
Mahmoud	1404
Maid of Athens	1338
Man	309
Man's Mortality	501
Many, many Years ago	1810
Marcelia	1674
Marguerite of France	1440
Mariner's Hymn	1533
Mark xii. 17	301
Mark Antony's Oration on the Body of Cæsar	187
Marriage of Cupid and Psyche—Psyche's Banishment	1121
Mary	1428
Mary Morison	1578
Mary of Castle Cary	1597
Mary, the Maid of the Inn	1226
Mary's Dream	1046
Massacre of the Macpherson	1662
Maternal Care	1299
May, 1795	1257
May Day	1153
Melancholy	215
Meldrum's Duel with the English Champion, Talbart	61
Meleager Dying	1834
Memory of the Dead	1812
Mercury and Cupid	753
Mercy	24
Mercy	165
Mercy and Truth	17
Mercy should have mitigated Justice	933
Midnight Hymn	821
Midnight Wind	1635
Miriam's Song	1290
Miscellaneous Thoughts	644
Mr. Murray's Proposal	1294
Moonlight	783
Moonrise	1794
Morning	285
Morning	771
Morning	940
Morning and Evening	1729
Morning Hymn	812
Morning Hymn	819
Morning in May	57
Morning in Paradise	628
Morning Landscape	989
Mother and Son	1770
Mortimer, Earl of March, and the Queen, surprised by Edward III. in Nottingham Castle	141

	NO. OF POEM.
Mountain Children	1653
Music's Duel	300
Musidora	867
Mustering of the Trades to shoot for the Siller Gun	1608
Mutability	1376
My Bonnie Mary	1577
My Fantasy will never turn	397
My Heart's in the Highlands	1580
My Heavenly Father and His erring Child	279
My Heid is like to rend, Willie	1638
My Nanie, O	1618
My only Jo and Dearie, O	1603
My own dear Country	1736
My Wife's a winsome, wee Thing	1588

N.

Napoleon and the Sailor	1311
Naseby	1567
Nature and Love	213
Nec Sutor ultra	509
Nehusta's Lover	1725
Netley Abbey	1256
Newborn Death	1843
Night	166
Night	288
Night	855
Night	1384
Night	1675
Night and Music	167
Night at Sea	1464
Night is nigh gone	390
No Age content with his own Estate	65
No Jewell'd Beauty is my Love	1746
No Treasure without Gladness	53
Nomine Labia mea aperies	325
Nongtongpaw	1139
Noon	1548
Noontide Hymn	813
Noontide of a Summer's Day	392
Not ours the Vows	1456
Note to Moschus	569
Nothing on Earth Permanent	6
Notre Dame	1549
November	1574
Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn	636

O.

O! breathe not his Name	1287
O! Mary, go and call the Cattle Home	1799
O! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' Me	937
O! where do Fairies hide their Heads	1502
Ode	236
Ode	876
Ode	888
Ode	996
Ode	1198
Ode from Horace	826
Ode on a Grecian Urn	1823
Ode on hearing the Drum	1019
Ode on Mankind	1044
Ode on Privateering	1020
Ode on the Death of Thomson	892
Ode on the Spring	911
Ode sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village	971
Ode to a Nightingale	1822
Ode to an Indian Gold Coin	1131
Ode to Aurora	977
Ode to Evening	889
Ode to Independence	921
Ode to Leven-water	922
Ode to Memory	895
Ode to Memory	914
Ode to Peace	993
Ode to Pity	887
Ode to Solitude	1015
Ode to Spring	1104
Ode to the Evening Star	1136
Ode to the Right Hon. John Lord Gower	834
Ode to the West Wind	1372
Œnone's Complaint	409
Of a Precise Tailor	153
Of a' the Airts the Wind can blaw	1583
Of Church	156
Of Discretion in Giving	54
Of Discretion in Taking	55
Of Fortune	151
Of Heavon	555
Of Myself	540
Of Solitude	553
Of the Queen	595
Of Treason	150
Of Writers who carp at other Men's Books	152
Oh! lay thy Hand in mine, Dear!	1756
Oh, the pleasant Days of Old!	1783
Old Age and Death	592
Old England	1751
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College	907
On a Distant View of England	1252
On a Girdle	585
On a Sprig of Heath	1119
On a Tear	1188
On an Infant Dying as soon as born	1231
On Bishop Atterbury's Burying the Duke of Buckingham, MDCCXX	762
On King's College Chapel, Cambridge	1191
On leaving a Village in Scotland	1250
On Life, Death, and Immortality	856
On Love	586
On Loving at First Sight	600
On Lucy, Countess of Bedford	240
On May Morning	610
On Mr. W. Montague's Return from Travel	265
On Mrs. A. H. at a Concert	1030
On my Lady Isabella playing the Lute	597
On my Lady Sydney's Picture	596
On Phillis Walking before Sunrise	378
On Recovery from Sickness	1061
On Reviewing the Foregoing	1260
On Revisiting Oxford	1258
On Revisiting the River Loddon	966
On Shakspere	1570
On the Birth of the Princess Royal	1397
On the Day of Judgment	653
On the Death of George III.	1420
On the Death of Sir Bevil Grenville	482
On the Death of Dr. Robert Levett	886
On the Death of the Rev. William Benwell	1259
On the Departure of the Nightingale	1099
On the Earl of Strafford's Trial and Death	577
On the Funeral of Charles I.	1243
On the Poverty of Poets	955
On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture	1081
On the Sight of his Mistress's House	708
On the Sudden Restraint of the Earl of Somerset, then falling from favour	162
On the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin	1091
On Vicissitude	912
One Summer Night	1728
One Way of Love	1785

	NO. OF POEM.
One Word is too often profaned	1367
Opening of Queen Mab	1359
Opening of the Minstrel	988
Opening of the Second Book of the Task	1086
Opening of the Songs of Zion	1474
Order and Obedience	203
Owen of Carron	935
Ozymandias of Egypt	1370

P.

Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale	659
Paradise	625
Parting	688
Parting	1529
Passage of the Red Sea	1377
Passing away	1444
Passions	696
Patience	436
Patient Grissell	526
Path of Life	1261
Paucitatem Dierum meorum nuncia mihi	326
Peace	559
Peace! What do tears avail?	1690
Pericles and Aspasia	1538
Persian Song of Hafiz	1012
Personal Appearance of Hudibras	639
Persuasion to Mothers to Suckle their own Children	1096
Persuasions to Love	266
Pestilence of the Fifteenth Century	927
Phœbe Dawson	1175
Philanthropy—Mr. Howard	1095
Philomela	1760
Philomela's Ode	425
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	1322
Picture of a Witch	689
Picture of Twilight	1710
Picture of War	1482
Pictures of Native Genius	1554
Pixies of Devon	1515
Plague Scenes	1426
Plighting Troth	212
Portrait of a Poor Gallant	249
Posies for thine own Bedchamber	89
Power and Gentleness; or, the Cataract and Streamlet	1453
Praise of a Country Life	807
Praise of Chastity	607
Praise of Good Women	15
Praise of Women	27
Praise to God	1110
Prattle your Pleasure under the Rose	742
Prayer	1388
Prayer	1519
Prayer for Indifference	987
Prayer for Seasonable Weather	284
Pre-existency of the Soul	575
Preparation for Execution	448
Preparing to meet God	1062
Pride of Youth	1330
Primrose	1266
Prince Arthur's Address to-Night	131
Principal Points of Religion	90
Procrastination	858
Proper Use of Talents	204
Protogenes and Apelles	757
Psalm xiii.	500
Psalm xxiii.	499
Psalm xxiii., Paraphrase on	770
Psalm xxxv.	498
Psalm xlii.	478
Psalm xlviii.	479
Psalm civ.	823
Psalm cxlviii. Paraphrased	281

R.

Rainbow	310
Reality of a True Religion	157
Reason	658
Rebellion	1543
Recollections of English Scenery	1101
Recommendation of a High Situation on the Sea-coast	925
Reconciliation	1704
Red, Red Rose	1584
Reflections	1178
Reign of Christ on Earth	1392
Religion of Hudibras	638
Remorse	840
Remorse	952
Render to Cæsar the Things which are Cæsar's	1817
Requiescat in Pace!	1832
Requirements of a Tutor	248
Retaliation	917
Retirement	991
Richard II., the Morning before his Murder	137
Richard the Second's Lament	170
Rinaldo at Mount Olivet and the Enchanted Wood	149
Robene and Makyne	38
Robert, Duke of Normandy, previously to his Eyes being put out	496
Robin Goodfellow	510
Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale	517
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne	519
Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar	520
Robin Hood reimburses himself of his Loan	524
Robin Hood rescuing the Widow's three Sons	518
Robin Hood's Death and Burial	525
Rock of Ages, cleft for Me	1074
Rondel of Love	387
Rosabelle	1331
Rosader's Sonetto	430
Rosalind's Madrigal	429
Rosiphele's Vision of Ladies	30
Rule Britannia	879
Rumour	173
Rural Sounds	1079
Ruth	1413

S.

Sabbath Chimes	1701
Sadness	502
St. Peter's Day	1797
St. Romuald	1227
Sally in our Alley	1035
Samela	420
Samson bewailing his Blindness and Captivity	616
Sardanapalus	1723
Satan	1546
Satan meets Sin and Death	622
Satan's Address to the Sun	620
Satan's Speech	3
Satire	777
Say, lovely Dream!	590
Scene of Early Love	1432
Scenes and Musings of the Peasant Poet	1413

	NO. OF POEM.
Scorn not the Least	112
Scotland	1135
Scotland	1156
Search after God	476
Self-inspection	200
Self-murder	694
Sent with a rose, to Rose	1808
Sephestia's Song to her Child	422
Severed Friendship	1510
She walks in Beauty	1353
She's gane to dwell in Heaven	1621
Sheepfold	1265
Shepherds and Shepherdesses	460
Shepherd's Song	474
Shipwreck by Drink	475
Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the Night	1170
Showers in Spring	864
Sic Vita	255
Sir Francis Drake	492
Sir John Barleycorn	719
Sir Sidney Smith	1137
Sit down, Sad Soul	1695
Sketches from a Painter's Studio	1775
Sleep	174
Sleep	497
Smoking Spiritualized	711
Smollett	953
Softly woo away her breath	1688
Soliloquy of Richard the Second in Prison	171
Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister	1787
Solitary Life	395
Song by Love, to Physander and Bellanima	376
Song by Rogero, in the "Rovers"	1145
Song for a Highland Drover returning from England	1127
Song for St. Cecilia's Day at Oxford	763
Song for the Seasons	1686
Song—May Eve; or, Kate of Aberdeen	1022
Song of Hesperus	239
Song of Honest Recreation	403
Song of the Brook	1703
Song of the Danish Sea King	1641
Song of the Greek Poet	1344
Song of the Virgins celebrating the Victory	1237
Song of Wood Nymphs	1679
Song—The Blind Boy	1033
Song—The Parting Kiss	1000
Song to Apollo	408
Song to Celia	242
Song to David	994
Song to Echo	1098
Song to May	1097
Song to Morpheus	578
Song to Pan	220
Songs, 216, 232, 241, 254, 258, 259, 260, 262, 263, 289, 290, 296, 329, 332, 343, 352, 356, 373, 488, 571, 654, 656, 657, 668, 670, 679, 680, 683, 684, 685, 690, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 748, 811, 824, 827, 830, 835, 836, 837, 838, 882, 883, 899, 984, 1001, 1021, 1039, 1040, 1112, 1113, 1118, 1286, 1302, 1319, 1320, 1485, 1499, 1508, 1564, 1573, 1651, 1790.	
Sonnet made on Isabella Markham	99
Sonnet on a Wet Summer	1009
Sonnet on Age of Twenty-three	612
Sonnet on His Blindness	613
Sonnet on His late Deceased Wife	614
Sonnet on Sabbath Morn	1130
Sonnet on the Late Massacre in Piedmont	615
Sonnet, supposed to be written at Lemnos	1043
Sonnet to the Nightingale	611
Sonnet to the Redbreast	1008
Sonnet to Valclusa	1042
Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss	272
Sonnets, 107, 123, 134, 140, 147, 164, 235, 396, 485, 489, 968, 1007, 1010, 1166, 1249, 1251, 1254, 1569, 1791, 1824	
Sonnets to a Friend	1571
Sospetto d'Herode, Lib. I.	297
Speaking and Kissing	567
Speech	692
Spring	41
Spring	368
Spring	439
Spring	941
Spring	1382
Spring Cuckoo	1264
Staffa	1235
Stanzas for Music	1340
Stanzas on the Sea	1457
Stanzas written in Dejection near Naples	1369
Starlight Frost	1271
Sudden Change	299
Summer's Evening	1263
Summer Morning	1408
Summer is i-cumen in	12
Summer Sports	457
Summer Woods	1658
Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon	1664
Sunday	302
Sunday in Edinburgh	1055
Sunrise	1262
Sweet and Twenty	1749
Sweet Content	433
Sweet Spirit of My Love	1750
Sweet William's Farewell	802
Swiftness of Time	102
Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi	1632

T.

Take the Beam out of thine Own Eye	205
Tale of Argentile and Curan	484
Tale of Drury Lane, by W. S.	1416
Tam o' Shanter	1591
Taste	902
Temperance	631
Tendencies of the Soul towards the Infinite	901
Terrors of a Guilty Conscience	976
Tetrastic	1013
That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain	75
That the Soul is more than a Perfection or Reflection of the Sense	222
That the Soul is more than the Temperature of the Humours of the Body	223
The Adopted Child	1452
The Age of Wisdom	1762
The Aged Man-at-Arms	411
The Alderman's Funeral	1216
The Alehouse	1595
The Angel of the Flowers	1811
The Angel of the World	1551
The Angelic Worship	624
The Anniversary	1111
The Answer of the Lord Chief Justice to Henry V.	176
The Apple Dumplings and a King	1150
The Apple of Life	1829
The Armies at Salamis	998
The Arraignment of a Lover	101
The Astronomical Lady	861
The Author's Picture	978

	NO. OF POEM.
The Awaking of Endymion	1465
The Ballad of Agincourt	143
The Baby's Début, by W. W.	1415
The Bard	909
The Battle of Byland's Path	35
The Bee	558
The Beggar	1027
The Belgian Lovers and the Plague	1093
The Better Land	1445
The Birth of Christ	822
The Birth of Robin Hood	515
The Blackbird	1806
The Black-cock	1471
The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green	714
The Blood-Horse	1680
The Bloom hath fled thy Cheek, Mary	1637
The Boat-race	1777
The Bower of Bliss	133
The Braes o' Balquhither	1598
The Braes o' Gleniffer	1599
The Braes of Yarrow	881
The Brave Earl Brand, and the King of England's Daughter	721
The Break of Day	233
The Bridal	1805
The Bridge of Sighs	1495
The Brier	1273
The Brook-side	1717
The Broom-Flower	1657
The Brown Jug	1014
The Brownie of Blednock	1650
The Bud	589
The Burial of Sir John Moore	1562
The Burial of the Righteous	1161
The Burial-March of Dundee	1663
The Bush aboon Traquair	1028
The Call	308
The Cameronian Cat	738
The Cameronian's Dream	1652
The Canterbury Tales	19
The Catholick	712
The Cavalier's Farewell to his Mistress	743
The Cavalier's Song	1636
The Cave	939
The Chameleon	1016
The Character of Chatham	1077
The Cherry and the Slae	389
The Child and the Mourners	1738
The Child and the Watcher	1559
The Childe of Elle	535
The Child's First Grief	1448
The Christening	1232
The Christiad	1169
The Chronicle	541
The Church-builder	839
The Cloud	1360
The Cobbler and the Vicar of Bray	744
The Coming of Winter	441
The Commencement of Dartmoor	1513
The Common Doom	461
The Common Lot	1387
The Companionship of the Muse	273
The Complaint	549
The Complaints of the Poor	1222
The Compliment	261
The Confession	445
The Contented Shepherd	829
The Convict Ship	1525
The Cotter's Saturday Night	1592
The Council of Horses	799
The Country Ballad-singer	804
The Country Life	345
The Country's Recreations	115
The Covenanter's Battle Chant	1639
The Cross	1730
The Cuckow and the Nightingale	21
The Daffodils	1207
The Day of Judgment	853
The Day of Judgment	1666
The Death-bed	1497
The Death-bell	469
The Death of a Good Man	848
The Death of Haidee	1351
The Death of Janusa and Ammurat	584
The Death of Mary	1563
The Death of Rosamond	367
The Death of the Virtuous	1108
The Death of the Warrior King	1697
The Death of the Young Mother	1433
The Death of Wallace	47
The Decay of Summer	440
The Demand of Justice	313
The Departure of the Swallow	1661
The Deserted Village	919
The Despairing Shepherd	749
The Dispensary	786
The Diverting History of John Gilpin	1087
The Dream	234
The Dream	1241, 1341
The Dream of Eugene Aram	1494
The Duplicity of Women	26
The Dying Christian to his Soul	781
The Dying Sailor	1177
The Elder Scripture	1796
The Elephant in the Moon	643
The Emigrant's Adieu to Ballyshannon	1838
The Emigrant's Farewell	1480
The Emigrants in Bermudas	634
The Emptiness of Riches	859
The Envious Man and the Miser	31
The Equality of the Grave	462
The Eve of St. Agnes	1820
The Evening Cloud	1425
The Exactions and Delay of the Law	59
The Excommunication of the Cid	1524
The Excursion	1553
The Exile's Song	1647
The Fair Recluse	1665
The Fairies of the Caldonlaw	1654
The Fairy to Puck	210
The Farmer's Boy	725
The Farmer's Ingle	1053
The Farmer's Life	1123
The Father and Child	1724
The Father of Pharonnida discovers her Attachment to Argalia	582
The Feast	557
The Field of Battle	982
The Field of the World	1394
The Fireside	1024
The First Day	1
The First Pastoral	790
The Fishermen	1800
The Flight of Love	1366
The Flower	304
The Flower o' Dumblane	1600
The Flowers of the Forest	1048
The Flowers of the Forest	1049
The Ford of Arle	282
The Fox at the Point of Death	798
The French Army in Russia	1539
The Friar of Orders Gray	938
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder	1144
The Garden of Adonis	132
The Garden Gate	729

	NO. OF POEM.
The Garland	754
The Giants and the Abbey	1295
The Gipsy's Malison	1233
The Girl of Cadiz	1339
The Gladiator	1346
The Goat without a Beard	796
The Golden Age	39
The Golden Glove	716
The Good Man	160
The Good Time coming	1741
The Gospel	1058
The Grand Question debated	775
The Grasp of the Dead	1467
The Grave	842
The Grave	847
The Grave	1385
The Grave of Anna	1141
The Graves of a Household	1439
The Greenland Missionaries	1078
The Greenwich Pensioners	1240
The Greenwood	1241
The Hamlet, an Ode	965
The Happy Man	8
The Happy Man	878
The Happy Marriage	1034
The Hare and many Friends	801
The Harp that once through Tara's Halls	1285
The Harvest Storm	871
The Haunch of Venison	920
The Haymaker's Song	728
The Heir of Linne	537
The Helmets	981
The Hermit	809
The Hermit	992
The Heroine of Auster Fair	1629
The Highland Poor	1120
The Hills o' Gallowa'	1648
The Hitchin May-day Song	727
The Holly Tree	1215
The Homes of England	1436
The Hour of Prayer	1443
The House of Fame	23
The House of Riches	129
The Hunter's Song	1684
The Hunting of the Cheviot	528
The Husband's Return	1596
The Image of Death	111
The Image of Jealousy in the Chapel of Diana	334
The Immortality of the Soul	225
The Impressed Sailor Boy	1163
The Inchcape Rock	1224
The Induction to the Complaint of Henry, Duke of Buckingham	96
The Inquiry	384
The Interview of Vortigern with Rowen	14
The Invocation and Introduction to Paradise Lost	619
The Ivy Green	1818
The Jews' Return to Jerusalem	980
The Journey onwards	1293
The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove	722
The Just Indignation of the Oppressed	277
The Keach i' the Creel	718
The King of Denmark's Ride	1716
The King's Answer	177
The Kiss, a Dialogue	340
The Kitten	1473
The Knight releases his Lands and succours a Yeoman	522
The Ladder to Thrift	83
The Lady's Looking-glass	750
The Lady's Song in "Comus"	608
The Land of My Birth	1721
The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers	1451
The Languid Lady	862
The Lark	473
The Lass of Lochroyan	539
The Last Journey	1532
The Last Time I came o'er the Moor	825
The Last Verses of Chaucer	28
The Light of other Days	1292
The Lily	1122
The Lion and Giraffe	1479
The Lion and the Cub	794
The Long-ago	1719
The Lost Leader	1788
The Lot of Thousands	1115
The Love of Praise	860
The Love that is requited with Disdain	93
The Loved One was not there	1743
The Lover complaineth of the Unkindness of His Love	72
The Lover requesteth some Friendly Comfort, affirming his Constancy	92
The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness	73
The Loyal Soldier	746
The Mad Lover	382
The Madman's Song	447
The Madness of Orestes	467
The Maid's Lament	1272
The Maid of Neidpath	1329
The Man of Ross	779
The Mariner's Wife	929
The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche	1121
The Massacre of the Macpherson	1662
The Means to attain Happy Life	66
The Memory of the Dead	1793
The Men of Forty-eight	1745
The Men of Old	1718
The Merle and Nightingale	51
The Mermaid	1132
The Messiah	630
The Messiah	776
The Midges dance aboon the Burn	1601
The Midnight Messenger	710
The Midnight Ocean	1424
The Midnight Wind	1635
The Minion Wife	399
The Ministry of Angels	130
The Minstrel's Song in Ella	944
The Miser	844
The Miser's Mansion	1218
The Miseries of a Poet's Life	950
The Monkey	1655
The Monkey who had seen the World	792
The Moon was a-waning	1614
The Morning Star	875
The Mother's Hand	1699
The Mother's Heart	1711
The Mother's last Song	1689
The Mow	726
The Muster for the First Crusade	13
The Nabob	1102
The New Litany	735
The New-mown Hay	730
The New Year	646
The New Year's Gift	1472
The Night before the Battle of Waterloo	1358
The Night-piece; or, a Picture Drawn in the Dark	602
The Nightingale	1506
The Nobility exhorted to the Patronage of Learning	139

	NO. OF POEM.
The Nobleman's generous Kindness	720
The Noontide of a Summer's Day	392
The Nun	1401
The Nutbrown Maid	94
The Nymph's Reply	114
The Nymphs to their May Queen	122
The Odour	305
The Old and Young Courtier	511
The Old Arm-chair	1720
The Old Familiar Faces	1230
The Old Farm-gate	1722
The Old Hen and the Cock	795
The Old Man's Comforts	1223
The Old Man's Wish	686
The Old Protestant's Litany	736
The Old Water-mill	1724
The One Gray Hair	1277
The Only Rest	7
The Orphan Boy	1700
The Orphan Boy's Tale	1116
The Outlaw	1326
The Owl	1685
The Owl and the Bell	1831
The Oxford Riddle	507
The Painter	1542
The Painter who pleased Nobody and Everybody	793
The Palmer	1333
The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary	1173
The Parrot	1310
The Parting of Lovers	1737
The Passionate Shepherd to his Love	113
The Past	1727
The Pauper's Death-bed	1531
The Philosopher's Devotion	572
The Pilgrims and the Peas	1147
The Pixies of Devon	1515
The Poet and the Rose	800
The Poet's Bridal-day Song	1622
The Poet's Hour	1547
The Poet's Song to his Wife	1687
The Power of Love	217
The Praise of a Solitary Life	366
The Pre-existency of the Soul	575
The Preparation for Execution	448
The Pride of Youth	1330
The Primrose	270
The Primrose	1409
The Prisoner of Chillon	1345
The Progress of Discontent	973
The Progress of Love	904
The Prophecy	942
The Puritan	740
The Queen	1774
The Quiet Life	782
The Rainbow	310
The Rainbow	562
The Real and the Ideal	456
The Reaper	1206
The Reconciliation	1704
The Re-cured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voweth to remain Free until Death	74
The Reign of Christ on Earth	1392
The Resolve	381
The Resurrection	849
The Retirement	648
The Retreat	564
The Return of David II. from Captivity	44
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner	1503
The Rose	850
The Roundhead	741
The Sabbath Day	1422
The Sailing of Beowulf	9
The Sailor's Farewell	1038
The Sailor's Wife	1742
The Saint's Encouragement	370
The Scholar	1220
The Schoolmistress	893
The Sea	1681
The Sea	1833
The Sea in Calm	1683
The Seasons of Life	1812
The Secret Way	1828
The Seeds of Love	571
The Seeker	816
The Self-banished	601
The sequestered Retirement of Bentworth	283
The Shepherd and his Wife	423
The Shepherd Boy	1462
The Ship departing from the Haven	946
The Shipwreck of the Caravel of Grace	56
The Shipwrecked Solitary's Song	1170
The Sick Man and the Angel	797
The Skylark	1613
The Sleep	1561
The Sleeping Beauty	1184
The Sleeping Figure of Modena	1676
The Soldier's Dream	1308
The Soldier's Home	1125
The Solitary Tomb	1458
The Song of the Enamoured Shepherd	410
The Song of the Shirt	1496
The Songs of Birds	405
The Sorcerers of Vain Delights	311
The Soul and Body	574
The Soul in Despair	5
The Soul's Errand	119
The Soul's Errand	503
The Spanish Lady's Love	538
The Spirit's Epilogue in "Comus"	609
The Splendid Shilling	666
The Spring	368
The Squire and the Dove	126
The Squiere's Tale	20
The Star of Bethlehem	1167
The Starry Heavens	1481
The Stormy Petrel	1682
The Stranger and his Friend	1393
The Suicide	970
The Summer's Queen	432
The Sun rises bright in France	1627
The Swearer	863
The Sweets of Beauty	464
The Tale of the Coffers or Caskets	29
The Tar for all Weathers	1136
The Tears of Scotland	923
The Tempestuous Evening	1018
The Temptation of Eve	4
The Theatre	1414
The Thief and the Cordelier	756
The Thought of Death	674
The Three Knights	713
The Three Sons	1801
The Three States of Woman	450
The Three Warnings	1026
The Thrush's Nest	1410
The Timber	561
The Toilet	780
The Tomb	565
The Town Child and Country Child	1624
The Town Ladies	388
The Traveller	918
The Treasures of the Deep	1437
The Troubadour	1468
The Tub Preacher	734

	NO. OF POEM.
The Twa Sisters o' Binnorie	527
The Two April Mornings	1212
The Unknown Grave	1536
The Upas in Marylebone Lane	1417
The Useful Plow	724
The Uses of Adversity	191
The Valediction	570
The Vanity of Human Learning	221
The Vanity of Human Wishes	885
The Vanity of the Beautiful	103
The Vanity of the World	293
The Vessel going to Pieces	949
The Voice of Spring	1438
The Voice of the Dying	206
The Voice of the Morning	1698
The Votaress of Diana	336
The Waiting-maid	551
The Wanderer	841
The Wandering Wind	1450
The War of the League	1565
The Water! the Water!	1634
The Water Lady	1498
The Water o' Wearie's Well	532
The Widow and Child	1705
The Widow Bird	1374
The Widowed Mother	1213
The Widowed Mother	1429
The Wife	495
The Wife's Appeal	1778
The Wife's Funeral	1179
The Wild Huntsman	1334
The Will	230
The Winds	87
The Winter Evening	1084
The Wish	543
The Wish	678
The Wish	1017
The Witch's Cave	335
The Wroath	563
The Woodman's Walk	505
The Work-girl's Song	398
The World a Stage	193
The World is too much with us	1190
The Worn Wedding Ring	1768
The Young Man's Wish	709
The Young Maxwell	1619
Theodore and Honoria	664
There be those	1455
There is an Ancient Man	1733
There is a Garden in her Face	486
There's no Dearth of Kindness	1753
They are all gone	560
They come, the Merry Summer Months	1633
Think on thy Home	364
Think not of the Future	1501
Thomas the Rhymer	531
Those Evening Bells	1288
Thou art gone to the Grave	1381
Thou hast vow'd by thy Faith, my Jeanie	1625
Thoughts of Heaven	1642
Thoughts in a Garden	633
Thoughts on Time	857
Thus stood his Mind	1430
Time's Alteration	512
Time's Song	1814
Times go by turns	110
Tintern Abbey	1195
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	1278
To a Beloved One	1754
To a Brother Poet	276
To a Child embracing his Mother	1489
To a Coy Lady	383
To a Cricket	1764
To a Daisy	1391
To a Distant Friend	1200
To a Family Bible	1447
To a Highland Girl	1196
To a Lady	598
To a Lady	778
To a Lady admiring Herself in a Looking-glass	358
To a Lady I know, aged One	1771
To a Lady with a Guitar	1371
To a Lady with some Painted Flowers	1105
To a Mountain Daisy	1575
To a Nightingale	361
To a Skylark	1361
To a Sleeping Child	1421
To a Sleeping Child	1837
To a Tuft of Early Violets	1143
To a very Young Lady	667
To Althea (from Prison)	355
To Amoret	593
To an Early Primrose	1165
To Autumn	1521
To Belshazzar	1357
To Blossoms	341
To Castara	317
To Castara, inquiring why I loved her	318
To Castara (the Record of Innocent Love)	323
To Certain Golden Fishes	1572
To Charlotte Pulteney	791
To Chloe	338
To Corinna	351
To Daffodils	342
To Fancy	974
To Ferdinand Seymour	1712
To find God	350
To Hester	1228
To his Coy Love	145
To his Empty Purse	22
To his Heart	386
To his Lute	362
To his Mistress	78
To his Mistress	645
To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia	158
To his Son Vincent Corbet	251
To his Wife	1126
To his Wife	1500
To Ianthe	1133
To Lucasta (going to the Wars)	353
To Lucasta (from Prison)	354
To Macaulay	1276
To Mary (Mrs. Unwin)	1082
To Mary in Heaven	1587
To Meadows	344
To Mrs. Bishop	1002
To Mrs. Bishop	1003
To Mistress Margaret Hussey	63
To my Candle	1155
To my Daughter, on being separated from her on her Marriage	1114
To my Daughter, on her Birthday	1490
To my Noblest Friend	324
To my Picture	360
To my Son	1164
To Phyllis	594
To Posterity	493
To Primroses filled with Morning Dew	346
To Religion	120
To Roses in the Bosom of Castara	316
To Saxham	269
To Seymour	321
To Sleep	218
To Sleep	1210

	NO. OF POEM.
To T. L. H., six years old, during a Sickness	1398
To the Bramble Flower	1552
To the Butterfly	1187
To the Comet of 1811	1616
To the Cuckoo	962
To the Cuckoo	1202
To the Daisy	1208
To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Addison	785
To the Evening Primrose	1454
To the Evening Star	682
To the Evening Star	1301
To the First Cuckoo of the year	1816
To the Glowworm	1405
To the Grasshopper and the Cricket	1399
To the Holy Trinity	237
To the Memory of a Lady	1540
To the Memory of the First Lady Lyttelton	906
To the Night	1365
To the Nightingale	707
To the Passions	890
To the Queen	374
To the Reverend Dr. Ayscough	905
To the River Cherwell	1253
To the River Nith	1607
To the River Twood	1248
To the River Wensbeck	1247
To the Skylark	1201
To the Snowdrop	1678
To the Spring	320
To the Tron Kirk Bell	1054
To Thomas Moore	1337
To Time	1238
To Tom Bowling	1140
To W. G. B.	1773
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine	1060
Town and Country	1484
Translation of Horace, Odes, I. 5	617
Tribute to a Mother on her Death	1089
True Beauty in Woman	1821
Tullochgorum	1050
Tweedside	1029
Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine	1709
Two April Mornings	1212

U.

Una and the Red Cross Knight	124
Una followed by the Lion	125
Under the Holly Bough	1739
Unprepared for Death	845
Upon his Mistress sad	379
Upon Westminster Bridge	1204
Urania	1759

V.

Valediction	231
Vanity of Earthly Things	52
Variety	986
Verses	832
Verses on a most stony-hearted Maiden	100
Verses on his Own Death	774
Verses written when alone in an Inn at Southampton	1031
Vicarious Justice	641
Virgin Purity	580
Virtue	303
Virtue and Vice	435
Vision of Belshazzar	1356

W.

Walking the Streets of London	805
War Song on the Victory of Brunnenburg	1296
Warriors	699
Washing-day	1107
We are Brethren a'	1643
We have been Friends together	1713
Weary of Wandering	1065
Wedding Words	1769
Welcome to the Forest's Queen	463
What ails this Heart o' mine?	1103
What is Heaven?	16
What is Life?	292
What is Life?	1407
What is Love?	470
What Love is like	451
What might be done	1740
When I beneath the cold red Earth am sleeping	1640
When the King comes Home in Peace again	732
When the Kye comes Hame	1612
When we two parted	1342
Where shall the Lover Rest?	1328
Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties	1151
Wife, Children, and Friends	1396
Wild Flowers	1644
William and Margaret	897
Willow Song	1449
Winter Evening in the Country	1085
Winter Redbreast	1268
Wishes for Obscurity	695
Wolsey on his Fall	182
Wolsey's Ambition	490
Wolsey's Vision	491
Woman's Voice	1758
Woo'd and married and a'	1045
Work-girl's Song	398
Wreathe the Bowle	1279
Wretchedness of a School Usher	951
Written at an Inn at Henley	896
Written at the Close of Spring	1100
Written at Tynemouth, Northumberland, after a Tempestuous Voyage	1245
Written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's "Monasticon"	967
Written in Early Spring	1211
Written on a Visit to the Country in Autumn	963

Y.

Yarrow Visited	1199
Ye Mariners of England	1305
Ye're all the World to me, Lassie	1813
Young Lochinvar	1317
Young Love	635
Youth and Age	1221
Youth and Age	1355

Z.

Zara's Ear-rings	1523

THE FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.
A band, a bobwig, and a feather	833
A brace of sinners, for no good	1147
A broad stream, smooth with deep-grass'd fields	1775
A chieftain to the Highlands bound	1307
A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun	1425
A cobbler and a curate once disputed	509
A country life is sweet!	724
A curious eye	334
A curse upon that faithless maid	704
A face that should content me wondrous well	76
A fair young May went up the street	718
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	1210
A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the forest	192
A fox, in life's extreme decay	798
A gentle knight was pricking on the plain	124
A gentle maid, of rural breeding	986
A gentle squire would gladly entertain	248
A good Pope was thilk time at Rome that hecht Urban	13
A happy bit hame this auld world would be	1643
A jewel for my lady's ear	1769
"A knife," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!	1002
A learn'd society of late	643
A little child, beneath a tree	1738
A little onward lend thy guiding hand	616
A mighty pain to love it is	542
A monkey, to reform the times	792
A mother's love—how sweet the name!	1390
A noble marquess	526
A nobleman lived in a village of late	720
A parrot from the Spanish main	1310
A poor wayfaring man of grief	1393
A quack (too scandalously mean to name)	652
A star has left the kindling sky	1469
A steed! a steed of matchless speed	1636
A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing	153
A thousand miles from land are we	1682
A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon	550
A tree grew in Java, whose pestilent rind	1417
A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught	1006
A wandering orphan child was I	1699
A warrior so bold and a virgin so bright	1313
A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear	716
A weary lot is thine, fair maid	1320
A wet sheet and a flowing sea	1623
A widow bird sate mourning for her love	1374
A wretch had committed all manner of evil	839
A! fredome is a nobill thing!	32
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)	1402
Actæon lost, in middle of his sport	123
Adieu, farewell earth's bliss	442
Adieu to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and born	1838
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever	1576
Afar in the desert I love to ride	1478
Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth	1351
After giving, I speak of taking	55
Again, how can she but immortal be?	225
Again, sweet siren, breathe again	1133
Again the chief th' instructive draught extendt	948
Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit	667
Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh	1327
Ah! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start	1252
Ah! I remember well (and how can I	135
Ah, lovely Lichfield! that so long hast shone	1111
Ah, me! full sorely is my heart forlorn	893
Ah, me! the little tyrant thief	357
Ah, mourn, thou loved retreat! No more	971
Ah, ope, Lord Gregory, thy door	1152
Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate	883
Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair	427
Ah! what a weary race my feet have run	966
Ah! what is love? It is a pretty thing	424
Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb	988
Alas! in how grim	5
Alas! that moon should ever beam	1498
Alas! they had been friends in youth	1510
Alexis shunned his fellow-swains	749
All human things are subject to decay	660
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd	802
All June I bound the rose in sheaves	1785
All men loved him for his bounty	33
All praise to Thee, my God, this night	820
All smatterers are more brisk and pert	644
All the world 's a stage	193
All these and more came flocking; but with looks	621
All thoughts, all passions, all delights	1505
All we have is God's, and yet	301
All white hung the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream	1472
All wit and fancy, like a diamond	644
All ye, who far from town, in rural hall	1009
All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs	220
Almighty Father! let Thy lowly child	1557
Alone she was, her head against the wall	1839
Along the garden walk I stray'd	1807
Along the mead Europa walks	569
Amang the birks sae blithe and gay	1648

	NO. OF POEM.
Amarantha sweet and fair	356
Among thy fancies tell me this	340
An ancient story I'll tell you anon	529
An old dull sot, who toll'd the clock	642
An old song made by an aged old pate	511
And are ye sure the news is true?	929
And doth not a meeting like this make amends	1281
And down the cliff the island virgin came	1349
And eke this house hath of entrées	23
And first within the porch and jaws of hell	97
And hast thou sought thy heavenly home	1534
And is the swallow gone?	1661
And is there care in heaven? And is there love	130
And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago	1724
And is this Yarrow?—this the stream	1199
And now before young David could come in	144
And now, lashed on by destiny severe	949
And now, philanthropy! thy rays divine	1095
And now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest	717
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed	780
And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land	1475
And so I glade of the season sweet	25
And the night was dark and calm	1466
And then came Covetise, can I him not descrive?	18
And thou art dead, as young and fair	1354
And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)	1418
And well our Christian sires of old	1335
And what is life? An hour-glass on the run	1407
And what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage	292
And when the king wist that they were	34
And where have you been, my Mary	1654
And wherefore do the poor complain?	1222
And wilt thou leave me thus	77
And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless	148
Anger, in hasty words or blows	586
Another nymph, amongst the many fair	758
Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul	222
Ariel to Miranda:—Take	1371
Array'd a half-angelic sight	1232
Art thou a thing of mortal birth	1421
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?	433
As after noon, one summer's day	752
As at the approach of winter all	644
As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings	496
As, by some tyrant's stern command	936
As by the shore at break of day	1286
As chaos which by heavenly doom	1416
As doctors give physic by way of prevention	760
As due by many titles, I resign	235
As fireflaucht hastily glancing	62
As fresh Aurore to mighty Tithon spouse	57
As homeward by the evening star	1263
As I walked forth one summer's morn	730
As I was pansing in a morning aire	394
As in an evening, when the gentle air	286
As it fell upon a day	121
As near Porto-Bello lying	899
As on a summer's day	829
As one who, long by wasting sickness worn	1254
As Rochefoucault his maxims drew	774
As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side	1245
As slow our ship her foamy track	1293
As through the land at eve we went	1704
As virtuous men pass mildly away	231
As we bene on the high hills situate	56
As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the morn	1007
Ask me no more where Jove bestows	260
Ask me why I send you here	270
At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand	101
At length escaped from every human eye	906
At Sarra, in the land of Tartarie	20
At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still	992
At Willie's wedding on the green	1609
Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure	441
Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones	615
Awake, my muse, and leave to dream of loves	489
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	819

B.

Back and side go bare, go bare	402
Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils	972
Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you	235
Be merry, friends, take ye no thought	401
Be merry, man, and take nought far in mynd	53
Be patient! Oh, be patient! put your ear against the earth	1803
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer	858
Be wise to run thy race	1076
Beat on, proud billows: Boreas, blow	513
Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes	413
Beauties, have you seen this toy	238
Beautiful children of the woods and fields!	1644
Beauty, alas! where wast thou born	419
Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good	195
Because I oft in dark abstracted guise	107
Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe	230
Before my face the picture hangs	111
Began then himself equip	4
Begone dull care!	731
Behold her, single in the field	1206
Behold upon the swelling wave	1039
Behold where thou dost lie	1397
Below the bottom of the great abyss	297
Belshazzar! from the banquet turn	1357
Beneath the beech, whose branches bare	970
Beneath this stony roof reclined	969
Bereave me not of fancy's shadowy dreams	1244
Beside her babe who sweetly slept	1429
Betwixt two sloping verdant hills	985
Bewailing in my chamber thus alone	43
Beyond the smiling and the weeping	1779
Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers	337
Bing, bim, bang, bome!	1831
Bird, bee, and butterfly—the favourite three	1517
Bird of the wilderness	1613
Blame not my lute! for he must sound	73
Bless God, my soul! Thou, Lord, alone	823
Blessed as the immortal gods is he	788
Blest temple, haile, where the chast altar stands	321
Blossom of the almond trees	1757
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	211

	NO. OF POEM.
Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!	1553
Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen	1615
Born in yon blaze of orient sky	1097
Breathes there a man with soul so dead	1315
Bright star! by Venus fix'd above	682
Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight	940
Brightest and best of the sons of the morning	1380
Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board	1441
Brother, thou art gone before us	1669
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride	881
Busy, curious, thirsty fly	1021
But all our praises why should lords engross?	779
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!	866
But how shall we this union well express?	224
But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale	926
But see the fading many-colour'd woods	872
But sith 'tis so there is a trespass done	24
But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign	932
But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale	1161
By Logan streams that rin sae deep	1605
By painful steps at last we labour up	681
By sylvan waves that westward flow	1702
By this had chanticleer, the village cock	285

C.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes	1582
Cælia is cruel: Sylvia, thou	685
Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren	446
Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?	859
Can you paint a thought? or number	458
Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable Night	140
Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes	218
Careful observers may foretell the hour	772
Careful sorrowing	10
Cease to blame my melancholy	984
Cecilia, whose exalted hymns	763
Celia and I the other day	750
Checke thy forward thoughts, and know	819
Cheeks as soft as July peaches	1766
Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry	348
Cherwell! how pleased along thy willow'd hedge	1253
Child amidst the flowers at play	1443
Child of the country! free as air	1624
Child of the potent spell and nimble eye	1041
Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight	1187
Children are what the mothers are	1274
Chloe, why wish you that your years	338
Chloris, yourself you so excel	598
Clarinda came at last	336
Close in the covert of an hazel copse	867
Clwsdale, as thy romantic vales I leave	1250
Cold is the senseless heart that never strove	1010
Come, all ye feathery people of mid air	1677
Come all ye jolly shepherds	1612
Come, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled	690
Come back, come back together	1463
Come, come away	745
Come, eveninge gale! the crimsonne rose	1541
Come, Evening, once again, season of peace	1085
Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer	1154
Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes	417
Come, gie's a sang, Montgomery cried	1050
Come here, come here, and dwell	1679
Come, Holy Spirit, come	1075
Come, list and hark, the bell doth toll	469
Come, listen to me, you gallants so free	517
Come, little infant, love me now	635
Come, live with me and be my love	103
Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life!	308
Come, O come, with sacred lays	281
Come, O thou traveller unknown	1064
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice	1109
Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace	107
Come to these scenes of peace	1242
Come, ye brown oaks, and stoop your heavy boughs	1548
Come ye into the summer woods	1658
Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland	1630
Comforts lasting, loves encreasing	459
Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine	886
Connubial Fair! whom no fond transport warms	1096
Contentment, parent of delight	815
Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays	669
Crowns, therefore keep your oaths of coronation	154
Cupid and my Campaspe played	404
Cursed with unnumber'd groundless fears	976
Custom, the world's great idol, we adore	677

D.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms	602
Daughter of Jove, relentless power	908
Daughter of Time, sincere Posterity	493
Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!	1237
Day stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle	1419
Dazzled thus with height of place	162
Dear Agnes, gleam'd with joy and dash'd with tears	1470
Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd	1024
Dear Fanny, nine long years ago	1490
Dear is my little native vale	1186
Dear Joseph, five and twenty years ago	1088
Dear to my heart as life's warm stream	1114
Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale	1014
Death, be not proud, though some have called thee	235
Deathless principle, arise!	1073
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain	847
Deem as you list upon good cause	79
Deem not devoid of elegance the sage	967
Defeating oft the labours of the year	871
Degenerate Douglas! Oh the unworthy lord!	1203
Delightful is this loneliness; it calms	1158
Despairing beside a clear stream	828
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love	201
Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars	658
Do I not know a great man's power and might	277

	NO. OF POEM.
Do not beguile my heart	306
Do not unjustly blame	645
Do you ask me what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove	1512
Down to the vale this water steers	1197
Drink to me, only with thine eyes	242
Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet	312
Dry those fair, those crystal eyes	254
Dry up thy tears, love!—I fain would be gay!	1526
Dwellers by lake and hill!	1653

E.

Each opening season, and each opening scene	1413
Earl Gawain woo'd the Lady Barbara	1743
Earth has not anything to show more fair.	1204
Enjoy the present smiling hour	665
Equipp'd and bent for heaven I left yon world	1421
Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade	1511
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent ...	927
Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!	1345
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky! ...	1201
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow	989
Even the lag flesh	849
Even thus amid thy pride and luxury	1666
Evening and morning—those two ancient names	1729
Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend	1249

F.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar	982
Fair and soft, and gay and young	684
Fair as unshaded light or as the day	374
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	342
Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake	380
Fair Fidelia, tempt no more	743
Fair flower that shunn'st the glare of day	1454
Fair is thy level landscape, England fair ...	1516
Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair	140
Fair lady, when you see the grace	358
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	341
Fair Rosomond within her bower of late ...	367
Fair stood the wind for France	143
Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore	440
Fair! that you may truly know	593
Faire mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd	320
Fall'n pile! I ask not what has been thy fate	1256
False world, thou lyst: thou canst not lend	233
Famous was Beowulf	9
Fancies are but streams	456
Far have I clambered in my mind	573
Far in a wild, unknown to public view	809
Far in the country of Ardon	146
Far in the windings of a vale	898
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!	182
Farewell rewards and fairies	253
Farewell, sweet groves to you!	275
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale	934
Farewell, thou busy world, and may	648
Farewell to Lochabor, farewell to my Jean	824
Farewell, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles	159
Father in heaven! who gave me breath ...	1537
Father, wake, the storm is loud	1734
Few are thy days and full of woe	964
Few have lived	1727
Fhairshon swore a feud	1662
Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause	370
Fill the bowl with rosy wine	542
Fill the bumper fair!	1280
First shall the heavens want starry light...	431
First think, my soul, if I have foes	274
First-love will with the heart remain	1411
Five years have pass'd; five summers, with the length	1195
Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns	1119
Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring	1105
Fly from the press, and dwell with soth-fastness	28
Fly to the desert, fly with me	1284
Follow a shadow, it still flies you	241
Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness	315
Foolish Prater, what dost thou	542
For his religion, it was fit	638
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear	1377
For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre	1089
For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy	157
For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin lie...	27
Forget not yet the tried intent	78
Fortitude then stood steadfast in his might	39
Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many	151
Friend of my soul! this goblet sip	1282
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	187
Friendship, like love, is but a name	801
From an extempore prayer and a godly ditty	735
From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod	1092
From depth of doole wherein my soule doth dwell	106
From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow	789
From fruitful beds and flowery borders ...	558
From Oberon in fairy land	510
From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art	968
From that rich valley, where the angels laid him	491
From Tuskane came my ladies worthy race	69
Full of the art of brewing beer	1151

G.

Gamarra is a dainty steed	1680
Gane were but the winter cauld	1620
Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may	349
Genius of the forest shades	1128
Gentle nymphs, be not refusing	289
Gentlefolks, in my time, I've made many a rhyme	1137
Gentlest girl	1731
Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn	351
Give me more love, or more disdain	262
Gloomy winter's now awa'	1602

	NO. OF POEM.
Go, blushing flow'r !	1808
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine	1577
Go, lovely rose !	591
Go, my Willy, get thee gone	276
Go, seek in the wild glen	1626
Go, soul, the body's guest	119
Go to your bosom	205
Go where glory waits thee	1283
Go, youth beloved, in distant glades	1118
God hath a thousand handés to chastise	40
God sendeth and giveth both mouth and meat	86
God, who the universe doth hold	499
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes	434
Good husbandmen must moil and toil	81
Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come	85
Good-morrow to thy sable beak	1471
Good muse, rock me asleep	118
Good name in man and woman, dear, my Lord	208
Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a'	1611
Gr-r-r— there go, my heart's abhorrence !	1787
Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth	676
Great Strafford, worthy of that name, though all	577
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass	1399
Grieve not, fond man, nor let one tear	468

H.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom	377
Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet	1350
Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades	472
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !	962
Hail, Bishop Valentine ! whose day this is	227
Hail, gentle stream ! for ever dear	1607
Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, firstborn	623
Hail, mildly pleasing solitude	877
Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good	553
Hail, progeny divine !	1063
Hail thou, my native soil ! thou blessed plot	291
Hail to the Lord's anointed	1392
Hail to thee, blithe spirit !	1861
Hame, hame, hame, hame, fain wad I be	1617
Happy insect, what tan be	542
Happy the man who his whole time doth bound	545
Happy the man whose wish and care	782
Happy those early days, when I	564
Hark ! ah, the Nightingale !	1760
Hark ! hark ! the clash and clang	1236
Hark ! now everything is still	448
Hark ! the cock crows, and yon bright star	646
Hark ! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge	1084
Harp of Zion, pure and holy	1474
Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star	1504
Haunts of my youth !	1101
Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance	107
Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers	457
He comes ; thy God, O Israel, comes	1062
He ended ; and the Archangel soon drew nigh	632
He is gone on the mountain	1323
He, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose	630
He raised the golden cup from the board	1468
He that loves a rosy cheek	264
He that of such a height hath built his mind	138
He was bot twintie yeiris of age	60
He's not the happy man to whom is given	878
Hear me, O God !	246
Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain	1028
Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell	1508
Hear ye, ladies that despise	217
Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears	115
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do	204
Heaven hath its crown of stars, the Earth	1754
Heaven's verge extreme	1300
Hence all you vain delights	215
Hence, heart, with her that must depart	386
Hence, loathed Melancholy	603
Hence, vain deluding joys	604
Hengist that day did his might	14
Her brow was overhung with coins of gold	1348
Her cell was hewn out in the marble rock	335
Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white	1747
Her form was as the morning's blithesome star	1629
Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling	1140
Here did presumption her pavilion spread	311
Here, stranger, in this humble nest	554
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons	844
Here's a health to them that's awa'	1590
Hey, now the day 's dawning	390
High in the airy element there hung	310
High mounted on an ebon throne on which	581
High peace to the soul of the dead	1540
High thoughts !	1642
Higher, higher, will we climb	1386
His golden locks time hath to silver turned	411
His tawny beard was th' equal grace	639
Ho ! pretty page, with the dimpled chin	1762
Ho, sailor of the sea !	1671
Home they brought her warrior dead	1705
Hope ! of all ills that men endure	544
Hope ! whose weak being ruin'd is	543
Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air	416
Household treasures, household treasures	1815
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !	768
How beautiful is night !	1213
How blest has my time been ! what joys have I known	1034
How blest the man who, in these peaceful plains	960
How calmly, gliding through the dark blue sky	1214
How cheerfully th' unpartiall sunne	327
How custom steels the human breast	1020
How dazzling white the snowy scene ! deep, deep	1160
How delicious is the winning	1302
How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower	850
How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun	851
How fond are men of rule and place	794
How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean	304
How gaily is at first begun	818
How happy is he born and taught	160
How long must women wish in vain	700
How lovely is this wilder'd scene	1616
How many summers, love	1687
How many thousand of my poorest subjects	474
How miserable a thing is a great man	695

	NO. OF POEM.
How mournfully this burial-ground	1423
How near am I now to a happiness	452
How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!	1156
How shall I meet thee, summer, wont to fill	1257
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!	845
How short is life's uncertain space!	1017
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest	888
How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth	612
How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels	1735
How sweet the answer echo makes	1291
How sweet the harmonies of Afternoon!	1806
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank	167
How sweet thy modest light to view	1134
How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My Master	305
How vainly men themselves amaze	633
How wither'd, perish'd seems the form	1122
How wonderful is Death	1359

I.

I am all alone! and the visions that play	1527
I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here	80
I am as I am, and so will I be	74
I am content, I do not care	1056
I arise from dreams of Thee	1362
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers	1360
I cannot change as others do	655
I chanced, my dear, to come upon a day	489
I come from haunts of coot and hern	1703
I come, I come! ye have call'd me long	1438
I disdain all pomp when thou art by	693
I do not love thee for that fair	261
I envy not in any moods	1706
I fear thy kisses, gentle maid	1363
I had a vision: evening sat in gold	1543
I hate that drum's discordant sound	1019
I hate the man who builds his name	800
I hate these potent madmen, who keep all	699
I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old	1801
I have an eye for her that's fair	706
I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink	382
I have been studying how to compare	171
I have had playmates, I have had companions	1230
"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and dies	762
I have no muses that will serve the turn	280
I hear theespeak of the better land	1445
I heard a sick nun's dying sigh	1709
I heard a thousand blended notes	1211
I hold as faith	712
I know not that the men of old	1718
I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus	186
I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste	838
I lent my gossop my meir to fetch hame coals	59
I'll not such favour to rebellion show	698
I look'd upon his brow—no sign	1461
I love (and have some cause to love) the earth	295
I love, and he loves me again	243
I love it, I love it; and who shall dare	1720
I love my king and country well	733
I loved him as young Genius loves	1460
I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone	1272
I met a traveller from an antique land	1370
I met four chaps yon birks amang	1610
I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read	140
I must not say that thou wert true	1761
I never hear the sound of thy glad bells	1258
I never loved ambitiously to climb	443
I never sawe my Ladye laye apart	71
I own I like not Johnson's turgid style	1148
I pity, from my soul, unhappy men	651
I pray thee, cease thy counsel	168
I pray thee, love, love me no more	145
I prithee leave this peevish fashion	383
I prithee send me back my heart	332
I remember, I remember	1491
I remember well one summer's night	1728
I rise, dear Mary, from the soundest rest	1126
I sail'd from the Downs in the "Nancy"	1136
I saw him last on this terrace proud	1420
I saw where in the shroud did lurk	1231
I sing the name which none can say	298
I sought Thee round about, O Thou my God!	476
I sowed the seeds of love, it was all in the spring	671
I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes	396
I tell thee, Dick, where I have been	330
I then did use the person of your father	176
I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God	1068
I turn these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say	1260
I've a letter from thy sire	1742
I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray	1294
I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking	1048
I've often wished that I had clear	777
I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud	299
I've seen the smiling	1049
I've wander'd East, I've wander'd West	1631
I wander'd by the brook-side	1717
I wander'd lonely as a cloud	1207
I was a scholar: seven useful springs	466
I went from England into France	252
I wha stand here, in this bare scowry coat	1594
I will go back to the great sweet mother	1833
I will not have the mad Clytie	1487
I wish I had a cottage snug and neat	1628
I wish I was where Anna lies	1141
I wish I were where Helen lies	1606
I wot not how the world's degenerate	250
If all the world and love were young	114
If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song	889
If dumb too long, the drooping muse hath stay'd	785
If heaven the grateful liberty would give	678
If I could but attain my wish	709
If I had thought thou couldst have died	1563
If I live to grow old, for I find I go down	686
If in that breast, so good, so pure	983
If she doth then the subtle sense excel	223
If the quick spirits in your eye	263
If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance	1183
If thou wert by my side, my love	1378
If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright	1314
If we no old historian's name	384
If we, O Dorset! quit the city throng	790
If you become a nun, dear	1401
Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings	412
Image of her whom I love more than she	234
Imperial bird, who wont to soar	996

	NO. OF POEM.
In a cronique thus I rede	29
In a deep vision's intellectual scene	549
In a dream of the night I was wafted away	1652
In a howm whose bonny burnie	1595
In a maiden time professed	450
In a melancholy study	257
In ancient times, as story tells	778
In Bedfordshire there dwelt a knight	744
In Britain's isle and Arthur's days	808
In days of old, there lived, of mighty fame	659
In eddying course when leaves began to fly	1520
In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept	91
In haste he sent to gather fresh recruits	1828
In heaven, one holidays you read	751
In martial sports I had my cunning tried	107
In May as that Aurora did upspring	51
In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse	1234
In pride of wit, with high desire of fame	147
In Rome no temple was so low	644
In search of things that secret are my mated muse began	93
In such a night, when every louder wind	817
In sullen humour one day Jove	753
In summer time, when leaves grow green	536
In summer when the shawes be shene	516
In sunlight and in shade	1514
In the days o' langsyne when we carles were young	1646
In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower	1685
In the merry month of June	728
In the Parliament House, a great rout has been there	715
In the summer time, when leaves grow green	520
In those low paths which poverty surrounds	1412
In vain you tell your parting lover	748
In Ver, that full of virtue is and good	41
In walks of humour, in that cast of style	954
In what torn ship soever I embark	229
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan	1509
In yonder brake there is a nest	1267
In yonder grave a Druid lies	892
I' the thrang of stories tellin'	1593
Interr'd beneath this marble stone	761
Interval of grateful shade	1059
Invidious grave! how dost thou rend in sunder	843
Iphigenia, when she heard her doom	1275
Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart	840
Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile	1782
"Is there no hope?" the sick man said	797
Is there, or do the schoolmen dream	1044
Is this a dagger which I see before me	185
Is this a time to plant and build	1798
It fell about the Martinmas	530
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free	1209
It is a place where poets crown'd	1558
It is an ancient mariner	1503
It is not that I love you less	601
It is the midnight hour: the beauteous sea	1424
It is written on the rose	1444
It standeth so; a deed is do'	94
It was a beauteous lady richly dress'd	1714
It was a dreary place. The shallow brook	1674
It was a friar of orders gray	938
It was a summer evening	1219
It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood	1432
It was near a thicky shade	423
It was not by vile loitering in ease	875
It was not in the winter	1485
It was the calm and silent night!	1792
It was the time when 'gainst the breaking day	149
It was the time when the still moon	548
It was the winter wild	606
It was when from Spain across the Main the Cid had come to Rome	1524

J.

Jaffar the Barmecide, the good vizier	1043
Jesu, Lover of my soul	1066
Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness	1069
John Anderson, my jo, John	1589
John Bull for pastime took a prance	1139
John Gilpin was a citizen	1087
Just for a handful of silver he left us	1788
Justice gives sentence many times	641

K.

Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer	1599
King of kings! and Lord of lords!	1670
Know this, my brethren, heaven is clear	737
Knowledge's next organ is imagination	155

L.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes	701
Lady Alice was sitting in her bower window	723
Laid in my quiet bed	65
Land of my fathers! though no mangrove here	1135
Langsyne! how doth the word come back	1535
Lately on yonder swelling bush	589
Launch thy bark, mariner!	1533
Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar	265
Lessons sweet of Spring returning	1795
Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain	258
Let God, the God of battle, rise	479
Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow	975
Let me speak, sir	183
Lest men suspect your tale untrue	793
Let observation, with extensive view	885
Let others sing of knights and paladins	164
Let their vile cunning in their limits pent	136
Let us go, lassie, go	1598
Like as the culver, on the bare bough	134
Like as the damask rose you see	501
Like some vision olden	1462
Like the low murmur of the secret stream	1519
Like the violet, which alone	322
Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark	574
Like to Diana in her summer weed	420
Like to the clear in highest sphere	428
Like to the falling of a star	255
Lips, lips, open!	1837
Lithe and listen, gentlemen	537
Lithe and lysten, gentylmen	521
Little streams are light and shadow	1656

NO. OF POEM

'Lo ! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps 1299
Lo ! in the west, fast fades the lingering light 1171
Lo ! now on earth is he 8
Lo what is it to luve 387
Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours 911
Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day 1303
Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him 1465
Long he wooed a maid all innocence and truth 1518
Long in thy shackles, liberty 354
Long of yore, on the mountain, the voice 1830
Look back ! a thought which borders on despair 952
Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade 364
Look, how the industrious bee in fragrant May 492
Look on these waters with how soft a kiss 1545
Look once more ere we leave this specular mount 618
Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air !... 216
Look up to Pentland's towering top 826
Look what immortal floods the sunset pours 1683
Look where my dear Hamilla smiles..... 1030
Loose every sail to the breeze..... 1040
Lord ! as the hart embost with heat..... 478
Lord, how long, how long wilt thou 500
Lord, should the sun, the clouds, the wind 284
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell 349
Lord, to Thee while I am living 498
Lord Beichan was a noble lord 533
Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare 1707
Love divine, all love excelling..... 1072
Love in fantastic triumph sat 705
Love in my bosom, like a bee..... 429
Love is by fancy led about 837
Love is like a lamb and love is like a lion... 451
Love is the happy privilege of the mind ... 1672
Love is too great a happiness 644
Love mistress is of many minds..... 108
Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul 385
Love not ! love not ! ye hapless sons of clay ! 1715
Love still has something of the sea 668
Love thy mother, little one ! 1489
Love's heralds should be thoughts..... 201
Lovely Devonia ! land of flowers and songs ! 1513
Lovely, lasting peace of mind..... 810
Low in a glen 1163
Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees 869
Lulle by—lullaby, baby dear ! 1772
Lyth and lysten, gentyl men..... 523

M.

Magnificence of ruin ! what has time 1539
Magnificent creature ! so stately and bright ! 1427
Maid of Athens, ere we part 1338
Man ! foolish man ! 747
Man 's a poor deluded bubble..... 1001
March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale ! ... 1321
Margarita first possest 541
Mark the soft-falling snow 1058
Martial the things that do attain 66
May the Babylonish curse 1229
Meantime, the moist malignity to shun ... 925
Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man 622
Melancholy, hence, and get..... 379
Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs 409
Merry it was in the green forest..... 514
Merry Margaret 63
Methinks I can remember when a shade ... 1726
Methinks I could have borne to live my days 1730
Methinks it is good to be here 1383
Methought I heard a butterfly 1269
Methought I saw my late espoused saint... 614
'Mid the cloud-enshrouded haze..... 1835
Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire ! ... 1165
Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour 1189
Mine be a cot beside the hill 1185
Mistress Matrossa hopes to be a lady 508
Mona on Snowdon calls..... 913
Monkey, little merry fellow..... 1655
Morn on the waters ! and purple and bright 1525
Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells ... 578
Most earnest was his voice ! most mild his look 1157
Mother of Wisdom ! thou whose sway 914
"Mother, the storm, how it shricks without !" 1770
Mother's wag, pretty boy..... 422
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn 923
Mournfully ! O mournfully 1635
Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie ... 485
My boat is on the shore 1337
My brier that smelledst sweet..... 1273
My brother Jack was nine in May 1415
My Daphne's hair is twisted gold 407
My days among the dead are passed..... 1220
My days have been so wondrous free 811
My dear mistress has a heart 657
My early love, and must we part ?..... 1529
My ear-rings ! my ear-rings ! they've dropt into the well 1523
My father was an auld man and an hoar ... 58
My God, I heard this day..... 309
My God, now I from sleep awake 821
My God, Thy service well demands 1061
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains 1822
My heart leaps up when I behold 1192
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here 1580
My heid is like to rend, Willie 1638
My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye 438
My liege, I did deny no prisoners 172
My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend ! 1592
My lute, awake ! perform the last..... 72
My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow 362
My own dear country ! thy remembrance comes 1736
My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook 1051
My song hath closed, the holy dream 1477
My soul, there is a country..... 559
My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent... 1057
My untried Muse shall no high tone assume 1125

N.

Napoleon's banners at Boulogne 1311
Needy knife-grinder ! whither are you going ? 1144
Never any more 1786

	NO. OF POEM.
Next to these ladies, but in nought allied...	1174
Night is the time for rest	1384
Night! thou foul mother of annoyance sad	131
No cloud, no relict of the sunken day	1506
No jewell'd beauty is my love	1746
No, my fair cousin	179
No plate had John and Joan to hoard.....	1004
No seas again shall sever.....	1780
No season this for counsel or delay!.....	947
No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all	624
No stir in the air, no stir in the sea	1224
Noble the mountain stream	1453
Nobles and heralds, by your leave	759
Noe monument of me remaine	325
Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds...	1079
North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies	282
North winds send hail, south winds bring rain	87
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note	1562
Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd	1458
Not caring to observe the wind	600
Not in the swaying of the summer trees...	1758
Not ours the vows of such as plight	1456
Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride.....	482
Not unremember'd is the hour when friends	1434
Nothing did make me, when I loved them best	437
Nothing is to man so dear	15
Nothing so true as what you once let fall...	778
Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness.....	125
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray	629
Now dawns the morn, and on Mount Olivet	980
Now fare thee well, England: no further I'll roam	1127
Now, from his eastern couch, the sun	1737
Now, gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes	272
Now, glory to our England	1752
Now, glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are	1565
Now, golden Autumn from her open lap...	806
Now great Hyperion left his golden throne	287
Now, hardly here and there a hackney coach	771
Now, 'mid the general glow of opening blooms	1162
Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime.....	628
Now morn, with rosy-coloured finger, raised	979
Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile ...	191
Now, my fairest friend.....	169
Now our work 's done, thus we feast.....	726
Now, sober industry, illustrious power! ...	959
Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost	267
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger	610
Now the golden morn aloft.....	912
Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done	1802
Now to thy silent presence, Night!	1675
Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams	300
Now what is love I will thee tell	470
Nowe is the knyght went on his way	522

O

	NO. OF POEM.
O! Arranmore, loved Arranmore	1289
O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure	555
O blithe new comer! I have heard.....	1202
O Brignall banks are wild and fair	1326
O come away	557
O cruel love, on thee I lay	406
O day most calm, most bright	302
O did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand	1521
O faithful love, by poverty embraced!.....	054
O for a lodge in some vast wilderness.....	1786
O gentle, gentle summer rain.....	1464
O gentle love, ungentle for thy deed	10
O give me, kind Bacchus, thou God of the vine	835
O happy, if ye knew your happy state.....	807
O happy persecution, I embrace thee.....	453
O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear	107
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness.....	196
O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinity.....	237
O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear	226
O lady, leave thy silken thread	1499
O, let us howl some heavy note	447
O listen, listen, ladies gay!.....	1331
O Lord! another day is flown	1168
O Lord, my God, in mercy turn.....	1172
O lovers' eyes are sharp to see	1329
O Mary, go and call the cattle home.....	1799
O Memory! celestial maid!.....	895
O, my heart, my heart is sick awishing and awaiting	1832
O, my luve's like a red, red rose	1584
O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me.....	937
O nightingale, best poet of the grove	876
O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray..	611
O parent of each lovely muse!.....	974
O perfect light, which shed away.....	391
O saw ye bonnie Leslie	1585
O saw ye not fair Ines?.....	1492
O say not that my heart is cold.....	1564
O say! what is that thing call'd light	1033
O! sing unto my roundelay	944
O Solitude, romantic maid!	1015
O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers	998
O talk not to me of a name great in story.	1352
O the broom, the yellow broom	1657
O, the month of May, the merry month of May	432
O thou great Power! in whom we move ...	161
O thou, that sitt'st upon a throne	994
O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd	620
O thou, the friend of man assign'd.....	887
O thou, the nymph with placid eye!	1106
O Thou, to whose all-searching sight.....	1071
O thou vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!....	1673
O Time! who know'st a lonient hand to lay.....	1238
O tuneful voice! I still deplore.....	1113
O Tweed! a stranger, that with wandering feet.....	1248
O wha will shoe my bonny foot?.....	539
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms	1825
O when did baby come.....	1827
O! where do fairies hide their heads.....	1502
O! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North.....	1567
O wild west wind, thou breath of Autumn's being.....	1372
O Willie 's large o' limb and lith	515

	NO. OF POEM.
O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom ?	990
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare	1023
O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band...	945
O'er the level plain, where mountains greet me as I go	1814
O'er winter's long unclement sway	834
Of a' the airts the wind can blaw	1583
Of all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound	454
Of all the cities in Romanian lands	664
Of all the girls that are so smart	1035
Of all the kings that ever here did reign ...	107
Of all the thoughts of God that are	1561
Of all the torments, all the cares	683
Of comfort no man speak	170
Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing	415
Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ	31
Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair	784
Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit	619
Of Nelson and the North	1306
Of old, when Scarron his companions invited	917
Of these the false Achitophel was first	662
Of time and nature eldest born	977
Oft am I by the women told	542
Oft has it been my lot to mark	1016
Oft in the stilly night	1292
Oft I've implored the gods in vain	987
Oft that wild untutor'd race would draw...	1295
Oh ! a dainty plant is the ivy green	1818
Oh ! ask not a home in the mansions of pride	1725
Oh ! breathe not his name ! let it sleep in the shade	1287
Oh ! call my brother back to me !	1448
Oh, come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell	1776
Oh ! do not wrong my honest simple truth	212
Oh, don't go in to-night, John !	1778
Oh ! hadst thou never shared my fate	1500
Oh how this spring of love resembleth	201
Oh ! I shall not forget, until memory depart	1457
Oh, lay thy hand in mine, dear !	1756
Oh Lord, in sickness and in health	1261
Oh, Mary, at thy window be	1578
Oh ! my black soul, now thou art summoned	235
Oh ! my golden days of childhood	1810
Oh ! my love's a winsome lady	1749
Oh ! my love's like the steadfast sun	1622
Oh, never talk again to me	1339
Oh, reader ! hast thou ever stood to see ...	1215
Oh, sunny curls ! oh eyes of blue !	1771
Oh that the chemist's magic art	1188
Oh that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd	1081
Oh the bells ! the morning bells !	1805
Oh the pleasant days of old, which so often people prai	1783
Oh ! the sad day	674
Oh those little, those little blue shoes !	1767
Oh, thou conqueror	214
Oh twilight ! Spirit that doth render birth	1710
Oh ! weep not that our beauty wears	1483
Oh ! well may the poets make a fuss	1484
Oh ! what is this which shines so bright....	1270
Oh ! when 'tis summer weather	1241
Oh ! who hath casted of Thy clemency	477
Oh ! why left I my hame ?	1647
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west	1317
Old Sir Robert Bolton had three sons	722
On a hill there grows a flower	117
On Carron's side the primrose pale	935
On either side is level fen, a prospect wild and wide	1176
On Jura's heath now sweetly swell	1132
On Leven's banks, while free to rove	922
On Linden, when the sun was low	1304
On parent knees, a naked new-born child..	1013
On Sunday, here, an alter'd scene	1055
On sure foundations let your fabric rise ...	650
On that deep, retiring shore	1719
On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright	1043
On Trinity Monday in the morn	95
On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht	47
On yonder hill a castle stands	535
Once in the flight of ages past	1387
Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more	178
Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping	1150
One day, it matters not to know	1227
One kind wish before we part	1000
One kiss more, sweet !	1748
One more Unfortunate	1495
One word is too often profaned	1367
Open the door, some pity to show !	1333
Open your ears : for which of you will stop	173
Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand	1641
Our bugles sang truce ; for the night-cloud had lower'd	1308
Our life is twofold ; sleep hath its own world	1341
Our native land—our native vale	1480
Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears	1433
Our task is done !—on Gunga's breast	1379
Out of her swoone when she did abbraide..	36
Out of the west coast, a wench, as methought	17
Out upon it, I have loved	331
Over hill, over dale	210
Over the mountains	534
Oxford and Cambridge shall agree	732

P.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day	473
Patience ! why, 'tis the soul of peace	436
Patriots, alas ! the few that have been found	1077
Peace, heaven-descended maid ! whose powerful voice	993
Peace ! what can tears avail ?	1690
Phyllis ! why should we delay	594
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu	1322
Pipe, merry Annot	398
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !	1027
Placed, by false Manto, in a closet, which	584
Poor robin sits and sings alone	1268
Pope, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade	904
Praise to God, immortal praise	1110
Pray thou thy days be long before thy death	1834
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire	1388
Prepare the hallow'd strain, my muse	764
Pretty firstling of the year !	1678
Prince of the fallen ! around thee sweep...	1546

	NO. OF POEM.
Proud Maisie is in the wood	1330
Pursuing beauty, men descry	827
Put the broidery-frame away	1560

Q.

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair	239
Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame	957
Quivering fears, heart-tearing cares	163

R.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou	1368
Reader, when those dumb stones have told	268
Reason thus with life	189
Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae	1618
Religion, O thou life of life	120
Remember us, poor Mayers all !	727
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow	918
Render to Cæsar things which Cæsar's are	1817
Restless forms of living light	1572
Restrain your child ; you'll soon believe	795
Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights	109
Rise, heart ! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise	307
Rise, lady ! Mistress, rise !	488
Rise ! sleep no more ! 'Tis a noble morn	1684
Rise, then, Aristo's son, assist my muse	575
Robene sat on gud grene hill	48
Rock of Ages, cleft for me	1074
Roses, in breathing forth their scent	566
Rosy child, with forehead fair	1712
" Ruin seize thee, ruthless king	909

S.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going	1791
St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was !	1820
Satan harangued	3
Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing	1597
Say, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away ?	905
Say, from what golden quivers of the sky	547
Say, lovely dream ! where couldst thou find	590
Say, mighty love, and teach my song	852
Say not the struggle nought availeth	1836
Say, why was man so eminently raised	901
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure	1604
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled	1579
See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd	359
See, how fair Corinna lies	702
See, O see !	571
See ! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass	1005
See the chariot at hand here of love	245
See the star that leads the day	812
Seest thou how gaily my young master goes	249
Seest thou not, in clearest days	273
Set me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene	70
Shall I tell you whom I love	290
She comes adown the pale blue depths of heaven	1811
She dwelt among the untrodden ways	1193
She is a winsome wee thing	1588
She loves, and she confesses too	552
She rose, and all enchanted gazed	1121
She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh	1759
She stood breast-high amid the corn	1493
She walks in beauty, like the night	1353
She was a phantom of delight	1194
She's gane to dwell in heaven, my lassie	1621
Should auld acquaintance be forgot	1581
Silent nymph, with curious eye	880
Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed	582
Silver Phœbe spreads	997
Since I did leave the presence of my love	134
Since I in storms most used to be	563
Sing aloud ! His praise rehearse	572
Sing forth, sweete cherubin (for we have choice	317
. . . Sing, heavenly muse !	666
Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing	1790
Sing to Apollo, god of day	408
Sir, I hate the countrie's durt and manners, yet	324
Sit down, sad soul, and count	1695
Sitting by a river's side	425
Slave of the dark and dirty mine !	1131
Sleep breathes at last from out thee	1398
Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes	675
Sleep on, and dream of heaven awhile	1184
Sleep on, baby, on the floor	1559
Sleep ! The ghostly winds are blowing !	1689
Slowly, with measured tread	1532
So cruel prison how could betide, alas	64
So now is come our joyful'st feast	271
So on a time he desired to play	46
So on he fares, and to the border comes	625
So on he passed, till he comen hath	1032
So she rose, and went forth thro' the city	1829
So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height	1094
Softly woo away her breath	1688
Some ask'd me where the rubies grew	347
Some men delight huge buildings to behold	489
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love	861
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land	663
Some wifis of the borowstoun	388
Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin'	1596
Soul, not yet from heaven beguiled	1773
Sound the fife, and cry the slogan	1663
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea !	1290
Sow in the morn thy seed	1394
Speak, goddess ! since 'tis thou that best canst tell	786
Special Jurymen of England ! who admire your country's laws	1763
Speech is morning to the mind	692
Spirit of light and life ! when battle rears	1482
Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side	235
Spite of his spite, which that in vain	397
Sporting through the forest wide	1659
Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king	439
Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar	1235
Stand and adore ! how glorious He	854
Star that bringest home the bee	1301
Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake	1114
Stay, O sweet ! and do not rise	233
Still Herald of the Morn ! whose ray	375
Still young and fine, but what is still in view	562
Stop, mortal ! Here thy brother lies	1556

NO. OF POEM.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare 804
Such moving sounds from such a careless touch! ... 597
Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame! 596
Suck, baby, suck! mother's love grows by giving ... 1233
Summer is i-cumen in ... 12
Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven ... 1665
Sure such a wretch as I was never born ... 995
Sure the last end ... 848
Sure there are poets which did never dream 576
Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs ... 561
Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul 846
Sweet are the charms of her I love ... 836
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content ... 421
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain 919
Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours ... 361
Sweet country life, to such unknown ... 345
Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire 1104
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright ... 303
Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell ... 1098
Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen ... 608
Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds 1143
Sweet Highland girl! a very shower ... 1196
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere 134
Sweet is the scene when virtue dies! ... 1108
Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight ... 1012
Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu! ... 1099
Sweet, solitary life! lovely dumb joy ... 395
Sweet spirit of my love! ... 1750
Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train ... 363
Sweetest Love, I do not go ... 232
Swiftly walk over the western wave ... 1365

T.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear ... 915
Take, oh! take those lips away ... 219
Tasteful illumination of the night ... 1405
Tax not the royal saint with vain expense 1191
Tell me not of a face that's fair ... 381
Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind ... 353
Tell me, O great all-knowing God! ... 326
Tell me what is a poet's thought? ... 1693
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien ... 863
Thanks, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter ... 920
That day of wrath, that dreadful day ... 653
That day of wrath, that dreadful day ... 1336
That house's form within was rude and strong ... 129
That rock 's his haunt. There's not in all our hills ... 1542
That sound bespeaks salvation on her way 1078
That thou wilt be pleased to grant our requests ... 736
That which her slender waist confined ... 585
The air which thy smooth voice doth break ... 567
The All-powerful had ... 2
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold ... 1343
The autumn is old ... 1488

NO. OF POEM.

The awful shadow of some unseen power... 1375
The barge she sat in like a burnish'd throne ... 188
The beam-repelling mists arise ... 814
The bee is humming in the sun ... 1264
The bell strikes one. We take no note of time ... 857
The blessed Damozel lean'd out ... 1841
The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary ... 1637
The blushing rose and purple flower ... 464
The boy stood on the burning deck ... 1442
The breaking waves dashed high ... 1451
The bride cam' out o' the byre ... 1045
The Brutons thus departed hence, seven kingdoms here begone ... 484
The budding floweret blushes at the light 941
The castle clock had toll'd midnight ... 1243
The course of true love never did run smooth ... 201
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day... 910
The cushat crouds, the corbie cries ... 389
The daisies peep from every field ... 1153
The day goeth down red darkling ... 1755
The day was spent, the moon shone bright 729
The dew is on the summer's greenest grass ... 1645
The dews of summer night did fall ... 928
The dreamy rhymer's measured snore ... 1276
The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose ... 1080
The farmer's life displays in every part ... 1123
The feather'd songster chanticleer ... 943
The feeling is a nameless one ... 1528
The flower that smiles to-day ... 1376
The flowers the sultry summer kills ... 1406
The flowers were blooming fresh and fair... 1816
The fountains mingle with the river ... 1364
The frost performs its secret ministry ... 1507
The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove ... 1100
The gates were then thrown open ... 1296
The gentle season of the year ... 502
The Gipsy race my pity rarely move ... 931
The glories of our blood and state ... 462
The god of love and benedicite ... 21
The golden sun that brings the day ... 506
The half-seen memories of childish days ... 1789
The harlot muse, so passing gay ... 950
The harp that once through Tara's halls ... 1285
The heath this night must be my bed ... 1319
The heavens on high perpetually do move 102
The hierarchy is out of date ... 739
The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled... 965
The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice ... 1664
The house's form within was rude and strong ... 129
The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!... 1344
The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde... 372
The King was on his throne ... 1356
The languid lady next appears in state ... 862
The lark has sung his carol in the sky ... 1181
The lark now leaves his watery nest ... 373
The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build ... 595
The last and greatest herald of heaven's King ... 365
The last time I came o'er the moor ... 825
The lift was clear, the morn serene ... 1608
The lives of frail men are compared by the sages ... 649
The lopped trees in time may grow again... 110
The Lord my pasture shall prepare ... 770

	NO. OF POEM.
The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing	1464
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends	870
The mellow year is hasting to its close	1574
The midges dance aboon the burn	1601
The moon had climb'd the highest hill	1046
The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this	166
The moon was a-waning	1614
The morning hath not lost her virgin blush	579
The morning pearls	580
The Moslem spears were gleaming	1440
The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the haughty sky	92
The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost	1107
The night-helm grew dusky	11
The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up	864
The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded	1312
The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave	1549
The Percy out of Northumberland	528
The pride of every grove I chose	754
The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit	294
The quality of mercy is not strain'd	165
The rapid motion of the spheres	480
The readers and the hearers like my books	152
The room is old—the night is cold	1700
The roses grow so thickly	1809
The sable mantle of the silent night	288
The sails were furl'd; with many a melting close	1182
The sea! the sea! the open sea!	1681
The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!	1346
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er	592
The season comes when first we met	1112
The sheep were in the fold at night	1265
The shoryf dwelled in Notynghame	524
The silver moon at midnight cold and still	1129
The silver moon's enamour'd beam	1022
The sluggish morn as yet undress'd	378
The smiling morn, the breathing spring	899
The social laws from insult to protect	930
The soft green grass is growing	1812
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings	67
The soul of man is larger than the sky	1570
The soule which doth with God unite	328
The spacious firmament on high	766
The spearmen heard the bugle sound	1395
The stars are shining overhead	1271
The stately homes of England	1436
The summer and autumn had been so wet	1225
The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold	1037
The sun had set behind yon hills	725
The sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond	1600
The sun is swiftly mounted high	813
The sun is warm, the sky is clear	1369
The sun rises bright in France	1627
The sun was sinking on the mountain zone	1550
The sun's bright orb, declining all serene	946
The thirsty earth soaks up the rain	542
The time so tranquil is and clear	392
The tongues of dying men	206
The topsails shiver in the wind	1038
The tree of deepest root is found	1026
The troops exulting sat in order round	783
The truest characters of ignorance	644
. . . The Turks had ought	583
The twentieth year is well nigh past	1082
The voice of the morning is calling to childhood	1698
The wanton troopers riding by	636
The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing	1373
The water! the water!	1634
The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn	1334
The wind is up, the field is bare	939
The wind, the wandering wind	1450
The wisest of the wise	1277
The world is too much with us; late and soon	1190
The world is still deceived with ornament	190
The wrathfull winter prochinge on a pace	96
"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"	1003
Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly gilt	371
Thee will I love, my strength, my tower	1070
Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor	1173
. . . their harboury was tane	49
Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red	1124
Then clarions and trumpets blew	61
Then died, lamented, in the strength of life	1179
Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham	98
Then Gudrun turned	1849
Then hear me, bounteous Heaven	687
Then may I trust her body with her mind	495
Then wisdom again	6
Ther is lyf withouto ony deth	16
There are noble heads bowed down and pale	1697
There are twelve months in all the year	518
There be none of beauty's daughters	1340
There be those who sow beside	1455
There cam a bird out o' a bush	532
There cam a strange wight to our town-en'	1650
There came a man making his hasty moan	1404
There came three men out of the west	719
There did three knights come from the west	713
There dwells a people on the earth	507
There grew an aged tree on the green	127
There had not here as yet	1
There is a book, who runs may read	1796
There is a calm for those who weep	1385
There is a flower, a little flower	1391
There is a garden in her face	486
There is a gloomy grandeur in the sun	1544
There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy	504
There is a land, of every land the pride	1389
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods	1347
There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook	199
There is an ancient man who dwells	1733
There is an old proverb which all the world knows	742
There is continual spring and harvest there	132
There she sits in her Island home	1751
There the most dainty paradise on ground	133
There was a Cameronian cat	738
There was a sound of revelry by night	1358
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	1198
There was an eye whose partial glance	1117
There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r	527
"There, win the cup, and you shall have my girl	1777
There's a good time coming, boys	1741
There's a magical tie to the land of our home	1721

	NO OF POEM.
There's glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal	1551
There's grandeur in this sounding storm	1018
There's music in the morning air	1701
There's no dearth of kindness	1753
There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away	1355
These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd	697
These, as they change, Almighty Father, these	874
These thoughts, O night! are thine	855
They answer in a joint and corporate voice	197
They are all gone into the world of light	560
They are flown	1515
They coarse the glass, and let it take no rest	103
They grew in beauty, side by side	1439
They rose in freedom's rare sunrise	1745
They seized the keys, they patrolled the street	1826
They sin who tell us love can die	1217
Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say	266
Think not of the future, the prospect is uncertain	1501
This battle fares like to the morning's war	180
. . . This gentleman and I	475
This Indian weed, now withered quite	711
This is her picture as she was	1842
This man of half a million	1216
This morning, timely rapt with holy fire	240
This only grant me, that my means may lie	540
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd Isle	202
This said, with hasty rage, he snatch'd	640
This song 's of a beggar who long lost his sight	714
This truth of old was sorrow's friend	942
This was the ruler of the land	1538
This wavering warld's wretchedness	52
This world is full of variance	26
Those evening bells! those evening bells!	1288
Those few pale autumn flowers	1530
Those whiter lilies which the early morn	368
Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law	455
Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee	1381
Thou askest what has changed my heart	1476
Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves	369
Thou camest with kind looks, when on the brink	1259
Thou gallant court, to thee farewell!	116
Thou happy, happy elf!	1486
Thou hast beauty bright and fair	1692
Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie	1625
Thou hidden love of God, whose height	1067
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray	1587
Thou lone companion of the spectred night!	1155
Thou maid of gentle light! thy straw-wove vest	1521
Thou mouldering mansion, whose embattled side	1218
Thou spirit of the spangled night!	1170
Thou still unravished bride of quietness!	1823
Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved	1787
Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command	755
Thou wealthy man of large possessions here	710
Though clouds obscured the morning hour	1142
Though frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes	269
Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel	884
Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees	1146
Thoughts! what are they?	672
Three days before my Mary's death	1428
Three fishers went sailing out into the west	1800
Thrice happy he who by some shady grove	366
Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame	903
Thrice, O thrice happy shepherd's life and state!	314
Through a close lane as I pursued my journey	689
Through a fair forest as I went	505
Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling cold	1804
Through the hushed air the whit'ning shower descends	873
Through winter streets to steer your course aright	805
Thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom	627
Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme	1169
Thus, having in few images exprest	156
Thus spoke to my lady the knight full of care	775
Thus stood his mind when round him came a cloud	1430
Thus were they fechtand in the pass	35
Thus when the plague, upborne on Belgian air	1093
Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue	1603
Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows	1552
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear	200
Thy maid! Ah! find some nobler theme	551
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought	1298
Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought	175
Thy spirit, independence, let me share	921
Till at the last, among the bowes glade	38
Timely blossom, infant fair	791
Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!	856
'Tis affection but dissembled	481
'Tis certain, that the modish passions	796
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity	607
'Tis long ago—we have toil'd and traded	1781
'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere	1632
'Tis past! no more the summer blooms!	963
'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage	961
'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark	1573
'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze	1408
'Tis sweet to view from half-past five to six	1414
'Tis the first primrose! see how meek	1266
'Tis the hour of even now	1459
'Tis the last rose of summer	1278
To all you ladies now at land	680
To battle! To battle!	1639
To be, or not to be, that is the question	184
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb	891
To one who has been long in city pent	1824
To pray to God continually	90
To speak of gifts and almos deeds	54
To take thy calling thankfully	83
To the brook and the willow that heard him complain	830
To the deep woods	865
To the ocean now I fly	609
To the sound of timbrels sweet	1667
To thee, fair Freedom, I retire	896
To view these walls each night I come alone	703

NO. OF POEM.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight 22
To-day Death seems to me an infant child 1843
Together will ye walk through long, long streets 1426
To-morrow, Lord, is Thine 1060
Too late, alas! I must confess 656
Touch us gently, Time! 1694
Tread softly! bow the head 1531
Treading the path to nobler ends 599
Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason? 150
True Thomas lay on Huntley bank 531
Trusting in God with all her heart and mind 1091
"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale 916
Turn I my looks unto the skies 430
'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won ... 661
'Twas at the silent, solemn hour 897
'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd 1446
'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold, pale moon 1467
'Twas in the prime of summer time 1494
'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was closed 981
'Twas when the seas were roaring 803
'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in 1649
Twenty lost years have stolen their hours away 1031
Twice has the sun commenced his annual round 1164
Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green 1180
Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs 958
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall 626
Two pretty rills do meet, and meeting make 283
Two summers since I saw at Lammas fair 1175

U.

Under yonder beech tree, standing on the green sward 1744
Underneath this myrtle shade 542
Underneath this sable hearse 244
Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn 1297
Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care ... 933
Upon a couch of silk and gold 1676
Upon a time a neighing steed 799
Upon the white sea-sand 1784
Upon two stony tables, spread before her 313

V.

Vain world, what is in thee? 570
Vengeance will sit above our faults 236
Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen 75
Victorious men of earth no more 461
Virtue's branches wither, virtue pines 435
Vital spark of heavenly flame 781
Voice of summer, keen and shrill 1765

W.

NO. OF POEM.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time 128
Waken, lords and ladies gay 1332
Walking in a shady grove 445
Wanton droll, whose harmless play 1473
Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing 1054
Was not Christ our Saviour 88
We are born; we laugh; we weep 1696
We are the sweet flowers 1400
We gather'd round the festive board 1723
We have been dwellers in a lovely land ... 1732
We have been friends together 1713
We love the king who loves the law 1083
We oft by lightning read in darkest nights 696
We saw and woo'd each other's eyes 323
We that have known no greater state 474
We walk'd along, while bright and red 1212
We watched her breathing thro' the night 1497
Weary of wand'ring from my God 1065
Weave no more the marriage chain! 1691
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower 1575
Weep, weep, you Argonauts 467
Weep you no more, sad fountains 497
Weigh me the fire; or, canst thou find 350
Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between 1409
Welcome, thrice welcome, to this shady green 463
Welcome, welcome, happy pair 376
Well, O children of men 7
Well observe the rule of *Not too much* 631
Well said the wise man, now proved true by this 126
Well, then; I now do plainly see 546
Were I at once empower'd to show 951
Whan gloamin grey out owre the welkin keeks 1053
Whanne that April with his shoures sote . 19
What ails this heart o' mine? 1103
What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat? 1166
What beauties does Flora disclose! 1029
What bird so sings, yet so does wail 405
What blessings attend, my dear mother, all those 1025
What constitutes a state? 1011
What creature's that, with his short hairs 741
What heart can think, or tongue express . 400
What hidest thou in thy treasure caves and cells 1437
What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine 1447
What I shall leave thee none can tell 251
What! irks it, David, that the victor breathes 414
What is the existence of man's life 256
What is't to us if taxes rise or fall? 955
What lookest thou herein to have 82
What might be done if men were wise 1740
What pleasure, then, to walk and see 393
What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours 617
What stands upon the highland? 1794
What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted 207
What then is taste, but these internal powers 902
What though, Valclusa, the fond bard belied 1042

	NO. OF POEM.
What torments are allotted those sad spirits	694
What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce	418
What was't awaken'd first the untried ear	1569
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?	860
What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send	89
What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman	247
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut	449
What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod	1309
Whate'er you wish in landscape to excel	1149
When age hath made me what I am not now	360
When all the fiercer passions cease	1178
When all thy mercies, O my God	767
When Britain first, at Heaven's command.	879
When by God's inward light a happy child	1422
When chapman billies leave the street	1591
When civil dudgeon first grew high	637
When come was the month of May	30
When, cruel fair one, I am slain	565
When day is done, and clouds are low	1547
When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air	1316
When evening listen'd to the dripping oar	1240
When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond	1731
When first thy eyes unvail, give thy soul leave	556
When from my humble bed I rise	1262
When gods had framed the sweets of woman's face	426
When homeward bands their several ways disperse	1159
When hope lies dead within the heart	1115
When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping	1640
When I consider how my light is spent	613
When I first came to London, I rambled about	816
When I go musing all alone	487
When in the crimson cloud of even	991
When in the field of Mars we lie	746
When Israel of the Lord beloved	1324
When love with unconfined wings	355
When maidens such as Hester die	1228
When marshall'd on the nightly plain	1167
When Music, heavenly maid, was young	890
When now mature in classic knowledge	973
When on my sick bed I languish	673
When on the breath of autumn breeze	1660
When our heads are bow'd with woe	1668
When Phillis watched her harmless sleep	703
When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave	142
When poets wrote, and painters drew	757
When princely Hamilton's abode	1325
When rising from the bed of death	769
When Robin Hood and Little John	525
When shaws be sheen, and swards full fair	519
When silent time wi' lightly foot	1102
When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil	1382
When that the fields put on their gay attire	1008
When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented	1396
When the fierce north wind, with his airy forces	853
When the lamp is shatter'd	1366
When the merry lark did gild	1686
When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame	1047
When this old cap was new	512
When thou has spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight	105
When travels grete in matters thick	403
When we two parted	1342
When we were idlers with the loitering rills	1571
When wert thou born, Desire? In pride and pomp of May	494
When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm	68
Whence comes my love? Oh, heart disclose;	99
Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen	953
Whenc'or with haggard eyes I view	1145
Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment	688
Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?	1619
Where is that learned wretch that knows	483
Where shall the lover rest	1328
Where the bee sucks, there lurk I	209
Where the remote Bermudas ride	634
Where, where is the gate that once served to divide	1722
Where words are weak and foes encount'ring strong	112
Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene	1120
Whereas in ward full oft I would bewail	42
Where'er I turn my eyes	1036
Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets	1435
Whether the soul receives intelligence	137
While here my muse in discontent doth sing	278
While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand	978
While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer	588
While on those lovely looks I gaze	654
While St. Serf, intil a stead	45
While shepherds watched their flocks by night	822
While slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream	1247
While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad	203
While with a strong and yet a gentle hand	587
While you, my lord, the rural shades admire	765
Whilst in this cold and blustering clime	647
Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade	842
Whither goest thou? Here be woods as green	213
Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?	1793
Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Grève	756
Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes	1226
Who should this stranger be? And then this casket	831
Who sleeps below?—Who sleeps below?	1536
Who so to marry a minion wife	399
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating	1819
Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops	84
Whose was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet	1255
Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant	1200
Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, death	465

	NO OF POEM.
Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears	346
Why, Damon, with the forward day	832
Why did my parents send me to the schools	221
Why didst thou raise such woeful wail	100
Why doth the stubborne iron prove	318
Why is't damnation to despair and die	444
Why, little charmer of the air	707
Why should you swear I am forsworn	352
Why so pale and wan, fond lover!	329
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty	181
Why this will lug your priests and servants from your sides	198
Why weep ye by the tide, ladye	1318
Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?	1452
Wi' drums and pipes the clash in rang	1651
Will you hear a Spanish lady	538
Willow! in thy breezy moan	1449
Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun	228
Wine, wine, in a morning	679
Wish'd morning's come, and now upon the plains	691
With cheerful step the traveller	1221
With face and fashion to be known	734
With farmer Allan at the farm abode	1708
With fingers weary and worn	1196
With fragrant flowers we strew the way	122
With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies	107
With little here to do or see	1208
With quicken'd step	805
With silent awe I hail the sacred morn	1110
With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd	1522
With that low cunning, which in fools supplies	906
Within a little silent grove hard by	333
Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush	1110
Within the castle hath the queen devised	141
Within the hall, neither rich nor yet poore	37
Woman! when I behold thee, flippant, vain	1821
Woodmen, shepherds, come away	460
Word was brought to the Danish king	1716
Would my good lady love me best	50
Would you know what's soft? I dare	259
Woulst thou view the lion's den?	1479
Wreathe the bowl	1279

Y.

	NO OF POEM.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around	1586
Ye distant spires, ye antique towers	907
Ye have been fresh and green	344
Ye holy towers that shade the wave worn steep	1246
Ye little birds that sit and sing	471
Ye mariners of England	1305
Ye midnight shades! o'er Nature spread	900
Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song	776
Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright	1481
Ye rocks! ye elements! thou shoreless main	1555
Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale	882
Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay	894
Ye wha are fain to hae your name	1052
Ye who amid this feverish world would wear	924
Ye who have scorn'd each other	1739
Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel	1090
Yee blushing virgins happie are	316
Yes! there are real mourners —I have seen	1177
Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!	1205
Yes, wife, I'd be a thronèd king	1774
Yet, as through Tagus' fair transparent streams	490
Yet, I confess, in this my pilgrimage	279
Yet in prison was king Davy	44
Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more	605
"You are Old Father William," the young man cried	1223
You are right justice, and you weigh this well	177
You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds	787
You earthly souls that count a wanton flame	568
Yon mansion, made by beaming towers gay	841
You meaner beauties of the night	158
You mighty lords that with respected grace	139
You that have spent the silent night	104
You were used to say	194
Young Henry was as brave a youth	1138
Your wedding ring wears thin, dear wife, ah, summers not a few	1768

BIOGRAPHIES OF THE AMERICAN POETS.

Adams, John Quincy.
Allston, Washington.
Barlow, Joel.
Bryant, William Cullen.
Clifton, William.
Dwight, Timothy.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo.
English, Thomas Dunn.
Freneau, Phillip.
Halleck, Fitz-Greene.
Hoffman, Charles Fenno.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell.
Honeywood, St. John.
Hopkinson, Joseph.
Humphreys, David.
Leland, Charles G.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth.
Lowell, James Russell.
Morris, George P.
Poe, Edgar Allan.
Read, Thomas Buchanan.
Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe.
Stoddard, R. H.
Taylor, Bayard.
Trumbull, John.
Tuckerman, Henry Theodore.
Whittier, John Greenleaf.
Willis, N. P.

NAMES OF AMERICAN POETS WITH NUMBERS OF POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.
Adams, John Quincy	1850
Akers, Elizabeth	1938–1945
Allston, Washington	1853
Barlow, Joel	1848
Bryant, William Cullen	1855–1859
Clark, Willis G.	1898
Clifton, William	1852
Dwight, Timothy	1846
Emerson, Ralph Waldo	1864–1870
English, Thomas Dunn	1918
Freneau, Phillip	1844
Halleck, Fitz-Greene	1860–1862
Hoffman, Charles Fenno	1871
Holmes, Oliver Wendell	1889–1897
Honeywood, St. John	1849
Hopkinson, Joseph	1851
Humphreys, David	1847
Leland, Charles G.	1921–1923
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	1872–1883
Lowell, James Russell	1911–1917
Morris, George P.	1863
Poe, Edgar Allan	1899–1908
Read, Thomas Buchanan	1919, 1920
Saxe, J. G.	1936, 1937
Schoolcraft, Henry Rowe	1854
Stoddard, R. H.	1932–1935
Taylor, Bayard	1924–1931
Trumbull, John	1845
Tuckerman, Henry Theodore	1909, 1910
Whittier, John Greenleaf	1885–1888
Willis, N. P.	1884

NAMES OF AMERICAN POETS WITH THE TITLES OF POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY.	
The Wants of Man	1850
AKERS, ELIZABETH.	
Broken Faith	1938
Time	1939
Endurance	1940
Singing in the Rain	1941
A Dream	1942
Kisses	1943
Rock me to Sleep	1944
Lost	1945
ALLSTON, WASHINGTON.	
America to Great Britain	1853

NO. OF POEM.

BARLOW, JOEL.
Burning of New England Villages..... 1848

BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN.
The Prairies..... 1855
Forest Hymn 1856
The Antiquity of Freedom 1857
Oh Mother of a Mighty Race 1858
Song of Marion's Men 1859

CLARK, WILLIS G.
Euthanasia 1898

CLIFTON, WILLIAM.
To William Gifford, Esq..... 1852

DWIGHT, TIMOTHY.
England and America 1846

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO.
"Good-bye, Proud World!" 1864
To the Humble Bee 1865
The Snow-Storm 1866
The Problem 1867
The Poet 1868
Dirge 1869
The Mountain and the Squirrel 1870

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN.
Ben Bolt 1918

FRENEAU, PHILIP.
The Dying Indian 1844

HALLECK, FITZ-GREENE.
Burns 1860
Alnwick Castle 1861
Marco Bozzaris 1862

HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO.
The Origin of Mint Juleps 1871

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL.
On Lending a Punch-Bowl 1889
An Evening Thought 1890
La Grisette 1891
The Treadmill Song 1892
Latter-Day Warnings 1893
The Old Man's Dream 1894
What we all Think 1895
The Last Blossom 1896
Contentment 1897

HONEYWOOD, ST. JOHN.
Crimes and Punishments..... 1849

HOPKINSON, JOSEPH.
Hail, Columbia! 1851

HUMPHREYS, DAVID.
Western Emigration..... 1847

LELAND, CHARLES G.
Theleme 1921
A Dream of Love 1922
The Three Friends..... 1923

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH.
Nuremburg..... 1872
The Arsenal at Springfield 1873
The Skeleton in Armour 1874
A Psalm of Life..... 1875

NO. OF POEM.

Endymion 1876
The Belcagured City..... 1877
It is not always May..... 1878
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year..... 1879
Maidenhood 1880
The Children's Hour 1881
A Spring Landscape..... 1882
The Wreck of the *Hesperus* 1883

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.
To the Dandelion 1911
The Poet 1912
The Sirens 1913
An Incident in a Railroad Car..... 1914
The Heritage..... 1915
To the Future..... 1916
The Fountain 1917

MORRIS, GEORGE P.
Woodman, Spare that Tree 1863

POE, EDGAR ALLAN.
Annabel Lee..... 1899
Ulalume: A Ballad 1900
Dream-land..... 1901
Lenore 1902
Israfel 1903
The Bells 1904
To F. S. O. 1905
For Annie..... 1906
The Raven..... 1907
The Conqueror Worm 1908

READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN.
The Brickmaker..... 1919
My Hermitage 1920

SAXE, J. G.
The Way of the World..... 1936
Ye Tailyor-man 1937

SCHOOLCRAFT, HENRY ROWE.
Geehale: An Indian Lament 1854

STODDARD, R. H.
Leonatus 1932
The Shadow of the Hand..... 1933
Invocation to Sleep 1934
At Rest..... 1935

TAYLOR, BAYARD.
Bedouin Song 1924
The Arab to the Palm 1925
Kubleh..... 1926
The Poet in the East..... 1927
Kilimandjaro 1928
An Oriental Idyll 1929
Hassan to his Mare 1930
The Phantom 1931

TRUMBULL, JOHN.
Character of McFingal 1845

TUCKERMAN, HENRY THEODORE.
Mary..... 1909
Florence 1916

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF.
The Ballad of Cassandra Southwick... 1885
Pentucket..... 1886
Randolph of Roanoke 1887
Democracy 1888

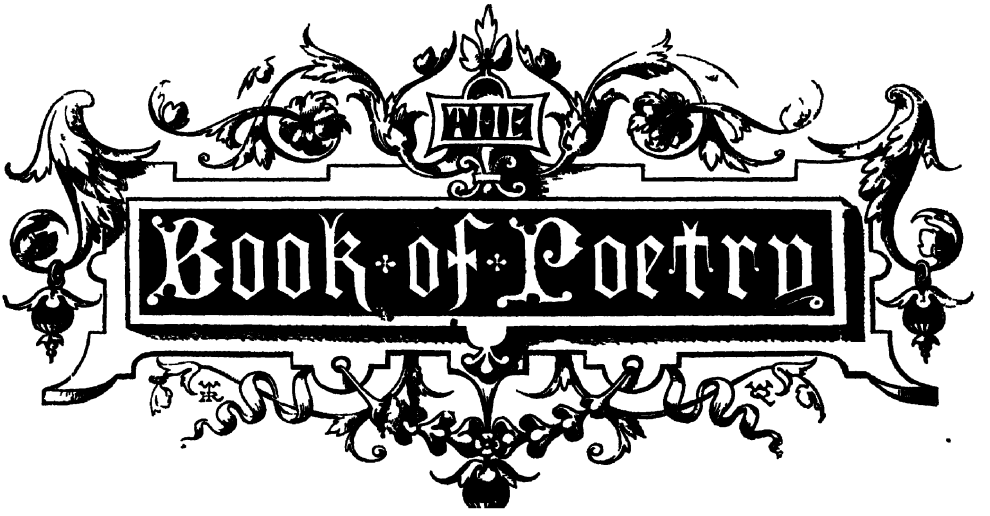
WILLIS, N. P.
April Violets 1884

TITLES OF THE AMERICAN POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.
Alnwick Castle	1861
America to Great Britain	1853
Annabel Lee	1899
Antiquity of Freedom, The	1857
April Violets	1884
Arab to the Palm	1925
Arsenal at Springfield, The	1873
At Rest	1935
Ballad of Cassandra Southwick, The	1885
Bedouin Song	1924
Beleagured City, The	1877
Bells, The	1904
Ben Bolt	1918
Brickmaker, The	1919
Broken Faith	1938
Burning of New England Villages	1848
Burns	1860
Character of McFingal	1845
Children's Hour, The	1881
Conqueror Worm, The	1908
Contentment	1897
Crimes and Punishments	1849
Democracy	1888
Dirge	1869
Dream, A	1942
Dream of Love, A	1922
Dreamland	1901
Dying Indian, The	1844
Endurance	1940
Endymion	1876
England and America	1846
Euthanasia	1898
Evening Thought, An	1890
Florence	1910
Fountain, The	1917
For Annie	1906
Forest Hymn	1856
Geehale: an Indian Lament	1854
"Good-bye, Proud World!"	1864
Hail, Columbia!	1851
Hassan to his Mare	1930
Heritage, The	1915
Incident in a Railway Car, An	1914
Invocation to Sleep	1934
Israfel	1903
It is not always May	1878
Kilimandjaro	1928
Kisses	1943
Kubleh	1926
La Grisette	1891
Last Blossom, The	1896
Latter-day Warnings	1893
Lenore	1902
Leonatus	1932
Lost	1945
Maidenhood	1880
Marco Bozzaris	1862
Mary	1909
Midnight Mass for the Dying Year	1879
Mountain and the Squirrel, The	1870
My Hermitage	1920
Nuremburg	1872
Oh Mother of a Mighty Race	1858
Old Man's Dream, The	1894
On Lending a Punch-Bowl	1889
Oriental Idyll, An	1929
Origin of Mint Juleps, The	1871
Pentucket	1886
Phantom, The	1931
Poet in the East, The	1927
Poet, The	1868
Poet, The	1912
Prairies, The	1855
Problem, The	1867
Psalm of Life, A	1875
Randolph of Roanoke	1887
Raven, The	1907
Rock me to Sleep	1944
Shadow of the Hand, The	1933
Skeleton in Armour, The	1874
Singing in the Rain	1941
Sirens, The	1913
Snow-Storm, The	1866
Song of Marion's Men	1859
Spring Landscape, A	1882
Thekeme	1921
Three Friends, The	1923
Time	1939
To F. S. O.	1905
To the Dandelion	1911
To the Future	1916
To the Humble Bee	1865
To William Gifford, Esq.	1852
Treadmill Song, The	1892
Ulalume: a Ballad	1900
Wants of Man, The	1850
Way of the World, The	1936
Western Emigration	1847
What we all Think	1895
Woodman, Spare that Tree	1863
Wreck of the *Hesperus*, The	1883
Ye Tailyor-man	1907

FIRST LINES OF AMERICAN POEMS.

	NO. OF POEM.
Again I sit within the mansion	1931
Ah, broken is the golden bowl	1902
Ah, Clemence, when I saw thee last	1891
All hail! thou noble land	1853
Announced by all the trumpets of the sky	1866
A silver javelin which the hills	1929
At midnight, in his guarded tent	1862
A youth would marry a maiden	1936
Back again, darling? O day of delight!	1942
Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight	1944
Between the dark and the daylight	1881
Buds on the apple-boughs	1938
By a route obscure and lonely	1901
Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!	1930
Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the way	1911
Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?	1918
Draw the curtains round your bed	1934
Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!	1865
For this present, hard	1868
From the desert, I come to thee	1924
Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home..	1864
Hail, Columbia! happy land	1851
Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains	1928
Hear the sledges with the bells	1904
Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines	1857
He spoke of Burns; men rude and rough..	1914
Home of the Percy's high-born race	1861
How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!	1940
How sweetly on the wood-girt town	1886
I dream'd I lay beside the dark blue Rhine	1922
If sometimes in the dark blue eye	1890
I have found violets. April hath come on.	1884
I have read in some old marvellous tale	1877
I have three friends, three glorious friends, three dearer could not be	1923
I like a church, I like a cowl	1867
In heaven and earth a spirit doth dwell	1903
In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder	1912
In the valley of Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands	1872
In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies	1852
Into the sunshine	1917
I sat one night on a palace step	1921
It was many and many a year ago	1899
It was the schooner *Hesperus*	1883
Knows he who tills this lonely field	1869
Let the blinded horse go round	1919
Little I ask; my wants are few	1897
Lo! 'Tis a gala night	1908
Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes	1880
Man wants but little here below	1850
Methinks, when on the languid eye	1898
Next to thee, O fair gazelle	1925
Of crimes, empoison'd source of human woes	1849
Oh, fairest born of love and light	1888
Oh for one hour of youthful joy!	1894
Oh, mother Earth! upon thy lap	1887
Oh mother of a mighty race	1858
O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height	1916
Once upon a midnight dreary	1907
On yonder lake I spread the sail no more	1844
Our band is few, but true and tried	1859
Princes, when soften'd in thy sweet embrace	1910
Right jollie is ye tailyor-man	1937
Soon fleets the sunbright form, by man adored	1846
"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!"	1874
Tell me not in mournful numbers	1875
Thank Heaven! the crisis	1906
That age was older once than now	1895
The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore	1854
The black-eyed children of the Desert drove	1926
The fair boy Leonatus	1932
The green trees whisper'd low and mild	1882
The groves were God's first temples	1856
The kiss of friendship, kind and calm	1943
The mountain and the squirrel	1870
The poet came to the land of the East	1927
The rich man's son inherits lands	1915
The rising moon has hid the stars	1876
The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary	1913
Those were the gardens of the desert, those	1855
The skies they are ashen and sober	1900
The stars are rolling in the sky	1892
The sun is bright, the air is clear	1878
The word has come;—go forth	1945
This ancient, silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times	1889
This is the arsenal. From floor to ceiling	1873
Though young no more we still would dream	1896
Thou would'st be loved?—then let thy heart	1905
Through solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires	1848
Tis said that the Gods, on Olympus of old	1871
To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day	1885
What though the name is old and oft repeated	1909
When legislators keep the law	1893
When Yankees, skill'd in martial rule	1845
Where the elm-tree branches by the rain are stirr'd	1946
Wild rose of Alloway, my thanks	1860
With all that's ours, together let us rise	1847
With folded hands the lady lies	1935
Within a wood one summer's day	1920
Woodman, spare that tree!	1863
Yes, the year is growing old	1879
You see the tree that sweeps my window pane?	1939
You were very charming, madam	1933


THE
Book of Poetry

THE FIRST PERIOD,

FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE YEAR 1400.

"BELOVED indeed," says dear old genial Dibdin, "is the poetry of our own country." It expresses all the great changes England has undergone. It tells of its manners and customs, of its thoughts and feelings, of its hopes and fears, of its inner and outward life. One cannot read it without gaining an insight into the every-day experience of our forefathers. Whatever is keenly felt is sure to manifest itself in language of touching verse. And thus it has been in times gone by; the real life of the people, of the prince and the peasant, has found an utterance in the poetry of our gifted bards. Indeed, more of true history may be learnt from even the slight and almost despised Ballad, sung about the streets, than from the more dignified and solemn narrative of the historian. He takes generally what is called a deep and philosophical view of events and men and manners, but one little song sung by a few strolling minstrels before the houses of the rich or poor tells us more of what England was, and what were England's feelings, than all this pomp and parade of philosophic learning. Just indeed as one may know a man for years, and never, notwithstanding admiration for his intellect and accomplishments, get one glimpse of his heart, and yet in some unforeseen moment of sudden joy or sorrow learn for the first time the deep tenderness of his heart; so with the poetry of any land; it opens up the unselfish soul of a nation; it shows that there is the freshness of spring, when all seems scar and withered with frost and snow and sleet and winter; it reveals the love of the holy and the best, and brings down to earth, as it were, heaven in its purity and sweetness, and divine, untainted loveliness and glory.

And also, poetry reveals the darker doings of mankind, opens up the terrible passions of mankind, shows human nature as it too often is, thoroughly regardless of the pure and the beautiful and the good. Yet, this is but exceptional, its spirit is rather to breathe sweet and loving accents, to gather together earth's beauties, to depict scenes of fairest loveliness, to tell of holiest sacrifices, to bring down as it were the very glories of a world beyond to a world which knows sorrow and pain and sickness and death.

This our earliest period is characterized by many features which make it essentially different to all the rest. Its poetry is the rude utterance of a rude but brave people. A few missionaries of Christ were almost the only ones who helped to a purer faith and feeling. Then came wars, and invasions, and mixture of races; still the old primitive British Church, planted likely by the Apostle St. Paul, maintained her hold upon the affections of the people and influenced even her conquerors. But Rome came and conquered, Augustine came;—then attacks from Danes, then William the Norman; thus the language became inundated with words from other nations, our own early speech was considered vulgar, the conquerors' speech prevailed. Yet notwithstanding all this confusion, the early speech of our old forefathers maintained a hold which to this day has not been lost. The poetry therefore of this period will be found to be of a varied nature, exhibiting great force and vigour, and sometimes verses of touching sweetness and beauty.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

CÆDMON.

Cædmon is considered the earliest of our English poets. He was a man sprung from the people, and at one time in his life was a mere cowherd. He was, however, addressed one night by a stranger, as he thought, in his sleep, and asked to sing a song. He replied that he could not, when the stranger urged that he could, and that he could sing the "Creation." Cædmon then, wondering at himself, began to sing most beautiful verses. He soon afterwards awoke, and went immediately to the Reeve of Whitby, who, wise and good man that he was, took him to the abbey and told the wondrous story to the Abbess Hilda. He recounted the last night's adventure and repeated the verses, which at once obtained the admiration of the persons present. They then explained to him other

parts of Holy Scripture, whereupon he went home and produced a beautiful poem. At the request of the abbess he became a monk, and continued to write poems founded on Sacred History.

Our readers will notice the striking resemblance between Cædmon's account of "The Fall of Man," &c., and portions of Milton's "Paradise Lost." Conybeare, in his "Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," says —"The pride, rebellion, and punishment of Satan and his princes have a resemblance to Milton so remarkable, that most of this portion might be almost literally translated by a cento of lines from the great poet." The time of Cædmon's death is uncertain, probably about 680.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred the Great was the youngest son of Ethelwolf, king of the West Saxons, and Osburga, daughter of Oslac the Goth, who inherited the blood of the sub-kings of the Isle of Wight. At the age of five he was sent to Rome, where Leo IV. anointed him with the royal unction. When only twenty-two years of age he found himself the monarch of a distracted kingdom. After several unfortunate battles with the Danes, he disbanded his followers and wandered about the woods, and finally found shelter in the cottage of a herdsman named Denulf, at Athelney, in Somersetshire. Here occurred the interesting event which has pleased so many boys and girls—the burning of the cakes. Receiving information that Odun, Earl of Devon, had obtained a victory over the Danes in Devonshire, and had taken their magical standard, he disguised himself as a harper and obtained admission to the Danish camp, where his skill was so much admired that he was retained a considerable time, and was admitted to play before King Gorm, or Guthrum, and his chiefs. Having, by these means, gained a knowledge of his enemy, he collected his vassals and nobles, surprised the Danes at Eddington, and completely defeated them, in May, 878. The king behaved with great magnanimity to his foes, giving up the kingdom of East Anglia to those of the Danes who embraced the Christian religion. He now put his kingdom into a state of defence, and greatly increased his navy, and by his energy, activity, bravery, and wisdom the country became exceedingly prosperous. He is said to have fought fifty-six battles by sea and land, although his valour as a warrior has excited less admiration than his wisdom as a legislator. He composed a body of statutes, instituted trial by jury, divided the kingdom into shires and tithings. He was so exact in his government that robbery was unheard of, and gold chains might be left in the highways untouched. He also formed a parliament, which met in London twice a year. There was so little learning in his time, that from the Thames to the Humber hardly a man could be found who understood Latin. To remedy this state of things, he invited learned men from all parts, and endowed schools throughout the kingdom; and if indeed he was not the founder of the University of Oxford, he raised it to a reputation which it had never before enjoyed. Among other acts of munificence to that seat of learning he founded University College. He himself was a learned prince, composed several works, translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, some religious and moral treatises, perhaps Æsop's Fables and the Psalms of David; also the Metres of Boëthius. He divided the twenty-four hours into three equal parts; one he devoted to the service of God, another to public affairs, and the third to rest and refreshment. In private life he was benevolent, pious, cheerful and affable: the story of his giving the poor beggar half his loaf when famished himself is one of the many things which have won for him the love and admiration of all true Englishmen. He was born at Wantage in Berkshire, 849; died 900. —See *Beeton's Universal Biography*, p. 50.

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

Robert of Gloucester lived during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I.; and composed, in verse, "The Chronicle of English Affairs," from the earliest to his own times. He was a monk of Gloucester Abbey; hence he is called Robert of Gloucester. Warton describes the work as alike destitute of art and imagination, and in many parts even less poetical than the prose history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, from which most of the events were taken. Another critic, however, speaks of his poem as in general appropriate and dramatic, proving not only his good sense, but also his eloquence. There are several copies of his work, which was edited by Hearne and published in 1724.—See *Chambers*, vol. i. p. 6.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE.

Robert de Brunne, or Robert Mannyng, a native of Brunne, in Lincolnshire, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, and resident in the priory of Sempringham ten years in the time of Prior John of Camelton, and five years with John of Clyntone. In 1303 he began his translation, or rather paraphrase, of "Manuel Péché," or "Manuel des Péchés," that is, "The Manuel of Sins." It is a long production, treating of the Decalogue and the Seven Deadly Sins, which are illustrated by many legendary stories. It was never printed, but is preserved in the Bodleian Library MSS., No. 415, and in the Harleian MSS., No. 1,701. In this work he remonstrates upon the introduction of foreign terms into the

language: "I seke," says he, "no straunge Ynglyss."

But a more important work of his is "A Metrical Chronicle of England." The former part is a translation from an old French poet, called Maister Wace, or Gasse, who copied Geoffrey of Monmouth in a poem called "Roman des Rois d'Angleterre." The second part of "De Brunne's Chronicle," beginning from Cadwallader, and ending with Edward I., is translated principally from a chronicle by Peter Langtoft, an Augustine canon of Bridlington, in Yorkshire, who is supposed to have died in the reign of Edward II., and was therefore a contemporary of De Brunne. Hearne edited De Brunne, but suppressed much of the translation. Both Ellis and Warton refer to this poet.—*Alibone*, vol. i. p. 269.

RICHARD ROLLE.

Richard Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine and doctor of divinity, who lived a solitary life near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled, "The Pricks of Conscience;" but of the latter work it is not certainly known that he composed it in English, there being some reason for believing that, in its present form, it is a translation from a Latin original written by him.—*Chambers*, vol. i. p. 11.

ROBERT LANGLANDE.

Robert Langlande was one of the first disciples of Wickliffe, and composed a curious poem, entitled "The Visions of Piers Plowman," intended as a satire on almost every description of men, but especially the clergy. It is written in blank verse, with wit and humour, in an alliterative measure.—(See *Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Biography*, p. 627.) Chambers says of this work: "'The Vision of Pierce Plowman,' a satirical poem, ascribed to Robert Longlande, a secular priest, also shows very expressively the progress which was made, about the middle of the fourteenth century, towards a literary style. This poem, in many points of view, is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterized the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact, both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendency over those of the Normans. Pierce is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern Hills, and as seeing, in his sleep, a series of visions; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, but particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness."—*Chambers*, vol. i. p. 11.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Geoffrey Chaucer, 1328—1400, the father of English poetry, was a native of London. His parentage and early life are involved in great obscurity, and the honour of his education is claimed by both Universities. He was a great favourite at the court of Edward III., and a devoted adherent to the celebrated John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, whose sister-in-law, Philippa de Rouet, accepted the offer of his hand. By this connection the poet became linked with the good or ill fortune which attaches to greatness. But this generally received narrative has been doubted by some critics. In 1356 we find Chaucer bearing arms in the expedition of Edward III. against France. For some time he was held as a prisoner of war by the enemy. In 1367 he was allowed an annual pension of twenty marks, between two or three hundred pounds of our present money; and in 1373 was employed in an embassy to Genoa on affairs of the State. A year later than this he was appointed Comptroller of the Customs of Wool, &c. It was during this visit to Italy—he had before travelled on the Continent—that he enjoyed some delightful converse with Petrarch, to which he alludes in the Prologue to the Clerke's Tale:—

> "I wol you tell a tale, which that I
> Learned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
> As preved by his wordes and his werk;
> Fraunceis Petrark, the laureat poete,
> Highte this clerk whos rhetorike swete
> Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie,
> As Lynyan did of philosophie," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt is inclined to doubt this meeting of the poets, but De Sala promised to prove its occurrence. He died before he fulfilled the pledge. Four years before this acquaintance, Chaucer had added to the evidence of his own poetical talents by the Lament for the Death of Blanche, Duchess of Lancaster, entitled "The Book of the Duchesse." In the early part of the reign of Richard II. our poet became involved in the political religious troubles of the day, espousing the cause of John Comberton (John de Northampton), a warm champion of the doctrines of Wickliffe. Comberton was imprisoned, while Chaucer escaped the same fate by a precipitate flight to the Continent. Of course he lost his place in the Customs. He was so imprudent as to return to London

within a short period; was committed to the Tower, and only released by disclosing the names and projects of his late associates. For this breach of confidence he subsequently experienced great remorse, and composed his "Testament of Love," in which he complains of the change in his fortunes and of the disgrace in which his conduct had involved him.

Campbell, in his "Specimens of the British Poets," says, "It is not known what he revealed; certainly nothing to the prejudice of John of Gaunt, since that prince continued to be his friend. To his acknowledged partisans, who had betrayed and tried to starve him during his banishment, he owed no fidelity. It is true that extorted evidence is one of the last ransoms which a noble mind would wish to pay for liberty; but before we blame Chaucer for making any confession, we should consider how fair and easy the lessons of uncapitulating fortitude may appear on the outside of a prison, and yet how hard it may be to read them by the light of a dungeon. As far as dates can be guessed at in so obscure a transaction, his liberation took place after Richard had shaken off the domineering party of Gloucester, and had begun to act for himself. Chaucer's political errors—and he considered his share in the late conspiracy as an error of judgment, though not of intention—had been committed while Richard was a minor, and acknowledgment of them might seem less humiliating when made to the monarch himself, than to an usurping faction ruling in his name. He was charged too, by his loyalty, to make certain disclosures important to the peace of the kingdom; and his duty as a subject, independent of personal considerations, might well be put in competition with ties to associates already broken by their treachery."—*Campbell*, p. 2.

In 1389 his great patron returned from abroad, and Chaucer's fortunes improved. He was appointed Clerk of the Works at Westminster, and soon after to those at Windsor. He retained these offices scarcely two years, when he retired, at the age of sixty-four, to Woodstock, at which quiet town he composed his immortal "Canterbury Tales." In 1394 he received a pension of £20 per annum, and during the last year of Richard's reign he was granted yearly a tun of wine. These were continued under the new reign, with an additional pension of forty marks. He did not long live to enjoy this accession of fortune, for on the 25th of October, 1400, he died. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Chaucer's forte," writes a poet and critic, "is description; much of his moral reflection is superfluous; none of his painting characteristic. His men and women are not mere ladies and gentlemen, like those who furnish apologies for Boccaccio's stories. They rise before us minutely traced, profusely varied, and strongly discriminated. Their features and casual manners seem to have an amusing congruity with their moral characters. He notices minute circumstances as if by chance; but every touch has its effect on our conception so distinctly, that we seem to live and travel with his personages throughout the journey."

JOHN GOWER.

John Gower, 1325 (?)—1402, was contemporary and friend of Chaucer. He was a student of law in the Inner Temple, a man of substance, much esteemed, and lost his sight about three years previous to his death. Beyond these particulars nothing further is known. *His monument is still to be seen in* St. Saviour's Church. As to his poems, it may truly be said, "that even in the lighter strains of his muse he sought to be the instructor of the dark age in which his lot was cast." Peacham, in his "Compleat Gentleman," says, "His verses are full of good and brave moralitie." "Indeed," as Warton remarks, "if Chaucer had not existed, the compositions of Gower would have been sufficient to rescue the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. from the imputation of barbarism."

JOHN BARBOUR.

John Barbour, Barber, Barbere, or Barbar, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, died 1396, is one of the earliest Scottish poets and historians. The date and place of his birth are unknown. He wrote a metrical chronicle, entitled "The Bruce," which recounts the heroic deeds of Robert I. in support of his country's independence. Some writers affirm that the work was undertaken at the request of Robert's son and successor. He wrote another work, in which he gives a genealogical history of the kings of Scotland, and traces their origin to the Trojan colony of Brutus. In 1357 we find that he received from Edward III., of England, a safe-conduct in these words: "John Barber, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, with three scholars in his company, coming in order to study in the University of Oxford, and perform his scholastic exercises." A learned writer says, "Our Archdeacon was not only famous for his extensive knowledge in the philosophy and divinity of those times, but still more admired for his admirable genius for English poetry; in which he composed a history of the life and glorious actions of Robert Bruce—a work not only remarkable for its copious circumstantial details of the exploits of that illustrious prince and his brave companions in arms, Randolff, Earl of Moray, and the Lord James Douglas, but also for the beauty of its style, which is not inferior to that of his contemporary Chaucer."

THE BOOK OF POETRY.

FIRST PERIOD.

From the Earliest Times to 1400.

I.—THE FIRST DAY.

THERE had not here as yet.
Save cavern-shade,
Aught been;
But this wide abyss
Stood deep and dim,
Strange to its Lord,
Idle and useless;
On which looked with his eyes
The King firm of mind,
And beheld those places
Void of joys;
Saw the dark cloud
Lower in eternal night,
Swart under heaven,
Dark and waste,
Until this worldly creation
Through the world existed
Of the Glory-King.
Here first shaped
The Lord eternal,
Chief of all Creatures
Heaven and earth;
The firmament upreared,
And this spacious land
Established,
By His strong Powers,
The Lord Almighty.
The earth as yet was
Not green with grass;
Ocean covered,
Swart in eternal night,
Far and wide,
The dusky ways.
Then was the glory-bright
Spirit of heaven's Guardian
Borne over the deep
With utmost speed:
The Creator of angels bade,
The Lord of life,
Light to come forth
Over the spacious deep.
Quickly was fulfilled
The high King's behest:
For him was holy light
Over the waste,
As the Maker bade.
Then sundered
The Lord of triumphs
Over the ocean-flood
Light from darkness,
Shade from brightness,
Then gave names to both
The Lord of life.
Light was first
Through the Lord's word
Named day;
Beauteous, bright creation!
Well pleased
The Lord at the beginning
The procreative time.
The first day saw
The dark shade
Swart prevailing
Over the wide abyss.

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

2.—THE FALL OF THE REBEL ANGELS.

The All-powerful had
Angel-tribes,
Through might of hand,
The holy Lord,
Ten established,
In whom He trusted well
That they His service
Would follow,
Work His will;
Therefore gave he them wit,
And shaped them with his hands,
The holy Lord.
He had placed them so happily,
One He had made so powerful,
So mighty in his mind's thought,
He let him sway over so much,
Highest after himself in heaven's kingdom.
He had made him so fair,
So beauteous was his form in heaven,
That came to him from the Lord of Hosts,
He was like to the light stars,
It was his to work the praise of the Lord,
It was his to hold dear his joys in heaven,
And to thank his Lord
For the reward that He had bestowed on him
in that light;
Then had He let him long possess it;
But he turned it for himself to a worse thing,
Began to raise war upon Him,
Against the highest ruler of heaven,
Who sitteth in His holy seat.
Dear was he to our Lord,
But it might not be hidden from Him
That His angel began
To be presumptuous,
Raised himself against his Master,
Sought speech of hate,
Words of pride towards him,
Would not serve God,
Said that his body was
Light and beauteous,
Fair and bright of hue:
He might not find in his mind
That he would God
In subjection,
His Lord, serve:
Seemed to himself
That he a power and force
Had greater
Than the holy God
Could have
Of adherents.
Many words spake
The angel of Presumption;
Thought, through his own power,
How he for himself a stronger
Seat might make,
Higher in heaven:
Said that him his mind impelled,
That he west and north
Would begin to work,
Would prepare structures:
Said it to him seemed doubtful
That he to God would
Be a vassal.
"Why shall I toil?" said he;
"To me it is no whit needful
To have a superior;
I can with my hands as many
Wonders work;
I have great power
To form
A diviner throne,
A higher in heaven.
Why shall I for his favor serve,
Bend to him in such vassalage?
I may be a god as he.
Stand by me strong associates,
Who will not fail me in the strife.
Heroes stern of mood,
They have chosen me for chief,
Renowned warriors!
With such may one devise counsel,
With such capture his adherents;
They are my zealous friends,
Faithful in their thoughts;
I may be their chieftain,
Sway in this realm:
Thus to me it seemeth not right
That I in aught
Need cringe
To God for any good;
I will no longer be his vassal."
When the All-powerful it
All had heard,
That his angel devised
Great presumption
To raise up against his Master,
And spake proud words
Foolishly against his Lord,
Then must he expiate the deed,
Share the work of war,
And for his punishment must have
Of all deadly ills the greatest.
So doth every man
Who against his Lord
Deviseth to war,
With crime against the great Ruler.
Then was the Mighty angry,
The highest Ruler of heaven
Hurled him from the lofty seat;
Hate had he gained at his Lord,
His favor he had lost,
Incensed with him was the Good in his mind,
Therefore must he seek the gulf
Of hard hell-torment,
For that he had warred with heaven's Ruler.
He rejected him then from his favor,
And cast him into hell,
Into the deep parts,
Where he became a devil:
The fiend with all his comrades
Fell then from heaven above,
Through as long as three nights and days,
The angels from heaven into hell;
And them all the Lord transformed to devils,
Because they his deed and word
Would not revere;
Therefore them in a worse light,
Under the earth beneath,

Almighty God
Had placed triumphless
In the swart hell;
There they have at even,
Immeasurably long,
Each of all the fiends,
A renewal of fire;
Then cometh ere dawn
The eastern wind,
Frost bitter cold,
Ever fire or dart;
Some hard torment
They must have,
It was wrought for them in punishment,
Their world (life) was changed:
For their sinful course
He filled hell with the apostates.
The angels continued to hold
The heights of heaven's kingdom,
Those who ere God's pleasure executed;
The others lay fiends in the fire,
Who ere had had so much
Strife with their Ruler:
Torment they suffer,
Burning heat intense,
In midst of hell
Fire and broad flames;
So also the bitter reeks,
Smoke and darkness,
For that they the service
Of God neglected,
Them their folly deceived;
The angel's pride
They would not the All-powerful's
Word revere,
They had great torment:
Then were they fallen
To the fiery abyss,
Into the hot hell,
Through frenzy
And through pride:
They sought another land,
That was void of light
And was full of flame,
A great receptacle of fire.

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

3.—SATAN'S SPEECH.

Satan harangued,
Sorrowing spake,
He who hell henceforth
Should rule,
Govern the abyss.
He was erst God's angel,
Fair in heaven,
Until him his mind urged,
And his pride
Most of all,
That he would not
The Lord of host's
Word revere.
Boiled within him
His thought about his heart,
Hot was without him
His dire punishment.
Then spake he the words:—
"This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we ere knew,
High in heaven's kingdom,
Which my Master bestowed on me,
Though we it, for the All-powerful,
May not possess,
Must cede our realm.
Yet hath he not done rightly,
That he hath struck us down
To the fiery abyss
Of the hot hell,
Bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
Hath it decreed
With mankind
To people.
That of sorrows is to me the greatest,
That Adam shall,
Who of earth was wrought,
My strong
Seat possess;
Be to him in delight
And we endure this torment,—
Misery in this hell.
Oh! had I power of my hands,
And might one season
Be without,
Be one winter's space,
Then with this host I ——
But around me lie
Iron bonds;
Presseth this cord of chain,—
I am powerless!
Me have so hard
The clasps of hell,
So firmly grasped!
Here is a vast fire
Above and underneath.
Never did I see
A loathlier landskip;
The flame abateth not;
Hot over hell.
Me hath the clasping of these rings,
This hard-polished band,
Impeded in my course,
Debarred me from my way;
My feet are bound,
My hands manacled;
Of these hell-doors are
The ways obstructed,
So that with aught I cannot
From these limb-bonds escape;
About me lie
Of hard iron
Forged with heat,
Huge gratings,
With which me God
Hath fastened by the neck.
Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind,
And that knew also
The Lord of hosts,
That should us, through Adam,
Evil befall
About the realm of heaven,
Where I had power of my hands.

But we now suffer chastisement in hell,
Which is darkness and heat,—
Grim, bottomless;
God hath us himself
Swept into these swart mists,
Thus he cannot us accuse of any sin
That we against him in the land framed evil;
Yet hath he deprived us of the light,
Cast us into the greatest of all torments:
We may not for this execute vengeance,
Reward him with aught of hostility,
Because he hath bereft us of the light.
He hath now devised a world
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,
With whom he will re-people
The kingdom of heaven with pure souls;
Therefore must we strive zealously
That we on Adam, if we ever may,
And likewise on his offspring, our wrongs repair,
Corrupt him there in his will,
If we may it in any way devise.
Now I have no confidence farther in this bright state,
That which he seems long destined to enjoy,
That bliss with his angel's power.
We cannot that ever obtain,
That we the mighty God's mind weaken;
Let us avert it now from the children of men.
That heavenly kingdom, now we may not have it;
Let us so do that they forfeit his favour,
That they pervert that which he with his word commanded.
Then with them will he be wroth in mind,
Will cast them from his favor;
Then shall they seek this hell,
And these grim depths:
Then may we them have to ourselves as vassals
The children of men in this fast durance.
Begin we now about the warfare to consult:—
If to any follower I
Princely treasures
Gave of old,
While we in that good realm
Happy sat,
And our seats had sway,
Then me he never, at time more precious,
Could with recompense
My gift repay;
If in return for it he would
(Any of my followers)
Be my supporter,
So that up from hence he
Forth might
Pass through these barriers;
And had power with him,
That he with wings
Might fly,—
Revolve in cloud,—
To where stand wrought
Adam and Eve,
On earth's kingdom,
With weal encircled;—
And we are hither cast
Into this deep den.
Now with the Lord are they
Far higher in esteem,
And may for themselves that weal possess
That we in heaven's kingdom
Should have,—
Our realm by right:
This counsel is decreed
For mankind.
That to me is in my mind so painful,
Rueth in my thought,
That they heaven's kingdom
For ever shall possess.
If any of you may
With aught so turn it,
That they God's word
Through guile forsake,
Soon shall they be the more hateful to him;
If they break his commandment,
Then will he be incensed against them;
Afterwards will the weal be turned from them,
And for them punishment will be prepared,—
Some hard lot of evil."

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

4.—THE TEMPTATION OF EVE.

Began then himself equip
The apostate from God,
Prompt in arms.
He had a crafty soul;
On his head the chief his helmet set,
And it full strongly bound,
Braced it with clasps.
He many speeches knew
Of guileful words;
Wheeled up from thence,
Departed through the doors of hell.
(He had a strong mind)
Lion-like in air,
In hostile mood,
Dashed the fire aside
With a fiend's power;
Would secretly
The subjects of the Lord.
With wicked deeds,
Men deceive,
Mislead and pervert,
That they might become hateful to God.
He journeyed then,
Through his fiend's might,
Until he Adam
On earth's kingdom,
The creature of God's hand,
Found ready,
Wisely wrought.
And his wife also,
Fairest woman;
Just as they knew many things
Of good to frame,
Which to them, his disciples,
The Creator of mankind
Had himself pointed out;
And by them two

Trees stood,
That were without
Laden with fruit,—
With produce covered;
As them the powerful God,
High King of Heaven,
With his hands had set,
That there the child of man
Might choose
Of good and evil,—
Every man
Of weal and woe.
The fruit was not alike;
The one so pleasant was,
Fair and beautiful,
Soft and delicate,—
That was Life's tree;
He might for ever
After live,
Be in the world,
Who of this fruit tasted,
So that him after that
Age might not impair,
Nor grievous sickness;
But he might ever be
Forthwith in joys,
And his life hold;
The favor of heaven's King
Here in the world have,
To him should be decreed
Honours in the high heaven
When he goeth hence.
Then was the other
Utterly black,
Dim and dark,—
That was Death's tree,
Which much of bitter bare.
Both must know
Every mortal,
Evil and good;
Waned in this world,
He in pain must ever,
With sweat and with sorrows,
After live
Whoe'er should taste
Of what on this tree grew;
Age should from him take
Of bold deeds
The joys, and of dominion,
And death be him allotted.
A little while he should
His life enjoy,
Then seek of lands
With fire the swartest;
To fiends should minister
Where of all perils is the greatest
To people for a long season.
That the foe well knew;
The devil's dark messenger,
Who warred with God,
Cast him then into a worm's body,
And then twined about
The tree of death.
Through devil's craft,
There took of the fruit,
And again turned him thence
To where he knew the handiwork
Of heaven's King to be:
Began then ask him,
With his first word
The enemy with lies,
"Cravest thou aught,
Adam, up with God?
I on his errand hither have
Journeyed from far;
Nor was it now long since
That with himself I sat, [journey,
When he me bade to travel on this
Bade that of this fruit thou eat,
Said that thy power and strength
And thine understanding
Would become greater,
And thy body
Brighter far,—
Thy form more beauteous;
Said that to thee of my treasure need
Would not be in the world.
Now thou hast willingly
Wrought the favor
Of heaven's King,
Gratefully served
Thy Master,
Hast made thee dear with thy Lord
I heard him thy deeds and words
Praise in his brightness,
And speak about thy life.
So must thou execute
What hither, into this land,
His angels bring.
In the world are broad
Green places,
And God ruleth
In the highest
Realm of heaven.
The All-powerful above
Will not the trouble
Have himself
That on this journey he should come,
The Lord of men;
But he his vassal sendeth
To thy speech.
Now biddeth he thee, by messages,
Science to learn;
Perform thou zealously
His message.
Take thee this fruit in hand,
Bite it and taste;
In thy breast thou shalt be expanded
Thy form the fairer;
To thee hath sent the powerful God,
Thy Lord, this help
From heaven's kingdom."
Adam spake,
Where on earth he stood,
A self-created man.
"When I the Lord of triumph,
The mighty God,
Heard speak
With strong voice;
And He me here standing bade
Hold His commandments,
And me gave this bride,

This wife of beauteous mien;
And me bade beware
That in the tree of death
I were not deceived,
Too much seduced:
He said that the swart hell
Should inhabit
He who in his heart aught
Should admit of sin. [with lies,
I know not (for thou may'st come
Through dark design)
That thou art the Lord's
Messenger from heaven;
Nay, I cannot of thy orders,
Of thy words, nor courses,
Aught understand,—
Of thy journey, nor of thy sayings.
I know what He himself commanded me,
Our Preserver,
When Him last I saw;
He bade me His words revere
And well observe,
Execute His instructions.
Thou art not like
To any of His angels
That I before have seen,
Nor showest thou me
Any token
Which He to me in pledge
Hath sent,
My Lord, through favor;
Therefore I thee cannot obey,—
But thou mayest take thee hence.
I have firm trust
On the Almighty God above,
Who wrought me with his arms
Here with his hands;
He can me, from His high realm,
Gift with each good,
Though he send not his vassal."
He turned him, wroth of mood,
To where he saw the woman
On earth's realm,
Eve standing,
Beautifully formed:
Said that the greatest ills
To all their offspring
From thenceforth
In the world would be.
"I know that the supreme God with you
Will be incensed,
As I to him this message
Myself relate,
When I from this journey come
Over a long way;
That ye will not well execute
Whatsoever errand he
From the east hither
At this time sendeth.
Now must he come himself
For your answer,
His errand may not
His messenger command;
Therefore know I that he with you will
be angry;
The Mighty, in his mind.
If thou nathless wilt,
A willing woman,
My words obey,
Then from this mayst thou amply
Counsel devise,
Consider in thy breast,
That from you both thou mayst
Ward off punishment,
As I shall show thee.
Eat of this fruit,
Then will thine eyes become so clear
That thou mayst so widely
Over all the world
See afterwards,
And the throne of himself,
Thy Lord, and have
His grace henceforward.
Thou mightest Adam
Afterwards rule,
If thou his affection have,
And he trust in thy words.
If thou soothly say to him
What monitions thou thyself
Hast in thy breast,
Wherefore thou God's mandate
By persuasion hast performed;
He the hateful strife,
The evil answer,
Will abandon
In his breast's recess;
So we both to him
One purpose speak:
Urge thou him zealously,
That he may follow thy instruction,
Lest ye hateful to God,
Your Lord,
Should become.
If thou perfect this attempt,—
Best of women,—
I will conceal from your Lord
That to me so much calumny
Adam spake,
Evil words,
Accuseth me of untruths,
Sayeth that I am anxious for mischiefs,
A servant of the malignant,
Not God's angel.
But I so readily know all
The angels' origins,
The roofs of the high heavens,—
So long was the while
That I diligently
Served God,
Through faithful mind,
My Master,
The Lord himself,—
I am not like a devil."
He led her thus with lies,
And with wiles instigated
The woman to that evil,
Until began within her
The serpent's counsel boil
(To her a weaker mind had
The Creator assigned),
So that she her mood
Began relax, after these allurements;

Therefore she of the enemy received,
Against the Lord's word,
Of death's tree
The noxious fruit
Then to her spouse she spake —
" Adam, my lord,
This fruit is so sweet,
Mild in the breast,
And this bright messenger,
God's angel good
I by his habit see
That he is the envoy
Of our Lord
Heaven's King,
His favour it is for us
Better to gain
Than his aversion
If thou to him this day
Spake aught of harm,
Yet will he it forgive
If we to him obedience
Will show
What shall profit thee such hateful strife
With thy Lord's messenger?
To us is his favor needful,
He may bear our errands
To the All powerful,
Heavenly King
I can see from thence
Where He himself sitteth,
That is south east
With bliss encircled
Him who formed this world
I see his angels
Encompass him
With feathery wings,
Of all folks greatest,
Of hands most joyous
Who could to me
Such perception give
If now it
God did not send,
Heaven's Ruler?
I can hear from far,
And so widely see,
Through the whole world,
Over the broad Creation,
I can the joy of the firmament
Hear in heaven,
It became light to me in mind,
From without and from within,
After the fruit I tasted
I now have of it,
Here in my hand,
My good lord,—
I will fain give it thee,
I believe that it
Came from God,
Brought by his command,
From what this messenger told me
With cautious words,
It is not like to aught
Else on earth
But,—so this messenger sayeth,—
That it directly came from God"
She spake to him oft,
And all day urged him
To that dark deed,
That they their Lord's
Will break
The fell envoy stood by,
Excited his desires,
And with wiles urged him,
Dangerously followed him.
The foe was full near
Who on that dire journey
Had fared
Over a long way
Nations he studied
Into that great perdition
Men to cast,
To corrupt and to mislead,
That they God's loan,
The Almighty's gift,
Might forfeit,
The power of heaven's kingdom;
For the hell-miscreant
Well knew
That they God's ire
Must have,
And hell torment,—
The torturing punishment,—
Needs receive
Since they God's command
Had broken
What time he (the fiend) seduced
With lying words,
To that evil counsel
The beauteous woman,
Of females fairest,
That she after his will spake,
Was as a help to him
To seduce God's handiwork
Then she to Adam spake—
Fairest of women—
Full oft,
Till in the man began
His mind to turn,
So that he trusted to the promise
Which to him the woman
Said in words
Yet did she it through faithful mind,—
Knew not that hence so many ills,
Sinful woes,
Must follow
To mankind,
Because she took in mind
That she the hostile envoy's
Suggestions would obey,
But weened that she the favor
Of heaven's King
Wrought with the words
Which she to the man
Revealed, as it were a token,
And vowed them true;
Till that to Adam,
Within his breast,
His mind was changed,
And his heart began
Turn to her will
He from the woman took
Hell and death,

Though it was not so called,
But it the name of fruit
Must have;
Yet was it death's dream,
And the devil's artifice,
Hell and death,
And man's perdition,
The destruction of human kind,
That they made for food
Unholy fruit!
Thus it came within him,
Touched at his heart.
Laughed then and played
The bitter-purposed messenger.

Cædmon, by Benjamin Thorpe.—About 660.

5.—THE SOUL IN DESPAIR.

Alas! in how grim
And how bottomless
A gulf labours
The darkling mind,
When it the strong
Storms lash
Of worldly cares;
When it, thus contending,
Its proper light
Once forsakes,
And in woe forgets
The everlasting joy,
And rushes into the darkness
Of this world,
Afflicted with cares!
Thus has it now befallen
This my mind;
Now it no more knows
Of good for God,
But lamentations
For the external world:
To it is need of comfort.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

6.—NOTHING ON EARTH PERMANENT.

Then Wisdom again
His treasury of words unlocked,
Sung various maxims,
And thus expressed himself:—
"When the Sun
Clearest shines,
Serenest in the heaven,
Quickly are obscured
Over the earth
All other stars:
Because their brightness is not
Brightness at all,
Compared with
The Sun's light.
When mild blows
The south and western wind
Under the clouds,
Then quickly grow
The flowers of the field,
Joyful that they may:
But the stark storm,
When it strong comes
From north and east,
It quickly takes away
The beauty of the rose.
And also the northern storm,
Constrained by necessity,
That it is strongly agitated
Lashes the spacious sea
Against the shore.
Alas! that on earth
Aught of permanent
Work in the world
Does not ever remain."

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880

7.—THE ONLY REST.

Well, O children of men,
Throughout the middle earth!
Let every one of the free
Aspire to the
Eternal good
Which we are speaking about,
And to the felicities
That we are telling of.
Let him who is now
Straitly bound
With the vain love
Of this great
Middle earth,
Also quickly seek for himself
Full freedom,
That he may arrive
At the felicities
For the good of souls;
For that is the only rest
Of all labours;
The desirable haven
To the lofty ships
Of our mind,—
A great tranquil station;
That is the only haven
Which ever is,
After the waves
Of our labours,
And every storm,
Always calm.
That is the refuge,
And the only comfort,
Of all the wretched,
After these
Worldly labours.
That is a pleasant place,
After these miseries,
To possess.
But I well know,
That neither golden vessels,
Nor heaps of silver,
Nor precious stones,
Nor the wealth of the middle earth,
The eyes of the mind
Ever enlighten;

Nor aught improve
Their sharpness
To the contemplation
Of true felicities;
But they rather
The mind's eyes
Of every man
Make blind in their breasts,
Than make them clearer.
For everything
That in this present
Life delights
Are poor
Earthly things,
Ever fleeting!
But wonderful is that
Splendor and brightness
Which every one of things
With splendour enlightens,
And afterwards
Entirely rules.
The Ruler wills not
That our souls
Shall perish;
But he himself will them
With a ray illumine,—
The Ruler of life!
If, then, any man,
With the clear eyes
Of his mind, may
Ever behold
The clear brightness
Of heaven's light,
Then will he say
That the brightness of the sun
Is darkness;
So every man,
Compared with
That great light
Of God Almighty,
That is to every soul
Eternal without end,
To blessed souls.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

8.—THE HAPPY MAN.

Lo! now on earth is he
In every thing
A happy man,
If he may see
The clearest
Heaven-shining stream,
The noble fountain
Of all good;
And of himself
The swarthy mist,—
The darkness of the mind,—
Can dispel!
We will as yet,
With God's help,
With old and fabulous
Stories instruct
Thy mind;
That thou the better mayest
Discover to the skies
The right path
To the eternal region
Of our souls.

King Alfred's Metres of Boethius.—About 880.

9.—THE SAILING OF BEOWULF.

Famous was Beowulf;
Wide sprang the blood
Which the heir of the Shylds
Shed on the lands.
So shall the bracelets
Purchase endeavor,
Freely presented
As by thy fathers;
And all the young men,
As is their custom,
Cling round their leader
Soon as the war comes.
Lastly, thy people
The deeds shall bepraise
Which their men have performed.
When the Shyld had awaited
The time he should stay,
Came many to face
On the billows so free.
His ship they bore out
To the brim of the ocean,
And his comrades sat down
At their oars as he bade.
A word could control
His good fellows, the Shylds.
There, at the Hythe,
Stood his old father,
Long to look after him.
The band of his comrades,
Eager for outfit,
Forward the Atheling.
Then all the people
Cheered their loved lord,
The giver of bracelets.
On the deck of the ship
He stood by the mast.
There was a treasure,
Won from afar,
Laden on board.
Ne'er did I hear
Of a vessel appointed
Better for battle,
With weapons of war,
And waistcoats of wool,
And axes and swords.

Modernized by W. Taylor.—About 900.

10.—AN OLD MAN'S SORROW.

Careful, sorrowing,
He seeth in his son's bower
The wine-hall deserted,
The resort of the wind noiseless.
The knight sleepeth;
The warrior, in darkness.
There is not there

Noise of the harp,
Joy in the dwellings,
As there was before.
Then departeth he into songs,
Singeth a lay of sorrow,
One after one;—
All seemed to him too wide,
The plains and the dwelling-place.

Modernized by John M. Kemble.—About 900.

11.—GOOD NIGHT.

The night-helm grew dusky,
Dark over the vassals;
The court all rose,
The mingled-haired
Old Scylding
Would visit his bed;
The Goût wished the
Renowned warrior to rest
Immeasurably well.
Soon him the foreigner,
Weary of his journey,
The hall-thane guided forth,
Who, after a fitting manner,
Provided all that
The thane needed,
Whatsoever that day
The sailors over the deep
Should have.
The magnanimous warrior rested.
The house rose aloft,
Carved and variegated with gold;
The stranger slept therein
Until the pale raven,
Blithe of heart,
Announced the joy of heaven,
The bright sun, to be come.

Modernized by John M. Kemble.—About 900.

12.—SUMMER IS I-CUMEN IN.*

Summer is i-cumen in,
Llude sing cuccu;
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calue cu;
Bulluc sterteth. bucke verteth;
Murie sing cuccu,
Cuccu, cuccu.
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu nauer nu;
Sing cuccu nu,
Sing cuccu.

About 900.

* This is the most ancient English song that appears in our manuscripts with the musical notes annexed. The music is of that species of composition which is called *Canon in the Unison*, and is supposed to be of the fifteenth century.—WARTON'S "History of English Poetry."

THE SONG OF SUMMER.

Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing, cuckow;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now,
Sing, cuckow, cuckow.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth calf after cow,
Bullock starteth, buck departeth,
Merry sing, cuckow,
Cuckow, cuckow.
Well singeth the cuckow,
Nor cease to sing now;
Sing cuckow, now,
Sing cuckow.

Modernized by Warton.—About 1785.

13.—THE MUSTER FOR THE FIRST CRUSADE.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht Urban,
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers through all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts and to France come;
And preached so fast, and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me nome.
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme the cross, ne to the holy land go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo.
For self women ne beleved, that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
So that Robert Curthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last.
He wends here to Englond for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed Normandy,
And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was somedeal stark. * *
The Earl Robert of Flanders mid him wend also,
And Eustace Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,

And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive;
As the Earl of St Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beaumond,
And Tancred his nephew, and the bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great earl thereto;
And folk also without tale, of all this west end
Of Englond and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotlond and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain. * *

Robert of Gloucester.—About 1260.

14.—THE INTERVIEW OF VORTIGERN WITH ROWEN.

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten, knight and king,
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farand.
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret
'Laverd king, wassail!' said she.
The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth
A knight her language lerid in youth,
Bregh hight that knight, born Breton,
That lerid the language of Saxon.
This Bregh was the latimer,
What she said told Vortiger.
'Sir,' Bregh said, 'Rowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets.
This is their custom and their gest,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ilk man that loves where him think,
Shall say *Wassail!* and to him drink.
He that bids shall say, Wassail!
The tother shall say again, *Drinkhail!*
That says Wassail drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.
Drinkhail he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bourd and skof.'
The king said, as the knight gan ken,
'Drinkhail,' smiling on Rowenen.
Rowen drank as her list,
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame gaed:
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,
And drinkhail to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.
Fell sithes that maidin ying
Wassailed and kissed the king.
Of body she was right avenant,
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.
Her attire full well it seemed,
Mervelik the king she queemed.
Of our measure was he glad,
For of that maidin he wax all mad.
Drunkenness the fiend wrought,
Of that paen was all his thought.
A mischance that time him led,
He asked that paen for to wed.
Hengist would not draw o lite,
Bot granted him all so tite.
And Hors his brother consented soon.
Her friends said, it were to done.
They asked the king to give her Kent,
In dowery to take of rent.
Upon that maidin his heart was cast;
That they asked the king made fast.
I ween the king took her that day,
And wedded her on paen's lay.

Robert De Brunne.—About 1320.

15.—PRAISE OF GOOD WOMEN.

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,
That should a man so much glew,
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

Robert De Brunne.—About 1320.

16.—WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:—
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle manere grace.

Richard Rolle.—About 1350.

17.—MERCY AND TRUTH.

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought,
Came walking in the way, to hell-ward she looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,
A full benign burd, and buxom of speech;
Her sister, as it seemed, came soothly walking,
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,
A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness, &c.

Robert Longlande.—About 1350.

18.—COVETOUSNESS.

And then came Covetise, can I him not describe,
So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervey him looked;
He was beetle-browed, and babber-lipped also,
With two bleared een as a blind hag,
And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
Well syder than his chin, they shriveled for eld:
And as a bondman of his bacon his beard was bedrivelled,
With an hood on his head and a lousy hat above.
And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
Al so-torn and baudy, and full of lice creeping;
But if that a louse could have loupen the better,
She should not have walked on the welt, it was so threadbare.

Robert Longlande.—About 1350.

19.—THE CANTERBURY TALES.

THE PROLOGUE.

Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath th in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foules maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye,
So prikoth hem nature in hir corages;
Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmores for to seken strange strondes,
To serve halwes couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shire's ende
Of Englelond, to Canterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.
Befelle, that, in that seson on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canterbury with devoute corage.
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nine and twenty in a compagnie
Of sondry folk, by aventure yfelle
In felawship, and pilgrimes were they alle,
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.
The chambres and the stables weren wide,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was gon to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everich on,
That I was of hir felawship anon,
And made forword erly for to rise,
To take oure way ther as I you devise.
But natheles, while I have time and space,
Or that I forther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to reson,
To tellen you alle the condition
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degre;
And eke in what araie that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I firste beginne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he firste began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,
And therto hadde he ridden, no man ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse.
At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
Ful often time he hadde the bord begonne
Aboven alle nations in Pruce.
In Lettowe hadde he reysed, and in Ruce,
No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
In Gernade at the siege eke hadde he be
Of Algesir, and ridden in Belmarie.
At Leyes was he, and at Satalie,
Whan they were wonne; and in the Grete see
At many a noble armee hadde he be.
An mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
And foughten for our faith at Tramissene
In listes thries, and ay slain his fo.
This ilke worthy knight hadde ben also
Somtime with the lord of Palatie,
Agen another hethen in Turkie:
And evermore he hadde a sovereine pris.
And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight.
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But for to tellen you of his araie,
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon,
Alle besmotred with his habergeon,
For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.

With him ther was his sone a yonge SQUIER,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be somtime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

"A monk there was a fayre for the maistrie;
An outrider that loved venerie;
A manly man to ben an abbot able."

[*Poem* 19.

Singing he was, or floyting all the day,
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and well endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale.
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly, and servisable,
And carf before his fader at the table.

A YEMAN hadde he, and servantes no mo
At that time, for him luste to ride so;
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed hadde he, with a broune visage.
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his breste of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous,
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smerte:
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis; her eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
Another NONNE also with hire hadde she
That was hire chappelline, and PREESTES thre.

A MONK ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling in a whistling wind as clere,
And eke as loude, as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of seint Maure and of seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and sondele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith, that hunters ben not holy men;
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
This is to say, a monk out of his cloistre.
This ilke text held he not worth an oistre.
And I say his opinion was good.
What shulde he studie, and make himselven wood,
Upon a book in cloistre alway to pore,
Or swinken with his hondes, and laboure,
As Austin bit? how shal the world be served?
Let Austin have his swink to him reserved.
Therefore he was a prickasoure a right;
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight
Of pricking and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris, and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

A FREERE ther was, a wanton and a mery,
A Limitour, a ful solempne man.
In all the ordres foure is noon that can
So moche of daliance and fayre langage.
He hadde ymade ful many a mariage
Of yonge wimmen, at his owen cost.
Until his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel beloved, and familier was he
With frankeleins over all in his contree,

And eke with worthy wimmen of the toun:
For he had power of confession,
As saide himselfe, more than a curat,
For of his ordre he was licentiat.
Ful swetely herde he confession,
And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance,
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitance:
For unto a poure ordre for to give
Is signe that a man is well yshrive.
For if he gave, he dorste make avant,
He wiste that a man was repentant.
For many a man so harde is of his herte,
He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
Therefore in stede of weping and praieres,
Men mote give silver to the poure freres.
His tippet was ay farsed ful of knives,
And pinnes, for to given fayre wives.
And certainly he hadde a mery note.
Wel coude he singe and plaien on a rote.
Of yeddinges he bare utterly the pris.
His nekke was white as the flour de lis.
Thereto he strong was as a champioun,
And knew wel the tavernes in every toun,
And every hosteler and gay tapstere,
Better than a lazar or a beggere.
For unto swiche a worthy man as he
Accordeth nought, as by his faculte,
To haven with sike lazars acquaintance.
It is not honest, it may not avance,
As for to delen with no swiche pouraille,
But all with riche, and sellers of vitaille.
And over all, ther as profit shuld arise,
Curteis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther n'as no man no wher so vertuous.
He was the beste begger in all his hous:
And gave a certaine ferme for the grant,
Non of his brethren came in his haunt.
For though a widdewe hadde but a shoo,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet wold he have a ferthing or he went.
His pourchas was wel better than his rent.
And rage he coude as it hadde ben a whelp,
In lovedayes, ther coude he mochel help.
For ther was he nat like a cloisterere,
With thredbare cope, as is a poure scolere,
But he was like a maister or a pope.
Of double worsted was his semicope,
That round was as a belle out of the presse.
Somwhat he lisped for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he hadde songe,
His eyen twinkeled in his hed aright,
As don the sterres in a frosty night.
This worthy limitour was cleped Huberd.

A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clapsid fayre and fetisly.
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept for any thing
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedefastly didde he his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But soth to sayn, I n'ot how men him calle.

A CLERK ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
Ne was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han at his beddes hed
Twenty bokes clothed in blake or red,
Of Aristotle, and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or santrie.
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre
But all that he might of his frendes hente,
On bokes and on lerning he it spente,
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem, that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he moste cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and ful of high sentence.
Souning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A SERGEANT OF THE LAWE ware and wise,
That often hadde yben at the paruis,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discrete he was, and of gret reverence:
He semed swiche, his wordes were so wise.
Justice he was ful often in assise,
By patent, and by pleine commissioun;
For his science, and for his high renoun,
Of fees and robes had he many on.
So grete a pourchasour was no wher non.
All was fee simple to him in effect,
His pourchasing might not ben in suspect.
No wher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he semed besier than he was.
In termes hadde he cas and domes alle,
That fro the time of king Will. weren falle.
Thereto he coude endite, and make a thing,
Ther coude no wight pinche at his writing.
And every statute coude he plaine by rote.
He rode but homely in a medlee cote,
Girt with a seint of silk, with barres smale
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

A FRANKELEIN was in this compagnie:
White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicure's owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verally felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His brede, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.

Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
And many a breme, and many a luce in stewe.
Wo was his coke, but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.
At sessions ther was he lord and sire.
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace and a gipciere all of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben, and a contour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.

AN HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,
Were alle yclothed in o livere,
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was.
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough and rent,
And eke hir wives wolde it wel assent:
And elles certainly they were to blame.
It is ful fayre to ben yeleped madame,
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,
To boil the chikenes and the marie bones,
And poudre marchant, tart and galingale.
Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale,
He coude roste, and sethe, and broile, and frie,
Maken mortrewes, and wel bake a pie.
But grete harm was it, as it thoughte me,
That on his shinne a mormal hadde he.
For blanc manger that made he with the best.

A SHIPMAN was ther, woned fer by West;
For ought I wote, he was of Dertemouth.
He rode upon a rouncie, as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
And certainly he was a good felaw.
Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeux ward, while that the chapmen slepe.
Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.
If that he faught, and hadde the higher hand,
By water he sent hem home to every land.
But of his craft to reken wel his tides,
His stremes and his strandes him besides,
His herberwe, his mone, and his lodemanage,
Ther was non swiche, from Hull unto Cartage.
Hardy he was, and wise, I undertake:
With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.
He knew wel alle the havens, as they were,
Fro Gotland, to the Cape de finistere,
And every creke in Bretagne and in Spaine:
His barge ycleped was the Magdelaine.

With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISIKE,
In all this world ne was ther non him like
To speke of phisike, and of surgerie:
For he was grounded in astronomie.
He kept his patient a ful gret del
In houres by his magike naturel.
Wel coude he fortunen the ascendent
Of his images for his patient.
He knew the cause of every maladie,
Were it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,
And wher engendred, and of what humour,
He was a veray parfite practisour.
The cause yknowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries
To send him dragges, and his lettuaries,
For eche of hem made other for to winne:
Hir frendship n'as not newe to beginne.
Wel knew he the old Esculapius,
And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus;
Old Hippocras, Hali, and Gallien;
Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen;
Averois, Damascene, and Constantin;
Bernard and Gatisden, and Gilbertin.
Of his diete mesurable was he,
For it was of no superfluitee
But of gret nourishing, and digestible.
His studie was but litel on the Bible.
In sanguin and in perse he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle.
And yet he was but esy of dispence:
He kepte that he wan in the pestilence.
For gold in phisike is a cordial;
Therefore he loved gold in special.

A good WIF was ther OF beside BATHE,
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish wif ne was ther non,
That to the offring before hire shulde gon,
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground;
I dorste swere, they weyeden a pound:
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede.
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live,
Housbondes at the chirche dore had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe.
But therof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme.
She hadde passed many a strange streme.
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloine,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Colome.
She coude moche of wandring by the way.

Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship wel coude she laughe and carpe,
Of remedies of love she knew parchance,
For of that arte she coude the olde dance.

A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely woldo preche.
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient:
And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
Ful loth wer him to cursen for his tithes,
But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
Unto his poure parishens aboute,
Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
He coude in litel thing have suffisance.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,
In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
And this figure he added yet therto,
That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do?
For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
No wonder is a lewed man to rust:
And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
To see a shitten shepherd, and clene shepe:
Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
By his cleanesse, how his shepe shulde live.
He sette not his benefice to hire,
And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
To seken him a chanterie for soules,
Or with a brotherhede to be withold:
But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold,
So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful men not dispitous,
Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
But in his teching discrete and benigne.
To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
By good ensample was his besinesse:
But it were any persone obstinat.
What so he were of highe or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that no wher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

With him ther was a PLOWMAN, was his brother,
That hadde ylaid of dong ful many a fother.
A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
God loved he beste with all his herte
At alle times, were it gain or smerte,
And than his neighebour right as himselve.
He wolde thresh, and therto dike, and delve,
For Cristes sake, for every poure wight,
Withouten hire, if it lay in his might.
His tithes paied he ful fayre and wel
Both of his propre swinke, and his catel.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
Ther was also a Reve, and a Millere,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
A Manciple, and myself, ther n'ere no mo.

The MILLER was a stout carl for the nones,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones:
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered brode, a thikke gnarre,
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade.
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres.
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A sword and bokeler, bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis.
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,
And that was most of sinne, and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne, and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And therwithall he brought us out of towne.

A gentil MANCIPLE was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille,
For whether that he paide, or toke by taille,
Algate he waited so in his achate,
That he was ay before in good estate.
Now is not that of God a ful fayre grace,
That swiche a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an hepe of lered men?
Of maisters had he mo than thries ten,
That were of lawe expert and curious:
Of which ther was a dosein in that hous,
Worthy to ben stewardes of rent and lond
Of any lord that is in Englelond,
To maken him live by his propre good,
In honour detteles, but if he were wood.
Or live as scarsly, as him list desire;
And able for to helpen all a shire
In any cas that mighte fallen or happe;
And yet this Manciple sette hir aller cappe.

The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne:

Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he by the drought, and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed, and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this reves governing,
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord was twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage,
Ther n'as baillif, ne herde, ne other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine:
They were adradde of him, as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth,
With grene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord purchace.
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owen good,
And have a thank and yet a cote and hood.
In youthe he lerned hadde a good mistere.
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee grey and highte Scot,
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this reve, of which I tell.
Beside a toun, men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere aboute,
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A SOMPNOUR was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
For sauseflcme he was, with eyen narwe.
As hote he was, and likerous as a sparwe,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd:
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quiksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood.
Than wolde he speke, and crie as he were wood.
And whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day.
And eke ye knowen wel, how that a jay
Can clepen watte, as wel as can the pope.
But who so wolde in other thing him grope,
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie,
Ay, *Questio quid juris*, wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
He wolde suffre for a quart of wine,
A good felaw to have his concubine
A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full.
Ful prively a finch eke coude he pull.
And if he found o where a good felawe,
He wolde techen him to have non awe
In swiche a cas of the archedekenes curse;
But if a mannes soule were in his purse:
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekenes helle, said he.
But wel I wote, he lied right in dede:
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede.
For curse wol sle right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he at his owen gise
The yonge girls of the diocise,
And knew hir conseil, and was of hir rede.
A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake:
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him ther rode a gentil PARDONERE
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome.
Ful loude he sang, Come hither, love, to me.
This sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he, as an hare.
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.
No berd hadde he, ne never non shuld have,
As smothe it was as it were newe shave;
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.
But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swich an other pardonere.
For in his male he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was our ladies veil:
He saide, he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Whiche Seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Crist him hent.
He had a crois of laton full of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling up on lond,
Upon a day he gat him more moneie
Than that the persone gat in monethes twoie.
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.
But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast.
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he sang an offertorie:
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He must preche, and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude:
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

Now have I told you shortly in a clause,
Th'estat, th'araie, the nombre, and eke the cause
Why that assembled was this compagnie
In Southwerk at this gentil hostelrie,
That highte the Tabard, faste by the Belle.
But now is time to you for to telle,
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrie alight.

And after wol I telle of our viage,
And all the remenant of our pilgrimage.
But firste I praie you of your curtesie,
That ye ne arette it not my vilanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this matere,
To tellen you hir wordes and hir chere;
Ne though I speke hir wordes proprely.
For this ye knowen al so wel as I,
Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or feinen thinges, or finden wordes newe.
He may not spare, although he were his brother.
He most as wel sayn o word, as an other.
Crist spake himself ful brode in holy writ,
And wel ye wote no vilanie is it.
Eke Plato sayeth, who so can him rede,
The wordes moste ben cosin to the dede.
Also I praie you to forgive it me,
All have I not sette folk in hir degree,
Here in this tale, as that they shulden stonde.
My wit is short, ye may wel understonde.

Gret chere made oure hoste us everich on,
And to the souper sette he us anon:
And served us with vitaille of the beste.
Strong was the win, and wel to drinke us leste.
A semely man our hoste was with alle,
For to han ben a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeis is ther non in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wise and wel ytaught,
And of manhood him lacked righte naught.
Eke therto was he right a mery man,
And after souper plaien he began,
And spake of mirthe amonges other thinges,
Whan that we hadden made our rekeninges;
And saide thus: "Now, lordinges, trewely
Ye ben to me welcome right hertily:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal not lie,
I saw nat this yere swiche a compagnie
At ones in this herbowe, as is now.
Fayn wolde I do you mirthe, and I wiste how.
And of a mirthe I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shall coste you nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury; God you spede,
The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play:
For trewely comfort ne mirthe is non,
To riden by the way dombe as the ston:
And therfore wold I maken you disport,
As I said erst, and don you some comfort,
And if you liketh alle by on assent
Now for to stonden at my jugement:
And for to werchen as I shal you say
To-morwe, when ye riden on the way,
Now by my faders soule that is ded,
But ye be mery, smiteth of my hed.
Hold up your hondes withouten more speche."
Our conseil was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it wise,
And granted him withouten more avise,
And bad him say his verdit, as him leste.

"Lordinges," (quod he) "now herkeneth for the beste;
But take it nat, I pray you, in disdain;
This is the point, to speke it plat and plain,
That eche of you to shorten with youre way,
In this viage, shall tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mene it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of aventures that whilom han befalle.
And which of you that bereth him best of alle,
That is to sayn, that telleth in this cas
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a souper at your aller cost
Here in this place sitting by this post,
Whan that ye comen agen from Canterbury.
And for to maken you the more mery,
I wol my selven gladly with you ride,
Right at min owen cost, and be your gide.
And who that wol my jugement withsay,
Shal pay for alle we spenden by the way.
And if ye vouchesauf that it be so,
Telle me anon withouten wordes mo,
And I wol erly shapen me therfore."
This thing was granted, and our othes swore
With ful glad herte, and praiden him also,
That he wold vouchesauf for to don so,
And that he wolde ben our governour,
And of our tales juge and reportour,
And sette a souper at a certain pris;
And we wol ruled ben at his devise,
In highe and lowe: and thus by on assent,
We ben accorded to his jugement.
And therupon the win was fette anon.
We dronken, and to reste wenten eche on,
Withouten any lenger tarrying.
A morwe whan the day began to spring,
Up rose our hoste, and was our aller cok,
And gaderd us togeder in a flok,
And forth we riden a litel more than pas,
Unto the watering of Seint Thomas:
And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide, "lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, and I it record,
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye forther twinne.
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.
"Sire knight," (quod he) "my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cutte, for that is min accord.
Cometh nere" (quod he) "my lady prioresse,
And ye, sire clerk, let be your shamefacednesse,
Ne studie nought: lay hand to, every man."
Anon to drawen every wight began,
And shortly for to tellen as it was,
Were it by aventure, or sort, or cas,
The sothe is this, the cutte felle on the knight,
Of which ful blith and glad was every wight;
And tell he must his tale as was reson,
By forword, and by composition,
As ye han herd; what nedeth wordes mo?
And whan this good man saw that it was so,
As he-that wise was and obedient

To kepe his forword by his free assent,
He saide; "Sithen I shal begin this game,
What, welcome be the cutte a Goddes name.
Now let us ride, and herkeneth what I say."
And with that word we riden forth our way;
And he began with right a mery chere,
His tale anon, and saide as ye shul here.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

20.—THE SQUIERES TALE.

At Sarra, in the lond of Tartarie,
Ther dwelt a king that werreied Russie,
Thurgh which ther died many a doughty man:
This noble king was cleped Cambuscan,
Which in his time was of so gret renoun,
That ther n'as no wher in no regioun,
So excellent a lord in alle thing:
Him lacked nought that longeth to a king,
As of the secte of which that he was borne.
He kept his lay to which he was ysworne,
And therto he was hardy, wise, and riche,
And pitous and just, and alway yliche,
Trewe of his word, benigne and honourable;
Of his corage as any centre stable;
Yong, fresh, and strong, in armes desirous,
As any bacheler of all his hous.
A faire person he was, and fortunate,
And kept alway so wel real estat,
That ther n'as no wher swiche another man.
This noble king, this Tartre Cambuscan,
Hadde two sones by Elfeta his wif,
Of which the eldest sone highte Algarsif,
That other was yeleped Camballo.
A doughter had this worthy king also,
That yongest was, and highte Canace:
But for to tellen you all hire beautee,
It lith not in my tonge, ne in my conning,
I dare not undertake so high a thing:
Min English eke is unsufficient,
It muste ben a Rethor excellent,
That coude his colours longing for that art,
If he shuld hire descriven ony part:
I am not swiche, I mote speke as I can.
And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan
Hath twenty winter borne his diademe,
As he was wont fro yere to yere I deme,
He let the feste of his nativitee
Don crien, thurghout Sarra his citee,
The last Idus of March, after the yere.
Phebus the sonne ful jolif was and clere,
For he was nigh his exaltation
In Martes face, and in his mansion
In Aries, the colerike hote signe:
Ful lusty was the wether and benigne
For which the foules again the sonne shene,
What for the seson ane the yonge grene,
Ful loude songen hir affections:
Hem semed han getten hem protections
Again the swerd of winter kene and cold.
This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
In real vestiments, sit on his deis
With diademe, ful high in his paleis;
And holte his feste solempne and so riche,
That in this world ne was ther non it liche,
Of which if I shal tellen all the array,
Than wold it occupie a somers day;
And eke it nedeth not for to devise
At every cours the order of hir service.
I wol not tellen of hir strange sewes,
Ne of hir swannes, ne hir heronsewes.
Eke in that lond, as tellen knightes old,
Ther is som mete that is ful deintee.hold,
That in this lond men recche of it ful smal:
Ther n'is no man that may reporten al.
I wol not tarien you, for it is prime,
And for it is no fruit, but losse of time,
Unto my purpose I wol have recours
And so befell that after the thridde cours
While that this king sit thus in his nobley,
Herking his ministralles hir thinges pley
Beforne him at his bord deliciously,
In at the halle dore al sodenly
Ther came a knight upon a stede of bras,
And in his hond a brod mirrour of glas;
Upon his thombe he had of gold a ring,
And by his side a naked swerde hanging:
And up he rideth to the highe bord.
In all the halle ne was ther spoke a word,
For mervaille of this knight; him to behold
Ful besily they waiten yong and old.
This strange knight that come thus sodenly
Al armed save his hed ful richely,
Saluteth king and quene, and lordes alle
By order, as they saten in the halle,
With so high reverence and observance,
As wel in speche as in his contenance,
That Gawain with his olde curtesie,
Though he were come agen out of Faerie,
Ne coude him not amenden with a word.
And after this, beforn the highe bord
He with a manly vois sayd his message,
After the forme used in his langage,
Withouten vice of sillable or of letter.
And for his tale shulde seme the better,
Accordant to his wordes was his chere,
As techeth art of speche hem that it lere.
Al be it that I cannot soune his stile,
Ne cannot climben over so high a stile,
Yet say I this, as to comun entent,
Thus much amounteth all that ever he ment,
If it so be that I have it in mind.
He sayd; "The king of Arabie and of Inde,
My liege lord, on this solempne day
Saluteth you as he best can and may,
And sendeth you in honour of your feste
By me, that am al redy at your heste,
This stede of bras, that esily and wel
Can in the space of a day naturel,
(This is to sayn, in four and twenty houres)
Wher so you list, in drought or elles shoures,
Beren your body into every place,
To which your herte willeth for to pace,
Withouten wemme of you, thurgh foule or faire.
Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire,
As doth an egle, whan him list to sore,
This same stede shal bere you evermore
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you lest,
(Though that ye slepen on his back or rest
And turne again, with writhing of a pin.
He that it wrought, he coude many a gin;

He waited many a constellation,
Or he had don this operation.
And knew ful many a sele and many a bond.
"This mirrour eke, that I have in min hond,
Hath swiche a might, that men may in it see,
Whan ther shal falle ony adversitee
Unto your regne, or to yourself also,
And openly, who is your frend or fo.
And over all this, if any lady bright
Hath set hire herte on any maner wight,
If he be false, she shal his treson see,
His newe love, and all his subtiltee
So openly, that ther shal nothing hide.
"Wherfore again this lusty somer tide
This mirrour and this ring, that ye may se,
He hath sent to my lady Canace,
Your excellente doughter that is here.
"The vertue of this ring, if ye wol here,
Is this, that if hire list it for to were
Upon hire thombe, or in hire purse it here,
Ther is no foule that fleeth under heven,
That she ne shal wel understond his steven,
And know his mening openly and plaine,
And answere him in his langage again:
And every gras that groweth upon rote
She shal eke know, and whom it wol do bote,
All be his woundes never so depe and wide.
"This naked sword, that hangeth by my side,
Swiche vertue hath, that what man that it smite,
Thurghout his armure it wol kerve and bite,
Were it as thicke as is a braunched oke:
And what man that is wounded with the stroke
Shal never be hole, til that you list of grace
To stroken him with the platte in thilke place
Ther he is hurt; this is as much to sain,
Ye moten with the platte sword again
Stroken him in the wound, and it wol close.
This is the veray soth withouten glose,
It failleth not, while it is in your hold."
And whan this knight hath thus his tale told,
He rideth out of halle, and doun he light:
His stede, which that shone as sonne bright,
Stant in the court as stille as any ston.
This knight is to his chambre ladde anon,
And is unarmed, and to the mete ysette.
Thise presents ben ful richelich yfette,
This is to sain, the sword and the mirrour,
And borne anon into the highe tour,
With certain officers ordained therfore:
And unto Canace the ring is bore
Solempnely, ther she sat at the table:
But sikerly, withouten any fable,
The hors of bras, that may not be remued;
It stant, as were to the ground yglued:
Ther may no man out of the place it drive
For non engine, of windas, or polive:
And cause why, for they con not the craft,
And therfore in the place they han it laft,
Til that the knight hath taught hem the manere
To voiden him, as ye shal after here.
Gret was the prees that swarmed to and fro
To gauren on this hors that stondeth so:
For it so high was, and so brod and long,
So wel proportioned for to be strong,
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardie;
Therwith so horsly, and so quik of eye,
As it a gentil Poileis courser were:
For certes, fro his tayl unto his ere
Nature ne art ne coud him not amend
In no degree, as all the peple wend.
But evermore hir moste wonder was,
How that it coude gon, and was of bras;
It was of faerie, as the peple semed.
Diverse folk diversely han demed;
As many heds, as many wittes ben.
They murmured, as doth a swarme of been,
And maden skilles after hir fantasies,
Rehersing of the olde poetries,
And sayd it was ylike the Pegasee,
The hors that hadde winges for to flee,
Or elles it was the Grekes hors Sinon,
That broughte Troye to destruction,
As men moun in thise olde gestes rede.
"Min herte," quod on, "is evermore in drede,
I trow som men of armes ben therin,
That shapen hem this citee for to win:
It were right good that al swiche thing were know."
Another rowned to his felaw low,
And sayd, "He lieth, for it is rather like
An apparence ymade by som magike,
As jogelours plain at thise festes grete."
Of sondry doutes thus they jangle and trete,
As lewed peple demen comunly
Of thinges, that ben made more subtilly
Than they can in hir lewednesse comprehende,
They demen gladly to the badder ende.
And som of hem wondred on the mirrour,
That born was up in to the maister tour,
How men mighte in it swiche thinges see.
Another answered, and sayd, "It might wel be
Naturelly by compositions
Of angles, and of slie reflections;"
And saide that in Rome was swiche on.
They speke of Alhazen and Vitellon,
And Aristotle, that writen in hir lives
Of queinte mirrours, and of prospectives,
As knowen they, that han hir bookes herd.
And other folk han wondred on the sword,
That wolde percen thurghout every thing,
And fell in speche of Telephus the king,
And of Achilles for his queinte spere,
For he coude with it bothe hele and dere,
Right in swiche wise as men may with the swerde,
Of which right now ye have yourselven herd.
They speken of sondry harding of metall,
And speking of medicines therwithall,
And how, and whan it shuld yharded be,
Which is unknow algates unto me.
Tho speken they of Canacees ring,
And saiden all, that swiche a wonder thing
Of craft of ringes herd they never non,
Save that he Moises and king Salomon
Hadden a name of conning in swiche art.
Thus sain the peple, and drawen hem apart.
But natheles som saiden that it was
Wonder to maken of ferne ashen glas,
And yet is glas nought like ashen of ferne,
But for they han yknowen it so ferne,
Therfore ceseth hir jangling and hir wonder.
As sore wondren som on cause of thonder,

On ebbe and floud, on gossomer, and on mist,
And on all thing, til that the cause is wist.
Thus janglen they, and demen and devise,
Til that the king gan fro his bord arise.
Phebus hath left the angle meridional,
And yet ascending was the beste real,
The gentil Leon, with his Aldrian,
Whan that this Tartre king, this Cambuscan,
Rose from his bord, ther as he sat ful hie:
Beforne him goth the loude minstralcie.
Til he come to his chambre of parements,
Ther as they sounden divers instruments,
That it is like an heven for to here.
Now dauncen lusty Venus children dere
For in the Fish hir lady set ful hie,
And loketh on hem with a frendly eye.
This noble king is set upon his trone;
This straunge knight is fet to him ful sone,
And on the daunce he goth with Canace.
Here is the revell and the jolitee,
That is not able a dull man to devise:
He must han knowen love and his servise,
And ben a festlich man, as fresh as May,
That shulde you devisen swiche array.
Who coude tellen you the forme of daunces
So uncouth, and so freshe contenaunces,
Swiche subtil lokings and dissimulings,
For dred of jalous mennes apperceivings?
No man but Launcelot, and he is ded.
Therfore I passe over all this lustyhed,
I say no more but in this jolinesse
I lete hem, til men to the souper hem dresse.
The steward bit the spices for to hie
And eke the win, in all this melodie;
The ushers and the squierie ben gon,
The spices and the win is come anon:
They ete and drinke, and whan this had an end,
Unto the temple, as reson was, they wend:
The service don, they soupen all by day.
What nedeth you rehersen hir array?
Eche man wot wel, that at a kinges fest
Is plentee, to the most and to the lest,
And deintees mo than ben in my knowing.
At after souper goth this noble king
To seen this hors of bras, with all a route
Of lordes and of ladies him aboute.
Swiche wondring was ther on this hors of bras,
That sin the gret assege of Troye was,
Ther as men wondred on an hors also,
Ne was ther swiche a wondring, as was tho.
But finally the king asketh the knight
The vertue of this courser, and the might,
And praied him to tell his governaunce.
This hors anon gan for to trip and daunce,
Whan that the knight laid hond up on his rein,
And saide, "Sire, ther n'is no more to sain,
But whan you list to riden any where,
Ye moten trill a pin, stant in his ere,
Which I shall tellen you betwixt us two,
Ye moten nempne him to what place also,
Or to what contree that you list to ride.
"And whan ye come ther as you list abide,
Bid him descend, and trill another pin,
(For therin lieth the effect of all the gin)
And he wol doun descend and don your will,
And in that place he wol abiden still:
Though al the world had the contrary swore,
He shal not thennes be drawe ne be bore.
Or if you list to bid him thennes gon,
Trille this pin, and he wol vanish anon
Out of the sight of every maner wight,
And come agen, be it by day or night,
Whan that you list to clepen him again
In swiche a guise, as I shal to you sain
Betwixen you and me, and that ful sone.
Ride whan you list, ther n'is no more to done."
Enfourmed whan the king was of the knight,
And hath conceived in his wit aright
The maner and the forme of all this thing,
Ful glad and blith, this noble doughty king
Repaireth to his revel, as beforne.
The bridel is in to the tour yborne,
And kept among his jewels lefe and dere:
The hors vanisht, I n'ot in what manere,
Out of hir sight, ye get no more of me:
But thus I lete in lust and jolitee
This Cambuscan his lordes festeying,
Til that wel nigh the day began to spring.

PARS SECUNDA.

The norice of digestion, the slepe,
Gan on hem winke, and bad hem taken kepe,
That mochel drinke, and labour wol have rest:
And with a galping mouth hem all he kest,
And said, "that it was time to lie adoun,
For blood was in his domination:
Cherisheth blood, natures frend," quod he.
They thanken him galping, by two by three;
And every wight gan drawe him to his rest,
As slepe hem bade, they toke it for the best.
Hir dremes shul not now be told for me;
Ful were hir hedes of fumositee,
That causeth dreme, of which ther is no charge.
They slepen til that it was prime large,
The moste part, but it were Canace;
She was ful mesurable, as women be.
For of hire father had she take hire leve
To gon to rest, sone after it was eve;
Hire liste not appalled for to be,
Nor on the morwe unfestliche for to see;
And slept hire firste slepe, and than awoke.
For swiche a joye she in hire herte toke
Both of hire queinte ring, and of hire mirrour,
That twenty time she chaunged hire colour;
And in hire slepe right for the impression
Of hire mirrour she had a vision.
Wherfore, or that the sonne gan up glide,
She clepeth upon hire maistresse hire beside,
And saide, that hire luste for to arise.
Thise old women, that ben gladly wise,
As is hire maistresse, answered hire anon,
And said: "Madame, whidei wol ye gon
Thus erly? for the folk ben all in rest."
"I wol," quod she, "arisen (for me lest
No longer for to slepe) and walken aboute."
Hire maistresse clepeth women a gret route,
And up they risen, wel a ten or twelve;
Up riseth freshe Canace hireselve,
As rody and bright, as the yonge sonne,
That in the Ram is foure degrees yronne;
No higher was he, when she redy was;
And forth she walketh esily a pas,

Arrayed after the lusty seson sote
Lightely for to playe, and walken on fote,
Nought but with five or sixe of her meinie,
And in a trenche forth in the park goth she
The vapour, which that fro the erthe glode,
Maketh the sonne to seme rody and brode
But natheles, it was so faire a sight,
That it made all hir hertes for to light,
What for the seson, and the morwening,
And for the foules that she herde sing
For right anon she wiste what they ment
Right by hir song, and knew al hir entent
The knotte, why that every tale is telde,
If it be taried til the lust be colde
Of hem, that han it herkened after yore
The savour passeth ever lenger the more
For fulsumnesse of the prolixitee
And by that same reson thinketh me
I shuld unto the knotte condescende,
And maken of hire walking sone an ende
Amidde a tree for dry, as white as chalk,
As Canace was playing in hire walk
Ther sat a faucon over hire hed ful hie,
That with a pitous voys so gan to crie
That all the wood resouned of hire cry,
And beten had hireself so pitously
With bothe hire winges til the rede blood
Ran endelong the tree, ther as she stood
And ever in on alway she cried and shright,
And with hire bek hireselven she so twight,
That ther n is tigre ne no cruel best,
That dwelleth other in wood, or in forest
That n olde han wept, if that he wepen coude
For sorwe of hire she shright alway so loude
For ther was never yet no man on live
If that he coude a faucon well descrive
That he ide of swiche another of fayrenesse
As wel of plumage, as of gentilesse
Of shape of all that might yeheried be
A faucon peregrine semed she
Of fremde lond and ever as she stood
She swouned now and now for lack of blood,
Til wel neigh is she fallen fro the tree
This faire kinges doughter Canace
That on hire finger bare the queinte ring
Thurgh which she understood wel every thing
That any foule may in his leden sain
And coude answere him in his leden again,
Hath understonden what this faucon seyd
And wel neigh for the routhe almost she deyd
And to the tree she goth ful hastily,
And on this faucon loketh pitously,
And held hire lap abrode, for wel she wist
The faucon muste fallen from the twist
Whan that she swouned next, for faute of blood
A longe while to waiten hire she stood
Til at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hauk as ye shul after here
"What is the cause if it be for to tell
That ye ben in this furial peine of hell?
Quod Canace unto this hauk above,
Is this for sorwe of deth or losse of love?
For as I trow, thise be the causes two
That causen most a gentil herte wo
Of othercharme it nedeth not to speke,
For ye yourself upon yourself awreke,
Which preveth wel, that other ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruel dede,
Sin that I se non other wight you chace
For the love of God, as doth yourselven grace
Or what may be your helpe for west ne est
Ne saw I never er now no brid ne best,
That ferde with himself so pitously
Ye sle me with your sorwe veraily,
I have of you so gret compassioun
For Goddes love come fro the tree adoun,
And as I am a kinges doughter trewe,
If that I veraily the causes knewe
Of your disese if it lay in my might
I wold amend it or that it were night,
As wisly help me the gret God of kind
And herbes shal I right ynough yfind
To elen with your hurtes hastily
Tho shright this faucon yet more pitously
Than ever she did and fell to ground anon,
And lith aswoune as ded as lith a ston
Til Canace hath in hire lappe hire take
Unto that time she gan of swoune awake
And after that she out of swoune abraide
Right in hire haukes leden thus she saide
That pitee renneth sone in gentil herte
(Feling his similitude in peines smerte)
Is proved alle day as men may see
As wel by werke as by auctoritee
For gentil herte kitheth gentillesse
I see wel that ye have on my distresse
Compassion, my faire Canace
Of veray womanly benignitee
That nature in your principles hath set
But for non hope for to fare the bet
But for to obey unto your herte free
And for to maken other ywrie by me
As by the whelpe chastised is the leon,
Right for that cause and that conclusion
While that I have a leiser and a space
Min harme I wol confessen er I pace
And ever while that on hire sorwe told
That other wept as she to water wold
Til that the faucon bad hire to be still
And with a sike right thus she sayd hire till
"Ther I was bred (alas that ilke day)
And fostred in a roche of marble gray
So tendrely that nothing ailed me
I ne wist not what was adversitee
Til I could flee ful high under the skie
Tho dwelled a tercelet me faste by,
That semed welle of alle gentillesse
Al were he ful of treson and falsenesse
It was so wrapped under humble chere
And under hew of trouth in swiche manere,
Under plesance and under besy peine,
That no wight coud have wend he coude feine,
So depe in greyn he died his coloures
Right as a serpent hideth him under floures,
Til he may see his time for to bite
Right so this god of loves hypocrite
Doth so his ceremonies and obeisance
And kepeth in semblaunt alle his observance,
That souneth unto gentillnesse of love
As on a tombe is alle the faire above,
And under is the corps, swiche as ye wote
Swiche was this hypocrite both cold and hote,

And in this wise he served his entent,
That, save the fend, non wiste what he ment:
Til he so long had weped and complained,
And many a yere his service to me fained,
Til that min herte, to pitous and to nice,
Al innocent of his crowned malice,
For-fered of his deth, as thoughte me,
Upon his othes and his seuretee,
Graunted him love, on this conditioun,
That evermo min honour and renoun
Were saved, bothe privee and apert;
This is to say, that, after his desert,
I yave him all min herte and all my thought,
(God wote, and he, that other wayes nought)
And toke his herte in chaunge of min for ay.
But soth is said, gon sithen is many a day,
A trewe wight and a theef thinken not on.
"And whan he saw the thing so fer ygon,
That I had granted him fully my love,
In swiche a guise as I have said above,
And yeven him my trewe herte as free
As he swore that he yaf his herte to me,
Anon this tigre, ful of doublenesse,
Fell on his knees with so gret humblesse,
With so high reverence, as by his chere,
So like a gentil lover of manere,
So ravished, as it semed, for the joye,
That never Jason, ne Paris of Troye,
Jason? certes, ne never other man,
Sin Lamech was, that alderfirst began
To loven two, as writen folk beforne,
Ne never sithen the first man was borne,
Ne coude man by twenty thousand part
Contrefete the sophimes of his art;
Ne were worthy to unbocle his galoche,
Ther doublenesse of faining shuld approche,
Ne coude so thanke a wight, as he did me.
His maner was an heven for to see
To any woman, were she never so wise,
So painted he and kempt, at point devise,
As wel his wordes, as his contenance.
And I so loved him for his obeisance,
And for the trouthe I demed in his herte,
That if so were that any thing him smerte,
Al were it never so lite, and I it wist,
Me thought I felt deth at myn herte twist.
And shortly, so ferforth this thing is went,
That my will was his willes instrument;
This is to say, my will obeied his will
In alle thinge, as fer as reson fill,
Keping the boundes of my worship ever:
Ne never had I thing so lefe, ne lever,
As him, God wot, ne never shal no mo.
"This lasteth lenger than a yere or two,
That I supposed of him nought but good.
But finally, thus at the last it stood,
That fortune wolde that he muste twin
Out of that place, which that I was in.
Wher me was wo, it is no question;
I cannot make of it description.
For o thing dare I tellen boldely,
I know what is the peine of deth therby,
Swiche harme I felt, for he ne might byleve.
"So on a day of me he toke his leve,
So sorweful eke, that I wend verraily,
That he had felt as mochel harme as I,
Whan that I herd him speke, and sawe his hewe.
But natheles, I thought he was so trewe,
And eke that he repairen shuld again
Within a litel while, soth to sain,
And reson wold eke that he muste go
For his honour, as often happeth so,
That I made vertue of necessitee,
And toke it wel, sin that it muste be.
As I best might, I hid fro him my sorwe,
And toke him by the hond, Seint John to borwe,
And said him thus; 'Lo, I am youres all,
Beth swiche as I have ben to you and shall.'
"What he answerd, it nedeth not reherse:
Who can say bet than he, who can do werse?
Whan he hath al wel said, than hath he done.
Therfore behoveth him a ful long spone,
That shal ete with a fend; thus herd I say.
"So at the laste he muste forth his way,
And forth he fleeth, til he come ther him lest.
Whan it came him to purpos for to rest,
I trow that he had thilke text in mind,
That alle thing repairing to his kind
Gladeth himself; thus sain men as I gesse.
Men loven of propre kind newefangelnesse,
As briddes don, that men in cages fede.
For though thou night and day take of hem hede,
And strew hir cage faire and soft as silke,
And give hem sugre, hony, bred, and milke,
Yet right anon as that his dore is up,
He with his feet wol spurnen doun his cup,
And to the wood he wol, and wormes ete;
So newefangel ben they of hir mete,
And loven noveltees of propre kind;
No gentillesse of blood ne may hem bind.
"So ferd this tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentil borne, and fresh, and gay,
And goodly for to seen, and humble, and free,
He saw upon a time a kite flee,
And sodenly he loved this kite so,
That all his love is clene fro me ago.
And hath his trouthe falsed in this wise.
Thus hath the kite my love in hire service,
And I am lorn withouten remedy."
And with that word this faucon gan to cry,
And swouneth eft in Canacees barme.
Gret was the sorwe for that haukes harme,
That Canace and all hire women made;
They n'isten how they might the faucon glade.
But Canace hom bereth hire in hire lap,
And softely in plastres gan hir wrap,
Ther as she with hire bek had hurt hireselve.
Now cannot Canace but herbes delve
Out of the ground, and maken salves newe
Of herbes precious and fine of hewe,
To helen with this hauk; fro day to night
She doth hire besinesse, and all hire might.
And by hire beddes hed she made a mew,
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouth, that is in woman sene,
And all without the mew is peinted grene,
In which were peinted all thise false foules
As ben thise tidifes, tercelettes, and fowles;

And pies, on hem for to cry and chide,
Right for despit were peinted hem beside.
Thus lete I Canace hire hauk keping.
I wol no more as now speke of hire ring,
Til it come eft to purpos for to sain,
How that this faucon gat hire love again
Repentant, as the story telleth us,
By mediation of Camballus
The kinges sone, of which that I you told.
But hennesforth I wol my processe hold
To speke of aventures, and of batailles,
That yet was never herd so gret mervailles.
First wol I tellen you of Cambuscan,
That in his time many a citee wan:
And after wol I speke of Algarsif,
How that he wan Theodora to his wif,
For whom ful oft in gret peril he was,
Ne had he ben holpen by the hors of bras.
And after wol I speke of Camballo,
That fought in listes with the brethren two
For Canace, er that he might hire winne,
And ther I left I wol again beginne.

* * * *

Chaucer.—About 1380.

21.—THE CUCKOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

The god of love and benedicite,
How mighty and how great a lord is he,
For he can make of low hertes hy,
And of high low, and like for to dy,
And herd hertes he can maken free.

He can make within a little stound
Of sicke folke hole, fresh, and sound,
And of hole he can make seeke,
He can bind and vnbinden eke
That he woll have bounden or vnbound.

To tell his might my wit may not suffice,
For he can make of wise folke full nice,
For he may do all that he woll devise,
And lithy folke to destroyen vice,
And proud hertes he can make agrise.

Shortly all that ever he woll he may,
Against him dare no wight say nay,
For he can glad and greve whom him liketh,
And who that he woll, he lougheth or siketh,
And most his might he shedeth ever in May.

For every true gentle herte free,
That with him is, or thinketh for to be,
Againe May now shall have some storing,
Or to joy or els to some mourning,
In no season so much, as thinketh me.

For whan they may here the birds sing,
And see the floures and the leaves spring,
That bringeth ifto hir remembraunce
A manner ease, meddled with grevaunce,
And lustie thoughts full of great longing.
And of that longing commeth hevinesse,
And thereof groweth of great sicknesse,
And for lacke of that that they desire,
And thus in May ben hertes set on fire,
So that they brennen forth in great distresse.

I speake this of feeling truly,
If I be old and vnlusty,
Yet I have felt of the sicknesse through May
Both hote and cold, and axes every day,
How sore ywis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shaken with the fevers white,
Of all this May sleepe I but a lite,
And also it is not like to me,
That any herte should sleepy be,
In whom that Love his firy dart woll smite.

But as I lay this other night waking,
I thought how lovers had a tokening,
And among hem it was a commune tale,
That it were good to here the nightingale,
Rather than the loud cuckow sing.

And than I thought anon as it was day,
I would go some where to assay
If that I might a nightingale here,
For yet had I none heard of all that yere,
And it was the the third night of May.

And anone as I the day aspide,
No longer would I in my bed abide,
But vnto a wood that was fast by,
I went forth alone boldely,
And held the way downe by a brooke side.

Till I came to a laund of white and green,
So faire one had I never in been,
The ground was green, ypoudred with daisie,
The floures and the greues like hy,
All greene and white, was nothing els seene.

There sate I downe among the faire flours,
And saw the birds trip out of hir bours,
There as they rested hem all the night,
They were so joyfull of the dayes light,
They began of May for to done honours.

They coud that seruice all by rote,
There was many a louely note,
Some song loud as they had plained,
And some in other manner voice yfained,
And some all out with the full throte.

They proyned hem, and made hem right gay,
And daunceden and lepten on the spray,
And euermore two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosen hem to yere
In Feuerere vpon saint Ualentines day.

And the riuer that I sate vpon,
It made such a noise as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birds armony,
Me thought it was the best melody
That might ben yheard of any mon.

And for delite I wote neuer how
I fell in such a slomber and a swow,
Nat all asleepe, ne fully waking,
And in that swow me thought I heard sing
The sorry bird, the leaud cuckow.

And that was on a tree right fast by,
But who was than euill apaid but I:
"Now God," quod I, "that died on the crois
Yeue sorrow on thee, and on thy leaud vois,
Full little joy haue I now of thy cry."

And as I with the cuckow thus gan chide,
I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustely sing,
That with her clere voice she made ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

"Ah, good nightingale," quod I than,
"A little hast thou ben too long hen,
For here hath ben the leaud cuckow,
And songen songs rather than hast thou,
I pray to God euill fire her bren."

But now I woll you tell a wonder thing,
As long as I lay in that swouning,
Me thought I wist what the birds ment,
And what they said, and what was hir entent,
And of hir speech I had good knowing.

There heard I the nightingale say,
"Now, good cuckow, go somewhere away,
And let vs that can singen dwellen here,
For euery wight eschueth thee to here,
Thy songs be so elenge in good fay."

"What," quod she, "what may thee aylen now,
It thinketh me, I sing as well as thou,
For my song is both true and plaine,
And though I cannot crakell so in vaine,
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot neuer how.

"And euery wight may vnderstand mee,
But nightingale so may they not done thee,
For thou hast many a nice queint cry,
I haue thee heard saine, ocy, ocy,
How might I know what that should be?"

"Ah! foole," quod she, "wost thou not what it is,
Whan that I say, ocy, ocy, ywis,
Than meane I that I would wonder faine,
That all they were shamefully yslaine,
That meanen ought againe loue amis.

"And also I would that all tho were dede,
That thinke not in loue hir life to lede,
For who so that wol not the god of loue serue,
I dare well say he is worthy to sterue,
And for that skill, ocy, ocy, I grede."

"Eye," quod the cuckow, "this is a queint law,
That euery wight shall loue or be to draw,
But I forsake all such companie,
For mine entent is not for to die,
Ne neuer while I liue on Loues yoke to draw.

"For louers ben the folke that ben on liue,
That most disease haue, and most vnthriue,
And most endure sorrow, wo, and care,
And least feelen of welfare,
What nedeth it ayenst trouth to striue."

"What," quod she, "thou art out of thy mind,
How might thou in thy churlenesse find
To speake of Loues seruaunts in this wise,
For in this world is none so good seruise
To euery wight that gentle is of kind.

"For thereof truly commeth all goodnesse,
All honour and all gentlenesse,
Worship, ease, and all hertes lust,
Parfite joy, and full assured trust,
Iolitie, pleasaunce, and freshnesse,

"Lowlyhead, largesse, and curtesie,
Semelyhead, and true companie,
Drede of shame for to done amis:
For he that truly Loues seruaunt is,
Were lother be shamed than to die.

"And that this is soth that I sey,
In that beleeue I will liue and dey,
And cuckow so I rede that thou do ywis:"
"Than," quod he, "let me neuer haue blisse
If euer I vnto that counsaile obey.

"Nightingale thou speakest wonder faire,
But for all that is the sooth contraire,
For loue is in yong folke, but rage,
And in old folke a great dotage,
Who most it vseth, most shall enpaire.

"For thereof cometh disease and heuinesse,
So sorow and care, and many a great sicknesse
Despite, debate, anger, and enuie,
Deprauing, shame, vntrust, and jelousie,
Pride, mischeefe, pouerty, and woodnesse:

"Louing is an office of despaire,
And one thing is therein that is not faire,
For who that getteth of loue a little blisse,
But if he be alway therewith ywis,
He may full soone of age haue his haire.

"And, nightingale, therefore hold thee ny,
For loue me well, for all thy queint cry,
If thou be ferre or long fro thy make,
Thou shalt be as other that been forsake,
And than thou shalt hoten as doe I."

"Fie," quod she, "on thy name and on thee,
The god of loue ne let thee neuer ythee,
For thou art worse a thousand fold than wood,
For many a one is full worthy and full good,
That had be naught ne had loue ybee.

"For euermore Loue his seruants amendeth,
And from all euill taches hem defendeth,
And maketh hem to brenne right in a fire,
In trouth and in worshipfull desire,
And whan him liketh, joy inough hem sendeth."

"Thou nightingale," he said, "be still,
For Loue hath no reason, but it is will,
For oft time vntrue folke he easeth,
And true folke so biterly he displeaseth,
That for default of courage he let hem spill."

Than tooke I of the nightingale keepe,
How she cast a sigh out of her deepe,
And said, "Alas that euer I was bore,
I can for tene not say one word more,"
And right with that word she brast out to weepe.

"Alas," quod she, "my herte woll to breake,
To hearen thus this leaud bird speake
Of Loue, and of his worshipfull seruise.
Now, god of loue, thou help me in some wise,
That I may on this cuckow been awreake."

Me thought than he stert vp anone,
And glad was I that he was agone,
And euermore the cuckow as he flay,
Said, "Farewell, farewell, popingay."
As though he had scorned me alone.

And than came th nightingale to mee,
And said, "Friend forsooth I thanke thee,
That thou hast lined me to rescow,
And one anow to loue make I now,
That all this May I woll thy singer be."

I thanked her, and was right well apaied:
"Ye," quod she, "and be thou not dismaied,
Tho thou haue herd the cuckow erst than me,
For if I liue, it shall amended be
The next May, if I be not affraied.

"And one thing I woll rede thee also,
Ne leue thou not the cuckow, ne his loues so,
For all that he hath said is strong leasing:"
"Nay," quod I, "thereto shall nothing me bring,
For loue and it hath doe me much wo.

"Ye, vse," quod she, "this medicine
Euery day this May or thou dine,
Go looke vpon the fresh daisie,
And though thou be for wo in point to die,
That shall full greatly lessen thee of thy pine.

"And looke alway that thou be good and trew,
And I woll sing one of the songs new
For loue of thee, as loud as I may crie:"
And than she began this song full hie,
"I ahrew all hem that been of loue vntrue."

And whan she had song it to the end,
"Now farewell," quod she, "for I mote wend,
And god of loue, that can right well, and may,
As much joy send thee this day,
As any yet euer he euer send."

Thus taketh the nightingale her leaue of me,
I pray to God alway with her be,
And joy of loue he send her euermore,
And shilde us fro the cuckow and his lore,
For there is not so false a bird as he.

Forth she flew the gentle nightingale
To all the birds that were in that dale,
And gate hem sil into a place in fere,
And besoughten hem that they would here
Her disease, and thus began her tale.

"The cuckow, well it is not for to hide,
How the cuckow and I fast haue chide,
Euer sithen it was day light,
I pray you all that ye do me right
On that foule false vnkind bridde."

Than spake o bird for all, by one assent,
"This matter asketh good auisement,
For we ben birdes here in fere.
And sooth it is, the cuckow is not here,
And therefore we woll haue a parliment.

"And thereat shall the egle be our lord,
And other peres that been of record,
And the cuckow shall be after sent,
There shall be yeue the judgement,
Or els we shall finally make accord.

"And this shall be without nay
The morrow after Saint Ualentines day,
Under a maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chamber window of the quene,
At Woodstocke vpon the grene lay."

She thanked hem, and than her leaue toke,
And into an hauthorne by that broke,
And there she sate and song vpon that tree,
"Terme of life loue hath withhold me,"
So loud that I with that song awoke.

EXPLICIT.

O leud book with thy foul rudenesse,
Sith thou haste neither beauty ne eloquence.
Who hath thee caused or yeue the hardinesse
For to appeare in my ladies presence,
I am full siker thou knowest her benenolence,
Full agreeable to all her abying,
For of all good she is the best liuing.

Alas that thou ne haddest worthinesse,
To shew to her some pleasaunt sentence,
Sith that she hath through her gentillesse
Accepted the seruant to her digne reuerence.
O, me repenteth that I ne had science
And leiser als, to make thee more flourishing,
For of all good she is the best liuing.

Beseech her meekely with all lowlinesse,
Though I be ferre from her in absence,
To think on my trouth to her and stedfastnesse,
And to abridge of my sorrowes the violence,
Which caused is, wherof knoweth your sapience,
She like among to notifie me her liking
For of all good she is the best liuing.

LANUOYE.

Aurore of gladnesse, and day of lustinesse,
Lucern a night with heauenly influence
Illumined, root of beauty and goodnesse,
Suspires, which I effunde in silence,
Of grace I beseech alledge let your writing,
Now of all good, sith ye be best liuing.

EXPLICIT.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

22.—TO HIS EMPTY PURSE.

To you my purse and to none other wight
Complaine I, for ye be my lady dere,
I am sorry now that ye be light,
For certes ye now make me heauy chere,
Me were as lefe laid vpon a bere,
For which vnto your mercy thus I crie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now vouchsafe this day or it be night,
That I of you the blissful sowne may here,
Or see your colour like the sunne bright,
That of yelowness had neuer pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hertes stere,
Queene of comfort and of good companie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

Now purse that art to me my liues light,
And sauiour, as downe in this world here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sith that you woll not be my treasure,
For I am shame as nere as any frere,
But I pray vnto your curtesie,
Be heauy againe, or els mote I die.

EXPLICIT.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

23.—THE HOUSE OF FAME.

And eke this house hath of entrès
As many as leaves ben on trees
In summer, when that they ben green;
And on the roof yet men may seno
A thousand bolis, and well mo,
To letten the sound out ygo.
And by day, in every tide,
Ben all the doorés open wide;
And by night each one is unshette;
Ne porter is there none to let,
Ne manere tidings in to pace,
Ne never rest is in that place,
That it n' is filled full of tidings,
Either loud, or of whisperings.
And, ever, all the House's angles
Is full of rownings and of jangles;
Of wars, of peace, of marriàges,
Of rests, of labour, of viàges,
Of abode, of death, of life,
Of love, of hate, accord, of strife;
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of health, of sickness, or lesings;
Of fairé weather, and tempèstis,
Of qualm, of folké, and of beastis;
Of divers transmutations
Of èstates and of regions;
Of trust, of dread, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, of folly;
Of plenty, and of great famine;
Of cheap, of dearth, and of ruine;
Of good, or of misgovernment,
Of fire, and divers accident.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

24.—MERCY.

But, sith 'tis so there is a trespass done,
Unto Mercy let yield the trespassour.
It is her office to redress it soon,
For Trespass is to Mercy a mirrour.
And like as the sweet hath the price by sour,
So by Trespass, Mercy hath all her might:
Without Trespass, Mercy hath lack of light.

What should Physic do but if Sickness were?
What needeth salve but if there were a sore?
What needeth drink where thirst hath no powèr?
What should Mercy do, but Trespass go afore?
But Trespass, Mercy woll be little store;
Without Trespass near execution,
May Mercy have no chief perfection.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

25.—INTRODUCTION TO "THE FLOWER AND THE LEAF."

And so I, gladé of the season sweet
Was happid thus; upon a certain night
As I lay in my bed, sleep full unmeet
Was unto me; but why that I no might
Rest I no wist, for there n' 'as earthly wight,
As I suppose, had more of hertis ease
Than I, for I n' 'ad sickness nor disease.

Wherefore I marvell'd greatly of myself
That I so long withouten sleepé lay,
And up I rose three hours after twelve,
About the springing of the gladsome day.
And on I put my gear and mine array,
And to a pleasant grove I 'gan to pass,
Long or the bright sunné uprisen was;

In which were oakés great, straight as a line,
Under the which the grass so fresh of hue
Was newly sprung, and an eight foot or nine
Every tree well from his fellow grew
With branches broad, laden with leavés new,
That springen out against the sonné sheen,
Some very red, and some a light glad green,

Which, as methought, was a right pleasant sight;
And eke the burdis songis for to hear,
Would have rejoiced any earthly wight,
And I, that couth not yet in no manère
Hearen the nightingale of all the year,
Full busily hearkenéd with heart and ear
If I her voice perceive could any where.

And at the last a path of little bredo
I found, that greatly had not usèd be,
For it forgrowén was with grass and weed,
That well unneathis a wight might it see.
Thought I, "This path some whider goth, pardé!"
And so I followed it till it me brought
To a right pleasant herbir well ywrought,

Which that benchéd was, and with turvés new
Freshly turvéd, whereof the greenè grass
So small, so thick, so soft, so fresh of hue,
That most like to green wool, wot I, it was;
The hedge also that yedén in compass,

And closéd in allé the green herbère
With sycamore was set and eglatere

Within, in fere so well and cunningly,
That every branch and leaf grew by measùre
Plain as a board, of an height by and by;
I see never a thing, I you ensure,
So well ydone; for he that took the cure
It for to make, I trow, did all his pain,
To make it pass all tho that men have seen.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

26.—THE DUPLICITY OF WOMEN.

This world is full of variance,
In everything, who taketh heed,
That faith and trust, and all constance,
Exiléd be, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhead,
I can ysee no sikerness:
But for all that yet, as I read,
Beware alway of doubleness.

Also that the fresh summer flowers,
The white and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers,
Made faint and fade, withouten ween,
That trust is none, as ye may seen,
In no thing, nor no steadfastness,
Except in women, thus I mean;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The crooked moon (this is no tale),
Some while isheen and bright of hue,
And after that full dark and pale,
And every moneth changeth new,
That who the very sothé knew
All thing is built on brittleness,
Save that women alway be true;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The lusty freshé summer's day,
And Phœbus with his beamés clear,
Towardés night they draw away,
And no longer list t'appear,
That in this present life now here
Nothing abideth in his fairness,
Save women aye be found entere,
And devoid of all doubleness.

The sea eke with his sterné wawes
Each day yfloweth new again,
And by the concourse of his lawés
The ebbe fleweth in certáin;
After great drought there cometh rain;
That farewell here all stableness,
Save that women be whole and plein;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

Fortunés wheel go'th round about
A thousand timés day and night,
Whose course standeth ever in doubt
For to transmue she is so light,
For which adverteth in your sight
Th' untrust of worldly fickleness,
Save women, which of kindly right
Ne hath no touch of doubleness.

What man ymay the wind restrain,
Or holden a snake by the tail?
Who may a slipper eel constrain
That it will void withouten fail?
Or who can driven so a nail
To maké sure newfangleness,
Save women, that can gie their sail
To row their boat with doubleness?

At every haven they can arrive
Whereas they wot is good passáge:
Of innocence they cannot strive
With wawés, nor no rockés rage;
So happy is their lodemanage
With needle' and stone their course to dress,
That Solomon was not so sage
To find in them no doubleness:

Therefore whoso doth them accuse
Of any double intentión,
To speaké rown, other to muse,
To pinch at their condition,
All is but false collusión,
I dare right well the soth express,
They have no better protectión,
But shroud them under doubleness.

So well fortunéd is their chance,
The dice to-turnen up so down,
With sice and cinque they can advance,
And then by revolutión
They set a fell conclusión
Of lombés, as in sothfastness,
Though clerkés maken mentión
Their kind is fret with doubleness.

Sampson yhad experience
That women were full true yfound;
When Dalila of innocence
With shearés 'gan his hair to round;
To speak also of Rosamond,
And Cleopatra's faithfulness,
The stories plainly will confound
Men that apeach their doubleness.

Single thing is not ypraiséd,
Nor of old is of no renown,
In balance when they be ypesed,
For lack of weight they be borne down,
And for this cause of just reason
These women all of rightwisness
Of choice and free election
Most love exchange and doubleness.

L'ENVOYE.

O ye women! which be inclinéd
By influence of your natúre
To be as pure as gold yfinéd,
And in your truth for to endure,
Armeth yourself in strong armúre,
(Lest men assail your sikerness),
Set on your breast, yourself t'assure,
A mighty shield of doubleness.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

27.—PRAISE OF WOMEN.

For, this ye know well, tho' I wouldin lie,
In women is all truth and steadfastness;
For, in good faith, I never of them sie
But much worship, bounty, and gentleness,
Right coming, fair, and full of meekéness;
Good, and glad, and lowly, I you ensure,
Is this goodly and àngelic creature.

And if it hap a man be in disease,
She doth her busíness and her full pain
With all her might him to comfòrt and please,
If fro his dìsease him she might restrain:
In word ne deed, I wis, she woll not faine;
With all her might she doth her busíness
To bringen him out of his heaviness.

Lo, here what gentleness these women have,
If we could know it for our rudéness!
How busye they be us to keep and save
Both in hele and also in sicknèss,
And alway right sorry for our distress!
In evéry manère thus shew they ruth,
That in them is all goodness and all truth.

Chaucer.—About 1380.

28.—THE LAST VERSES OF CHAUCER.

(*Written on his Deathbed.*)

Fly from the press, and dwell with sothfastness;
Suffice unto thy good though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all;
Savour no more than thee behoven shall;
Rede well thyself, that otherfolk can'st rede,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nalle;
Strive not as doth a crocké with a wall;
Deemeth thyself that deemest other's deed,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth; O beast out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust and let thy ghost thee lead,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

Chaucer.—About 1400.

29.—THE TALE OF THE COFFERS OR CASKETS, &c.

In a cronique thus I rede:
Aboute a king, as must nede,
Ther was of knyghtès and squiers
Gret route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoughten that they haue deserved,
Avancèment, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but a while agon,
And they avanced were anon.
These oldè men upon this thing,
So as they durst, ageyne the king
Among hemself compleignen ofte:
But there is nothing said so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudènce:
He shope therefore an evidence
Of hem that ploignen in the cas
To knowe in whose defalte it was:
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wistè what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make,
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich, that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
They were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom slih;
Whan he therto his time sih,
All privèly that none it wiste,
His ownè hondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perie,
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull
With stones meynd he fild also:
Thus be they full bothè two.
So that erliche upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairè spred:
And than he let the cofres fette
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of the
The whiche ageìn him grutched so,
Both of his chambre, and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seidè to hem in this wise.
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And god wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothè shall be proved now:
To stoppè with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the bord;
Chese which you list of bothè two;

And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if he happè therupon
Ye shall be richè men for ever:
Now chese and take which you is lever
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth together of one assent,
And taketh your avisement;
For but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your ownè chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn,
That no defaltè shal be myn.
They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this chois:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise,
And at lastè they accorde
(Wherof her talè to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall spekè for hem alle:
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to lese,
Ben all avised for to chese.
Tho toke this knyght a yerd on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone
He leith his yerde upon one,
And seith the king how thilke same
They chese in reguerdon by name,
And preith him that they might it have.
The king, which wolde his honor save,
Whan he had heard the common vois,
Hath granted hem her owne chois,
And toke hem therupon the keie;
But for he woldè it were seie
What good they have as they suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclose,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones:
Thus be they served all at ones.
This king than in the samè stede,
Anon that other cofre undede,
Where as they sihen gret richesse,
Wel more than they couthen gesse.
Lo! seith the king, now may ye see
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthy myself I wol acquite,
And bereth he your ownè wite
Of that fortune hath you refused.
Thus was this wise king excused:
And they lefte off her evil speche,
And mercy of her king besèche.

John Gower.—About 1390.

30.—ROSIPHÈLE'S VISION OF LADIES.

When come was the month of May,
She would walk upon a day,
And that was ere the sun arist,
Of women but a few it wist.
And forth she went privily
Unto a park was fast by,
All softé walkend on the grass,
Till she came there the land was
Through which ran a great rivère.
It thought her fair, and said, "Here
"Will I abide, under the shaw;"
And bade her women to withdraw.
And there she stood alone still,
To think what was in her will.
She saw the sweet flowers spring;
She heard (the) glad fowls sing;
She saw beastes in their kind,
The buck, the doe, the hart, the hind,
The males go with the female:
And so began there a quarèll
Between love and her owné heart,
From which she couthé not astart.
And as she cast her eye about,
She saw, clad in one suit, a rout
Of ladies, where they comen ride
Along under the wood side;
On fair ambulend horse they set,
That were all whité, fair, and great;
And everiche one rid on side.
The saddles were of such a pride,
So rich saw she never none
With pearls and gold so well begone;
In kirtels and in copés rich
They were all clothed all alich,
Departed even of white and blue
With all lustes that she knew
They were embroidered over all;
Their bodies weren long and small.
The beauty of their fair face
There may no earthly thing deface:
Corownés on their heads they bare
As each of them a queen were;
That all the gold of Crœsus' hall
The least coronal of all
Might not have bought, after the worth:
Thus comen they ridend forth.

John Gower.—About 1390.

31.—THE ENVIOUS MAN AND THE MISER.

Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit,
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.

So it befel upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten over lond;
Through which he thought to aspy
His cause, and go'th in company.

This angel with his words wise
Opposeth them in sundry wise;
Now loud words and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination,
Till he knew the condition,
What men they were both two;
And saw well at last tho,
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious.
And thus when he hath knowledging,
Anon he feignod departing,
And said he mote algate wend;
But hearken now what fell at end!
For then he made them understond,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kindship,
He would do them some grace again.
And bade that one of them should sain
What thing is him levest to crave,
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that ke forth with all
He saith, that other have shall
The double of that his fellow axeth;
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The Covetous was wonder glad;
And to that other man he bade,
And saith, that he first ax should;
For he supposeth that he would
Make his axing of world's good;
For then he knew well how it stood;
If that himself by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight
Because that he would win,
He bade his fellow first begin.
This Envious, though it be late,
When that he saw he mote, algate,
Make his axing first, he thought,
If he his worship and profit sought
It shall be double to his fere,
That he would chuse in no manner.
But then he showeth what he was
Toward envy, and in this case,
Unto this angel thus he said,
And for his gift thus he prayed,
To make him blind on his one ee,
So that his fellow nothing see.

This word was not so soon spoke,
Than his one ee anon was loke:
And his fellow forthwith also
Was blind on both his eyes two.
Tho was that other glad enough:
That one wept, and that other lough.
He set his one ee at no cost,
Whereof that other two hath lost.

John Gower.—About 1390.

32.—APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

33.—CHARACTER OF SIR JAMES OF DOUGLAS.

All men loved him for his bounty,
For he was of full fair effeir,
Wise, courteous, and debonair.
Large, and luffand als was he,
And oure all things lovéd lawté.
* * *
He was in all his deedis leal;
For him dedeynyeit not to deal
With treachery, na with falset:
His heart on high honour was set;
And him contentit on sic manère,
That all him loved that were him near.
But he was not so fair, that we
Should speak greatly of his beauty.
In visage he was some deal grey,
And had black hair, as I heard say;
But of limbs he was well made,
With banys great, and shoulders braid.
* * *
When he was blythe he was lovely,
And meek, and sweet in company;
But who in battle might him see,
Another countenance had he.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

34.—DEATH OF SIR HENRY DE BOHUN.

And when the king wist that they were
In hale battle, comand sae near,
His battle gart he weel array.
He rade upon a little palfrey,
Lawcht and joly arrayand
His battle, with an ax in hand.
And on his bassinet he bare
An hat of tyre aboon ay where;
And, thereupon, into takin,
Ane high crown, that he was king.
And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boon, the worthy,
That was a wicht knicht, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;

Came on a steed a bowshot near,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him sae range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his bassinet.
And toward him he went in hy.
And the king sae apertly
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In hy till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, forouten abasing,
Till him he rode in great hy.
He thought that he should weel lichtly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him horsit saw sae ill.
Sprent they samen intill a lyng;
Sir Henry missed the noble king;
And he that in his stirrups stude,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae great main, raucht him a dint,
That nouther hat nor helm micht stint
The heavy dush, that he him gave,
That near the head till the harns clave.
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird gan gae
All flatlings, for him failit micht.
This was the first straik of the ficht,
That was performit douchtily.
And when the king's men sae stoutly
Saw him, richt at the first meeting,
Forouten doubt or abasing,
Have slain a knicht sae at a straik,
Sic hard'ment thereat gan they tak,
That they come on richt hardily.
When Englishmen saw them sae stoutly
Come on, they had great abasing;
And specially for that the king
Sae smartly that gude knicht has slain,
That they withdrew them everilk ane.
And durst not ane abide to ficht:
Sae dreid they for the king's micht.
When that the king repairit was,
That gart his men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatumly,
That he him put in aventure,
To meet sae stith a knicht, and stour,
In sic point as he then was seen.
For they said weel, it micht have been
Cause of their tynsal everilk ane.
The king answer has made them nane,
But mainit his hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the straik broken in tway.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

35.—THE BATTLE OF BYLAND'S PATH.

Thus were they fechtand in the pass,
And when the king Robert, that was
Wiss in his deid, and anerly,
Saw his men sae right doughtily
The path upon their fayis ta';
And saw his fayis defend them sae:
Then gart he all the Irishry
That were intill his company,
Of Argyle and the Isles alsua,
Speed them in great hy to the brae.
And bade them leave the path haly
And climb up in the crags hy;
And speed them fast the height to ta':
Then might men see them stoutly gae,
And climb all gate up the height,
And leave not for their fayis might.
Maugre their fayis, they bare them sae
That they are gotten abune the brae.
Then might men see them fight felly;
And rusche their fayis sturdily.
And they that till the pass were gane,
Maugre their fayis, the height has tane;
Then laid they on with all their might;
There might men see them felly fight.

John Barbour.—About 1390.

THE SECOND PERIOD,

FROM 1400 TO 1558.

WARTON, with great beauty and justice, compares the appearance of Chaucer in our language to a premature day in an English spring; after which the gloom of winter returns, and the buds and blossoms, which have been called forth by a transient sunshine, are nipped by frosts and scattered by storms. The causes of the relapse of our poetry, after Chaucer, seem but too apparent in the annals of English history, which during five reigns of the fifteenth century continue to display but a tissue of conspiracies, proscriptions, and bloodshed. Inferior even to France in literary progress, England displays in the fifteenth century a still more mortifying contrast with Italy. Italy, too, had her religious schisms and public distractions; but her arts and literature had always a sheltering-place. They were even cherished by the rivalship of independent communities, and received encouragement from the opposite sources of commercial and ecclesiastical wealth. But *we* had no Nicholas the Fifth, nor house of Medicis. In England, the evils of civil war agitated society as one mass. There was no refuge from them—no inclosure to fence in the field of improvement—no mound to stem the torrent of public troubles. Before the death of Henry VI., it is said that one half of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom had perished in the field, or on the scaffold. Whilst in England the public spirit was thus brutalized, whilst the value and security of life were abridged, whilst the wealth of the rich was employed only in war, and the chance of patronage taken from the scholar; in Italy, princes and magistrates vied with each other in calling men of genius around them, as the brightest ornaments of their states and courts. The art of printing came to Italy to record the treasures of its literary attainments; but when it came to England, with a very few exceptions, it could not be said, for the purpose of diffusing native literature, to be a necessary art. A circumstance, additionally hostile to the national genius, may certainly be traced in the executions for religion, which sprang up as a horrible novelty in our country in the fifteenth century. The clergy were determined to indemnify themselves for the exposures which they had met with in the preceding age, and the unhallowed compromise which Henry IV. made with them, in return for supporting his accession, armed them, in an evil hour, with the torch of persecution. In one point of improvement, namely, in the boldness of religious inquiry, the North of Europe might already boast of being superior to the South, with all its learning, wealth, and elegant acquirements. The Scriptures had been opened by Wickliffe, but they were again to become "a fountain sealed, and a spring shut up." Amidst the progress of letters in Italy, the fine arts threw enchantment around superstition; and the warm imagination of the South was congenial to the nature of Catholic institutions. But the English mind had already shown, even amidst its comparative barbarism, a stern independent spirit of religion; and from this single proud and elevated point of its character, it was now to be crushed and beaten down. Sometimes a baffled struggle against oppression is more depressing to the human faculties than continued submission.

Our natural hatred of tyranny, and we may safely add, the general test of history and experience, would dispose us to believe religious persecution to be necessarily and essentially baneful to the elegant arts, no less than to the intellectual pursuits of mankind. It is natural to think, that when punishments are let loose upon men's opinions, they will spread a contagious alarm from the understanding to the imagination. They will make the heart grow close and insensible to generous feelings, where it is unaccustomed to express them freely; and the graces and gaiety of fancy will be dejected and appalled. In an age of persecution, even the living study of his own species must be comparatively darkened to the poet. He looks round on the characters and countenances of his fellow-creatures; and instead of the naturally cheerful and eccentric variety of their humours, he reads only a sullen and oppressed uniformity. To the spirit of poetry we should conceive such a period to be an impassable Avernus, where she would drop her wings and expire. Undoubtedly this inference will be

found warranted by a general survey of the history of Genius. It is, at the same time, impossible to deny, that wit and poetry have in some instances flourished coeval with ferocious bigotry, on the same spot, and under the same government. The literary glory of Spain was posterior to the establishment of the Inquisition. The fancy of Cervantes sported in its neighbourhood, though he declared that he could have made his writings still more entertaining if he had not dreaded the Holy Office. But the growth of Spanish genius, in spite of the co-existence of religious tyranny, was fostered by uncommon and glorious advantages in the circumstances of the nation. Spain (for we are comparing Spain in the sixteenth with England in the fifteenth century) was, at the period alluded to, great and proud in an empire on which it was boasted that the sun never set. Her language was widely diffused. The wealth of America for a while animated all her arts. Robertson says that the Spaniards discovered at that time an extent of political knowledge which the English themselves did not attain for more than a century afterwards. Religious persecutions began in England at a time when she was comparatively poor and barbarous, yet after she had been awakened to so much intelligence on the subject of religion as to make one half of the people indignantly impatient of priestly tyranny. If we add to the political troubles of the age, the circumstances of religious opinions being silenced and stifled by penal horrors, it will seem more wonderful that the spark of literature was kept alive, than that it did not spread more widely. Yet the fifteenth century had its redeeming traits of refinement, the more wonderful for appearing in the midst of such unfavourable circumstances. It had a Fortescue, although he wandered in exile, unprotected by the constitution which he explained and extolled in his writings. It had a noble patron and lover of letters in Tiptoft, although he died by the hands of the executioner. It witnessed the founding of many colleges in both of the universities, although they were still the haunts of scholastic quibbling; and it produced, in the venerable Pecock, one conscientious dignitary of the church, who wished to have converted the Protestants by appeals to reason, though for so doing he had his books, and, if he had not recanted in good time, would have had his body also, committed to the flames. To these causes may be ascribed the backwardness of our poetry between the dates of Chaucer and Spenser. I speak of the chasm extending to, or nearly to, Spenser; for, without undervaluing the elegant talents of Lord Surrey, I think we cannot consider the national genius as completely emancipated from oppressive circumstances, till the time of Elizabeth. There was indeed a commencement of our poetry under Henry VIII. It was a fine, but a feeble one. English genius seems then to have come forth, but half assured that her day of emancipation was at hand. There is something melancholy even in Lord Surrey's strains of gallantry. The succession of Henry VIII. gave stability to the government, and some degree of magnificence to the state of society. But tyranny was not yet at an end: and to judge, not by the gross buffoons, but by the few minds entitled to be called poetical, which appear in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, we may say that the English Muse had still a diffident aspect and a faltering tone. * * * *

The Scottish poets of the fifteenth, and of a part of the sixteenth century, would also justly demand a place in any history of our poetry that meant to be copious and minute; as the northern "makers," notwithstanding the difference of dialect, generally denominate their language "Inglis." Scotland produced an entire poetical version of the Æneid, before Lord Surrey had translated a single book of it; indeed, before there was an English version of any classic, excepting Boethius, if he can be called a classic. Virgil was only known in the English language through a romance of the Siege of Troy, published by Caxton, which, as Bishop Douglas observes, in the prologue to his Scottish Æneid, is no more like Virgil than the devil is like St. Austin. Perhaps the resemblance may not even be so great. But the Scottish poets, after all that has been said of them, form nothing like a brilliant revival of poetry. They are on the whole superior, indeed, in spirit and originality to their English contemporaries, which is not saying much; but their style is, for the most part, cast, if possible, in a worst taste. The prevailing fault of English diction, in the fifteenth century, is redundant ornament, and an affectation of Anglicising Latin words. In this pedantry and use of "*aureate terms*," the Scottish versifiers went even beyond their brethren of the south. Some exceptions to the remark, I am aware, may be found in Dunbar, who sometimes exhibits simplicity and lyrical terseness; but even *his* style has frequent deformities of quaintness, false ornament, and alliteration. The rest of them, when they meant to be most eloquent, tore up words from the Latin, which never took root in the language, like children making a mock garden with flowers and branches stuck in the ground, which speedily wither.—*Campbell's Essay on English Poetry.*

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

JOHN LYDGATE.

John Lydgate, who flourished about the year 1430, was an Augustine monk of St. Edmund's Bury. "His muse," says Warton, "was of universal access, and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of Goldsmiths, a mask before His Majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the Lord Mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a card for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted and gave the poetry." He travelled in France and Italy. He kept a school for pupils of the higher classes in versification. He wrote, according to Ritson, in his "Bibliographica Poetica," no fewer than 251 works. He was a good mathematician and also an accomplished scholar. Born 1375, died 1461.

JAMES I.

James I., King of Scotland, the son of Robert III., was taken by the English on his passage to France, and kept in confinement eighteen years. In 1423 he obtained his liberty on Marrying Joanna Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, with whom he had fallen in love from seeing her walking in the royal gardens at Windsor while he was a prisoner there, and who is believed to be the lady alluded to in James's pleasing poem of the "King's Quhair." On his return to Scotland he severely punished his uncle, the Duke of Albany, and others, who had misgoverned the country in his absence, in consequence of which a conspiracy was formed, and he was murdered in his private apartments in 1437. James I. was a most accomplished gentleman, and a poet of no little merit. He invented a sort of plaintive melody, which was greatly admired and imitated in Italy, in which country he was, in consequence, long remembered with respect. He was one of the most skilful harpers of his time, and excelled all competitors in the use of that instrument. Three compositions of his have come down to us, "Christ's Kirk on the Green," the "King's Quhair," and "Peebles at the Play," which exhibit no mean degree of intellectual power and literary skill.—*Beeton's Universal Biography*, p. 548.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

Andrew Wyntoun lived in the early part of the 15th century. He was a priest of St. Serf's monastery in Lochleven. He wrote a chronicle of his country in rhyme. It is "valuable as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors. It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the parlour fire of a monastery of those days."—*Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, vol. i. p. 28.

BLIND HARRY.

Blind Harry, or Henry the Minstrel, lived about the close of the 15th century. He sang the adventures of Wallace, and the poem, in eleven books, is full of animated descriptions of battle and heroic deeds. William Hamilton of Gibertfield paraphrased it into modern Scotch. In its new dress it has been exceedingly popular among the peasantry, and tended greatly to kindle the genius of Burns.

ROBERT HENRYSONE.

Little is known of this poet's history. He was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline, and a monk of the Benedictine order. He wrote a number of poems, the chief of which are "The Testament of Cresseide," being a sequel to Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseide "Fabils;" thirteen in number. His best fable is the "Vpoulands Mouse and the Burgesse Mouse;" but his most exquisite production is "Robene and Makyne," which is probably the earliest specimen of pastoral poetry in the Scottish language. Dr. David Irving, in his "Lives of the Scottish Poets," thus speaks of him:—"The various works of

Henrysone afford so excellent a specimen of the Scottish language and versification, that a complete collection, printed with due accuracy and accompanied with proper illustrations, could not fail to be highly acceptable to the lovers of our early literature. The poems of Henrysone are given in the collections of Hailes, Pinkerton, Ramsay, Sibbald, Irving, and Ellis." He died some time before the year 1508.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

William Dunbar, born 1465, died 1530. Dunbar was a native of Salton, East Lothian, Scotland. He received his education at the University of St. Andrew. He became a Franciscan friar, and preached in Scotland, England, and France. James IV. gave him residence at the court, and employed him in diplomatic services. He wrote "The Thistle and Rose," an allegory celebrating the marriage of James IV. of Scotland with Margaret, daughter of Henry VII.; "The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins through Hell;" and "The Golden Terge." His "Merle and Nightingale" exhibits much beauty. "The Two Married Women and the Widow" is in a rich vein of humour: it is however indelicate. Sir Walter Scott expresses a very high opinion of Dunbar; he says, "that he is unrivalled by any poet that Scotland has yet produced;" and Ellis speaks in equally high terms: "Dunbar's peculiar excellence is much good sense and sound morality, expressed with force and conciseness. His style, whether grave or humorous, whether simple or ornamented, is always energetic; and though all his compositions cannot be expected to possess equal merit, we seldom find in them a weak or redundant stanza." His poems were published with notes by Sir David Dalrymple. Strange to say that, with a very slight exception, all his writings remained in manuscript till the beginning of the last century.

GAWAIN DOUGLAS.

Gawain Douglas, born at Brechin 1475, died 1522. He was the third son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, and became Bishop of Dunkeld. He was educated at the University of Paris, and having entered the church, he was ever regarded as a lover of peace. He was a poet of considerable power, and his principal production, "The Palice of Honour," will often remind the reader of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. He is, however, best known for his translation of Virgil's Æneid into Scottish verse: the first version of any classic author into the British language. Hallam, in "Introduction to Literary History," says "the character of Douglas's original poetry seems to be that of the middle ages in general—prolix, though sometimes animated, descriptive of sensible objects." Warton speaks of him as highly poetical; and Irving as a bold and energetic writer.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

Sir David Lyndsay was born about 1490. He served King James V. in a variety of offices, as sewer, carver, cupbearer, purse-master, and was afterwards appointed Lord Lyon King at Arms. He was given to humour and satire; and though so intimately connected with the court, yet he boldly denounced its foibles and abuses. The clergy, who then led for the most part very dissolute lives, he strongly assailed. His writings doubtless contributed in no little degree to help forward the Reformation in Scotland. He died about the year 1555.

JOHN SKELTON.

John Skelton was born either in Cumberland, or more probably in Norfolk, about 1460. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards became Rector of Diss. His conduct was very unsuitable for a clergyman, although some allowance must be made for the general laxity of the times. Through an attack in his poem "Why come ye not to Court?" on Cardinal Wolsey, then in the zenith of power, he was compelled to seek refuge with Islip, the Abbot of Westminster. With this kind and faithful friend he lived till his death, in 1529. His works consist chiefly of satires and sonnets: there are also some severe remarks on Lily, a noted grammarian at that period. The Rev. Alexander Dyce has published his poems.

HENRY HOWARD.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born 1518, died 1547. He was the third son of Thomas, Earl of Surrey, and third Duke of Norfolk, by his second duchess, Elizabeth, daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. He was the companion of Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond, Henry VIII.'s natural son. Both were sent to Cardinal College, now called Christ Church, Oxford. He married in 1535 Lady Frances Vere. In 1542 he served under his father in Scotland. Two years afterwards he was appointed Field-Marshal of the English army on the Continent. He distinguished himself greatly at the sieges of Landrecy and Boulogne. He became highly popular, and deservedly so, as his valour, skill, and accomplishments were great. But this the jealous Henry could ill brook. He was recalled from the Continent and imprisoned immediately on his arrival in England. He was then charged,

on the most trifling and flimsy pretences, with high treason. He was convicted, and on the 19th January, 1547, this brave, generous, noble-hearted man was beheaded on Tower Hill, through the caprice of a relentless tyrant. He left two sons and three daughters. Robert Chambers rightly describes the poetry of Surrey as "remarkable for a flowing melody, correctness of style, and purity of expression. He was the first to introduce the sonnet and blank verse into English poetry. The gentle and melancholy pathos of his style is well exemplified in the verses which he wrote during his captivity in Windsor Castle." He was celebrated by Drayton, Dryden, Fenton, and Pope; and Sir Walter Raleigh says, "he was no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes." Lodge, in "Biographical Accounts of the Holbein Portraits," states that "the character of Henry, Earl of Surrey, reflects splendour even upon the name of Howard. He revived, in an age too rude to enjoy fully those beauties which mere nature could not but in some degree relish, the force of expression, the polished style and the passionate sentiments of the best poets of antiquity." Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," writes, "the taste of this remarkable man is more than his poetical genius. He did much for his own country and his native language."

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

Sir Thomas Wyat the Elder was born at Allington Castle, in Kent, in 1503. He was educated at the University of Cambridge. He married early, and was in great repute with Henry VIII., who sent him on many difficult missions, in all of which he showed great wisdom and knowledge of mankind. It is believed that he was attached to Anne Boleyn before her marriage with the king. His poems were one of the last works read by the ill-fated queen. Once Wyat seems to have lost his influence at court, for he was committed to the Tower; but though unfairly tried, was honourably acquitted. He once again became a favourite with the capricious and tyrannical monarch. "In the autumn of 1542, he received orders to meet the Spanish Ambassador, who had landed at Falmouth, and to conduct him to London. In this journey he overheated himself with riding, and was seized at Sherborne with a malignant fever, which carried him off, after a few days' illness, in his thirty-ninth year."—(*Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets.*) He wrote many beautiful songs and sonnets, principally at his paternal seat of Allington. He also translated David's Psalms into English verse.

ANDREW BOURD.

Andrew Bourd, born about 1500, died 1549. was a native of Sussex, and educated at Oxford. Hearne tells us that he "frequented markets and fairs where a conflux of people used to get together, to whom he prescribed, and to induce them to flock thither the more readily, he would make humorous speeches." He published "Pryncyples of Astronomye" in 1540; in 1542 he issued "The First Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge, the which doth teach a man to speake part of al maner of languages, and to know the usage and fashion of al maner of countryes, &c.," of which work Dibdin says, "Probably the most curious and generally interesting volume ever put forth from the press of the Coplands." He wrote the well-known and celebrated "Merrie Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham." This "was accounted a book full of wit and mirth by scholars and gentlemen. Afterwards being often printed, is now sold only on the stalls of ballad-singers."—(*Athen. Oxon.*) He wrote "The Breviarie of Healthe for all Manner of Sicknesses and Diseases," &c., 1547, which was approved by the University of Oxford. In the dedicatory Epistle to the College of Physicians he thus writes: "Egregious doctors and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physic, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume of physic." See Wood's "Athen. Oxon.," Bliss's edit.; Warton's "English Poetry"; Dibdin's "Ames"; "Brit. Bibliog."; Ritson's "Bibliog. Poet."; Dodd's "Ch. Hist.," vol. i.; Cooper's "Muses' Library"; Phillips's "Theatrum Poet. Angl."; Hearne's "Pref. to Benedictus Abbas Petroburg"; Chalmers's "Biog. Dict."

THOMAS TUSSER.

Thomas Tusser, born 1523, died 1580. Little is known of this poet beyond that "he was well educated, commenced life as a courtier under the patronage of Lord Paget, but became a farmer, pursuing agriculture at Ratwood, in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairstead in Essex, Norwich, and other places; that he was not successful, and had to betake himself to other occupations, such as those of a chorister, fiddler, &c.; and that finally he died a poor man in London, in the year 1580. Tusser has left only one work, published in 1557, entitled 'A Hundred Good Points of Husbandrie,' written in simple, but at the same time strong verse. It is our first, and not our worst didactic poem."—*Geo. Gilfillan's Specimens, with Memoirs of the less known British Poets.*

RICHARD EDWARDS.

Richard Edwards, 1523—1566. One of the earliest dramatic writers, educated at Corpus Christi College, and Christchurch, Oxford. He was one of the contributors of the "Paradyse of Daynty Devises," author of

"Damon and Pythias." This "Damon and Pythias" was the foremost of English dramas on classical subjects, and was acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1566. He wrote also the comedy of "Palæmon and Arcyte," which was performed in the hall of his former college, Christchurch, in the same year; and Wood, in "Athen. Oxon.," Bliss's edit., i. 353, gives a most interesting account of the acting thereof in the presence of Royalty, when the cry of the hounds was so well imitated that many of the scholars "were so much taken and surprised, supposing it had been real, that they cried out, 'There, there—he's caught, he's caught!' All which the queen merrily beholding, said, 'Oh, excellent' those boys in very truth are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds.'" Edwards's madrigals and other poetical productions were very popular. See Puttenham's "Arte of Eng. Poets"; Wood's "Annals"; Sir E. Brydges's edit. of Phillips's "Theatrum Poetarum"; "Brit. Bibliog." vol. iii.; Hawkins's "Hist. of Music"; Ellis's "Spec. Eng. Poet."; Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poet."; "Biog. Dramat."; Collier's "Hist. of Dram. Poet."; and Drake's "Shakspeare and his Times."

WILLIAM HUNNIS.

William Hunnis was chapel-master to Queen Elizabeth. He wrote "Certayne Psalms in English Metre," 1550; also in 1578 a "Hyve full of Hunny, containing the First Booke of Moses called Genesis turned into English Metre." He published "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soule for Sinne," &c., in 1585; "Recreations," in 1588, and other works. See "Bibl. Anglo. Poet."; Lowndes's "Bibl. Man."; Brydges's "Brit. Bibliog."; Campbell's "Spec. of Eng. Poets"; Dibdin's "Lib. Comp.," ed. 1825, 655; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe," ed. 1854, ii. 120; Collier's "Annals of the Stage," vol. i. p. 235.

SECOND PERIOD.

From 1400 *to* 1558.

36.—CANACE, CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY HER FATHER ÆOLUS, SENDS TO HER GUILTY BROTHER MACAREUS THE LAST TESTIMONY OF HER UNHAPPY PASSION.

Out of her swoone when she did abbraide,
Knowing no mean but death in her distrèsse,
To her brothèr full piteouslie she said,
"Cause of my sorrowe, roote of my heavinesse,
That whilom were the sourse of my gladnèsse,
When both our joyes by wille were so disposed,
Under one key our hearts to be enclosed.——

* * * * * * *

This is mine end, I may it not astarte;
O brother mine, there is no more to saye;
Lowly beseeching with mine wholè heart
For to remember specially, I praye,
If it befall my littel sonne to dye,
That thou mayst after some mind on us have,
Suffer us both be buried in one grave.

I hold him strictly twene my armès twein,
Thou and Natùre laidè on me this charge:
He, guiltlesse, mustè with me suffer paine,
And, sith thou art at freedom and at large,
Let kindnesse ourè love not so discharge,
But have a minde, wherever that thou be,
Once on a day upon my child and me.

On thee and me dependeth the trespàce
Touching our guilt and our great offence,
But, welaway! most àngelik of face
Our childè, young in his pure innocence,
Shall agayn right suffer death's violence,
Tender of limbes, God wote, full guiltèlesse
The goodly faire, that lieth here speechlèss.

A mouth he has, but wordis hath he none;
Cannot complaine alas! for none outràge:
Nor grutcheth not, but lies here all alone
Still as a lambe, most meke of his visàge.
What heart of stèle could do to him damàge,
Or suffer him dye, beholding the manère
And looke benigne of his twein eyén clere."—

* * * * * * *

Writing her letter, awhapped all in drede,
In her right hand her pen ygan to quake,
And a sharp sword to make her heartè blede,
In her left hand her father hath her take,
And most her sorrowe was for her childes sake,
Upon whose facè in her barme sleepynge
Full many a tere she wept in cõmplayning.
After all this so as she stoode and quoke,
Her child beholding mid of her peines smart,
Without abode the sharpè sword she tooke,
And rove herselfè even to the hearte;
Her childe fell down, which mightè not astert,
Having no help to succour him nor save,
But in her blood theselfe began to bathe.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

37.—FROM "THE LONDON LACK-PENNY."

Within the hall, neither rich nor yet poor
Would do for me aught, altho' I should die,
Which seeing I gat me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
"Master what will you kopen or buy?
Fine felt hats, or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver and here may you speed."

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
When the sun it was at high prime:
And cooks to me they took good intent,
And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine,
A fair cloth they 'gan for to spread.
But, wanting money, I might not be sped.

Then unto London I did me hie.
Of all the land it beareth the price.
"Hot peascods!"—one began to cry,
"Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise."
One bade me draw near and buy some spice.
Pepper and saffron they 'gan me bid,
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheepe I 'gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand.
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
Another he taketh me by the hand,—
"Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land."
I never was used to such things indeed,
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Through out all Canwyke Street.
Drapers much cloth me offered anon.
Then comes me one cried—"Hot sheep's feet."
One cried "Mackrell!"—"Rysses green!"
another 'gan greit.

One bade me buy a hood to cover my head,
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East Cheepe.
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie.
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap.
There was harp, pipe, and minstrally.
"Yea, by cock! nay, by cock!"—some 'gan cry.
Some sang of Jenkin and Julian for their meed.
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear; among
I saw where hung mine own hood,
That I had lost among the throng.
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
I knew it, well as I did my creed,
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
"Sir," says he, "will you our wine assay?"
I answered, "That cannot much me grieve,—
A penny can do no more than it may."
I drank a pint, and for it did pay:
Yet sore a hungered from thence I yede,
And, wanting money, I could not speed.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

38.—A SYLVAN RETREAT.

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade:
Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the yonge green:
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on the bow aloft his reine cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well;
And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

39.—THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fortitude then stood steadfast in his might:
Defended widows; cherished chastity:
Knighthood in prowess gave so clear a light
Girt with his sword of truth and equity.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

40.—GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

God hath a thousand handés to chastise;
A thousand dartés of punicion;
A thousand bowés made in divers wise;
A thousand arblasts bent in his dongeon.

John Lydgate.—About 1420.

41.—SPRING.

QUHAIR: CANTO II.

In Ver, that full of virtue is and good,
When Nature first beginneth her emprise,
That whilom was, by cruel frost and flood,
And showers sharp, oppressed in many wise:
And Cynthius beginneth to arise
High in the east, a morrow soft and sweet,
Upwards his course to drive in Ariete;

II.

Passit but midday four 'gréis, even
Of length and breadth his angel wingis bright
He spread upon the ground down from the heaven;
That for gladness and comfort of the sight,
And with the tickling of his heat and light,
The tender flowris openit them and sprad,
And in their nature thankit him for glad.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

42.—JAMES BEWAILS HIS CAPTIVITY.

CANTO II.

VII.

Whereas in ward full oft I would bewail,
My deadly life full of pain and pennance,
Saying right thus:—"What have I guilt, to fail
My freedom in this world and my pleasannce?
Since every wight thereof has suffisance,
That I behold,—and I, a creature
Put from all this:—hard is mine aventure.

VIII.

"The bird, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
They live in freedom, everich in his kind,
And I, a man—and lacketh liberty!
What shall I sayn? What reason may I find
That fortune should do so?" Thus in my mind:
My folk I would argewe—but all for nought—
Was none that might that on my painés rought.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

43.—JAMES FIRST SEES THE LADY JANE.

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis groen
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song. * *

——— Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour.
For which sudden abate anon astart,
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was: for why? my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will,—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,
"Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or *are ye very Nature the goddess,*
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister unto your excellence?

If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so." *

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white
And great balas leaming as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets;
And other of shape like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfovery,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,
As I suppose; and girt she was alite,
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such deligh
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!

* * * *

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her way is went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

James I. of Scotland.—About 1420.

44.—THE RETURN OF DAVID II. FROM CAPTIVITY.

Yet in prison was King Davy.
And when a lang time was gane by,
Frae prison and perplexitie
To Berwick Castle brought was he,
With the Earl of Northamptoun,
For to treat there of his ransoun.
Some lords of Scotland come there,
And als prelates, that wisest were.
Four days or five there treated they,
But they accorded by nae way;
For English folk all angry were,
And ay spak rudely mair and mair,
While at the last the Scots party,
That dred their faes' felony,
All privily went hame their way;
At that time there nae mair did they.
The king to London then was had,
That there a lang time after bade.
After syne, with mediatioun
Of messengers, of his ransoun
Was treated, while a set day
Till Berwick him again brought they.
And there was treated sae, that he
Should of prison delivered be,
And freely till his lands found,
To pay ane hundred thousand pound

Of silver, intil fourteen year
And [while] the payment [payit] were,
To make sae lang truce took they,
And affirmed with seal and fay.
Great hostage there leved he,
That on their awn dispense should be.
Therefore, while they hostage were,
Expense but number made they there.
The king was then delivered free,
And held his way till his countrie.
With him of English brought he nane,
Without a chamber-boy alane.
The whether, upon the morn, when he
Should wend till his counsel privy,
The folk, as they were wont to do,
Pressed right rudely in thereto:
But he right suddenly can arrace
Out of a macer's hand a mace,
And said rudely, "How do we now?
Stand still, or the proudest of you
Shall on the head have with this mace!"
Then there was nane in all this place,
But all they gave him room in hy;
Durst nane press further that were by;
His council door might open stand,
That nane durst till it be pressand.
Radure in prince is a gude thing;
For, but radure, all governing
Shall all time but despised be:
And where that men may radure see,
They shall dread to trespass, and sae
Peaceable a king his land may ma'.
Thus radure dred that gart him be.
Of Ingland but a page brought he,
And by his sturdy ginning
He gart them all have sic dreading,
That there was nane, durst nigh him near,
But wha by name that called were.
He led with radure sae his land,
In all time that he was regnand,
That nane durst well withstand his will,
All winning bowsome to be him till.

Andrew Wyntoun.—About 1430.

45.—INTERVIEW OF ST. SERF WITH SATHANAS.

While St. Serf, intil a stead,
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said, "St. Serf, by thy werk
I ken thou art a cunning clerk."
St. Serf said, "Gif I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee?"
The devil said, "This question
I ask in our collation—
Say where was God, wit ye ought,
Before that heaven and erd was wrought?"
St. Serf said, "In himself steadless
His Godhead hampered never was."
The devil then askit, "What cause he had
To make the creatures that he made?"
To that St. Serf answered there,
"Of creatures made he was maker.
A maker micht he never be,
But gif creatures made had he."
The devil askit him, "Why God of nought
His werkis all full gude had wrought."
St. Serf answered, "That Goddis will
Was never to make his werkis ill,
And as envious he had been seen,
Gif nought but he full gude had been."
St. Serf the devil askit than,
"Where God made Adam, the first man?"
"In Ebron Adam formit was,"
St. Serf said. And till him Sathanas,
"Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
He was put out of Paradise?"
St. Serf said, "Where he was made."
The devil askit, "How lang he bade
In Paradise, after his sin."
"Seven hours," Serf said, "bade he therein."
"When was Eve made?" said Sathanas.
"In Paradise," Serf said, "she was." * *
The devil askit, "Why that ye
Men, are quite delivered free,
Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
And we devils say are nought?"
St. Serf said, "For that ye
Fell through your awn iniquity;
And through ourselves we never fell,
But through your fellon false counsèll." * *
Then saw the devil that he could nought,
With all the wiles that he wrought,
Overcome St. Serf. He said than
He kenned him for a wise man.
Forthy there he gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profit.
St. Serf said, "Thou wretch, gae
Frae this stead, and 'noy nae mae
Into this stead, I bid ye."
Suddenly then passed he:
Frae that stead he held his way,
And never was seen there to this day.

Andrew Wyntoun.—About 1430.

46.—ADVENTURE OF WALLACE WHILE FISHING IN IRVINE WATER.

So on a time he desired to play.
In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,
Sic fantasy fell in his intent.
To lead his net a child furth with him yede,
But he, or noon, was in a fellon dread.
His sword he left, so did he never again;
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as than he was not slie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Percy, was captain than of Ayr;
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.
Part of the court had Wallace, labour seen,
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,

And said soon, "Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!"
Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
"It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Waith should be dealt, in all place, with free heart."
He bade his child, "Give them of our waithing."
The Southron said, "As now of thy dealing
We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er small."
He lighted down and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then, "Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day;
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away."
"Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.
We serve a lord; this fish shall till him gang."
Wallace answered, said, "Thou art in the wrang."
"Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw."
Till him he ran, and out a swerd can draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there
But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took.
With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand;
And with the swerd awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his craig in sunder drave.
By that the lave lighted about Wallace.
He had no help, only but God's grace.
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane;
The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and swerd baith in the field can lie.
The tother twa fled to their horse again;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
After their lord; but he was out of sight,
Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.
Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,
And cryit, "Lord, abide; your men are martyred down
Right cruelly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
We are scaped, but in field slain are three."
The lord speirit, "How mony might they be?"
"We saw but ane that has discomfist us all."
Then leugh he loud, and said, "Foul mot you fall!
Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown!
This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought."
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.
Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
And he for woe well near worthit to weid,
And said, "Son, thir tidings sits me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore."
"Uncle," he said, "I will no langer bide,
Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride."
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This gude knight said, "Dear cousin, pray I thee,
When thou wants gude, come fetch eneuch frae me."
Silver and gold he gart on him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

Blind Harry.—About 1460.

47.—THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht
To martyr him, as they before had wrocht.
Of men in arms led him a full great rout.
With a bauld sprite guid Wallace blent about:
A priest he asked, for God that died on tree.
King Edward then commanded his clergy,
And said, "I charge you, upon loss of life,
Nane be sae bauld yon tyrant for to shrive.
He has reigned long in contrar my highness."
A blyth bishop soon, present in that place;
Of Canterbury he then was righteous lord;
Again' the king he made this richt record,
And said, "Myself shall hear his confession,
If I have micht in contrar of thy crown.
An thou through force will stop me of this thing,
I vow to God, who is my righteous king,
That all England I shall her interdite,
And make it known thou art a heretic.
The sacrament of kirk I shall him give:
Syne take thy choice, to starve or let him live.
It were mair weil, in worship of thy crown,
To keep sic ane in life in thy bandoun,
Than all the land and good that thou hast reived,
But cowardice thee ay fra honour dreived.
Thou has thy life rougin in wrangeous deed;
That shall be seen on thee or on thy seed."
The king gart charge they should the bishop ta,
But sad lords counsellit to let him ga.
All Englishmen said that his desire was richt.
To Wallace then he rakit in their sicht
And sadly heard his confession till ane end:
Humbly to God his sprite he there commend
Lowly him served with hearty devotion
Upon his knees and said ane orison.
A psalter-book Wallace had on him ever
Fra his childheid—fra it wald nocht dissever;
Better he trowit in wyage for to speed.
But then he was dispalyed of his weed.
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford, that knicht,
To let him have his psalter-book in sicht.

He gart a priest it open before him hald,
While they till him had done all that they wald,
Stedfast he read for ought they did him there;
Feil Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair.
Guid devotion, sae, was his beginning,
Conteined therewith, and fair was his ending.
While speech and sprite at anis all can fare
To lasting bliss, we trow, for evermair.

Blind Harry.—About 1460.

48.—ROBENE AND MAKYNE,

A BALLAD.

I.

Robene sat on gud grene hill,
Keipand a flock of fie:
Mirry Makyne said him till,
Robene thou reif on me:
I haif thè luvit, lowd and still
This yieris two or thrè;
My dule in dern bot gif thou dill,
Doubtless bot dreid I die.

II.

He. Robene answerit, be the rude,
Nathing of lufe I knaw;
Bot keipis my scheip undir yone wud,
Lo quhair they raik on raw;
Quhat has marrit thè in thy mude,
Makyne to me thow schaw?
Or what is luve, or to be lu'ed,
Fain wald I leir that law.

III.

She. At luvis leir gif thow will leir,
Take thair an A, B, C,
Be kind, courtas, and fair of feir,
Wyse, hardy, and frè.
Sè that no danger do thè deir,
Quhat dule in dern thow drie,
Preiss thè with pane at all poweir,
Be patient, and provie.

IV.

He. Robene answerit her agane,
I wait not quhat is luve,
Bot I haif marvell, in certaine,
Quhat makis thè this wanrufe.
The weddir is fair, and I am fane,
My scheip gois haill aboif,
An we wald play us in this plane
They wald us baith reproif.

V.

She. Robene take tent unto my tale,
And wirk all as I reid,
And thow sall haif my hart all haile
Eik and my maidenheid.
Sen God sendis bute for baill,
And for murning remeid,
I dern with thè, but gif I daill,
Doubtless I am bot deid.

VI.

He. Makyne, to morne this ilka tyde,
And ye will meit me heir;
Peradventure my scheip may gang besyde,
Quhill we haif liggit full neir,
Bot maugre haif I, an I byde,
Fra they begin to steir,
Quhat lyis on hairt I will nocht hyd,
Makyne then mak gud cheir.

VII.

She. Robene thou reivis me roif and rest,
I luve but thè allone,
He. Makyne adew! the sone gois west,
The day is neirhand gone.
She. Robene, in dulè I am sa drest,
That luve will be my bone.
He. Ga luve, Makyne, quhair evir thou list,
For leman I lue none.

VIII.

She. Robene, I stand in sic a style,
I sicht, and that full sair.
He. Makyne, I haif bene heir this quhile,
At hame God gif I wair.
She. My hinny Robene, talk ane quhyle;
Gif thou wilt do na mair.
He. Makyne, sum uther man begyle;
For hamewart I will fair.

IX.

Robene on his wayis went,
As licht as leif of trè:
Makyne murnit in her intent,
And trow'd him nevir to sè,
Robene brayd attour the bent,
Than Makyne cryit on hie,
Now ma thow sing, for I am schent,
Quhat alis lufe with me.

X.

Makyne went hame withouttin faill,
Full werry aftir couth weip,
Than Robene in a full fair daill,
Assemblit all his scheip.
Be that sum parte of Makyne's ail,
Ourthrow his hairt cowd creip,
He followit hir fast thair till assaill,
And till hir tuke gude keep.

XI.

He. Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
A word for ony thing;
For all my luve it shall be thine,
Withouttin departing.
All thy hairt for till have myne,
Is all my cuvating,
My scheip, to morne, quhyle houris nyne
Will need of no kepin'g.

XII.

For of my pane thow made it play,
And all in vain I spend,
As thow hes done, sa sall I say,
Murne on, I think to mend.

XV.

He. Makyne the howp of all my heill,
My hairt on thè is sett
And evir mair to thè be leill,
Quhile I may leif, but lett.
Never to faill, as utheris faill,
Quhat grace that evir I get.
She. Robene, with thè I will not deill,
Adew! for thus we mett.

XVI.

Makyne went hame blythe aneuche,
Attoure the holtis hair;
Robene murnit, and Makyne leuch,
Scho sang, he sichit sair.
And so left him baith wo and wreuch,
In dolour and in cair,
Kepand his hird under a heuch,
Amang the holtis hair.

Robert Henrysone.—About 1490.

49.—DINNER GIVEN BY THE TOWN MOUSE TO THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

* * * their harboury was tane
Intill a spence, where victual was plenty,
Baith cheese and butter on lang shelves richt hie,
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
And pockis full of groats, baith meal and malt.

After, when they disposit were to dine,
Withouten grace they wuish and went to meat,
On every dish that cookmen can divine,
Mutton and beef stricken out in telyies grit;
Ane lordis fare thus can they counterfeit,
Except ane thing—they drank the water clear
Instead of wine, but yet they made gude cheer.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,
The elder sister then spier'd at her guest,
Gif that sho thoucht by reason difference
Betwixt that chalmer and her sairy nest.
"Yea, dame," quoth sho, "but how lang will this last?"
"For evermair, I wait, and langer too;"
"Gif that be true, ye are at ease," quoth sho.

To eik the cheer, in plenty furth they broucht
A plate of groatis and a dish of meal,
A threif of cakes, I trow sho spared them noucht,
Abundantly about her for to deal.
Furmage full fine sho broucht instead of jeil,
A white candle out of a coffer staw,
Instead of spice, to creish their teeth witha'.

Thus made they merry, while they micht nae mair,
An Hail Yule, hail!" they cryit up on hie;
But after joy aftentimes comes care,
And trouble after grit prosperity.
Thus as they sat in all their solity,
The Spenser cam with keyis in his hand,
Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, wha micht the foremost win;
The burgess had a hole and in sho goes,
Her sister had nae place to hide her in;
To see that silly mouse it was great sin,
Sae desolate and wild of all gude rede,
For very fear sho fell in swoon, near dead.

Then as God wald it fell in happy case,
The Spenser had nae leisure for to bide,
Nowther to force, to seek, nor scare, nor chase,
But on he went and cast the door up-wide.
This burgess mouse his passage weel has spied.
Out of her hole sho cam and cried on hie,
"How, fair sister, cry peep, where'er thou be."

The rural mouse lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid sho was full dreadand,
For till her heart strake mony waeful stound,
As in a fever trembling foot and hand;
And when her sister in sic plight her fand,
For very pity sho began to greet,
Syne comfort gave, with words as honey sweet.

"Why lie ye thus? Rise up, my sister dear,
Come to your meat, this peril is o'erpast."
The other answered with a heavy cheer,
I may nought eat, sae sair I am aghast.
Lever I had this forty dayis fast,
With water kail, and green beans and peas.
Then all your feast with this dread and disease.

With fair 'treaty, yet gart she her rise;
To board they went, and on together sat,
But scantly had they drunken anes or twice,
When in cam Gib Huntér, our jolly cat,
And bade God speed. The burgess up then gat,
And till her hole she fled as fire of flint;
Bawdrons the other by the back has hent.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as cant as only kid;
While wald he let her run under the strae
While wald he wink and play with her buikhid;
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did;
While at the last, through fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap.

Syne up in haste behind the paneling,
Sae hie sho clam, that Gilbert might not get her,
And by the cluiks craftily can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better:
Syne down sho lap, when there was nane to let her;
Then on the burgess mouth loud couth sho cry,
"Fareweel sister, here I thy feast defy.

"Thy mangery is minget all with care,
Thy guise is gude, thy gane-full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
I thank yon curtain, and yon parpane wall
Of my defence now frae yon cruel beast
Almighty God, keep me frae sic a feast!

"Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor wae I should ne'er come again."
With that sho took her leave, and forth can gae,
While through the corn, while through the plain.
When she was furth and free she was right fain,
And merrily linkit unto the muir,
I cannot tell how afterward sho fure.

But I heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as woo', suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
With peas and nuts, and beans, and rye and wheat;
Whene'er sho liked, sho had enough of meat,
In quiet and ease, withouten [ony] dread,
But till her sister's feast nae mair sho gaed.

From the Moral.

Blissed be simple life, withouten dreid;
Blissed be sober feast in quieté;
Wha has eneuch of no more has he neid,
Though it be little into quantity.
Grit abundance, and blind prosperity,
Oft timis make ane evil conclusion;
The sweetest life, theirfor, in this country,
Is of sickerness, with small possession.

Robert Henrysone.—About 1490.

50.—THE GARMENT OF GOOD LADIES.

Would my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.

Of high honoùr should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance, so good
Na deeming should her deir.

Her sark should be her body next,
Of chastity so white:
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same should be perfyte.

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lynit with lesum love;
The mailies of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Weil ribbon'd with renown;
Furfill'd with pleasure in ilk place,
Furrit with fine fashioùn.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole both wind and weit.

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth;
Her patelet of good pansing,
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair:
Her glovis of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoen should be of sickerness,
In sign that she not slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my scill,
That she wore never green nor gray
That set her half so weel.

Robert Henrysone.—About 1490.

51.—THE MERLE AND NIGHTINGALE.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light.
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale:
Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young sanctís, grows auld feindís, but fable;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
Whom nature of conditions made diverse:
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild, and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his own figour,
And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit there true love or none?
He is most true and steadfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said, Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or luve.
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudeness that been to come or gone
The thank redounds to him in every place:
All love is lost, but upon God alone.

O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;
And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy maun contrar' be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the spleen;
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Bird, why does thou rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white;
Her golden tressit hairis redomite,
Like to Apollo's beamis tho they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largéness,
Love makis sweir folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, True is the contrary;
Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,
While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well say I daur,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle, Mine error I confess:
This frustis love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,
The Merle sang, Man, love God that has thee wrought.
The Nightingale sang, Man, love the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said, Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang, And with his dead thee bought:
All love is lost, but upon him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small;
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail:
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

52.—THE VANITY OF EARTHLY THINGS.

This wavering warld's wretchedness
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade, the slightful train,
For to consider is ane pain.

The suggared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

53.—NO TREASURE WITHOUT GLADNESS.

Be merry, man, and tak nought far in mynd
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow,
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,

And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night it may be thine to-morrow.
Be blythe in heart for ony aventùre;
For with wysane it hath been said aforrow,
Without gladness availeth no treasùre.

Mak the gude cheer of it that God thee sends;
For warld's wrack but weilfare nought avails,
Na gude is thine, save only but thou spends—
Remenant all, thou bruikis but with bails
Seek to solàce when sadness thee assails,
In dolour lang thy life may not endure;
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sail,
Without gladness availis no treasùre.

Follow on pity; flee treuble and debate;
With famous folkis hold thy company.
Be charitable and humble in thine estate,
For wardly honour lestis but a cry.
For trouble in earth take no melàncholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor.
Who livis merry he lives mightily;
Without gladness availis no treasùre.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

54.—OF DISCRETION IN GIVING.

To speak of gifts and almos deeds:
Some gives for merit, and some for meeds;
Some wardly honour to uphie;
Some gives to them that nothing needs:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for pride and glory vain:
Some gives with grudging and with pain;
Some gives on prattick for supplie;
Some gives for twice as gude again:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for thank, and some for threat:
Some gives money, and some gives meat;
Some givis wordis fair and slie;
And gifts fra some may na man treit:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some is for gift sae lang required,
While that the craver be so tired,
That ere the gift delivered be,
The thank is frustrate and expired;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives so little full wretchedly,
That all his gifts are not set by,
And for a hood-pick halden is he,
That all the warld cries on him, Fye!
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some in his giving is so large,
That all o'erladen is his barge:
Then vice and prodigalitie,
There of his honour does discharge:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some to the rich gives his gear,
That might his giftis weel forbear;
And, though the poor for fault sould die,
His cry not enters in his ear:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to strangers with faces new,
That yesterday fra Flanders flew;
And to auld servants list not see,
Were they never of sae great virtue:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to them can ask and ploinyie,
Some gives to them can flatter and feignie;
Some gives to men of honestie,
And halds all janglers at disdenyie:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gettis gifts and rich arrays,
To swear all that his master says,
Though all the contrair weel knaws he;
Are mony sic now in thir days:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to gude men for their thews;
Some gives to trumpours and to shrews;
Some gives to knaw his authoritie,
But in their office gude fund in few is;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some givis parochines full wide,
Kirks of St. Bernard and St. Bride,
The people to teach and to o'ersee,
Though he nae wit has them to guide:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

55.—OF DISCRETION IN TAKING.

After Giving I speak of Taking,
But little of ony gude forsaking;
Some takes o'er little authoritie,
And some o'er mickle, and that is glaiking
In Taking sould Discretion be.

The clerks takes benefices with brawls,
Some of St. Peter and some of St. Paul's;
Tak he the rents, no care has he,
Suppose the devil tak all their sauls:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Barons taks fra the tenants puir
All fruit that growis on the fur,
In mails and gersoms raisit o'er hie;
And gars them beg fra door to door:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some merchands taks unlecsome wine,
Whilk maks their packs oft time full thin,
By their succession as ye may see,
That ill-won gear 'riches not the kin:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks other mennis tacks,
And on the puir oppression maks,
And never remembers that he maun die,
Till that the gallows gars him rax:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks by sea, and some by land,
And never fra taking can hald their hand,
Till he be tyit up to ane tree;
And syne they gar him understand,
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all his neighbour's gear;
Had he of man as little fear
As he has dread that God him see;
To tak then sould he never forbear:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all this warld on breid:
And yet not satisfied of their need,
Through heart unsatiable and greedie;
Some wald tak little, and can not speed:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Great men for taking and oppression,
Are set full famous at the Session,
And puir takers are hangit hie,
Shawit for ever, and their succession:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

William Dunbar.—About 1505.

56.—THE SHIPWRECK OF THE CARAVEL OF GRACE.

PART III. STANZA VII.

As we bene on the high hills situate,
"Look down," quoth she, "conceive in what estate
Thy wretched world thou may consider now!"
At her command, with meikle dread, (God wait,
Out oure the hill sae hideous, high, and strait
I blent adown, and felt my body grow:—
This brukil earth, sae little till allow,
Methought I saw burn in a fiery rage
Of stormy sea whilk might nae manner 'suage.

VIII.

That terrible tempest's hideous wallis huge
Were maist grislie for to behald or judge,
Where neither rest nor quiet might appear;
There was a perilous place folk for to lodge,
There was nae help, support, nor yet refuge.
Innumerable folk I saw flotterand in fear,
Whilk perished on the weltering wallis weir.
And secondly I saw a lustie barge
Oureset with seas and many a stormy charge.

IX.

This goodly Carwell, taiklit traist on raw,
With blanchéd sail, milk-white as ony snaw,
Right souer, tight, and wonder strangly beildit,
Was on the bairdin wallis quite o'erthraw.
Contrariously the blusterous winds did blaw
In bubbis thick, that nae ship's sail might wield it.
Now sank she low, now high to heaven upheildit;
At every part sae (the) sea windis draif,
While on ane sand the ship did burst and claif.

X.

It was a piteous thing,—alaik, alaik!
To hear the doleful cry when that she straik;
Maist lamentable the perished folk to see!
Sae famist, drowkit, mait, forwrought, and waik;
Some on ane plank of fir-tree, and some of aik;
Some hang upon a takill, some on ane tree;
Some frae their grip soon washen by the sea:
Part drownit, part to the rock fleit or swam
On raips or buirds, syne up the hill they clam.

XI.

Tho at my nymph briefly I did enquire,
What signified that fearful wonders seir;
"Yon multitude," said she, "of people drownit,
Are faithless folk, whilkis, while they are here,
Misknawis God, and follows their plesoir,
Wherefore they shall in endless fire be brint,
Yon lusty ship thou sees perished and tint,
In whom yon people made ane perilous race,
She hecht the Carwell of the state of Grace."

XII.

Ye bene all born the sons of ire, I guess,
Syne through baptism gets grace and faithfulness;
Then in yon Carwell surely ye remain,
Oft stormésted with this warld's bruckleness,
While that ye fall in sin and wretchedness.
pain,
Then ship-broke shall ye drown in endless
Except by faith ye find the plank again,
By Christ working good works, I understand;
Remain therewith; thir shall you bring to land.

Gawain Douglas.—About 1510.

57.—MORNING IN MAY.

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
Ished of her saffron bed and ivor house,
In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
Unshet the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
Unwarps braid, the warld till illumine;
The twinkling streamers of the orient
Shed purpour sprainge, with gold and azure ment
Eous, the steed, with ruby harness red,
Above the seas liftis furth his heid,
Of colour sare, and somedeal brown as berry,
For to alichten and glad our emispery;
The flame out-bursten at the neisthirls,
So fast Phaeton with the whip him whirls.

While shortly, with the bleezand torch of day,
Abulyit in his lemand fresh array,
Furth of his palace royal ishit Phœbus,
With golden crown and visage glorious,
Crisp hairs, bricht as chrysolite or topaz;
For whase hue micht nane behald his face. * *
The auriate vanes of his throne soverane
With glitterand glance o'erspréad the oceane;
The largé fludes, lemand all of licht,
But with ane blink of his supernal sicht.
For to behald, it was ane glore to see
The stabled windis, and the calmed sea,
The soft season, the firmament serene,
The loune illuminate air and firth amene. * *
And lusty Flora did her bloomis spread
Under the feet of Phœbus' sulyart-steed;
The swarded soil embrode with selcouth hues,
Wood and forest, obnumbrate with bews. * *
Towers, turrets, kirnals and pinnacles hie,
Of kirks, castles, and ilk fair citie,
Stude painted, every fane, phiol, and stage,
Upon the plain ground by their awn umbrage.
Of Eolus' north blasts havand no dreid,
The soil spread her braid bosom on-breid;
The corn-crops and the beir new-braird
With gladsome garment revesting the yerd. *
The prai bespreut with springand sprouts dispers
For caller humours on the dewy nicht
Rendering some place the gerse-piles their licht;
As far as cattle the lang summer's day
Had in their pasture eat and nip away;
And blissful blossoms in the bloomed yerd,
Submits their heids to the young sun's safe-guard.
Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the barmkin wall;
The bloomed hawthorn clad his pikis all;
Furth of fresh bourgeons the wine grapes ying
Endland the trellis did on twistis hing;
The loukit buttons on the gemmed trees
O'erspreadand leaves of nature's tapestries;
Soft grassy verdure after balmy shouirs.
On curland stalkis smiland to their flouirs. * *
The daisy did on-breid her crownal small,
And every flouer unlappit in the dale. * *
Sere downis small on dentilion sprang,
The youn green bloomed strawberry leaves amang.
Jimp joryflouirs thereon leaves unshet,
Fresh primrose and the purpour violet; * *
Heavenly lilies, with lookerand toppis white,
Opened and shew their crestis redomite. * *
Ane paradise it seemed to draw near
Thir galyard gardens and each green herbere
Maist amiable wax the emerant meads;
Swarmis souchis through out the respand reeds.
Over the lochis and the fludis gray,
Seatchand by kind ane place where they should lay.
Phœbus' red fowl, his cural crest can steer,
Oft streikand furth his heckle, crawand cleer.
Amid the wortis and the rutis gent
Pickand his meat in alleys where he went,
His wivis Toppa and Partolet him by—
A bird all-time that hauntis bigamy.
The painted powne pacand with plumes gym,
Kest up his tail ane proud plesand wheel-rim,
Ishrouded in his feathering bright and sheen,
Shapand the prent of Argus' hundred een.
Amang the bowis of the olive twists,
Sere small fowls, workand crafty nests,
Endlang the hedges thick, and on rank aiks
Ilk bird rejoicand with their mirthful makes.
In corners and clear fenestres of glass,
Full busily Arachne weavand was,
To knit her nettis and her wobbis slie,
Therewith to catch the little midge or flie.
So dusty powder upstours in every street,
While corby gaspit for the fervent heat.
Under the bowis bene in lufely vales,
Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
The busteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
The young fawns followand the dun daes,
Kids, skippand through, runnis after raes.
In leisurs and on leyis, little lambs
Full tait and trig socht bletand to their dams.
On salt streams wolk Dorida and Thetis,
By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
In gersy graves wanderand by spring wells;
Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
Some sang ring-songes, dances, leids, and rounds.
With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
Whereso they walk into their caroling,
For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
Ane sang, "The ship sails over the salt faem.
Will bring the merchants and my leman hame."
Some other sings, "I will be blythe and licht,
My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht."
And thoughtful lovers rounis to and fro,
To leis their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,
With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
Some ballads list indite of his lady;
Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
His purgatory he finds in every place. * *
Dame Nature's menstrals, on that other part
Their blissfull lay intoning every art, * *
And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
Welcome quickener of flourist flouirs sheen,
Welcome support of every rute and vein,
Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
Welcome the birdis beild upon the brier,
Welcome master and ruler of the year,
Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plews,
Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bews.
Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bricht beamis gladdand all. * *

Gawain Douglas.—About 1510.

58.—GRIEVANCES OF A SCOTTISH PEASANT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Pauper.

My father was an auld man and ane hoar,
And was of age four score (of) years or more.
And Mald, my mother, was four score and fifteen,
And wi' my labour I did them baith sustene.
We had ane meir that carryit salt and coal,
And ever ilk year she brought us hame ane foal.
We had three ky, that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tidier into the toun of Ayr.
My father was sae waik of bluid and bane
That he deit, wherefore my mother made great mane;
Then she deit within ane day or two,
And there began my poverty and wo.
Our gude grey meir was baitand on the field,
And our land's laird took her for his heryield.
The vicar took the best cow by the heid
Incontinent, when my father was deid.
And when the vicar heard tell how that my mother
Was deid, fra hand, he took till him the other.
Then Meg, my wife, did murn baith even and morrow,
Till at the last she deit for verie sorrow;
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was deid,
The thrid cow he cleiket by the head.
Their upmest clais, that was of raploch grey,
The vicar gart his clark bear them away.
When all was gane, I micht mak nae debeat,
But with my bairns passed for till beg my meat.
Now have I tauld you the black veritie,
How I am brocht into this misery.

Diligence.

How did the parson? was he not thy gude freend?

Pauper.

—— he curst me for my tiend.
And halds me yet under that same process,
That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche.
In gude faith, Sir, thocht he wad cut my throat,
I have nae gear except ane English groat,
Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.

Diligence.

Thou art the daftest fule that e'er I saw.
Trows thou, man, by the law to get remeid
Of men of kirk? Na, nocht till thou be deid.

Pauper.

Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or why?
That ane vicar should tak fra me three ky?

Diligence.

They have nae law excepting consuetude,
Whilk law to them is sufficient and gude.

Pauper.

Ane consuetude aganes the common weil,
Should be nae law, I think, by sweet Sanct Geill.
Whaur will ye find that law, tell gif ye can,
To tak three ky fra ane puir husband man?
Ane for my father, and for my wife ane other,
An the thrid cow he took for Mald, my mother.

Diligence.

It is their law; all that they have in use,
Thocht it be cow, sow, ganer, gryce, or guse.

Pauper.

Sir I wad speir at you ane question;
Behald some prelates of this region—

Diligence.

Hald thy tongue, man, it seems that thou were mangit.
Speak thou of priests, but doubt, thou will be hangit.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

59.—THE EXACTIONS AND DELAY OF THE LAW.

Pauper.

I lent my gossop my meir to fetch hame coals,
And he her droun'd into the querrel holes.
And I ran to the consistory for to plenyé,
And there I happened amang ane greedy menyé.
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum*;
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum*;
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*;
In ane half year I gat *inter loquendum*;
An syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum*;
But, I could never ane word yet understand him.
An then, they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four and twenty acts;
But or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
The fient a plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postpon'd me twa year, with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bade me come again.
An then thir rooks they roupit wonder fast,
For sentence silver they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain;
But I gat ne'er my gude grey meir again.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

60.—DESCRIPTION OF SQUYRE MELDRUM.

He was not twintie yeiris of age,
Quehen he began his vassalage:
Proportionat weill, of mid stature
Feirie and wicht and micht endure

Ovirset with travell both nicht and day,
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play:
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And stude weill ay in his ladies grace:
For he was wondir amiabill,
And in all deidis honourabill;
And ay his honour did advance,
In Ingland first and syne in France
And thare his manheid did assail
Under the kingis great admirall,
Quhen the greit navy of Scotland
Passit to the sea againis Ingland.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

61.—MELDRUM'S DUEL WITH THE ENGLISH CHAMPION TALBART.

Then clariouns and trumpets blew,
And weiriours many hither drew;
On eviry side come mony man
To behald wha the battel wan.
The field was in the meadow green,
Quhare everie man micht weil be seen:
The heraldis put thaim sa in order,
That na man past within the border,
Nor preissit to com within the green,
Bot heraldis and the campiouns keen;
The order and the circumstance
Wer lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa nobill men of weir
Wer weill accounterit in their geir,
And in thair handis strong burdounis,
Than trumpettis blew and clariounis,
And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
Now let thame go—God schaw the richt.

* * * * *

Than trumpettis blew triumphantly,
And thay twa campiouns eagerlie,
They spurrit their hors with speir on breist,
Pertly to prief their pith they preist.
That round rink-room was at utterance,
Bot Talbart's hors with ane mischance
H couterit, and to run was laith;
Quharof Talbart was wonder wraith.
The Squyer furth his rink he ran,
Commendit weill with every man.
And him discharget of his speir
Honestlie, like ane man of weir.

* * * * *

The tranchour of the Squyreis speir
Stak still into Sir Talbart's geir;
Than everie man into that steid
Did all beleve that he was dede.
The Squyer lap richt haistillie
From his coursour deliverlie,
And to Sir Talbart made support,
And humillie did him comfort.
When Talbart saw into his schield
Ane otter in ane silver field,
This race, said he, I sair may rew,
For I see weill my dreame was true;
Methocht yon otter gart me bleid,
And buir me backwart from my sted;
But héir I vow to God soverane,
That I sall never just agane.
And sweitlie to the Squiyre said,
Thou knawis the cunning that we made,
Quhilk of us twa suld tyne the field,
He suld baith hors and armour yield
Till him that wan, quhairfore I will
My hors and harness geve thé till.
Then said the Squyer, courteouslie,
Brother, I thank you hartfullie;
Of you, forsooth, nothing I crave,
For I have gotten that I would have.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

62.—CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

As fireflaucht hastily glancing,
Descend shall the maist heavenly King.
As Phœbus in the orient
Ligntens in haste the occident,
Sae pleasandly he shall appear
Amang the heavenly cluddis clear,
With great powèr and majesty,
Above the country of Judie;
As clerkis doth conclude in haill,
Direct above the lusty vale
Of Josaphat and Mount Olivet:
All prophecy there shall complete.
The angels of the orders nine
Environ shall that throne Divine
With heavenly consolation,
Making him ministration.
In his presence there shall be borne
The signs of cross and crown of thorn,
Pillar, naillis, scourgis, and spear,
With everilk thing that did him deir,
The time of his grim passion:
And, for our consolation,
Appear shall, in his hands and feet
And in his side, the print complete
Of his five woundis precious,
Shining like rubies radious.

Sir David Lyndsay.—About 1520.

63.—TO MISTRESS MARGARET HUSSEY.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness.
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;

As patient and as still,
And as full of goodwill,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

John Skelton.—About 1520.

64.—IMPRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? Where I in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy;
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight;
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
When each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm play, where dèsported for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have miss'd the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravell'd ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise;
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
The wild forèst, the clothed holts with green;
With reins avail'd, and swift ybreathed horse,
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
The void walls eke that harbour'd us each night:
Wherewith, alas! revive within my breast
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight;
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest;
The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust;
The wanton talk, the divers change of play;
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue:
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose;
To other lief: but unto me most dear
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue.
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint:
And with remembrance of the greater grief,
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

65.—NO AGE CONTENT WITH HIS OWN ESTATE.

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head,
A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did show
So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
As cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains opprest,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree:

And musing thus, I think,
The case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented thews,
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say:

The white and hoarish hairs,
The messengers of age,
That show, like lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage;

Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life define:

Whereat I sighed, and said,
Farewell my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy;

And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

66.—THE MEANS TO ATTAIN HAPPY LIFE.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

67.—DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
The turtle to her make hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fleet with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flower's bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

---

68 — HOW EACH THING, SAVE THE LOVER, IN SPRING REVIVETH TO PLEASURE.

When Windsor walls sustain'd my wearied arm;
My hand my chin, to ease my restless head;
The pleasant plot revested green with warm;
The blossom'd boughs with lusty ver yspread;
The flower'd meads, the wedded birds so late
Mine eyes discover; and to my mind resort
The jolly woes, the hateless short debate,
The rakehell life that longs to love's disport.
Wherewith, alas! the heavy charge of care
Heap'd in my breast, breaks forth against my will
In smoky sighs that overcast the air.
My vapour'd eye such dreary tears distil,
The tender green they quicken where they fall;
And I half bend to throw me down withal.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

69.—DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE GERALDINE.

From Tuskane came my ladies worthy race:
Faire Florence was sometime her auncient seate
The western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wilde Cambers cliffs, did gyve her liuely heate:
Fostred she was with milke of Irish brest;
Her sire, an Erle; her dame of princes blood;
From tender yeres, in Britain she doth rest
With kinges childe, where she tasteth costly food
Hunsdon did first present her to mine yien;
Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her vertues from aboue;
Happy is he, that can obtaine her loue!

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

70.—A VOW TO LOVE.

Set me whereas the sunne doth parche the grene,
Or where his beames do not dissolue the yse:
In temperate heate where he is felt and sene:
In presence prest of people madde or wise;

Set me in hye, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest daye:
In clearest skie, or where cloudes thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my heeres are graye:
Set me in heauen, in earth, or els in hell,
In hyll or dale, or in the foming flood,
Thrall, or at large, aliue whereso I dwell,
Sicke or in health, in euill fame or good:
Hers will I be, and onely with this thought
Content my self, although my chaunce be nought.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

71.—A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

I never sawe my Ladye laye apart,
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my griefe was growen so greate;
Whiche other fansies drineth from my hart
That to my self I do the thought reserue,
The which unwares did wound my woeful brest;
But on her face mine eyes mought neuer rest:
Yet sins she knew I did her loue and serue,
Her golden tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her smyling lokes that hid thus euermore,
And that restraines whiche I desire so sore:
So dothe thys cornet gouerne me alacke;
In somer, sunne in winters breathe, a froste
Wherby the light of her faire lokes I lost.

Howard, Earl of Surrey.—About 1535.

72.—THE LOVER COMPLAINETH OF THE UNKINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

My lute, awake! perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And end that I have now begun;
For when this song is sung and past,
My lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave in marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon:
Should we then sing, or sigh, or moan?
No. no, my lute! for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection;
So that I am past remedy;
Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts, thorough Love's shot,
By whom, unkind! thou hast them won:
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That mak'st but game of earnest payne.
Think not alone under the sun,
Unquit the cause thy lovers plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lye withred and old,
In wintor nights that are so cold,
Playning in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told;
Care then who list! for I have done.

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want, as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that I begun;
Now is this song both sung and past;
My lute! be still, for I have done.

Sir Thomas Wyat.—About 1535.

73.—THE LOVER'S LUTE CANNOT BE BLAMED, THOUGH IT SING OF HIS LADY'S UNKINDNESS.

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me,
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me,
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that per force he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite,
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith, must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if still then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown, for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again
And if perchance this silly rhyme,
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute!

Sir Thomas Wyat —About 1535

---

74 —THE RE-CURED LOVER EXULTETH IN HIS FREEDOM AND VOWETH TO REMAIN FREE UNTIL DEATH

I am as I am, and so will I be
But how that I am none knoweth truly
Be it ill be it well be I bond be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be

I lead my life indifferently
I mean nothing but honesty
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am and so will I die

I do not rejoice nor yet complain
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain
And use the means since folks will feign,
Yet I am as I am be it pleasant or pain

Divers do judge as they do trow
Some of pleasure and some of woe
Yet for all that nothing they know
But I am as I am wheresoever I go

But since idgers do thus decay
Let every man his judgment say
I will it take in sport and play
For I am as I am whosoever say nay

Who judgeth well well God them send
Who judgeth evil God them amend
To judge the best therefore intend
For I am as I am, and so will I end

Yet some there be that take delight
To judge folks thought for envy and spite,
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am however I speed

But how that is I leave to you
Judge as ye list false or true
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be

Sir Thomas Wyat —About 1535

75 —THAT PLEASURE IS MIXED WITH EVERY PAIN

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth

Sir Thomas Wyat —About 1535

---

76 —A DESCRIPTION OF SUCH A ONE AS HE WOULD LOVE

A face that should content me wondrous well,
Should not be fair but lovely to behold
With gladsome cheer all grief for to expell,
With sober looks so would I that it should
Speak without words such words as none can tell
The tress also should be of crisped gold
With wit and these might chance I might be tied
And knit again with knot that should not slide

Sir Thomas Wyat —About 1535

---

77 —AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS NOT TO FORSAKE HIM

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay say nay for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath loved thee so long?
In wealth and woe among
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
And have no more pity
Of him that loveth thee,
Alas! thy cruelty!
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

Sir Thomas Wyat —About 1535

78.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life, ye know since whan,
The suit, the service, none tell can;
Forget not yet!

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet!

Forget not!—Oh! forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet!

Forget not then thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this!

Sir Thomas Wyat.—About 1535.

79.—HE LAMENTETH THAT HE HAD EVER CAUSE TO DOUBT HIS LADY'S FAITH.

Deem as ye list upon good cause,
I may or think of this or that;
But what or why myself best knows,
Whereby I think and fear not.
But thereunto I may well think
The doubtful sentence of this clause;
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

For if I thought it were not so,
Though it were so, it griev'd me not;
Unto my thought it were as tho
I hearkened though I hear not.
At that I see I cannot wink,
Nor from my thought so let it go:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

Lo! how my thought might make me free,
Of that perchance it needs not:
Perchance none doubt the dread I see;
I shrink at that I bear not.
But in my heart this word shall sink,
Until the proof may better be:
I would it were not as I think;
I would I thought it were not.

If it be not, shew no cause why
I should so think, then care I not;
For I shall so myself apply
To be that I appear not.
That is, as one that shall not shrink
To be your own until I die;
And if that be not as I think,
Likewise to think it is not.

Sir Thomas Wyat.—About 1535.

80.—CHARACTERISTIC OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what garment I shall wear,
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
Now I will wear I cannot tell what:
All new fashions be pleasant to me,
I will have them whether I thrive or thee:
Now I am a fisher, all men on me look
What should I do but set cock on the hoop?
What do I care if all the world me fail,
I will have a garment reach to my tail.
Then I am a minion, for I wear the new guise,
The next year after I hope to be wise—
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array,
For I will go to learning a whole summer's day;
I will learn Latin, Hebrew, Greek, and French,
And I will learn Dutch sitting on my bench.
I do fear no man, each man feareth me;
I overcome my adversaries by land and by sea:
I had no peer if to myself I were true;
Because I am not so, divers times do I rue:
Yet I lack nothing, I have all things at will,
If I were wise and would hold myself still,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my king.
But I have such matters rolling in my pate,
That I will and do—I cannot tell what.
No man shall let me, but I will have my mind,
And to father, mother, and friend, I'll be unkind.
I will follow mine own mind and mine old trade:
Who shall let me? The devil's nails are unpared.
Yet above all things new fashions I love well,
And to wear them my thrift I will sell.
In all this world I shall have but a time:
Hold the cup, good fellow, here is thine and mine!

Andrew Boord.—About 1537.

81.—AN INTRODUCTION TO THE BOOK OF HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. IV.

Good husbandmen must moil and toil,
To lay to live, by laboured field:
Their wives, at home, must keep such coil,
As their like acts may profit yield.
For well they know,
As shaft from bow,
Or chalk from snow,
A good round rent their lords they give,
And must keep touch in all their pay;
With credit crackt, else for to live,
Or trust to legs, and run away.

Though fence, well kept, is one good point,
And tilth well done, in season due;
Yet needing salve, in time t'anoint,
Is all in all, and needfull true:
As for the rest,
Thus think I best,
As friend doth guest,
With hand in hand to lead thee forth,
To Ceres camp, there to behold
A thousand things, as richly worth,
As any pearl is worthy gold.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

82.—A PREFACE TO THE BUYER OF HIS BOOK ON HUSBANDRY.

CHAP. V.

What lookest thou herein to have?
Fine verses thy fancy to please?
Of many my betters *that* crave:
Look nothing but rudeness in these.

What other thing lookest thou then?
Grave sentences many to find?
Such, poets have, twenty and ten,
Yea thousands, contenting thy mind.

What look ye, I pray you show what?
Terms painted with rhetorick fine!
Good husbandry seeketh not that,
Nor is't any meaning of mine.

What lookest thou, speak at the last?
Good lessons for thee and thy wife?
Then keep them in memory fast,
To help as a comfort to life.

What look ye for more in my book?
Points needfull and meet to be known?
Then daily be suer to look,
To save to be suer thine own.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

83.—THE LADDER TO THRIFT.

CHAP. IX.

1. To take thy calling thankfully,
And shun the path to beggary.
2. To grudge in youth no drudgery,
To come by knowledge perfectly.
3. To count no travell slavery,
That brings in penny saverly.
4. To follow profit, earnestly,
But meddle not with pilfery.
5. To get by honest practisy,
And keep thy gettings covertly.
6. To lash not out, too lashingly,
For fear of pinching penury.
7. To get good plot, to occupy,
And store and use it, husbandly.
8. To shew to landlord courtesy,
And keep thy covenants orderly.
9. To hold that thine is lawfully,
For stoutness, or for flattery.
10. To wed good wife for company,
And live in wedlock honestly.
11. To furnish house with housholdry,
And make provision skilfully.
12. To join to wife good family,
And none to keep for bravery.
13. To suffer none live idely,
For fear of idle knavery.
14. To courage wife in huswifery,
And use well doers gentily.
15. To keep no more but needfully,
And count excess unsavoury.
16. To raise betimes the lubberly,
Both snorting *Hob* and *Margery*.
17. To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.
18. To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.
19. To love thy neighbour, neighbourly,
And shew him no discourtesy.
20. To answer stranger civilly,
But shew him not thy secresy.
21. To use no man deceitfully,
To offer no man villainy.
22. To learn how foe to pacify,
But trust him not too hastily.
23. To keep thy touch substantially,
And in thy word use constancy.
24. To make thy bands advisedly,
And come not bound through suerty.
25. To meddle not with usury,
Nor lend thy money foolishly.
26. To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft, and living shiftingly.
27. To shun all kind of treachery,
For treason endeth, horribly.
28. To learn to shun ill company,
And such as live dishonestly.
29. To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross, unluckily.
30. To stop mischance through policy
For chancing too unhappily.
31. To bear thy crosses, patiently,
For worldly things are slippery.
32. To lay to keep from misery,
Age coming on, so creepingly.
33. To pray to God, continually,
For aid against thine enemy.
34. To spend thy Sabbath holily,
And help the needy poverty.
35. To live in conscience quietly,
And keep thyself from malady.
36. To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.
37. To seek to God for remedy,
For witches prove unluckily.

These be the steps, unfeignedly,
To climb to thrift by husbandry.

These steps both reach, and teach thee shall,
To come by thrift, to shift withall.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

84.—DIRECTIONS FOR CULTIVATING A HOP-GARDEN.

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way.
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden-plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

85.—HOUSEWIFERY PHYSIC.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus*' counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and than:
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble: seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

86.—GOOD HUSBANDLY LESSONS,

Worthy to be followed of such as would thrive.

CHAP. X.

1. God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat,
And blesseth us all with his benefits great:
Then serve we the God, who so richly doth give,
Shew love to our neighbours, and lay for to live.

2. As bud, by appearing, betok'neth the spring,
And leaf, by her falling, the contrary thing;
So youth bids us labour, to get as we can,
For age is a burden to labouring man.

3. A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thankful and glad:
Life, never contented, with honest estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.

4. Count never well gotten, what naughty is got,
Nor well to account of, which honest is not:
Look long not to prosper, that weighest not this,
Lest prospering faileth, and all go amiss.

5. True wedlock is best, for avoiding of sin;
The bed undefiled, much honour doth win:
Though love be in choosing, far better than gold,
Let love come with somewhat, the better to hold.

6. Where couples agree not, is rancour and strife,
Where such be together, is seldom good life;
Where couples in wedlock do lovely agree,
There foison remaineth, if wisdom there be.

7. Who looketh to marry, must lay to keep house,
For love may not alway be playing with douse;
If children increase, and no stay of thine own,
What afterward follows is soon to be known.

8. Once charged with children, or likely to be,
Give over to sojourn, that thinkest to thee;

Lest grudging of hostess, and craving of nurse,
Be costly and noisome to thee and thy purse.

9. Good husbands that loveth good houses to keep,
Are oftentimes careful when others do sleep:
To spend as they may, or to stop at the first,
For running in danger, or fear of the worst.

10. Go count with thy coffers, when harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save or to win:
Of t'one or them both, if a savour we smell,
House-keeping is godly, wherever we dwell.

11. Son, think not thy money, purse bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit, to serve thine own turn:
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents him too late.

12. Good bargain adoing, make privy but few,
In selling, refrain not, abroad it to shew:
In making, make haste, and away to thy pouch,
In selling, no haste, if ye dare it avouch.

13. Good landlord, who findeth, is blessed of God,—
A cumbersome landlord is husbandman's rod;
He noyeth, destroyeth, and all to this drift,
To strip his poor tenant of farm and of thrift.

14. Rent-corn, whoso payeth, (as worldlings would have,
So much for an acre) must live like a slave;
Rent-corn to be paid, for a reas'nable rent,
At reas'nable prices, is not to lament.

15. Once placed for profit, look never for ease,
Except ye beware of such michers as these,—
Unthriftiness, Slothfulness, Careless and Rash,
That thrusteth thee headlong, to run in the lash.

16. Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work,
Make Wisdom comptroller, and Order thy clerk:
Provision cater, and Skill to be cook,
Make Steward of all, pen, ink, and thy book.

17. Make hunger thy sauce, as a med'cine for health,
Make thirst to be butler, as physic for wealth:
Make eye to be usher, good usage to have,
Make bolt to be porter, to keep out a knave.

18. Make husbandry bailiff, abroad to provide,
Make huswifery daily, at home for to guide:
Make coffer, fast locked, thy treasure to keep,
Make house to be sûer, the safer to sleep.

19. Make bandog thy scoutwatch, to bark at a thief,
Make courage for life, to be capitain chief:
Make trap-door thy bulwark, make bell to be gin,
Make gunstone and arrow, shew who is within.

20. The credit of master, to brothel his man,
And also of mistress, to minikin Nan,
Be causers of opening a number of gaps,
That letteth in mischief, and many mishaps.

21. Good husband he trudgeth to bring in the gains,
Good huswife she drudgeth, refusing no pains.
Though husband at home, be to count, ye wot what,
Yet huswife, within, is as needful as that.

22. What helpeth in store, to have never so much,
Half lost by ill usage, ill huswives and such?
So, twenty load bushes, cut down at a clap,
Such heed may be taken, shall stop but a gap.

23. A reteheless servant, a mistress that scowls,
A ravening mastiff, and hogs that eat fowls,
A giddy brain master, and stroyall his knave,
Brings ruling to ruin, and thrift to her grave.

24. With some upon Sundays, their tables do rock,
And half the week after, their dinners do seek,
Not often exceeding, but always enough,
Is husbandly fare, and the guise of the plough.

25. Each day to be feasted, what husbandry worse,
Each day for to feast, is as ill for the purse;
Yet measurely feasting, with neighbours among,
Shall make thee beloved, and live the more long.

26. Things husbandly handsome, let workman contrive,
But build not for glory, that thinkest to thrive;
Who fondly in doing, consumeth his stock,
In the end for his folly, doth get but a mock.

27. Spend none but your own, howsoever ye spend,
For bribing and shifting have seldom good end:
In substance although ye have never so much,
Delight not in parasites, harlots, and such.

28. Be süerty seldom, (but never for much)
For fear of purse, pennyless, hanging by such;
Or *Scarborow* warning, as ill I believe,
When, (Sir, I arrest ye!) gets hold of thy sleeve.

29. Use (*legem pone*) to pay at thy day,
But use not (*oremus*) for often delay:
Yet (*præsta quæsumus*) out of a grate,
Of all other collects, the lender doth hate.

30. Be pinched by lending, for kiffe nor for kin,
Nor also by spending, by such as come in;
Nor put to thine hand, betwixt bark and the tree,
Lest through thine own folly, so pinched thou be.

31. As lending to neighbour, in time of his need,
Wins love of thy neighbour, and credit doth breed;
So never to crave, but to live of thine own,
Brings comforts a thousand, to many unknown.

32. Who living but lends? and be lent to they must.
Else buying and selling must lie in the dust:
But shameless and crafty that desperate are,
Make many, full honest, the worser to fare.

33. At some time to borrow, account it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for the same:
Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.

34. By shifting and borrowing, who so as lives,
Not well to be thought on, occasion gives:
Then lay to live warily, and wisely to spend;
For prodigall livers have seldom good end.

35. Some spareth too late, and a number with him,—
The fool at the bottom, the wise at the brim:
Who careth, nor spareth, till spent he hath all,
Of bobbing, not robbing, be fearful he shall.

36. Where wealthiness floweth, no friendship can lack,
Whom poverty pincheth, hath freedom as slack:
Then happy is he, by example that can
Take heed by the fall, of a mischieved man.

37. Who breaketh his credit, or crackoth it twice,
Trust such with a süerty, if ye be wise:
Or if he be angry, for asking thy due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend not ar w.

38. Account it well sold, that is justly well paid,
And count it well bought, that is never denaid;
But yet here is t'one, here is t'other doth best,
For buyer and seller, for quiet and rest.

39. Leave princes' affaires, undescanted on,
And tend to such doings as stands thee upon:
Fear God, and offend not the prince, nor his laws,
And keep thyself out of the magistrate's claws.

40. As interest, or usury plaveth the devil,
So hil-back and fil-belly biteth as evil.
Put dicing among them, and docking the dell,
And by and by after, of beggary smell

41. Once weekly, remember thy charges to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expences may last:
If quarter declareth too much to be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of thy rent.

42. Who orderly ent'reth his payments in book,
May orderly find them again, (if he look:)
And he that intendeth, but once for to pay,
Shall find this in doing, the quietest way.

43. In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach;
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance, to many a man.

44. Have weights, I advise thee, for silver and gold,
For some be in knavery, now a-days bold;
And for to be süer, good money to pay,
Receive that is current, as near as yé may.

45. Delight not, for pleasure, two houses to keep,
Lest charge, without measure, upon thee do creep;
And *Jankin* and *Jenykin* cozen thee so,
To make thee repent it, ere year about go.

46. The stone that is rolling, can gather no moss,
Who often removeth is süer of loss:
The rich it compelleth, to pay for his pride,
The poor it undoeth, on every side.

47. The eye of the master enricheth the hutch,
The eye of the mistress availeth as much;
Which eye, if it govern, with reason and skill,
Hath servant and service, at pleasure and will.

48. Who seeketh revengement of every wrong,
In quiet nor safety, continueth long:
So he that of wilfulness, trieth the law,
Shall strive for a coxcomb, and thrive as a daw.

49. To hunters and hawkers take heed what ye say,
Mild answer with courtesy, drives them away;
So where a man's better will open a gap,
Resist not with rudeness, for fear of mishap.

50. A man in this world, for a churl that is known,
Shall hardly in quiet, keep that is his own:
Where lowly, and such as of courtesy smells,
Finds favour and friendship, wherever he dwells.

51. Keep truly thy Sabbath, the better to speed;
Keep servant from gadding, but when it is need:
Keep fish-day and fasting-day, as they do fall,
What custom thou keepest, let others keep all.

52. Though some in their tithing, be slack or too bold,
Be thou unto Godward, not that way too cold:
Evil conscience grudgeth, and yet we do see,
Ill tithers, ill thrivers most commonly be.

53. Pay weekly thy workman, his houshold to feed,
Pay quarterly servants, to buy as they need:
Give garment to such as deserve, and no mo,
Lest thou and thy wife, without garment do go.

54. Beware *raskabilia*,—slothful to work,
Purloiners and filchers, that loveth to lurk:
Away with such lubbers, so loth to take pain,
That rolls in expences, but never no gain.

55. Good wife and good children are worthy to eat,
Good servant, good labourer, earneth their meat;
Good fellow, good neighbour, that fellowly guest,
With heartile welcome, should have of the best.

56. Depart not with all that thou hast to thy child,
Much loss unto other, for being beguil'd:
Lest if thou wouldst gladly possess it again,
Look, for to come by it, thou wottest not when.

57. The greatest preferment that child we can give
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live;
Which whoso it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in the fire.

58. When God hath so blest thee, as able to live,
And thou hast to rest thee, and able to give;
Lament thy offences, serve God for amends,
Make soul to be ready, when God for it sends.

59. Send fruits of thy faith to heaven, aforehand,
For mercy here doing, God blesseth thy land;
He maketh thy store with his blessing to swim,
And after, thy soul to be blessed with him.

60. Some lay to get riches, by sea and by land,
And vent'reth his life, in his enemies hand:
And setteth his soul upon six or on seven,
Not caring nor fearing, for hell nor for heaven.

61. Some pincheth and spareth, and pineth his life,
To coffer up bags, for to leave to his wife;
And she (when he dieth) sets open the chest,
For such as can soothe her, and all away wrest.

62. Good husband preventing the frailness of some,
Takes part of God's benefits, as they do come:
And leveth to wife and his children the rest,
Each one his own part, as he thinketh it best.

63. These lessons approved, if wisely ye note,
May save and advantage ye, many a groat;
Which if ye can follow, occasion found,
Then every lesson may save ye a pound.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

87.—THE WINDS.

CHAP. XIII.

North winds send hail, South winds bring rain,
East winds we bewail, West winds blow amain:
North-east is too cold, South-east not too warm,
North-west is too bold, South-west doth no harm.

The North is a noyer to grass of all suites,
The East a destroyer to herb and all fruits;
The South, with his showers, refresheth the corn,
The West, to all flowers, may not be forborne.

The West, as a father, all goodness doth bring,
The East, a forbearer no manner of thing:
The South, as unkind, draweth sickness too near,
The North, as a friend, maketh all again clear.

With temperate wind, we be blessed of God,
With tempest we find, we are beat with his rod:
All power, we know, to remain in his hand,
How ever wind blow, by sea or by land.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,
And cause spring tides to raise great flood,
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud
Bereaving many of life, and of blood;
Yet true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, do yield forth bud,
Except wind stands, as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

88.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CHAP. XXXI.

1. Was not Christ our Saviour,
Sent to us fro God above?
Not for our good behaviour,
But only of his mercy and love.
If this be true, as true it is,
Truly in deed
Great thanks to God to yield for this,
Then had we need.

2. This did our God, for very troth,
To train to him the soul of man,
And justly to perform his oath,
To Sarah and to Abram than
That through his seed all nations should
Most blessed be:
As in due time, perform he would,
As now we see.

3. Which wondrously is brought to pass,
And in our sight already done,
By sending, as his promise was,
(To comfort us) his only Son,
Even Christ, I mean, that virgin's child,
In Bethlem born,
That lamb of God, that prophet mild,
With crowned thorn.

4. Such was his love to save us all,
From dangers of the curse of God,
That we stood in by Adam's fall,
And by our own deserved rod,
That through his blood and holy name
Who so believes,
And fly from sin, and abhors the same,
Free mercy he gives.

5. For these glad news this feast doth bring,
To God the Son and Holy Ghost,
Let man give thanks, rejoice and sing.
From world to world, from coast to coast,
For all good gifts so many ways,
That God doth send,
Let us in Christ give God the praise,
Till life shall end.

At Christmas be merry, and thankful withall,
And feast thy poor neighbours, the great with the small;
Yea all the year long, to the poor let us give,
God's blessing to follow us, whiles we do live.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

89.—POSIES FOR THINE OWN BED-CHAMBER.

1. What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth God to send,
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth God to lend?

2. What better fare, than well content, agreeing with thy wealth,
What better guest than trusty friend, in sickness and in health?

3. What better bed than conscience good, to pass the night with sleep,
What better work, than daily care, from sin thyself to keep?

4. What better thought, than think on God, and daily him to serve,
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to sterve?

5. What greater praise of God and man, than mercy for to show,
Who merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy shews to few?

6. What worse despair, than loth to die, for fear to go to hell?
What greater faith than trust in God, through Christ in heaven to dwell?

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

90.—PRINCIPAL POINTS OF RELIGION.

1. To pray to God continually,
2. To learn to know him rightfully,
3. To honour God in Trinity,
   The Trinity in Unity,
   The Father in his majesty,
   The Son in his humanity,
   The Holy Ghost's benignity,
   Three persons, one in Deity.
4. To serve him always, holily,
5. To ask him all thing needfully,
6. To praise him in all company,
7. To love him alway, heartily,
8. To dread him alway christianly,
9. To ask him mercy, penitently,
10. To trust him alway, faithfully,
11. To obey him, alway, willingly,
12. To abide him alway, patiently,
13. To thank him alway, thankfully,
14. To live here alway, virtuously,
15. To use thy neighbour, honestly,
16. To look for death still, presently,
17. To help the poor, in misery,
18. To hope for Heaven's felicity,
19. To have faith, hope, and charity,
20. To count this life but vanity,
    Be points of christianity.

Thomas Tusser.—About 1557.

91.—AMANTIUM IRÆ AMORIS REDINTEGRATIO EST.

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest.
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smil'd;
Then did she say, "Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sat:
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life.
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

* * * * * * *

"I marvel much, pardie," quoth she, "for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out."
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
"The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love."

Richard Edwards.—About 1557.

92.—THE LOVER REQUESTETH SOME FRIENDLY COMFORT, AFFIRMING HIS CONSTANCY.

The mountains high, whose lofty tops do meet the haughty sky;
The craggy rock, that to the sea free passage doth deny;
The aged oak, that doth resist the force of blustring blast;
The pleasant herb, that everywhere a pleasant smell doth cast;
The lion's force, whose courage stout declares a prince-like might;
The eagle, that for worthiness is born of kings in fight.

* * * * * * *

Then these, I say, and thousands more, by tract of time decay,
And, like to time, do quite consume, and fade from form to clay;
But my true heart and service vow'd shall last time out of mind,
And still remain as thine by doom, as Cupid hath assigned;
My faith, lo here! I vow to thee, my troth thou know'st too well;
My goods, my friends, my life, is thine; what need I more to tell?
I am not mine, but thine: I vow thy hests I will obey,
And serve thee as a servant ought, in pleasing if I may;
And sith I have no flying wings, to serve thee as I wish,
Ne fins to cut the silver streams, as doth the gliding fish;
Wherefore leave now forgetfulness, and send again to me,
And strain thy azure veins to write, that I may greeting see.

And thus farewell! more dear to me than
chiefest friend I have,
Whose love in heart I mind to shrine, till Death
his fee do crave.

Richard Edwards.—About 1557.

93.—THE LOVE THAT IS REQUITED WITH DISDAIN.

In search of things that secret are my mated
muse began,
What it might be molested most the head and
mind of man;
The bending brow of prince's face, to wrath
that doth attend,
Or want of parents, wife, or child, or loss of
faithful friend;
The roaring of the cannon shot, that makes
the piece to shake,
Or terror, such as mighty Jove from heaven
above can make:
All these, in fine, may not compare, experience
so doth prove,
Unto the torments, sharp and strange, of such
as be in love.
Love looks aloft, and laughs to scorn all such
as griefs annoy,
The more extreme their passions be, the greater
is his joy;
Thus Love, as victor of the field, triumphs
above the rest,
And joys to see his subjects lie with living
death in breast;
But dire Disdain lets drive a shaft, and galls
this bragging fool,
He plucks his plumes, unbends his bow, and
sets him new to school;
Whereby this boy that bragged late, as conqueror over all,
Now yields himself unto Disdain, his vassal
and his thrall.

William Hunnis.—About 1557.

94.—THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

He. It standeth so; a deed is do',
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee: the one must be,
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My Summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain:
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought, for to make thought?
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Now sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw;
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw;
And as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe.
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I think not nay, but, as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part it makes my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep vallèys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for, dry or weet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain:

Which soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Sith I have here been partinèr
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is.
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And, shortly, it is this,
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That ye were soon agone,
For, to my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine,
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diet,
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Among the wild deer, such an archèr,
As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vittail,
Where is so great plentie.
And water clear of the rivér,
Shall be full sweet to me.
With which in heal I shall right weel
Endure, as ye shall see;
And ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Lo yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me;
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle to the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before day-light,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfill,
Do't shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. I shall, as now, do more for you,
Than 'longeth to womanheed,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread;
But now adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day comes fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why:
Your appetite is to be light
Of love, I weel espy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardily,
Ye would answér whoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman,
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and me assayed,
Ere I loved you, pardé:
And though that I, of ancestry,
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befal;
To die therefore anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!
To be fellàw with an outlaw,
Almighty God forbid!
It better were, the poor squièr
Alone to forest yede,
Than I should say, another day,
That, by my cursed deed,
We were betrayed: wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Whatever befall, I never shall,
Of this thing you upbraid,
But, if ye go, and leave me so,
Then have ye me betrayed.
Remember weel, how that you deal;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. If that ye went, ye should repent;
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fairèr than ever ye were,
I dare it weel avow,
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

She. Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may not remove my thought,
But that I will be your.



KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

"A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen nae mair"

[*Poem* 95.

And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteous every hour;
Glad to fulfill all that she will
Command me to my power.
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changed now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed, whatever I said
To you, when I began.
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

She. These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He. Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparàge,
You (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge.
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an erly's son,
And not a banished man.

Anonymous.—About 1502.

95.—KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battàyle was doomed to be:
Where many a knight cried, "Well-away!"
Alack, it was the more pity.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these words did say:

"Now, as ye are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day
O meet not with your foe in fight;
Put off the battàyle, if ye may;
For Sir Launcelot is now in France,
And with him many a hardy knight,
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight."

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he chargèd all his host,
In readiness there for to be:
But no man should no weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man should no weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell:
Alack! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christentie befel.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought;
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battàyle should be fought;

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' the king's knights on the knee:
Alack! it was a woeful chance,
As ever was in Christentie.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew,
A piteous case as ye shall hear.

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joinèd battàyle instantly:
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away:
Ay me! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought on summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escapèd there,
And Lukyn, Duke of Gloster, free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mould;
The tears fast trickled down his face,
That manly face in fight so bold.

"Now rest ye all, brave knights," he said,
"So true and faithful to your trust;
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust?

"Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death:
And, oh! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath!

"But see the traitor's yet alive,
See, where he stalks among the dead!
Now bitterly he shall abye,
And vengeance fall upon his head."

"Oh, stay, my liege," then said the duke,
"O stay for love and charitie:
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.

"O, stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe."

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushèd to his knee.

"Alas!" then said the noble king,
"That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me!"

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry—
"Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nigh."

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he:
The king his spear he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so;
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordered,
Presently upon that tree;
And bloody streams ran from the kin;
Ere to the duke returnèd he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,—
"Sir knight, thou hast been faithful tried,
Now take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my side.

"O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throw:
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree
All use of weapons I forego.

"And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better ne'er had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

"With this good falchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody field:
But now the fatal hour is come,
That never more I may thee wield."

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of Cologne was the blade;
And all the hilt of precious stone;
"And ever alack!" then said the knight,
"Must such a sword away be thrown?"

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, what did you see?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free."

"O go again," then said the king,
"O good Sir Lukyn go again;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain."

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, "Sir Lukyn, saw ye aught?"
"Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought."

"O Lukyn, Lukyn," said the king,
"Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully;
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?

"Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die."

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king:
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and an arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air;
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen nae mair.

All sore astonished stood the duke;
He stood as still, as still mote be:
Then hastened back to tell the king:
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spye;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladies howl and cry.

And whether the king was there, or not,
He never knew, nor ever colde:
For from that sad and direful day,
He never more was seen on mould.

Anonymous.—About 1550.

THE THIRD PERIOD,

FROM 1558 TO 1649.

THIS period has been termed the glorious age of English literature. The greatest names will be found in clusters, whether it be in poetry, or philosophy, or politics; Shakspere, Bacon, Spenser, Sydney, Hooker, Taylor, Barrow, Raleigh, Napier, and Hobbes, and many others adorn its annals. In all probability the Reformation tended, with other causes, to produce this. Through printing, the treasures of Greece and Rome were laid open to the public. Then came translations from many of the highest works of Spain and Italy. Tasso was translated by Fairfax; Ariosto by Harrington; Homer and Hesiod by Chapman. Boccaccio, Petrarch, Dante, Aretino, Machiavel, Castiglione, all were opened up to the English reader in his own tongue. Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch did much to give incidents and facts to the dramatic writers, who used them freely; but, above all, the Bible, for the first time placed within the power of the poorest to read, was doubtless the greatest means of quickening the hearts and intellects of the great and glorious writers of the age. Hazlitt, in one of his own eloquent passages, says:—

"The translation of the Bible was the chief engine in the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality, which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the visions of the prophets, and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers (such they were thought) to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in the common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a *mind* to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment: it created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attaching to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it. Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and braces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in the history of this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference; or if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense anxiety which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a gravity approaching to piety; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, an habitual fervour and enthusiasm in their mode of handling almost every subject. The debates of the schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough; but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few: they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions, 'to run and read,' with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelations. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' I cannot think that all this variety and knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of a people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. For to leave more disputable points, and take only the historical parts of the Old Testament, or the moral sentiments of the New, there is nothing like them in the power of exciting awe and admiration or of riveting sympathy. We see what Milton has made of the account of the 'Creation,' from the manner in which he has treated it, imbued and impregnated with the spirit of the time of which we speak. Or what is there equal (in that romantic interest and patriarchal simplicity which goes to the heart of a country and rouses it, as it were, from its lairs and wildernesses) equal to the story of Joseph and his Brethren, of Rachel and Laban, of Jacob's dream, of Ruth and Boaz, the descriptions in the book of Job, the deliverance of the Jews out of Egypt, or the account of their captivity and return from Babylon? There is in all these parts of the Scripture, and numberless more of the same kind, to pass over the Orphic hymns of David, the prophetic denunciations of Isaiah, or the gorgeous visions of Ezekiel, an originality, a vastness of conception, a depth and tenderness of feeling, and a touching simplicity in the mode of narration, which he who does not feel, need be made of no 'penetrable stuff.' There is something in the character of Christ too, (leaving religious faith quite out of the question), of more sweetness and majesty, and more likely to work a change in the mind of man, by the contemplation of its idea alone, than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned. This character is that of a sublime

humanity, such as was never seen on earth before, nor since. This shone manifestly both in his words and actions. We see it in his washing the Disciples' feet the night before His death, that unspeakable instance of humility and love, above all art, all meanness, and all pride, and in the leave He took of them on that occasion: 'My peace I give unto you, that peace which the world cannot give, give I unto you;' and in His last commandment, that 'they should love one another.' Who can read the account of His behaviour on the cross, when turning to his mother, He said, 'Woman, behold thy son;' and to the disciple John, 'Behold thy mother;' and 'from that hour that disciple took her to his own home,' without having his heart smote within him? We see it in His treatment of the woman taken in adultery, and in His excuse for the woman who poured precious ointment on His garment as an offering of devotion and love, which is here all in all. His religion was the religion of the heart. We see it in His discourse with the Disciples as they walked together towards Emmaus, when their hearts burned within them; in His sermon from the mount, in His parable of the Good Samaritan, and in that of the Prodigal Son—in every act and word of His life, a grace, a mildness, a dignity and love, a patience and wisdom worthy of the Son of God. His whole life and being were imbued, steeped in this word, *charity*; it was the spring, the well-head from which every thought and feeling gushed into act: and it was this that breathed a mild glory from His face in that last agony upon the cross; when the meek Saviour bowed His head and died, praying for His enemies. He was the first true teacher of morality; for He alone conceived the idea of a pure humanity. He redeemed man from the worship of that idol, self; and instructed him, by precept and example, to love his neighbour as himself, to forgive our enemies, to do good to those that curse us and despitefully use us. He taught the love of good for the sake of good, without regard to personal or sinister views, and made the affections of the heart the sole seat of morality, instead of the pride of the understanding or the sternness of the will. In answering the question, 'Who is our neighbour?' as one who stands in need of our assistance, and whose wounds we can bind up, He has done more to humanize the thoughts and tame the unruly passions, than all who have tried to reform and benefit mankind. The very idea of abstract benevolence, of the desire to do good because another wants our services, and of regarding the human race as one family, the offspring of one common parent, is hardly to be found in any other code or system. It was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness. The Greeks and Romans never thought of considering others; but as they were Greeks or Romans, as they were bound to them by certain positive ties; or, on the other hand, as separated from them by fiercer antipathies. Their virtues were the virtues of political machines; their vices were the vices of demons, ready to inflict or to endure pain with obdurate and remorseless inflexibility of purpose. But in the Christian religion 'we perceive a softness coming over the heart of a nation, and the iron scales that fence and harden it, melt and drop off.' It becomes malleable, capable of pity, of forgiveness, of relaxing in its claims, and remitting its power. We strike it, and it does not hurt us: it is not steel or marble, but flesh and blood, clay tempered with tears, and 'soft as sinews of the new-born babe.' The gospel was first preached to the poor, for it consulted their wants and interests, not its own pride and arrogance. It first promulgated the equality of mankind in the community of duties and benefits. It denounced the iniquities of the chief Priests and Pharisees, and declared itself at variance with principalities and powers, for it sympathizes not with the oppressor, but the oppressed. It first abolished slavery, for it did not consider the power of the will to inflict injury, as clothing it with a right to do so. Its law is good, not power. It at the same time tended to wean the mind from the grossness of sense, and a particle of its divine flame was lent to brighten and purify the lamp of love!"

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to His doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of His character; but this was not the feeling of the great men in the age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief), one of whom says of Him, with a boldness equal to its piety:—

> "The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer;
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

This was old honest Decker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the age of Elizabeth, in the means of exciting terror and pity, in the delineation of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy, the sense of shame, in the fond desires, the longings after immortality, in the heaven of hope, and the abyss of despair it lays open to us.

The literature of this age then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes) first, by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly, by the spirit of Protestantism.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, born 1536, died 1608, was distinguished both by high official position, Lord High Treasurer of England, and poetical eminence. He was one of the commissioners who tried Mary Queen of Scots, and it was he who was deputed to announce her sentence to that much-to-be pitied lady. When a student at the Inner Temple he wrote a tragedy, "Gorboduc," which was performed by the students in a Christmas entertainment and afterwards before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, in 1561. He contributed the Induction and Legend of the Duke of Buckingham to the "Mirror of Magistrates." Campbell says, "He carried taste and elegance even into his formal political functions, and for his eloquence was styled the bell of the Star Chamber. As a poet, his attempt to unite allegory with heroic narrative and his giving our language its earliest regular tragedy, evince the views and enterprise of no ordinary mind; but, though the induction to the 'Mirror for Magistrates' displays some potent sketches, it bears the complexion of a saturnine genius, and resembles a bold and gloomy landscape on which the sun never shines. As to 'Gorboduc,' it is a piece of monotonous recitals, and cold and heavy accumulation of incidents. As an imitation of classical tragedy it is peculiarly unfortunate, in being without even the unities of place and time, to circumscribe its dulness." Sir Philip Sydney, in his "Defence of Poesie," speaks, however, in much more favourable strains. "'Gorboduc' is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, clyming to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach and so obtayne the very end of poesie"; and Warton referring to the "Complaint" of Henry Duke of Buckingham says, it is written "with a force and even elegance of expression, a copiousness of phraseology, and an exactness of versification, not to be found in any other part of the collection." See Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poetry;" Hor. Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; Collins's "Peerage" by Brydges.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

John Harrington, born 1534, died 1582. He was imprisoned by Queen Mary for his suspected attachment to Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was afterwards rewarded with a grant of lands. He wrote but little, but that little causes us to regret that he did not write more. "His love verses," says Campbell, "have an elegance and terseness more modern, by an hundred years, than those of his contemporaries." Hallam adds, "they are as polished as any written at the close of the Queen's reign." See "Nugæ Antiquæ"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe."

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

George Gascoigne, born 1537, died 1577, after studying for some time at Cambridge, removed to Gray's Inn, which he left for the army, and served in Holland, where he received a captain's commission from the Prince of Orange. Returning to England, he became a courtier, and contributed to the festivities which enlivened the business of statesmen and the progress of the queen. The name of the princely pleasures of "Kenilworth Castle," one of Gascoigne's masques, will remind many of our readers of Amy Robsart and Sir Richard Varney, of the ambitious Earl and his imperious mistress. Among Gascoigne's best-known pieces are: "The Glasse of Government, a Tragicall Comedie, Lon., 1575"; "The Steele Glas, a Satyre, 1576"; "A Delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Droonkards; wherein the fowle abuse of common carousing and quaffing with heartie draughtes is honestly admonished, 1576"; "The Droome of Doomes Day; wherein the frailties and miseries of man's life are lively portrayed and learnedly set forth, 1586"; "The Comedie of Supposes, and the Tragedie of Jocasta, in the collective edition of his whole woorkes, 1587." Warton says, that the comedy of "Supposes" was the first comedy written in English prose; and Dr. Farmer in his Essay on Shakspere says that the latter borrowed part of the

plot and of the phraseology of this play, and transferred it into his "Taming of the Shrew." This was the opinion of Chalmers, Warton, and Gifford. Phillips in his "Theat. Poet." says, that the poetical works of Gascoigne have been thought worthy to be quoted among the chief of that time, and Sir S. E. Brydges in his edition of Phillips's book says, "From what I have seen of his works, his fancy seems to have been sparkling and elegant, and he always writes with the powers of a poet." Hallam deems his minor poems, especially one called "The Arraignment of a Lover," as having much spirit and gaiety. Headley, in his "Select Beauties of Ancient English Poetry," speaks of him as a writer whose mind, though it exhibits few marks of strength, is not destitute of delicacy; he is smooth, sentimental, and harmonious See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."; "Athen. Oxon."; Whetstone's "Remembrance of Gascoigne"; "Censura Literaria"; Ritson's "Bibl. Poetica": Watts's "Bibl. Brit."; Chalmers's "British Poets."

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Sir Philip Sydney was born at Penhurst, in Kent, in 1554. He was a chivalrous English soldier and poet. In his fifteenth year he was sent to Christ Church, Oxford, and at the age of seventeen he went on his travels. He was in Paris during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and was obliged to take refuge in the abode of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English ambassador. After visiting various cities in Hungary, Italy, and Germany, he in 1575 returned to England, and in the following year Queen Elizabeth appointed him ambassador to the Emperor Rudolph, at whose court he contracted an intimacy with the famous Don John of Austria. On account of his declaring his sentiments freely against the queen's marriage with the Duke of Anjou, in 1580, in his remonstrance to her majesty, he retired from court, and in his retreat wrote his celebrated romance "Arcadia," and his "Defence of Poesie." In 1582 he received the honour of knighthood, and in 1585 was appointed governor of Flushing, and general of the troops sent to the assistance of the United Provinces. About this time his reputation for wisdom and valour stood so high, that he was thought a fit person to be a candidate for the crown of Poland; but the queen would not consent to the loss of "the jewel of her dominions." In September, 1586, Sir Philip displayed extraordinary bravery at the battle of Zutphen, but received a mortal wound in the thigh as he was mounting his third horse, having had two slain under him. His conduct whilst leaving the battle-field illustrates his noble character. "In which sad progress," says his biographer, Lord Brook, "passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle the general, the Earl of Leicester, was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which, Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'" This wound proved fatal twenty-five days afterwards. His body was brought home and buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. In addition to the works already mentioned, Sir Philip wrote sonnets, "Ourania," a poem, and several other pieces.—(Beeton's *Dict. Universal Biog.*) Campbell speaks in the following terms of our poet:—"The contemporaries of Sydney knew the man, and foreigners, no less than his own countrymen, seem to have felt from his personal influence and conversation, an homage for him, that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart. The variety of his ambition, perhaps, unfavourably divided the force of his genius; feeling that he could take different paths to reputation, he did not confine himself to one, but was successively occupied in the punctilious duties of a courtier, the studies and pursuits of a scholar and traveller, and in the life of a soldier, of which the chivalrous accomplishments could not be learnt without diligence and fatigue. All his excellence in those pursuits, and all the celebrity that would have placed him among the competitors for a crown, was gained in a life of thirty-two years. His sagacity and independence are recorded in the advice which he gave to his own sovereign. In the quarrel with Lord Oxford, he opposed the rights of an English commoner to the prejudices of aristocracy and of royalty itself. At home he was the patron of literature. All England wore mourning for his death. Perhaps the well-known anecdote of his generosity to the dying soldier speaks more powerfully to the heart than the whole volumes of elegies, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin, that were published at his death by the Universities."

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

Robert Southwell, born 1560, died 1595. He was descended from an ancient family in Norfolk, but educated at the English college in Douay, after which he became a Jesuit at Rome. He was appointed prefect of studies there in 1585, but soon afterwards he was sent as a missionary to England. The Countess of Arundel, who appointed him her chaplain, proved a generous and faithful friend. He resided much with her. In July, 1592, he was apprehended as being implicated in secret

conspiracies against the government. He was kept in prison nearly three years, and was during that period often subjected to the torture of the rack. He thus suffered no less than ten times. He acknowledged that he was a priest and a Jesuit, that he came to England to preach the Catholic religion, and that for this he was ready to lay down his life; but he would never admit any knowledge of the conspiracies. He was at last brought to trial at the King's Bench, condemned and executed according to the barbarous custom of the period, the next day, at Tyburn. In the 67th volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine" there is given a list of his writings and a sketch of his life. Robert Aris Willmott says, "One of the least known, though certainly not the least deserving writers of the age of Elizabeth, was Robert Southwell. His poetical compositions do not entitle him to an elevated rank either by their fancy or their power, yet they contain many thoughts that often 'lie too deep for tears,' and as 'a warbler of poetic prose' he will be found to have few rivals: of all our early poets, Southwell recalls most freshly the manner of Goldsmith; not that he ever opened the same vein of pleasantry, or acquired the art of making a history of animals as amusing as a Persian tale; the resemblance is to be traced in the naturalness of the sentiment, the propriety of the expression, and the easy harmony of the verse." In his own times Southwell's works were very popular.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, Devonshire, in 1552. In 1568 he was sent to Oriel College, Oxford, where "he was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy," but did not long remain. He entered the troop of gentlemen volunteers who went to the assistance of the Protestants of France, and in which he remained five or six years. He subsequently joined the expedition of General Norris in the Netherlands, in aid of the Prince of Orange. Soon after his return, he engaged with his brother-in-law, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in a voyage to America, whence they returned in 1579. The next year he was in Ireland, and distinguished himself against the rebels of Munster. On his return to England, he gained the favour of Queen Elizabeth by a romantic piece of gallantry. Her Majesty, while taking a walk, stopped at a muddy place, hesitating whether to proceed or not; on which Raleigh took off his new plush cloak, and spread it on the ground. The queen trod gently over the foot-cloth and soon rewarded the sacrifice of a cloak. In 1584 he fitted out a squadron and endeavoured to establish the colony, named in honour of Elizabeth, Virginia. After spending £40,000, he abandoned the attempt to a mercantile corporation. The expedition brought home the tobacco-plant and the potato. Sir Walter bore a distinguished part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. In 1595 he sailed to Guiana and destroyed the capital of Trinidad. He was one of those who brought about the fall of Essex, and remained in the favour of the queen till her death. In the succeeding reign his fortunes changed. He was stripped of his preferments, tried and condemned for high treason, on a charge the most frivolous and without the least evidence. He remained in the Tower thirteen years, during which he wrote several works on various subjects of great importance, the best of which was the "History of the World," which was published in 1614. The year following he was released, in consequence of the flattering account which he had given of some rich mines in Guiana. On gaining his liberty, he sailed to that country, in search of those pretended mines, instead of discovering which, he burnt the Spanish town of St. Thomas, and returned to England, where on the complaint of Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, he was apprehended, and, in a most unprecedented manner, beheaded at Westminster, 1618, on his former sentence. His works are historical, philosophical, poetical and political. As an author, Hume declares him to be the "best model of our ancient style;" and Hallam speaks of him as "less pedantic than most of his contemporaries, seldom low, and never affected."

NICHOLAS BRETON.

Nicholas Breton, born 1555, died 1624. He is supposed to have been of a Staffordshire family. He published a number of poetical pieces. Sir Egerton Brydges writes: "The ballad of Phillida and Coridon, reprinted by Percy, is a delicious little poem; and if we are to judge from this specimen, his poetical powers—for surely he must have had the powers of a poet—were distinguished by simplicity, at once easy and elegant." "Nicholas Breton," says Phillips, in his "Theatrum Poetarum," "a writer of pastorals, sonnets, canzons and madrigals, in which kind of writing he keeps company with several other contemporary emulators of Spenser and Sir Philip Sydney in a published collection of selected odes of the chief pastoral sonnetteers, &c. of that age." "His happiest vein," remarks Campbell, "is in little pastoral pieces."—See Ritson's "Biblio. Poetica"; Lowndes's "Brit. Bibliographer," Bohn's edit.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

Christopher Marlowe was born about the year 1565. He studied at Cambridge, and

took the M.A. degree in 1587. He became a writer for the stage and probably an actor. His life was disgraceful. At the early age of thirty he was killed in a disreputable quarrel, his own sword being turned against him in a house of ill-fame. He translated several of the classics. He also wrote "Dr. Faustus"; "Edward the Second"; "The Jew of Malta"; "Tamberlaine the Great"; "Lust's Dominion"; "Dido, Queen of Carthage"; and the "Massacre at Paris." They convey abundant proof of the great power their author possessed of drawing characters more than human in their intense malignity and terrible depth of villany. The bishops ordered his translations of "Ovid's Love Elegies" to be burnt in public for their licentiousness, although Campbell justly adds, that if all the licentious poems of that period had been included in the martyrdom, Shakspere's "Venus and Adonis" would have hardly escaped.—See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets."

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

Joshua Sylvester, born 1563, died in Holland 1618. He was a merchant adventurer, and was in great favour with Queen Elizabeth and King James. Prince Henry, son of the latter monarch, appointed him his poet pensioner. He wrote several poems, and translated into English verse, Du Bartas's "Divine Weeks and Works," and some pieces from Fracastarius. He was called by his contemporaries, Silver-tongued. — Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens."

RICHARD BARNFIELD.

Richard Barnfield was born in 1574, and entered at Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1589. He wrote "The Affectionate Shepherd"; "The Encomium of Lady Pecunia, or the Praise of Money"; "The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie"; "The Combat between Conscience and Coveteousness in the Minds of Men"; and "Poems in divers Humours." In what year he died is unknown. —See Rose's "Biog. Dict."; Ellis's "Specimens"; Ritson's "Bib. Poet."; Warton's "Hist. of Eng. Poetry"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."

THOMAS WATSON.

Thomas Watson, born 1560, died about 1592. He was a native of London, and studied the common law. Stevens preferred his sonnets to Shakspere's; but Campbell wittily remarks, "Watson's sonnets are all of eighteen lines; and perhaps in their superfluity of four, Stevens thought their excellence to consist; for as he loved *quantity* in Shakspere, he would like *bulk* in another." —Campbell's *Specimens*.

EDMUND SPENSER.

This eminent poet was born in 1553, and educated at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took his degree, but not obtaining his fellowship, he quitted the university. His earliest poem was the "Shepherd's Calendar," first published in 1579, which he dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney, who became his patron, and introduced him at court. In 1580 he was appointed by the Earl of Leicester, Secretary to Lord Grey, Viceroy of Ireland, and obtained a grant of lands at Kilcolmain, in the county of Cork, where he built a house, and finished his celebrated poem, "The Faerie Queen." In the rebellion begun by the Earl of Tyrone, his house was fired, and one of his children perished in the conflagration; upon which he retired to London. He died in 1599, and was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey. Pope says: "There is something in Spenser which pleases us as strongly in one's old age as it did in one's youth. I read the 'Faerie Queen' when I was about twelve with a vast deal of delight;" and Professor Craik, in his admirable "Sketches of Literature and Learning in England," observes: "Without calling Spenser the greatest of all poets, we may still say that his poetry is the most poetical of all poetry."—See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Campbell's "Specimens"; Chambers's "Cyclo. English Lit." vol. i.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Samuel Daniel was born at Taunton, Somersetshire in 1562. He was educated at Magdalen [illegible] Oxford, and was subsequently tutor to the celebrated Anne Clifford, daughter of George, Earl of Cumberland and afterwards Countess of Pembroke. We know little of his history. He resided for some years, it seems, in a small house in the parish of St. Luke, London, associated with Shakspeare, Marlowe, Chapman and others, and towards the close of his life, retired to a farm at Beckington, near Philips-Norton, in Somersetshire. He wrote a number of works. Drummond says of him, "for sweetness and rhyming, second to none," and Bolton remarks of his writings that they "containe somewhat a flat, yet withal a very pure and copious English, and words as warrantable as any man's, and fitter perhaps for prose than measure." Gabriel Harvey admires Daniel for his efforts

to enrich and improve his native tongue. Langbaine, in his "Dramatic Poets," speaks of him as "one whose memory will ever be fresh in the minds of those who favour history or poetry." Fuller, in his "Worthies," calls him "an exquisite poet." Headley says, "he has skill in the pathetic, and his pages are disgraced with neither pedantry nor conceit," in which opinion he is confirmed by the illustrious author of the "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," who writes, "It is the chief praise of Daniel, and must have contributed to what popularity he enjoyed in his own age, that his English is eminently pure, free from affectation, archaism, and from pedantic innovation, with very little that is now obsolete."—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."; Chambers's "Cycl." vol. i.; Campbell's "Specimens"; Drake's "Shakspere and his Times."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Michael Drayton is said to have been born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, in 1653. He studied some time at Oxford, and was indebted to Sir Henry Goodeve, the Countess of Bedford, and Sir Walter Aston. To the hospitality of the last-mentioned patron he refers, when complaining of his want of success in gaining the smiles of the court, upon the accession of James I.: "All my long-nourished hopes (were) even buried alive before my face; so uncertain in this world be the end of our dearest endeavours! And whatever is herein (the "Poly-Olbion") that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continued bounty of my truly noble friend, Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which now I publish;" and again:

> "Trent, by Tixall graced, the Astons' ancient seat,
> Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet retreat."

The Earl of [illegible]ved as kind to his age as Sir Walter Aston had to his earlier years, and under the roof of this generous nobleman he spent his declining days in repose and comfort, beloved by his associates and admired by his countrymen at large. In 1613 appeared the first of his principal work, the "Poly-Olbion," containing eighteen songs; this he reprinted in 1622 with the addition of twelve songs, making thirty in the whole, or thirty thousand lines, written in Alexandrian couplets! He wrote the "Shepherd's Garland"; the "Barrons' Warres"; "England's Heroical Epistles"; the "Downfall of Robert of Normandy"; "Holy Himnes"; "Nymphidia"; the "Court of Fayrie"; "Elegies"; and other works. It is said of the "Nymphidia," that it "can never become obsolete until the spirit of true poetry shall have lost its charms." Burton, the antiquary of Leicestershire, considers that the name alone of Drayton exalted the poetical eminence of England to an equality with Italy itself. Bishop Nicolson, in his English "Hist. Lib.," commends the accuracy of the "Poly-Olbion": "It affords a much truer account of this kingdom, and the dominion of Wales, than could well be expected from the pen of a poet." This work is, indeed, a most singular performance. Imagine a poet gravely proposing as the subject of his muse, a chorographical description of all the tracts, rivers, mountains, forests, and other parts of the renowned isle of Great Britain, with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, &c., of the same. Headley remarks, that "his 'Poly-Olbion' is one of the most singular works this country has produced, and seems to me eminently original. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that he is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary."—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Hallam's "Introduc. to Lit. His."; Brydges' "Imaginative Biog."; Disraeli's "Amenities of Lit."; Drake's "Shakspere and his Times."

EDWARD FAIRFAX, B.D.

Edward Fairfax, B.D., was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire, and passed his days in lettered ease at his seat at Fuyistone. He wrote a poetical history of Edward the Black Prince, twelve eclogues, a "Discourse of Witchcraft," some letters against the Church of Rome, and a translation of Tasso's "Recovery of Jerusalem." Few translators have been honoured with commendations from so many distinguished authorities. The names of King James, King Charles, Dryden, Waller, Collins, Milton, Hume, Charles Lamb, by no means exhaust the list. Its ease, elegance, and exactness, for the age in which it was translated, is surprising.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dryden's preface to his "Fables"; Hume's "History of England"; "London Quarterly Review"; Phillips's "Theat. Poet."

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

Sir John Harrington, born 1561, died 1612. He was the son of John Harrington, the poet

we have already noticed, and was a great favourite with his godmother, Queen Elizabeth, although temporarily banished from court for writing a witty work upon an objectionable theme, entitled "The Metamorphosis of Ajax." Lon. 1596, 8vo. A licence was refused for printing this work, yet it nevertheless went through three impressions. Sir John also published "Orlando Furioso," translated into English verse, which was the first version of Ariosto in our language. The first fifty stanzas of Book XXXII. were translated by Francis Harrington, Sir John's youngest brother. Ellis says of this work, "that although much admired at the time, it is now found to be inaccurate and feeble;" yet, notwithstanding this, Warton remarks, that "it enriched our poetry by a communication of new stories of fiction and imagination, both of the romantic and comic species of Gothic machinery and familiar manners." Campbell speaks in higher terms: "The translation of the 'Jerusalem' was published when he was a young man, was inscribed to Queen Elizabeth, and forms one of the glories of her reign." Sir John published a number of works, among which was the "Nugæ Antiquæ," being a miscellaneous collection of original papers in prose and verse, of the times of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James, by Sir J. H. and others who lived in those times. These volumes should be in the library of every historical student. "Sir John Harrington appears to have been a gentleman of great pleasantry and humour; his fortune was easy, the court his element, and wit, not his business, but diversion."—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe"; "Censura Literaria"; Cooper's "Muses' Library," p. 297; Bishop Nicolson's "English Hist. Lib."; Park's Advert. to his edition of "Nugæ Antiquæ."

FULKE GREVILLE.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, born 1554, died 1628, was the son of Sir Fulke Greville, of Beauchamp Court, in Warwickshire. He entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards completed his studies at Oxford. After attaining distinction at court, and being honoured by a seat at the Privy Council, he was assassinated by one of his domestics, named Ralph Heywood. He ordered the following inscription to be placed on his own grave: "Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sydney." He wrote a variety of works, among which are: "A Treatise of Human Learning," in fifteen stanzas; "An Inquisition upon Fame and Honour," in eighty-six stanzas; the "Life of the renowned Sir Philip Sydney"; "Alaham," a tragedy; "Mustapha," a tragedy; a "Letter of Travell." Richard Baxter, the celebrated nonconformist, speaks highly of one of his works. Hallam, in his "Literary History of Europe," says: "Lord Brooke's poetry is chiefly worth notice as an indication of that thinking spirit upon political science, which was to produce the riper speculation of Hobbes and Harrington and Locke."—See Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; Langbaine's "Dramatical Poets"; Baxter's "Poetical Fragments"; Charles Lamb; Hazlitt's "Table Talk: of Persons one would wish to have seen"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton, born at Bocton-Malherbe, in Kent, in 1568. Foreseeing the fall of Essex, to whom he was secretary, he left the kingdom, but returned on the accession of James, and was appointed ambassador to the court of Venice. Towards the close of his life, he took deacon's orders, and was nominated Provost of Eton. He wrote the "Elements of Architecture"; "Parallel between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham"; "Characters of some Kings of England"; "Essay on Education"; and "Poems," printed in the Reliquæ Wottonianæ, by good old Isaac Walton. He died in 1639. If the reader has not seen the "Life of Wotton," by Walton, let him by all means get it; a greater treat is not in the whole language of biography than this life by the quaint and delightful angler.—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

HENRY CONSTABLE.

Henry Constable was educated at Oxford, but took his B.A. degree at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1579. He published "Diana, or the Excellent Conceitful Sonnets of H. C., &c.," in 1584. Ellis thinks he was born in 1568, but it is quite uncertain, as also is the time of his death. Dr. Birch, in his "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," supposes that he was the same Henry Constable who, for his zeal in the Catholic religion, was long obliged to live in a state of banishment. He returned to England, however, about the beginning of James's reign.—See Edmund Bolton's "Hypercritica"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Malone's "Shakspere," x. 74; Todd's "Milton"; Warton's "English Poetry"; Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

William Shakspere, born 1564, died 1616. The neglect of Shakspere by his countrymen,

immediately after his own age, or rather the little attention then paid to the personal history of poets, has left to the anxious curiosity of modern admiration slight materials for the construction of his biography. Official documents, tradition, and scattered notices in various writers, have been carefully gleaned to procure a few meagre facts from which we may trace the great poet's living career. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, in April, 1564. His father, a woolcomber or glover, seems to have been descended from a family of yeomen settled at Snitterfield, near Warwick, and, marrying a rustic heiress, Mary Arden (who inherited a farm of some value), he went to Stratford to reside as a tradesman. He became high-bailiff of the town, and possessed several houses in Stratford; but his circumstances declined. It is conjectured that a short course in the Stratford grammar-school was all the regular education Shakspere ever received. The necessity of assistance in his business forced his father to withdraw him early from school. The traditionary anecdotes of his youth indicate anything but the earnest student anxiously expanding the rudimentary acquirements received from a village pedagogue; and yet the question of his learning has employed the elaborate, and often sarcastic and angry erudition of hostile critics. But Shakspere's "wit" was "made of Atalanta's heels:" an hour of a mind like his could extract the honey, the acquisition of which employed the days and nights of less vigorous intellects. If we cannot believe, in all its circumstances, the traditionary tale of the deer-stealing in Charlecote Park, the angry vengeance of Sir Thomas Lucy, and the forced flight of the poet from his native place; we can yet discern in the compelled hurry of his marriage, that the ardour of his temperament had involved him in irregularities and imprudences. He married, at the age of eighteen, Anne Hathaway, a young woman seven years older than himself, the daughter of a "substantial yeoman" in the neighbourhood. Three or four years after his marriage he removed to London, having possibly perceived the incipient tendencies of his genius during the occasional visits of the metropolitan players to Stratford. In London we soon find the poet in comparative opulence. He rapidly acquired a large property in more than one theatre. The order in which he produced his dramatic compositions has been a subject of keen inquiry; but the minute researches of editors elicit few satisfactory results. In whatever order his dramas were produced, he soon vindicated the immense superiority of his genius by universal popularity. He was the companion of the nobles and the wits of the time, and a favourite of Elizabeth herself, at whose request some of his pieces were written. The wealth which his genius realized enabled him, comparatively early in life, to retire from his professional career. He had purchased an estate in the vicinity of his native town; but his tranquil retirement was of no long duration: he enjoyed it only four years. He died April 23rd (St. George's day), 1616, and was buried "on the north side of the chancel in the great church of Stratford." His bust is placed in the wall over his grave: on the stone beneath is the following epitaph:—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

His only son had died early; all the children of his married daughters died without issue.

The works of Shakspere consist of thirty-seven plays, tragedies, comedies, and histories; the poems "Venus and Adonis," and "Tarquin and Lucrece," with a collection of sonnets. Of the thirty-seven plays, "Titus Andronicus," "Pericles," and "Henry VI.," with portions of some others, have been doubted by critics to be authentically Shakspere's; and some have claimed for him other authorless pieces of the period. The total want of care to preserve and to authenticate the productions of his genius before his death, has been supposed to indicate the poet's perfect indifference to fame.

The worship with which Shakspere is universally regarded in this country disposes us to love him on trust. The estimation of his contemporaries and rivals proves him not undeserving of this regard. The "gentle Shakspere" was universally beloved. Gifford has extracted the gall even from expressions that were esteemed as the sarcasm of Ben Jonson's surly ingratitude.

The subject of Shakspere's dramatic and poetical character is so vast, that it would be idle here to attempt its analysis. The variety of its attributes has, as might have been expected, drawn both censure and applause from different tastes and ages. Voltaire could see in "Hamlet" only the work of a "drunken savage." The mechanical pedantry of Rymer sees in "Othello" only "a bloody farce": "a tragedy of a pocket-handkerchief." We shall quote the celebrated passage of Dryden, eulogized by Johnson as "a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration":—
"He (Shakspere) was the man, who of all modern, and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike;

were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clinches, his serious into bombast. But he is always great, when great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets—

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi."

This "epitome of excellence," as Johnson terms the above criticism, must constitute our sole tribute to Shakspere's merits. The voluminous admiration of more modern times does not contain a very great deal more than is compressed into the vigour of Dryden's remarks. We would simply invite attention to the higher views of the philosophy of Shakspere's literature, suggested by the fine imagination of Coleridge. Poets have always been Shakspere's best critics.

See the "Poetry and Poets of Britain," by Daniel Scrymgeour, pp. 83—85; Chambers's "Cyc Eng. Lit.," vol. i.; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Beaumont and Fletcher, born 1586, died 1616; born 1576, died 1625. Those names, united by friendship and confederate genius, ought not to be disjoined. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont of the Common Pleas, and was born at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire, in 1586. He studied at Oxford, and passed from thence to the Inner Temple; but his application to the law cannot be supposed to have been intense, as his first play, in conjunction with Fletcher, was acted in his twenty-first year, and the short remainder of his life was devoted to the drama. He married Ursula, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley, of Kent, by whom he had two daughters, one of whom was alive, at a great age, in the year 1700. He died in 1616, and was buried at the entrance of St. Benedict's chapel, near the Earl of Middlesex's monument, in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. As a lyrical poet, F. Beaumont would be entitled to some remembrance, independent of his niche in the drama.

John Fletcher was the son of Dr. R. Fletcher, bishop of London: he was born, probably, in the metropolis, in 1576, and was admitted a pensioner of Bennet College about the age of fifteen. His time and progress at the university have not been traced, and only a few anecdotes have been gleaned about the manner of his life and death. Before the marriage of Beaumont, we are told by Aubrey, that Fletcher and he lived together in London, near the Bankside, not far from the theatre, had one * * * in the same house between them, the same clothes, cloak, &c. Fletcher died in the great plague of 1625. A friend had invited him to the country, and he unfortunately stayed in town to get a suit of clothes for the visit, during which time he caught the fatal infection. He was interred in St. Saviour's, Southwark, where his grave, like that of Beaumont's in Westminster, is without an inscription.

Fletcher survived his dramatic associate ten years; so that their share in the drama that passes by their joint names was far from equal in quantity, Fletcher having written between thirty and forty after the death of his companion. Respecting those which appeared in their common lifetime, the general account is, that Fletcher chiefly supplied the fancy and invention of their pieces, and that Beaumont, though he was the younger, dictated the cooler touches of taste and accuracy. This tradition is supported, or rather exaggerated, in the verses of Cartwright to Fletcher, in which he says,

"Beaumont was fain
To bid thee be more dull; that's write again,
And bate some of thy fire which from thee came
In a clear, bright, full, but too large a flame."

Many verses to the same effect might be quoted, but this tradition, so derogatory to Beaumont's genius, is contradicted by other testimonies of rather an earlier date, and coming from writers who must have known the great dramatists themselves much better than Cartwright. Ben Jonson speaks of Beaumont's originality with the emphasis peculiar to the expression of all his opinions; and Earle, the intimate friend of Beaumont, ascribed to him, while Fletcher was still alive, the exclusive claim to those three distinguished plays, the "Maid's Tragedy," "Philaster," and "King and No King"; a statement which Fletcher's friends were likely to have contradicted, if it had been untrue. If Beaumont had the sole or chief merit of those pieces, he could not have been what Cartwright would have us believe, the mere pruner of Fletcher's luxuriances; an assessor, who made him write again and more dully. Indeed, with reverence to their memories, nothing that they have left us has much the appearance of being twice written; and whatever their amiable editor, Mr. Seward, may say about the correctness of their plots, the management of their stories would lead us to suspect, that neither of the duumvirate troubled themselves much about correctness. Their charm is vigour and variety; their defects, a coarseness and grotesqueness that betray no circumspection. There is so much more hardihood than discretion in the arrangement of their scenes, that if Beaumont's taste and judgment

had the disposal of them, he fully proved himself the junior partner. But it is not probable that their departments were so divided.

Still, however, the scanty lights that enable us to guess at what they respectively wrote, seem to warrant that distinction in the cast of their genius which is made in the poet's allusion to

"Fletcher's keen treble, and deep Beaumont's base."

Beaumont was the deeper scholar. Fletcher is said to have been more a man of the world. Beaumont's vein was more pathetic and solemn, but he was not without humour; for the mock-heroic scenes, that are excellent in some of their plays, are universally ascribed to him. Fletcher's muse, except where she sleeps in pastorals, seems to have been a nymph of boundless unblushing pleasantry. Fletcher's admirers warmly complimented his originality at the expense of Beaumont, on the strength of his superior gaiety, as if gay thoughts must necessarily be more original than serious ones, or depth of sensibility be allied to shallowness of invention. We are told also, that Beaumont's taste leant to the hard and abstract school of Jonson, while his coadjutor followed the wilder graces of Shakspere. But if Earle can be credited for Beaumont's having written "Philaster," we shall discover him in that tragedy to be the very opposite of an abstract painter of character: it has the spirit of individual life. The piece owes much less to art than it loses by negligence. Its forms and passions are those of romance, and its graces, evidently imitated from Shakspere, want only the fillet and zone of art to consummate their beauty.

On the whole, while it is generally allowed that Fletcher was the gayer, and Beaumont the graver genius of their amusing theatre, it is unnecessary to depreciate either, for they were both original and creative; or to draw invidious comparisons between men, who, themselves, disdained to be rivals.

See Campbell's "Specimens"; Fuller's "Worthies"; Cunningham's "Biog. Hist. of Eng."; Schlegel's "Dramatic Literature"; "General Biog. Dict."; "Lord Macaulay"; Shaw's "Outlines of English Literature"; Spalding's "Hist."

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Sir John Davies, born 1570, died 1626. He was a native of Wiltshire, educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and afterwards studied law. In 1603, he was sent as Solicitor-General to Ireland, soon rose to be Attorney-General, and subsequently was appointed one of the Judges of Assize. In 1607 he was knighted, and after filling several offices with great credit, he was in 1626 appointed Lord Chief Justice of England, but died suddenly, before the ceremony of settlement or installation could be performed. Campbell says that Sir John was expelled from the Temple for beating Richard Martin, who was afterwards Recorder of London. His "Poeme of Dauncing," which he wrote in fifteen days, appeared in 1596, and, curious enough, with a dedicatory sonnet "To his very Friend, Ma. Rich. Martin." In 1599, although the dedication to Queen Elizabeth bears date 1592, appeared his "Nosce Teipsum: this Oracle expounded in two Elegies: 1st. Of Human Knowledge: 2nd. Of the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof." Richard Baxter calls it "an excellent Poem, in opening the nature, faculties, and certain immortality of man's soul;" and Hallam says, "Perhaps no language can produce a poem, extending to so great a length, of more condensation of thought, or in which fewer languid verses will be found."

"Sir John Davies and Sir William Davenant," writes Southey, "avoiding equally the opposite faults of too artificial and too careless a style, wrote in numbers, which for precision and clearness, and felicity and strength, have never been surpassed."

He published a number of law books; among which are: "Reports of Cases in the Law in the King's Courts in Ireland," 2 Jac. I., 10 Jac. I., 1604-12, with a learned preface. These were the first reports of Irish judgments which had ever been made public during the 400 years that the laws of England had existed in that kingdom. "An Abridgement of Coke's Reports." The great Earl of Chatham, Bishop Nicolson, and other eminent men, speak in the highest terms of Sir John. Indeed, in versatility of talent, brilliancy of imagination, political wisdom, and literary taste, he has been equalled but by few Englishmen.—See Campbell's "Specimens"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Athen. Oxon."; Johnson and Chalmers's "English Poets"; Marvin's "Legal Bibl."; Wallace's "Reporters"; "Retrosp. Review," vol. xliv., 1822.

JOHN DONNE, D.D.

John Donne, D.D., born 1573, died 1631. The life of Donne is more interesting than his poetry. He was descended from an ancient family; his mother was related to Sir Thomas More, and to Heywood, the epigrammatist. A prodigy of youthful learning, he was entered of Hart Hall, now Hertford College, at the unprecedented age of eleven: he studied afterwards with an extraordinary thirst for general knowledge, and seems to have consumed a considerable patrimony on his education and travels. Having accompanied the Earl of Essex in his expedition to Cadiz, he purposed to have set out on an

extensive course of travels, and to have visited the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. Though compelled to give up his design by the insuperable dangers and difficulties of the journey, he did not come home till his mind had been stored with an extensive knowledge of foreign languages and manners, by a residence in the south of Europe. On his return to England, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere made him his secretary, and took him to his house. There he formed a mutual attachment to the niece of Lady Ellesmere, and without the means or prospect of support, the lovers thought proper to marry. The lady's father, Sir George More, on the declaration of this step, was so transported with rage, that he insisted on the chancellor's driving Donne from his protection, and even got him imprisoned, together with the witnesses of the marriage. He was soon released from prison, but the chancellor would not again take him into his service: and the brutal father-in-law would not support the unfortunate pair. In their distress, however, they were sheltered by Sir Francis Wolley, a son of Lady Ellesmere by a former marriage, with whom they resided for several years, and were treated with a kindness that mitigated their sense of dependence.

Donne had been bred a Catholic, but on mature reflection had made a conscientious renunciation of that faith. One of his warm friends, Dr. Morton, afterwards bishop of Durham, wished to have provided for him, by generously surrendering one of his benefices: he therefore pressed him to take holy orders, and to return to him the third day with his answer to the proposal. "At hearing of this," says his biographer, "Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave visible testimony of an inward conflict. He did not, however, return his answer till the third day; when, with fervid thanks, he declined the offer, telling the bishop that there were some errors of his life which, though long repented of, and pardoned, as he trusted, by God, might yet be not forgotten by some men, and which might cast a dishonour on the sacred office." We are not told what those irregularities were; but the conscience which could dictate such an answer was not likely to require great offences for a stumbling-block. This occurred in the poet's thirty-fourth year.

After the death of Sir F. Wolley, his next protector was Sir Robert Drury, whom he accompanied on an embassy to France. His wife, with an attachment as romantic as poet could wish for, had formed the design of accompanying him as a page. It was on this occasion, and to dissuade her from the design, that he addressed to her the verses beginning, "By our first strange and fatal interview." Isaak Walton relates, with great simplicity, how the poet, one evening, as he sat alone in his chamber in Paris, saw the vision of his beloved wife appear to him with a dead infant in her arms, a story which wants only credibility to be interesting. He had at last the good fortune to attract the regard of King James; and, at his majesty's instance, as he might now consider that he had outlived the remembrance of his former follies, he was persuaded to become a clergyman. In this capacity he was successively appointed chaplain to the king, lecturer of Lincoln's Inn, vicar of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and Dean of St. Paul's. His death, at a late age, was occasioned by consumption. He was buried in St. Paul's, where his figure yet remains in the vault of St. Faith's, carved from a painting for which he sat a few days before his death, dressed in his winding-sheet. —See Campbell's "Specimens"; Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; "London Quarterly Review," lix. 6, 1837; Isaak Walton's "Life of Donne"; Walton's "Life," by Zouch; Drake's "Shakspere and his Times"; "Retros. Rev.," viii. 31, 1823; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

BEN JONSON.

Ben Jonson, born 1574, died 1637. Benjamin, or, according to his own abbreviation of signature, Ben Jonson, was born in Westminster. His family is said to have been originally from Annandale. Losing his father, a preacher in Westminster, before his birth, the benevolence of a friend placed him at Westminster School, where he attracted the notice of the celebrated Camden, at that period second master in that establishment. His mother having married a bricklayer, Ben was taken from school and made to work at his stepfather's business. From this disagreeable occupation he escaped by enlisting into the army. He served one campaign in the Low Countries, and on his return he is said to have been a short time at St. John's College, Cambridge; but this wants confirmation. He took to the stage, fought a duel with a brother actor, whom he killed, and was thrown into prison. In prison he became a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, which he professed for a number of years afterwards.

On his release he resumed his efforts to procure a subsistence from a connection with the theatres. Slender as were his resources and prospects, at the age of twenty he married; and pursued with indomitable perseverance, under great disadvantages, those studies which ultimately rendered him one of the most learned men of his time. Although his talents procured him notice and distinction, his circumstances continued still straitened. Gifford disproves satisfactorily the frequently alleged generous patronage of Jonson, in his

necessity, by Shakspere, and, equally satisfactorily, the alleged ingratitude and malignity of Jonson. His early efforts, as was the custom of the time, were made in joint works with Marston, Decker, and others. His first acknowledged piece that has descended to us is "Every Man in his Humour." Its success, if not materially improving his finances, prodigiously increased his reputation. A rapid succession of pieces of great excellence placed him in the first rank of dramatic writers. Fairer prospects of emolument opened to him on the accession of James I. From that period he almost abandoned the stage, and employed himself in the production of his series of beautiful masques for the amusement of the Court and of the nobility. This species of writing Jonson may claim the credit of having brought to perfection, and it may almost be said to have died with him.

It was during these happier years that he acquired those habits of conviviality to which his enemies have given a less gentle name. His company was courted by all the talent of the time, and the suppers of the "Mermaid" are mentioned with enthusiasm by those who had enjoyed their keen encounters of contending wits. Much of the obloquy against Jonson has arisen from a result of a journey he undertook to Scotland in 1618. He had visited the poet Drummond of Hawthornden. Drummond's notes of their conversations were published partially, under the sanction of his son, in 1711, long after his own and Jonson's death. They contained strictures, reckoned to be malignant, on many of Jonson's contemporaries and on some of his patrons. Jonson's biographer, Gifford, falls furiously on Drummond for the treachery implied in the noting down of confidential conversations, as these have been the foundation of aspersions of the worst kind on Jonson's character.

The death of James deprived Jonson of a kind and indulgent patron. He had succeeded Daniel in the hitherto honorary office of laureate, and received for it a small pension; but he was neglected by Charles I., and the concluding years of his life were spent under the pressure of poverty and disease, during which, however, his indefatigable pen was seldom unemployed. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The flagstone over his grave was inscribed by some familiar friend with the words "Oh, rare Ben Jonson."

Gifford heroically defends Jonson from the calumnies heaped on his memory, especially by the commentators of Shakspere, and vindicates for his author the possession of qualities that commanded the affection and respect of the first men of the time, and caused his death to be felt as a public loss. He seems to have been a man of strong and independent character; somewhat rough and arrogant in manner, but liberal and kind-hearted in temper, with the frankness and bluntness of a true Englishman. His works display a veneration for all that is high-minded and virtuous; his learning is so prodigious that his commentators pant with difficulty after his footsteps. He has not been popular since his own age; Gifford assigns for this various reasons.—See vol. i. p. 135, *et seq.* His characters want individuality, and illustrate "humours" rather than minds. His wit is brilliant, "but does not make the heart laugh." His two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline," lofty, ornate, and correct in the costume of Roman manners, are frigid and passionless. "In the plots of his comedies he is deserving of undisputed praise." Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus are his models. At the head of his comedies in reputation stand

> "The Fox, the Alchemist, and Silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man."

His language is nervous and masculine: "perhaps," says Dryden, "he did a little too much Romanize our tongue." His masques abound in passages of the most airy and animated beauty.

Leigh Hunt in his "Men, Women, and Books," says, "I do not think that his poetical merits are yet properly appreciated. I cannot consent that the palm of humour alone shall be given to him while in wit, feeling, pathos, and poetical diction he is to be sunk fathoms below Fletcher and Massinger. In the last particular I think that he excels them both, and, indeed, all his contemporaries except Shakspeare." See Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Schlegel's "Dramat. Art and Lit."; Hazlitt's "Lect. on the English Comic Writers"; Disraeli's "Amenities of Literature"; the "Humours of Jonson"; Austin and Ralph's "Lives of the Poets-Laureate"; Mary Russell Mitford's "Recollections of a Literary Life."

JOSEPH HALL, D.D.

Joseph Hall, D.D., born 1574, died 1656, one of the most eminent English divines and scholars, was a native of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where, for a short time, he read the Rhetoric Lecture in the Schools. He became Rector of Halstead, was subsequently presented by Lord Denny to Waltham Holy Cross, and next made a Prebendary of the Collegiate Church of Wolverhampton. In 1618 he was sent to the Synod of Dort, was made Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and translated to Norwich in 1641. On the occurrence of the rebellion, after suffering imprisonment and enduring various

other hardships, he was sequestered and reduced to great poverty. He retired to Higham, near Norwich, where he spent the rest of his days on a straitened income, but in the active discharge of ministerial duty. As a man of profound learning, fervent piety, and practical philanthropy, his name should be had in everlasting remembrance. He was distinguished as a poet and as a prose writer, and wrote many sermons, controversial tracts against Romanism, and other theological treatises. The Rev. John Whitefoote, in his funeral sermon, says: "He was noted for a singular wit from his youth; a most acute rhetorician and an elegant poet. He understood many tongues; and in the rhetorick of his own he was second to none that lived in his time." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Selections of Hall's Works," by Rev. Josiah Pratt, 1808; Orme's "Bibl. Bib."; Dibdin's "Lit. Comp."; Bickersteth's "Christian Student"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe"; Fuller's "Worthies of Leicestershire"; Rev. Chas. Bridges's "Memoir of Miss M. J. Graham"; Campbell's "Specimens."

RICHARD CORBET.

This witty and good-natured bishop was born in 1582. He was the son of a gardener, who, however, had the honour to be known to and sung by Ben Jonson. He was educated at Westminster and Oxford; and having received orders, was made successively Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. He was a most facetious and rather too convivial person; and a collection of anecdotes about him might be made, little inferior, in point of wit and coarseness, to that famous one, once so popular in Scotland, relating to the sayings and doings of George Buchanan. He is said, on one occasion, to have aided an unfortunate ballad-singer in his professional duty by arraying himself in his leathern jacket and vending the stock, being possessed of a fine presence and a clear, full, ringing voice. Occasionally doffing his clerical costume, he adjourned with his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, to the wine-cellar, where care and ceremony were both speedily drowned, the one of the pair exclaiming, "Here's to thee, Lushington," and the other, "Here's to thee, Corbet." Men winked at these irregularities, probably on the principle mentioned by Scott, in reference to Prior Aymer, in "Ivanhoe,"—"If Prior Aymer rode hard in the chase, or remained late at the banquet, men only shrugged up their shoulders by recollecting that the same irregularities were practised by many of his brethren, who had no redeeming qualities whatsoever to atone for them." Corbet, on the other hand, was a kind as well as a convivial—a warm-hearted as well as an eccentric man. He was tolerant to the Puritans and sectaries; his attention to his duties was respectable; his talents were of a high order, and he had in him a vein of genius of no ordinary kind. He died in 1635, but his poems were not published till 1647. They are of various merit, and treat of various subjects. In his "Journey to France," you see the humourist, who, on one occasion, when the country people were flocking to be confirmed, cried, "Bear off, there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff." In his lines to his son Vincent, we see, notwithstanding all his foibles, the good man; and in his "Farewell to the Fairies," the fine and fanciful poet. See Gilfillan's "Memoirs of the Less Known British Poets"; Aubrey's "Letters"; "Life," by Gilchrist; "Athen. Oxon."

DR. HENRY KING.

Dr. Henry King, born 1592, died 1669. He was chaplain to James I. and Bishop of Chichester. His poems, elegies, paradoxes, and sonnets have a neatness, elegance, and even a tenderness which entitle them to more attention than they now obtain. To this testimony of Peter Cunningham, Robert Chambers says, "His language and imagery are chaste and refined." See Campbell's "Specimens"; Chambers's "Cycl. Eng. Lit." vol. i. 118.

DR. WILDE.

Dr. Wilde was a dissenting minister. We know not the dates of his birth and death. He wrote "Iter Boreale" a poem; and a comedy, entitled "The Benefice."

THOMAS CAREW.

This delectable versifier was born in 1589, in Gloucestershire, from an old family in which he sprung. He was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but neither matriculated nor took a degree. After finishing his travels, he returned to England, and became soon highly distinguished, in the Court of Charles I., for his manners, accomplishments, and wit. He was appointed Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to the King. He spent the rest of his life as a gay and gallant courtier; and in the intervals of pleasure produced some light but exquisite poetry. He is said, ere his death, which took place in 1639, to have become very devout, and bitterly to have deplored the licentiousness of some of his verses.

Indelicate choice of subject is often, in Carew, combined with great delicacy of execution. No one touches dangerous themes with

434.—LULLABY.

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons; do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby:
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Dekker, Chettle, & Haughton.—About 1599.

435.—VIRTUE AND VICE.

Virtue's branches wither, virtue pines,
O pity! pity! and alack the time!
Vice doth flourish, vice in glory shines,
Her gilded boughs above the cedar climb.

Vice hath golden cheeks, O pity, pity!
She in every land doth monarchize:
Virtue is exiled from every city,
Virtue is a fool, Vice only wise.

O pity, pity! Virtue weeping dies!
Vice laughs to see her faint, alack the time!
This sinks; with painted wings the other flies;
Alack, that best should fall, and bad should climb.

O pity, pity, pity! mourn, not sing;
Vice is a saint, Virtue an underling;
Vice doth flourish, Vice in glory shines,
Virtue's branches wither, Virtue pines.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

436.—PATIENCE.

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

437.—A CONTRAST BETWEEN FEMALE HONOUR AND SHAME.

Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
She seem'd to all a dove when I pass'd by,
And I to all a raven: every eye
That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance:
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquish'd, would they all vail:
'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail;
She, crown'd with reverend praises, pass'd by them;
I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape the hem;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan.
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

438.—A DESCRIPTION OF A LADY BY HER LOVER.

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown.
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

Thomas Dekker.—About 1600.

439.—SPRING.

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet Spring.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

440.—THE DECAY OF SUMMER.

Fair summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.
What, shall those flowers that decked thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully dispersed?
O trees consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leavest to appear.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

441.—THE COMING OF WINTER.

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is our Croydon's pleasure!
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lamboth is quite forlorn!
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born!
The want of term is town and city's harm;
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banished must we live from our friends.
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord deliver us!

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

442.—APPROACHING DEATH.

Adieu; farewell earth's bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave:
Worms feed on Hector brave.
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come, the bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness.
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain heart can reply;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

443.—CONTENTMENT.

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing,
But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour placed:
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
Put cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
Neither to be so great as to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

444.—DESPAIR OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

Why is't damnation to despair and die,
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul, my soul, thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease:
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
Deceitful arts! that nourish discontent:
I'll thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent,—
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
For none take pity of a scholar's need.

Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch;
Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
And I am quite undone through promise breach;
Ah friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown,
When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

Without redress complains my careless verse,
And Midas' ears relent not at my moan,
In some far land will I my griefs rehearse,
'Mongst them that will be moved when I shall groan.
England, adieu! the soil that brought me forth,
Adieu! unkind, where skill is nothing worth.

Thomas Nash.—About 1600.

445.—THE CONFESSION.

Walking in a shady grove,
Near silver streams fair gliding,
Where trees in ranks did grace the banks,
And nymphs had their abiding;
Here as I strayed I saw a maid,
A beauteous lovely creature,
With angel's face and goddess grace,
Of such exceeding feature.

Her looks did so astonish me,
And set my heart a-quaking,
Like stag that gazed was I amazed,
And in a stranger taking.
Yet roused myself to see this elf,
And lo a tree did hide me;
Where I unseen beheld this queen
Awhile, ere she espied me.

Her voice was sweet melodiously,
She sung in perfect measure;
And thus she said with trickling tears;
"Alas, my joy, my treasure,
I'll be thy wife, or lose my life,
There's no man else shall have me;
If God so, I will say no,
Although a thousand crave me.

"Oh! stay not long, but come, my dear,
And knit our marriage knot;
Each hour a day, each month a year,
Thou knowest, I think, God wot.
Delay not then, like worldly maiden,
Good works till withered age;
'Bove other things, the King of kings
Blessed a lawful marriage.

"Thou art my choice, I constant am,
I mean to die unspotted;
With thee I'll live, for thee I love,
And keep my name unblotted.
A virtuous life in maid and wife,
The Spirit of God commends it;
Accursèd he for ever be,
That seeks with shame to offend it."

With that she rose like nimble roe,
The tender grass scarce bending,
And left me then perplexed with fear
At this her sonnet's ending.
I thought to move this dame of love,
But she was gone already;
Wherefore I pray that those that stay
May find their loves as steady.

Dabridgecourt Belchier.—About 1618.

446.—A DIRGE.

Call for the Robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

John Webster.—About 1610.

447.—THE MADMAN'S SONG.

O, let us howl some heavy note,
Some deadly doggèd howl,
Sounding, as from the threat'ning throat
Of beasts and fatal fowl!
As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
Till irksome noise have cloyed your ears,
And corrosived your hearts.
At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
Our bodies being blessed,
We'll sing, like swans, will welcome death,
And die in love and rest.

John Webster.—About 1623.

448.—THE PREPARATION FOR EXECUTION.

Hark, now everything is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent:
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is't fools make such vain keeping?
Since their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:

'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

John Webster.—About 1623.

449.—DEATH.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers
That I perceive death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.

John Webster.—About 1623.

450.—THE THREE STATES OF WOMAN.

In a maiden-time professed,
Then we say that life is blessed;
Tasting once the married life,
Then we only praise the wife;
There's but one state more to try,
Which makes women laugh or cry—
Widow, widow: of these three
The middle 's best, and that give me.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

451.—WHAT LOVE IS LIKE.

Love is like a lamb, and love is like a lion;
Fly from love, he fights; fight, then does he fly on;
Love is all on fire, and yet is ever freezing;
Love is much in winning, yet is more in leesing.
Love is ever sick, and yet is never dying;
Love is ever true, and yet is ever lying;
Love does dote in liking, and is mad in loathing;
Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

452.—HAPPINESS OF MARRIED LIFE.

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed 's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
——————Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

453.—DEVOTION TO LOVE.

O, happy persecution, I embrace thee
With an unfetter'd soul; so sweet a thing
It is to sigh upon the rack of love,
Where each calamity is groaning witness
Of the poor martyr's faith. I never heard
Of any true affection but 'twas nipt
With care, that, like the caterpillar, eats
The leaves of the spring's sweetest book, the rose.
Love, bred on earth, is often nursed in hell;
By rote it reads woe ere it learn to spell.

* * * *

When I call back my vows to Violetta,
May I then slip into an obscure grave,
Whose mould, unpress'd with stony monument
Dwelling in open air, may drink the tears
Of the inconstant clouds to rot me soon!

* * * *

He that truly loves,
Burns out the day in idle fantasies;
And when the lamb, bleating, doth bid good night
Unto the closing day, then tears begin
To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ear.
Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh, seldom wears!
The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
Being only by love's pains disquieted;
But, singing in the morning's ear, she weeps,
Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps:
But say, a golden slumber chance to tie,
With silken strings, the cover of love's eye,
Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.



SUMMER SPORTS.

"Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers
Wait on your summer queen."

[*Poem* 457.

so light and glove guarded a hand His pieces are all fugitive, but they suggest great possibilities, which his mode of life and his premature removal did not permit to be realized Had he, at an earlier period, renounced like George Herbert, "the painted pleasures of a court" and like Prospero dedicated himself to 'closeness with his marvellous facility of verse his laboured levity of style and his nice exuberance of fancy he might have produced some work of Horatian merit and classic permanence See Gilfillan's Specimens and Memoirs of the Less known British Poets", Athen Oxon Lloyd's Worthies" Langbaine's Dramatick Poetry "Bishop Percy Headley's Beauties of Ancient English Poetry also Hallam's 'Introduction to Literary History

GEORGE WITHER

George Wither born 1588 died 1667 was a voluminous author in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have crushed the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison his limbs were immured within stone walls and iron bars but his fancy was among the hills and plains with shepherds hunting or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and murmuring springs There is a freshness and naturalness and vivacity in the poetry of Wither that renders his early works a perpetual feast We cannot say that it is a feast where no coarse surfeit reigns for he is often harsh obscure and affected but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects and true poetical feeling and expression Wither was a native of Hampshire and received his education at Magdalen College Oxford He first appeared as an author in the year 1613 when he published a satire entitled Abuses Stript and Whipt For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea where he composed his fine poem 'The Shepherds Hunting When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the civil war Wither took the popular side and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament He rose to the rank of a major and in 1642 was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham Wither was accused of deserting his appointment and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England The joke was a good one if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times. He was afterwards one of Cromwell's majors-general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestrated estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune, but the Restoration came and he was stript of all his possessions He remonstrated loudly and angrily his remonstrances were voted libels and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison He published various treatises, satires and poems during this period, though he was treated with great rigour He was released under bond for good behaviour, in 1663 and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2nd of May 1667

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans or become embroiled in the struggles of the civil war A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1622, with the title, Mistress of Philarete his Shepherds Hunting being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633 His Collection of Emblems Ancient and Modern Quickened with Metrical Illustrations made their appearance in 1635 His satirical and controversial works were numerous but are now forgotten Some authors of our own day (Mr Southey in particular) have helped to popularise Wither by frequent quotation and eulogy but Mr Ellis in his Specimens of Early English Poets was the first to point out that playful fancy pure taste and artless delicacy of sentiment which distinguish the poetry of his early youth His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times His Address to Poetry the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme and superior to most of the effusions of that period The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the divine skill of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects of external nature—a daisy a bush, or a tree and which when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison is one of the richest offerings that has yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poesy The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated See Chambers's Cycl Engl Lit' vol i 125, Campbell's 'Specimens' R A Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," a delightful work.

WILLIAM BROWNE

William Browne, born 1590, died 1645. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and

educated at Exeter College, Oxford, about the beginning of the reign of James I. He wrote "Britannia's Pastoralls"; "The Shepherd's Pipe"; and other poems. His poetry was very popular in his own day, but fell afterwards into neglect. Yet Thomas Miller, one of the most delicious writers on country scenes of the present day, says, "He carries with him the true aroma of old forests; his lines are mottled with mosses, and there is a guarled ruggedness upon the stems of his trees. His waters have a wet look and splashing sound about them, and you feel the fresh air play around you while you read. His birds are the free denizens of the fields, and they send their songs so life-like through the covert, that their music rings upon the ear, and you are carried away with his sweet pipings." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "London Monthly Rev.," 1772; Sir Egerton Brydges's ed. of Browne's "Poems."

FRANCIS QUARLES.

Francis Quarles, born 1592, died 1644. His writings are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I., and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces —"Job Militant"; "Sion's Elegies"; "The History of Queen Esther"; "Argalus and Parthenia"; "The Morning Muse"; "The Feast of Worms"; and "The Divine Emblems." The latter were published in 1645, and were so popular, that Phillips, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles "the darling of our plebeian judgments." The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the Divine Emblems, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who, had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the "laurelled fraternity of poets," where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. "Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the "Pia Desideria" of this author copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's "Night Thoughts." The fastidious and elegant taste of Campbell evidently influenced him in giving judgment on Quarles, and although there is much truth in what he says, still he treats unjustly the various good qualities of this poet. See Chambers's "Cycl. Eng. Lit." i. 129; Campbell's "Specimens"; R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; "Retrosp. Rev." v. 180.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw, born 1615 (-), died 1650. His father was a preacher at the Temple Church in London. The time of the poet's birth is uncertain. In 1637 he is found in possession of a fellowship in Cambridge, from which he was ejected by the Parliamentary army for non-compliance with the covenant. He went to France, and became a Roman Catholic. By the patronage of the exiled English queen, Henrietta Maria, he obtained an ecclesiastical situation in Italy, and became a canon of the Church of Loretto, where he died.

Crashaw's poetry is of a fervid religious character. He "formed his style on the most quaint and conceited school of Italian poetry, that of Marino" (Campbell), whose "Sospetto d'Herode" he partly translated. It is chiefly in translation that the strength of Crashaw is visible. His pieces are never tedious, but full of the strained and exaggerated conceits of the school of Donne; he had a rich warm fancy, and a delicate ear for music. The Roman Catholic cast of his religious poetry may have contributed to its neglect in this country. See Serymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Johnson's "Life of Cowley"; Ellis's "Specimens"; Campbell's "Specimens."

GEORGE HERBERT.

George Herbert, born 1593, died 1632, was a descendant of the Earls of Pembroke, and a

younger brother of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. He was born at Montgomery Castle in Wales, educated at Westminster School, and there elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected fellow; University Orator 1619; took holy orders and was made Prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, by Archbishop Williams; and in 1630 was presented by Charles I. to the living of Bemerton. For the deeply interesting account of this good man's life our readers must turn to the charming pages of Izaak Walton. He published several works in prose and poetry; one of the best is "The Temple, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations." Within a few weeks of its issue from the press, twenty thousand copies were sold. The "Priest to the Temple, or the Country Parson; his Character and Rule of Holy Life" is much admired. Coleridge thus speaks of our poet: "Having mentioned the name of Herbert, that model of a man, a gentleman, and a clergyman, let me add, that the quaintness of some of his thoughts—not his diction, than which nothing can be more pure, manly, and unaffected, has blinded modern readers to the general merits of his poems, which are for the most part exquisite in their kind." Cowper, in his melancholy, when neither nature nor the classics had any charms for him, found pleasure in reading Herbert. He says, "At length I met with Herbert's Poems, and gothic and uncouth as they were, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long, and though I found not here what I might have found—a cure for my malady—yet it never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading *him*." There is an exquisite sketch of Herbert's life and critique on his poems in Gilfillan's "Introduction to the Poet's Works." See Preface to "Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations"; Baxter's "Poetical Fragments"; R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

GILES FLETCHER.

Giles Fletcher, born 1588, died 1623. He was the younger brother of Phineas, and died twenty-three years before him. He was a cousin of Fletcher the dramatist, and the son of Dr. Giles Fletcher, who was employed in many important missions in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and, among others, negotiated a commercial treaty with Russia greatly in the favour of his own country. Giles is supposed to have been born in 1588. He studied at Cambridge; published his noble poem, "Christ's Victory and Triumph," in 1610, when he was twenty-three years of age; was appointed to the living of Alderston, in Suffolk, where he died, in 1623, at the early age of thirty-five, "equally loved," says old Wood, "of the Muses and the Graces."

The poem, in four cantos, entitled "Christ's Victory and Triumph," is one of almost Miltonic magnificence. With a wing as easy as it is strong, he soars to heaven, and fills the austere mouth of Justice and the golden lips of Mercy with language worthy of both. He then stoops down on the Wilderness of the Temptation, and paints the Saviour and Satan in colours admirably contrasted, and which in their brightness and blackness can never decay. Nor does he fear, in time, to pierce the gloom of Calvary, and to mingle his note with the harps of angels, saluting the Redeemer, as He sprang from the grave, with the song, "He is risen, He is risen—and shall die no more." The style is steeped in Spenser—equally mellifluous, figurative, and majestic. In allegory the author of the "Fairy Queen" is hardly superior, and in the enthusiasm of devotion Fletcher surpasses him far. From the great light thus early kindled and early quenched, Milton did not disdain to draw with his "golden urn." "Paradise Regained" owes much more than the suggestion of its subject to "Christ's Victory;" and is it too much to say that, had Fletcher lived, he might have shone in the same constellation with the bard of the "Paradise Lost"? The plan of our "Specimens" permits only a few extracts. Let those who wish more, along with a lengthened and glowing tribute to the author's genius, consult *Blackwood* for November, 1835. The reading of a single sentence will convince them that the author of the paper was Christopher North.—(Gilfillan's *Specimens with Mem. of the Less-known British Poets*, vol. i. 1850.) Antony Wood tell us that Giles was "equally beloved of the Muses and the Graces." See Headley's "Beauties Anc. Eng. Poet."; Campbell's "Specimens"; Hallam's "Introduction to Lit. of Europe"; Allibone.

PHINEAS FLETCHER.

We have already spoken of Giles Fletcher, the brother of Phineas. Of Phineas we know nothing except that he was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, became Rector at Hilgay, in Norfolk, where he remained for twenty-nine years, surviving his brother; that he wrote an account of the founders and learned men of his university; that in 1633 he published "The Purple Island"; and that in 1650 he died.

His "Purple Island" (with which we first became acquainted in the writings of James Hervey, author of the "Meditations," who was its fervent admirer) is a curious, complex, and highly ingenious allegory, forming an

elaborate picture of *Man*, in his body and soul; and for subtlety and infinite flexibility, both of fancy and verse, deserves great praise, although it cannot for a moment be compared with his brother's "Christ's Victory and Triumph," either in interest of subject or in splendour of genius.—(Gilfillan's *Specimens of Less-known British Poets*, vol. i. 315.) The great Milton is said to have ingenuously confessed that he owed his immortal work of "Paradise Lost" to Mr. Fletcher's "Locuste." See "Retrosp. Rev." ii. 342, 120; Headley; Hallam; Pref. to Rev. J. Sterling's Poems; Warton.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

William Habington, born 1605, died 1654. This amiable man and irreproachable poet was born at Hindlip, in Worcestershire, on the 5th of November, 1605,—a most memorable day in the history of the Habington family; for they were Papists. The discovery of the gunpowder plot is believed to have come from his mother; and his father, who had been six years imprisoned for his supposed concern in Babington's conspiracy, was condemned to die for concealing some of the gunpowder traitors in his house. Whether or not he had actually been so far implicated in their legal guilt is not certain; but he owed his pardon to the intercession of his brother-in-law, Lord Morley.

They were a wealthy family. William was educated in the Jesuit College at St. Omer, and afterwards at Paris, in the hope that he might enter into that society. But he preferred a wiser, and better, and happier course of life; and returning to his own country, married Lucy, daughter of William Herbert, first Lord Powis, the Castara of his poems. He died when he had just completed his fortieth year, and was buried in the family vault at Hindlip. The poems were introduced, for the first time, into a general collection, by Mr. Chalmers, most properly. He appears in them to have thoroughly deserved the happiness which during his short life he enjoyed.—(Southey's *Brit. Poet.* 975.) The Laureate was mistaken in saying "fortieth year," it was in his forty-ninth year that Habington died. See Gilfillan's "Spec. with Mem. of Less-known Brit. Poets"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Cens. Lit." viii. 227-233, also pp. 387-396; Headley's "Anc. Eng. Poet."

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling, born 1608, died 1641. This poet, who gives levity its gayest expression, was the son of the comptroller of the household to Charles I. Langbaine tells us that he spoke Latin at five years of age; but with what correctness or fluency we are not informed. His versatile mind certainly acquired many accomplishments, and filled a short life with many pursuits, for he was a traveller, a soldier, a lyric and dramatic poet, and a musician. After serving a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, he returned to England, was favoured by Charles I., and wrote some pieces, which were exhibited for the amusement of the court with sumptuous splendour. When the civil wars broke out he expended £1200 on the equipment of a regiment for the king, which was distinguished, however, only by its finery and cowardice. A brother poet crowned his disgrace with a ludicrous song. The event is said to have affected him deeply with shame; but he did not live long to experience that most incurable of the heart's diseases. Having learnt that his servant had robbed him, he drew on his boots in great haste; a rusty nail, that was concealed in one of them, pierced his heel, and produced a mortification, of which he died. His poems, his five plays, together with his letters, speeches, and tracts, have been collected into one volume.—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 181.)

JOHN CHALKHILL.

John Chalkhill is a name prefixed by Izaak Walton to a work published by him in 1683, entitled "Thealma and Clearchus: a Pastoral History in Smooth and Easie Verse." Some have supposed the work written by the genial angler himself; but this can scarcely be, when he describes Chalkhill as a man in his time "generally known and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous." The "Lond. Retrosp. Rev.," 1821, pronounces "the versification extremely sweet and equable. Occasionally harsh lines and unlicensed rhymes occur; but they are only exceptions to the general style of the poem—the errors of haste or negligence." Gilfillan writes in his highest style of eloquence about this poem:—"Thealma and Clearchus" may be called the "Arcadia" in rhyme. It resembles that work of Sir Philip Sidney, not only in subject, but in execution. Its plot is dark and puzzling, its descriptions are rich to luxuriance, its narrative is tedious, and its characters are mere shadows. But although a dream, it is a dream of genius, and brings beautifully before our imagination that early period in the world's history, in which poets and painters have taught us to believe, when the heavens were nearer, the skies clearer, the fat of the earth richer, the foam of the sea brighter, than in our degenerate days;—when

shepherds, reposing under broad, umbrageous oaks, saw, or thought they saw, in the groves the shadows of angels, and on the mountain-summits the descending footsteps of God. Chalkhill resembles, of all our modern poets, perhaps Shelley most, in the ideality of his conception, the enthusiasm of his spirit, and the unmitigated gorgeousness of his imagination.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

William Cartwright, born 1611, died 1643. He was a native of Northway, Gloucestershire, educated at Westminster, and Christchurch, Oxford. He was ordained in 1638. In 1643 he was chosen Proctor of the University of Oxford and Reader in Metaphysics, and died the same year of malignant fever. He wrote "The Royal Slave," a Tragi-Comedy; "Tragi-Comedies, with other Poems"; "Poemata Græca et Latina"; and other pieces. Cartwright was held in high estimation by his contemporaries. Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, says: "Cartwright is the utmost man can come to." Ben Jonson writes: "My son Cartwright writes like a man." Anthony Wood declares, that "he was another Tully and Virgil, as being most excellent for oratory and poetry." Gerard Langbaine confirms all this eulogium by: "He was extremely remarkable both for his outward and inward endowments, his body being as handsome as his soul. He was an excellent orator, and yet an admirable poet—a quality which Cicero, with all his pains, could not attain to." The king, who was at Oxford when he died, went in mourning for him. Gilfillan says: "One is reminded of the description given of Jeremy Taylor, who, when he first began to preach, by his young and florid beauty, and his sublime and raised discourses, made men take him for an angel newly descended from the climes of Paradise." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

ROBERT HERRICK.

Robert Herrick, born 1591, died 1662 (?). He is said to have been descended from Eric, a Danish chief who lived in the time of Alfred the Great. He was born in Cheapside, London, studied at Cambridge, presented to the living of Dean Prior, Devonshire, in 1629; was deprived by Cromwell in 1648, and reinstated in his living by Charles II. in 1660. At the age of fifty-six he published his "Noble Numbers, or Pious Pieces," and soon after his "Hesperides, or Works both Human and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esq.," his ministerial prefix being now laid aside. Many of these poems were very licentious; but underneath all there can be discerned a higher nature, which, had it fallen on different times, might have gained the love and respect of all good men. Gilfillan calls him "a bird with tropical plumage and norland sweetness of song." Drake, in his "Literary Hours," did much towards reviving the poems of Herrick, which had all but sunk into oblivion. Yet even he, with all his admiration, had to speak in strong language of the unclerical and immoral nature of many poems. So injudiciously are the contents of his volume disposed, and so totally divested of order and propriety, that it would almost seem the poet wished to pollute and bury his best effusions in a mass of nonsense and obscenity. Allibone says, "Herrick is a most exquisite poet, but unfortunately delighted with the wanderings of a libertine muse." Mary Russell Mitford, in her charming "Recollections of a Literary Life," tells us that "his real delight was among flowers and bees, and nymphs and cupids; and certainly these graceful subjects were never handled more gracefully." Campbell says, whilst admitting, as every one must, the sad licentiousness of Herrick, that "where the ore is pure, it is of high value." In the forty-fifth volume of *Blackwood's Magazine* the writer remarks that our poet displays considerable facility of simple diction and considerable variety of lyrical versification. He is successful in imitating the sprightliness of Anacreontic gaiety and the lucid neatness of the ancient anthologists." And the "London Retrospective Review," v. 156-180, adds, "his poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament, sparkling with a myriad stars. But let our poet in his more thoughtful moments speak:

> "For these my unbaptized rhymes—
> Writ in my wild unhallowed times,—
> For every sentence, clause, and word,
> That 's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
> Forgive me, God, and blot each line
> Out of my book that is not thine.
> But if 'mongst all thou findest one
> Worthy thy benediction,
> That one of all the rest shall be
> The glory of my work and me."

Peace be to his ashes!

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Richard Lovelace, born 1618, died 1658. Gilfillan, in an admirable article on this writer, says: "This unlucky cavalier and bard was born in 1618. He was the son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich, in Kent. He was educated, some say at Oxford, and others at Cambridge—took a master's degree,

and was afterwards presented at Court. Anthony Wood thus describes his personal appearance at the age of sixteen:—'He was the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld,—a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the fair sex.' Soon after this, he was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver a petition from the inhabitants to the House of Commons, praying them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. Such offence was given by this to the Long Parliament, that Lovelace was thrown into prison, and only liberated on heavy bail. His paternal estate, which amounted to £500 a-year, was soon exhausted in his efforts to promote the royal cause. In 1646, he formed a regiment for the service of the King of France, became its colonel, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Ere leaving England, he had formed a strong attachment to a Miss Lucy Sachoverell, and had written much poetry in her praise, designating her as Lux-Casta. Unfortunately, hearing a report that Lovelace had died at Dunkirk of his wounds, she married another, so that, on his return home in 1648, he met a deep disappointment; and to complete his misery, the ruling powers cast him again into prison, where he lay till the death of Charles. Like some other men of genius, he beguiled his confinement by literary employment; and in 1649, he published a book under the title of 'Lucasta,' consisting of odes, sonnets, songs, and miscellaneous poems, most of which had been previously composed. After the execution of the king, he was liberated; but his funds were exhausted, his heart broken, and his constitution probably injured. He gradually sunk; and Wood says that he became very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, 'went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places.' Alas for the Adonis of sixteen, the beloved of Lucasta, and the envied of all! Some have doubted these stories about his extreme poverty; and one of his biographers asserts, that his daughter and sole heir (but who, pray, was his wife and her mother?) married the son of Lord Chief Justice Coke, and brought to her husband the estates of her father at Kingsdown, in Kent. Aubrey, however, corroborates the statements of Wood; and, at all events, Lovelace seems to have died, in 1658, in a wretched alley near Shoe Lane.

There is not much to be said about his poetry. It may be compared to his person—beautiful, but dressed in a stiff mode. We do not, in every point, homologate the opinions of Prynne, as to the 'unloveliness of love-locks;' but we do certainly look with a mixture of contempt and pity on the self-imposed trammels of affectation in style and manner which bound many of the poets of that period. The wits of Charles II. were more disgustingly licentious: but their very carelessness saved them from the conceits of their predecessors; and, while lowering the tone of morality, they raised unwittingly the standard of taste. Some of the songs of Lovelace, however, such as 'To Althea, from Prison,' are exquisitely simple, as well as pure. Sir Egerton Brydges has found out that Byron, in one of his bepraised paradoxical beauties, either copied, or coincided with, our poet. In the 'Bride of Abydos,' he says of Zuleika—

> 'The mind, the music breathing from her face.'

Lovelace had, long before, in the song of 'Orpheus Mourning for his Wife,' employed the words—

> "Oh, could you view the melody
> Of every grace,
> And music of her face,
> You'd drop a tear;
> Seeing more harmony
> In her bright eye
> Than now you hear.'

While many have praised, others have called this idea nonsense: although, if we are permitted to speak of the harmony of the tones of a cloud, why not of the harmony produced by the consenting lines of a countenance, where every grace melts into another, and the various features and expressions fluctuate into a fine whole? Whatever, whether it be the beauty of the human face, or the quiet lustre of statuary, or the mild glory of moonlight, gives the effect of music, and, like that divine art,

> 'Pours on mortals a beautiful disdain,'

may surely become music's metaphor and poetic analogy."

To this beautiful critique we may add the words of Thomas B. Shaw, who says:—"Some of his most charming lyrics were written in prison; and the beautiful lines to Althea, composed when the author was closely confined in the Gate-house at Westminster, remind us of the caged bird, which learns its sweetest and most plaintive notes, when deprived of its woodland liberty."

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

Thomas Randolph, born 1605, died 1634. He was born near Daventry; was a scholar and poet. His pieces are worthy of better treatment than they have received. Through excess, he died at the age of twenty-nine. His chief plays were: "The Muses' Looking-

Glass," and "The Jealous Lovers." Campbell says: "His execution is vigorous; his ideal characters are at once distinct and various, and compact with the expression which he purposes to give them."

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

William Drummond, born 1585, died 1649. Drummond, the first Scotch poet who wrote well in English, was born at Hawthornden (Southey), near Edinburgh. His father, Sir John Drummond, held a situation about the person of James VI. The poet, in his youth, studied law, but relinquishing that profession, he retired to a life of ease and literature on his "delightful" patrimonial estate. His happiness was suddenly interrupted by the death of a lady to whom he was betrothed; he spent several years in seeking by travel a refuge from his sorrow. He married, late in life, Elizabeth Logan, attracted to her, it is said, by her resemblance to his first love. He was warmly attached to Charles I.; grief for the king's death, it is alleged, shortened his life.

Drummond's works consist of sonnets, madrigals, and religious and occasional poems; among the latter is the ludicrous Latin doggrel "Polemo-Middinia." His sonnets are estimated by Hazlitt as the finest in the language, and approaching nearest to the Italian model. Drummond's fancy is luxuriant, but tinctured with frigid conceits. His versification is flowing and harmonious. Even Ben Jonson's arrogance condescended to "envy" the author of "The Forth Feasting." He is the writer of a forgotten history of the Jameses.

THOMAS MAY.

Thomas May, born 1595, died 1650. Campbell, in his "Specimens," writes: "Thomas May, whom Dr. Johnson has pronounced the best Latin poet of England, was the son of Sir Thomas May, of Mayfield, in Sussex. During the earlier part of his public life he was encouraged at the court of Charles I., inscribed several poems to his majesty, as well as wrote them at his injunction, and received from Charles the appellation of 'his poet.' During this connection with royalty, he wrote his five dramas, translated the Georgics and Pharsalia, continued the latter in English as well as Latin, and, by his imitation of Lucan, acquired the reputation of a modern classic in foreign countries. It were much to be wished, that on siding with the Parliament in the civil wars, he had left a valedictory testimony of regret for the necessity of opposing, on public grounds, a monarch who had been personally kind to him. The change was stigmatized as ungrateful; and it was both sordid and ungrateful, if the account given by his enemies can be relied on, that it was owing to the king's refusal of the laureateship, or of a pension—for the story is told in different ways. All that can be suggested in May's behalf is, that no complimentary dedications could pledge his principles on a great question of public justice, and that the motives of an action are seldom traced with scrupulous truth, where it is the bias of the narrator to degrade the action itself. Clarendon, the most respectable of his accusers, is exactly in this situation. He begins by praising his epic poetry as among the best in our language, and inconsistently concludes by pronouncing that May deserves to be forgotten.

"The Parliament, from whatever motive he embraced their cause, appointed him their secretary and historiographer. In this capacity he wrote his Breviary, which Warburton pronounces 'a just composition according to the rules of history.' It breaks off, much to the loss of the history of that time, just at the period of the Self-denying Ordinance. Soon after this publication he went to bed one night in apparent health, having drank freely, and was found dead in the morning. His death was ascribed to his nightcap being tied too tightly under his chin. Andrew Marvel imputes it to the cheerful bottle. Taken together, they were no bad receipt for suffocation. The vampire revenge of his enemies in digging him up from his grave, is an event too notorious in the history of the Restoration. They gave him honourable company in this sacrilege, namely, that of Blake.

"He has ventured in narrative poetry on a similar difficulty to that Shakspere encountered in the historical drama, but it is unnecessary to show with how much less success. Even in that department, he has scarcely equalled Daniel or Drayton."

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, born 1607, died 1666. He was the brother of Lord Fanshawe, and secretary to Prince Rupert: appointed ambassador to the court of Spain by Charles II., and died at Madrid in 1666. He translated Camoens' "Lusiad," and the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini. He wrote many smaller poems. His song, "The Saints' Encouragement," 1643, is full of clever satire, and all his verse is forcible, with here and there a touch of the true poet's beauty.—(Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 187.) "He holds," says Gilfillan, "altogether a respectable, if not a very high place, among our early translators and minor poets."

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

Sir William Davenant, born 1605, died 1668. By far the best critique on the works of this poet, together with sketch of his life, is by Campbell, who writes: "Davenant's personal history is sufficiently curious, without attaching importance to the insinuation of Wood, so gravely taken up by Mr. Malone, that he was the son of Shakspere. He was the son of a vintner at Oxford, at whose house the immortal poet is said to have frequently lodged. Having risen to notice by his tragedy of 'Albovine,' he wrote masques for the court of Charles I., and was made governor of the king and queen's company of actors in Drury Lane. In the civil wars, we find the theatric manager quickly transmuted into a lieutenant-general of ordnance, knighted for his services at the siege of Gloucester, and afterwards negotiating between the king and his advisers at Paris. There he began his poem of 'Gondibert,' which he laid aside for a time for the scheme of carrying a colony from France to Virginia; but his vessel was seized by one of the parliament ships, he was thrown into prison, and owed his life to friendly interference, it is said to that of Milton, whose friendship he returned in kind. On being liberated, his ardent activity was shown in attempting to restore theatrical amusements in the very teeth of bigotry and puritanism, and he actually succeeded so far as to open a theatre in the Charter-house Yard. At the Restoration, he received the patent of the Duke's Theatre, in Lincoln's Inn, which he held till his death.

"'Gondibert' has divided the critics. It is undeniable, on the one hand, that he showed a high and independent conception of epic poetry, in wishing to emancipate it from the slavery of ancient authority, and to establish its interest in the dignity of human nature, without incredible and stale machinery. His subject was well chosen from modern romantic story, and he strove to give it the close and compact symmetry of the drama. Ingenious and witty images, and majestic sentiments, are thickly scattered over the poem. But Gondibert, who is so formally described, has certainly more of the cold and abstract air of an historical, than of a poetical portrait, and, unfortunately, the beauties of the poem are those of elegy and epigram, more than of heroic fiction. It wants the charm of free and forcible narration; the life-pulse of interest is incessantly stopped by solemn pauses of reflection, and the story works its way through an intricacy of superfluous fancies, some beautiful and others conceited; but all, as they are united, tending to divert the interest, like a multitude of weeds upon a stream, that entangle its course while they seem to adorn it."

See "Athen Oxon."; Knox's "Essays"; Bishop Hurd's "Crit. Com. Notes and Dissert." iii. 138—144; Biog. and Sketches prefixed to Headley's Collect., vol. i.

JOHN HALL.

John Hall, born 1627, died 1656. He was born at Durham, and educated at St. John's, Cambridge. In 1646 he published a volume of Poems; he practised at the bar, and died in his twenty-ninth year.

THOMAS NABBES.

Thomas Nabbes, born (unknown), died 1649. He wrote in the reign of Charles I.; was secretary to some noble or prelate, near Worcester. The chief of his dramatic pieces were, for none are extant, "Microcosmus"; "Spring's Glory": "Bride"; "Charles I.," a tragedy; "Swetman," a comedy. He wrote also a continuation of Knolles's "History of the Turks." He had also a share in the collection called "Fancy's Theatre," with Tatham, Richard Brome, and others.—See Shaw's "Hist. English Hist."; Campbell's "Spec. Brit. Poets."

JOHN CLEVELAND.

John Cleveland, born 1613, died 1658. He was the son of a Leicestershire clergyman, and greatly distinguished himself, on the side of the king, during the civil war, both as soldier and poet. He was educated at Christ's College and St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1647 he published a satire on the Scotch; was imprisoned in 1655, released by Cromwell, but soon afterwards died. Some of his writings, though conceited, contain true poetry. Butler is said to have borrowed greatly from him in his "Hudibras."—(Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.") Fuller, in his "Worthies of Leicestershire," writes of him as "a general artist, pure Latinist, exquisite orator, and, which was his master-piece, eminent poet." His epithets were pregnant with metaphors, carrying in them a difficult plainness; difficult at hearing, plain at the consideration thereof. His lofty fancy may seem to stride from the top of one mountain to the top of another, so making to itself a constant level champaign of continued elevations."

JAMES SHIRLEY.

James Shirley, born 1596, died 1666. James Shirley was born in London. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degree of A.M., and had a curacy for some time at or near St. Albans; but embracing popery, became a schoolmaster (1623) in that town. Leaving this employment, he settled in London as a dramatic writer, and between the years 1625

and 1666 published thirty-nine plays. In the civil wars he followed his patron, the Earl of Newcastle, to the field; but on the decline of the royal cause, returned to London, and, as the theatres were now shut, kept a school in Whitefriars, where he educated many eminent characters. At the reopening of the theatres he must have been too old to have renewed his dramatic labours; and what benefit the Restoration brought him as a royalist, we are not informed. Both he and his wife died on the same day, immediately after the great fire of London, by which they had been driven out of their house, and probably owed their deaths to their losses and terror on that occasion.

ALEXANDER BROME.

Alexander Brome, born 1620 died 1666. He was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court and a poet. He contributed greatly to the promotion of the Restoration by the severity and ridicule with which he treated the Roundheads in the day of their power. He had also a share in the translation of Horace, with Fanshawe, Holiday, Cowley, and others, and published a single comedy, "The Cunning Lovers" which was acted in 1651, at the private house in Drury. Campbell says: "There is a playful variety in his metre, that probably had a better effect in song than in reading. His thoughts on love and the bottle have at least the merit of being decently jovial, though he arrays the trite arguments of convivial invitation in few original images." It seems that Brome had intended to translate Lucretius. Izaak Walton commends him highly.

KATHERINE PHILLIPS.

Katherine Phillips, born 1631, died 1664. Very little is known, remarks Gilfillan in his "Specimens with Memoirs of the Less-known British Poets," of the life of this lady-poet. She was born in 1631. Her maiden name was Fowler. She married James Phillips, Esq., of the Priory of Cardigan. Her poems, published under the name of "Orinda," were very popular in her lifetime, although it was said they were published without her consent. She translated two of the tragedies of Corneille, and left a volume of letters to Sir Charles Cotterell. These, however, did not appear till after her death. She died of small-pox—then a deadly disease—in 1664. She seems to have been a favourite alike with the wits and the divines of her age. Jeremy Taylor addressed to her his "Measures and Offices of Friendship;" Dryden praised her; and Flatman and Cowley, besides imitating her poems while she was living, paid rhymed tributes to her memory when dead. Her verses are never commonplace, and always sensible, if they hardly attain to the measure and the stature of lofty poetry.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

Alexander Scot flourished about the year 1562. He wrote several short satires and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which caused him to be called the Scottish Anacreon, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard.—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i. 154; Shaw s "Hist. Eng. Lit."

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

Sir Richard Maitland, born 1496, died 1586, is more celebrated as a collector of poems than as an original poet. There is however much good taste displayed in his own productions.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

Alexander Montgomery was the author of an allegorical poem called "The Cherry and the Sloe," published in 1597, which long continued a favourite, and the metre of which was adopted by Burns.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

ALEXANDER HUME.

The time and place of his birth are unknown. He was a clergyman, and published, in 1589, a volume of hymns or sacred songs; he died in 1609.

KING JAMES VI.

King James VI. published, in 1584, a volume of poetry, "Essays of a Prentice, in the Divine Art of Poesie, with the rewlis and cautelis to be pursued and avoided.'

EARL OF ANCRUM.

Earl of Ancrum, born 1578, died 1654. Wrote some sonnets of considerable merit.

EARL OF STIRLING.

Earl of Stirling, born 1580, died 1640, published, in 1637, "Recreations with the

Muses," of which says Campbell, "there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces."

THOMAS INGELAND.

Scarcely anything is known of this author, excepting that he wrote "A Pretie and Merie New Enterlude, entitled the Disobedient Child."

NICHOLAS UDALL.

Nicholas Udall wrote the earliest comedy in the English language, "Ralph Royster Doyster," which was acted in 1551. He for a long time executed the duties of Master of Eton College.

JOHN HEYWOOD.

John Heywood was a man of considerable attainments, but who seemed to have performed the duties of jester at the court of Henry VIII.

JOHN STILL.

John Still, born 1543, died 1607. He was master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, and became afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. He wrote "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which seems to have been the second earliest regular comedy published in our language. The whole intrigue consists in the search instituted after this unfortunate little implement, which is at last discovered by Hodge himself, on suddenly sitting down in the garment which Gammer Gurton had been repairing. The play is included in Dodsley's collection. — See Campbell's "Specimens"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

JOHN LYLY.

John Lyly was born in Kent in 1554, and produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St. Paul's. He was educated at Oxford, and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as "Sappho and Phaon," "Endymion," the "Maid's Metamorphosis," &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe, in the "Metamorphosis," "oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding." By his "Euphues," or the "Anatomy of Wit," Lyly exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's "Endymion," but evidently, from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. "I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting," he remarks, "than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that 'the very reeds bow down, as though they listened to their talk;' nor more affecting in sentiment, than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep. 'Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree.'" There are finer things in the Metamorphosis, as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods—

"Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall prove,
As they'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her seen,
Only because they would be ever green,
And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year."

Or the song of the fairies—

"By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall;
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we."

The genius of Lyly was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature.

GEORGE PEELE.

George Peele, like Lyly, had received a liberal education at Oxford. He was one of Shakspere's fellow-actors and fellow-shareholders in the Blackfriars Theatre. He was also employed by the city of London in composing and preparing those spectacles and shows which formed so great a portion of ancient civic festivity. His earliest work, "The Arraignment of Paris," was printed anonymously in 1584. His most celebrated dramatic works were the "David and Bethsabe," and "Absalom," in which there is great richness and beauty of language and occasional indications of a high order of pathetic and elevated emotion; but his versification, though sweet, has little variety; and the luxurious and sensuous descriptions in which

Peele most delighted are so numerous, that they become rather tiresome in the end. It should be remarked that this poet was the first to give an example of the peculiar kind of historical play in which Shakspere was afterwards so consummate a master. His "Edward I." is, though monotonous, declamatory, and stiff, in some sense the forerunner of such works as "Richard II.," "Richard III.," or "Henry V."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit." p. 130. See Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i.; Campbell's "Spec. Brit. Poets."

THOMAS NASH AND ROBERT GREENE.

"Both were Cambridge men, both sharp, and I fear," says Shaw, in his valuable "History of English Literature," "mercenary satirists, and both alike in the profligacy of their lives and the misery of their deaths, though they may have eked out their income by occasionally writing for the stage, were in reality rather pasquinaders and pamphleteers than dramatists—condottieri of the press, shamelessly advertising the services of their ready and biting pen to any person or any cause that would pay them. They were both unquestionably men of rare powers, Nash probably the better man and the abler writer of the two. Nash is famous for the bitter controversy with the learned Gabriel Harvey, whom he has caricatured and attacked in numerous pamphlets, in a manner equally humorous and severe. He was concerned with other dramatists in the production of a piece entitled 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' and in a satirical comedy, 'The Isle of Dogs,' which drew down upon him the anger of the Government, for we know that he was imprisoned for some time in consequence.

"Greene was, like Nash, the author of a multitude of tracts and pamphlets on the most miscellaneous subjects. Sometimes they were tales, often translated or expanded from the Italian novelists; sometimes amusing exposures of the various arts of *coney-catching*, which means cheating and swindling, practised at that time in London, and in which, it is feared, Greene was personally not unversed; sometimes moral confessions, like Nash's 'Pierce Pennilesse, his Supplication to the Devil,' or Greene's 'Groat worth of Wit,' purporting to be a warning to others against the consequences of unbridled passion. Some of these confessions are exceedingly pathetic, and would be more so could the reader divest himself of a lurking suspicion that the whole is often a mere trick to catch a penny. The popularity of these tracts, we know, was very great. The only dramatic work we need specify of Greene's was 'George-a-Green,' the legend of an old English popular hero, recounted with much vivacity and humour."—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens"; Wood's "Fasti Oxon."; Haslewood's "Censura Literaria," ii. 288-300; Beloe's "Anec. of Lib. and Scarce Books"; "Drake's Shakspere and his Times"; J. Payne Collier's "Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poets," iii. 153-154; Professor Tieck's Preface to his "Shakspere's Vorschule"; Hallam's "Lit. Hist. of Europe," ii. 173; "British Bibliographer"; Dibdin's "Lib. Comp."; Lowndes's "Bibl. Man."; Dunlop's "Hist. of Fiction."

THOMAS LODGE.

Thomas Lodge, born 1556, died 1625 (?), a physician and dramatic poet, he was born in Lincolnshire, educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and first appeared as an author in 1580. Ten of Lodge's poems are contained in the English "Helicon," published in 1600. To his poem entitled "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie," Shakspere was indebted for the plot and incidents of his drama "As You Like It." He is described by Collier as second to Kyd in vigour and boldness of conception, but as a drawer of character, so essential a part of dramatic poetry, he unquestionably has the advantage. His principal work is a tragedy entitled "The Hounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the two Tragedies of Marius and Sylla." He also composed, in conjunction with Greene, "A Looking-Glass for London and England," the object of which is a defence of the stage against the Puritanical party.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS DEKKER.

Thomas Dekker was a very industrious author; he was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henslowe; but Ben and he became bitter enemies, and the former, in his "Poetaster," performed in 1601, has satirized Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace. Dekker replied by another drama, "Satiromastix; or, the Untrussing the Humorous Poet." The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. He is supposed to have died about the year 1638. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench. In one of his own beautiful lines he says:

"We ne'er are angels till our passions die."

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion and revelry, want and despair.—

(Chambers's "Cyclo. English Lit." vol. ii. 21.) He published the "Gull's Horn Book," of which a new edition was published in 1812, Bristol, 4to, edited by Dr. Nott. Drake says of this work, "His 'Gul's Horne Booke, or Fashions to please all Sorts of Guls,' first printed in 1609, exhibits a very curious, minute, and interesting picture of the manners and habits of the middle class of society."—See Lowndes's "Bibl. Man."; Warton's "Hist. Eng. Poetry"; "Bibl. Anglo-Poet."; Collier's "Hist. of Eng. Dramatic Poets."

HENRY CHETTLE.

He was a dramatic writer of the age of Elizabeth. He wrote the tragedy of "Hoffman, or a Revenge for a Father," 1631; and was concerned, more or less, according to "Henslowe's Diary," in the production of thirty-eight plays, only four of which have been printed, and have come down to us.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Collier's "Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM HAUGHTON.

William Haughton was the author of a number of dramatic pieces, of which the comedy of "Englishmen for my Money" is one of the best known. He wrote the comedy of "Patient Grissill," in which he was assisted by Chettle and Dekker.—See "Biog. Dramat."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

DABRIDGECOURT BELCHIER.

Dabridgecourt Belchier was admitted at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1508; removed to Christchurch, Oxford, where he took his B.A. in 1600. He translated into English "Hans Beerport, his Risible Comedy of See me and See me Not," 1618. Wood ascribes some other pieces to him.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN WEBSTER.

John Webster, the "noble-minded," as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the "Duchess of Malfy," "Guise, or the Massacre of France," the "Devil's Law Case," "Appius and Virginia," and the "White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona." Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St Andrew's church, Holborn; but Mr. Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The "White Devil" and the "Duchess of Malfy" have divided the opinions of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with "supernumerary horrors." The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that "most of the people that come to the play-house resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books." He was accused, like Jonson, of being a slow writer, but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described:—

"I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there in such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the night with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water."

The funeral dirge for Marcello, sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, "that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates":—

"Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robb'd, sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again."

The following couplet has been admired:—

"Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But look'd to near, have neither heat nor light."

The "Duchess of Malfy" abounds more in the terrible graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

—(*Chambers*, vol. i. pp. 211, 212.) Shaw says, "But perhaps the most powerful and original genius among the Shaksperian dramatists of the second order is John Webster. His terrible and funereal Muse on 'Death;' his wild imagination revelled in images and sentiments which breathe, as it were, the odour of the charnel: his plays are full of pictures recalling with fantastic variety all associations of the weakness and futility of human hopes and interests, and dark questionings of our future destinies. His literary physiognomy has something of that dark, bitter, and woeful expression which makes us thrill in the portraits of Dante. In selecting such revolting themes as abounded in the black annals of mediæval Italy, Webster followed the peculiar bent of his great and morbid genius; in the treatment of these subjects, we find a strange mixture of the horrible with the pathetic. In his language there is an extraordinary union of complexity and simplicity: he loves to draw his illustrations not only from skulls and graves and epitaphs, 'but also from the most attractive and picturesque objects in nature;' and his occasional intermingling of the deepest and most innocent emotion of the most exquisite touches of natural beauty produces the effect of the daisy springing up amid the festering mould of the graveyard."

THOMAS MIDDLETON

Thomas Middleton is admired for a wild and fantastic fancy, which delights in portraying scenes of witchcraft and supernatural agency—such is the correct estimate of Shaw, in his excellent work, the "Hist. of Eng. Lit."

JOHN FORD.

John Ford, born 1586, died 1640 (?). "He was born of a respectable family in Devonshire; was bred to the law, and entered of the Middle Temple at the age of seventeen. At the age of twenty he published a poem, entitled 'Fame's Memorial,' in honour of the deceased Earl of Devonshire; and from the dedication of that piece it appears that he chiefly subsisted upon his professional labours, making poetry the solace of his leisure hours. All his plays were published between the years 1629 and 1639; but before the former period he had for some time been known as a dramatic writer, his works having been printed a considerable time after their appearance on the stage; and, according to the custom of the age, had been associated in several works with other composers. With Dekker he joined in dramatizing a story, which reflects more disgrace upon the age than all its genius could redeem; namely, the fate of Mother Sawyer, the Witch of Edmonton, an aged woman, who had been recently the victim of legal and superstitious murder—

'Nil adeo fœdum quod non exacta vetustas
Ediderit.'

The time of his death is unknown."—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 166.) See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Professor Spalding's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Weber's ed. of Ford's Works; Lord Jeffrey's article "Edin. Rev.," x. 275, 304; John Gifford, "Quart. Rev.," vi. 462-487; Lamb's "Specimens of Eng. Dram. Poets."

PHILIP MASSINGER.

"Of the personal history of Philip Massinger little is known. This excellent poet was born in 1584, and died, apparently very poor, in 1640. His birth was that of a gentleman, his education good, and even learned: for though his stay in the University of Oxford, which he entered in 1602, was not longer than two years, his works prove, by the uniform elegance and refined dignity of their diction, and by the peculiar fondness with which he dwells on classical allusions, that he was intimately penetrated with the finest essence of the great classical writers of antiquity. His theatrical life, extending from 1604 to his death, appears to have been an uninterrupted succession of struggle, disappointment, and distress; and we possess one touching document, proving how deep and general was that distress in the dramatic profession of the time. It is a letter written to Henslowe, the manager of the Globe Theatre, in the joint names of Massinger, Field, and Daborne, all poets of considerable popularity, imploring the loan of an insignificant sum to liberate them from a debtors' prison. Like most of his fellow-dramatists, Massinger frequently wrote in partnership with other playwrights, the names of Dekker, Field, Rowley, Middleton, and others, being often found in conjunction with his. We possess the titles of about thirty-seven plays, either entirely or partially written by Massinger, of which number, however, only eighteen are now extant, the remainder having been lost or destroyed. These works are tragedies, comedies, and romantic dramas, partaking of both characters. The finest of them are the following: the 'Fatal Dowry'; the 'Unnatural Combat'; the 'Roman Actor,' and the 'Duke of Milan,' in the first category: the 'Bondman,' the 'Maid of Honour,' and the 'Picture,' in the third; and the 'Old Law,' and 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts,' in the second. The qualities which distinguish this noble writer

are, an extraordinary dignity and elevation of moral sentiment, a singular power of delineating the sorrows of pure and lofty minds exposed to unmerited suffering, cast down but not humiliated by misfortune. In these lofty delineations, it is impossible not to trace the reflexion of Massinger's own high but melancholy spirit. Female purity and devotion he has painted with great skill; and his plays exhibit many scenes in which he has ventured to sound the mysteries of the deepest passions, as in the 'Fatal Dowry' and the 'Duke of Milan,' the subject of the latter having some resemblance with the terrible story of 'Mariamne.' It was unfortunately indispensable, in order to please the mixed audiences of those days, that comic and farcical scenes should be introduced in every piece; and for comedy and pleasantry Massinger had no aptitude. This portion of his works is in every case contemptible for stupid buffoonery, as well as odious for loathsome indecency; and the coarseness and obscenity of such passages forms so painful a contrast with the general elegance and purity of Massinger's tone and language, that we are driven to the supposition of his having had recourse to other hands to supply this obnoxious matter in obedience to the popular taste. Massinger's style and versification are singularly sweet and noble. No writer of that day is so free from archaisms and obscurities; and perhaps there is none in whom more constantly appears all the force, harmony, and dignity, of which the English language is susceptible. From many passages we may draw the conclusion that Massinger was a fervent Catholic. The 'Virgin Martyr' is indeed a Catholic mystery; and in many plays—as, for example, the 'Renegado'—he has attributed to Romanist confessors, and even to the then unpopular Jesuits, the most amiable and Christian virtues. If we desire to characterize Massinger in one sentence, we may say that dignity, tenderness, and grace, are the qualities in which he excels." (Shaw's "Hist. of Eng. Lit.," pp. 170, 171.)—See Campbell's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i.

JOHN MARSTON.

Very little is known of this poet. In 1598 he published "Certayne Satires," and in 1599, the "Scourge of Villany." He produced also some comedies. Dr. Angus considers the "Satires" decidedly inferior to Hall's, and very poor.—"Handbook of English Lit.," 155.

THOMAS GOFFE.

Thomas Goffe, born 1592, died 1627. "This writer," says Campbell, "left four or five dramatic pieces, of very ordinary merit. He was bred at Christ Church, Oxford. He held the living of East Clandon, in Surrey, but unfortunately succeeded not only to the living, but to the widow of his predecessor, who, being a Xantippe, contributed, according to Langbaine, to shorten his days by the '*violence of her provoking tongue.*' He had the reputation of an eloquent preacher, and some of his sermons appeared in print."

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

The date of birth and death unknown. This poet exhibits a graceful fancy, and one of his plays, "A Woman killed with Kindness," is among the most touching of this period.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

GEORGE SANDYS.

George Sandys, born 1577, died 1643. A traveller and poet. He was the youngest son of the Archbishop of York. His "Travels in the East," and his translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," were very popular. Professor Spalding says that these translations "are poetically pleasing, and they have a merit in diction and versification which has been acknowledged thankfully by later writers."—See R. Aris Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," i.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

Sidney Godolphin, born 1610, died 1642. He was a native of Cornwall, and the brother of the treasurer Godolphin, and flourished and perished in the Civil wars. Lord Clarendon praised him highly. He wrote several original poems and translations of the "Lives of Dido and Æneas," from Virgil, 1358.—Campbell's "Specimens"; Hobbes's "Leviathan."

WILLIAM WARNER.

William Warner, born 1558, died 1609, was a native of Oxfordshire, an attorney of the Common Pleas, and the author of "Albion's England." This poem, published in 1586, is a history of England from the Deluge to the reign of James I. It supplanted in popular favour the "Mirror for Magistrates." The style of the work was much admired in its day, and Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury," says, that by Warner's pen the English tongue was "mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent habiliments." The tales are chiefly of a merry cast, and many of them indecent.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

George Chapman, born 1557, died 1634, a native of Hitching Hill, in the county of Hertford, and studied at Oxford. From thence he repaired to London, and became the friend of Shakspere, Spenser, Daniel, Marlowe, and other contemporary men of genius. He was patronised by Prince Henry, and Carr, Earl of Somerset. The death of the one, and the disgrace of the other, must have injured his prospects; but he is supposed to have had some place at court, either under King James or his consort Anne. He lived to an advanced age; and, according to Wood, was a person of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate. Inigo Jones, with whom he lived on terms of intimate friendship, planned and erected a monument to his memory over his burial-place, on the south side of St. Giles's church in the fields; but it was unfortunately destroyed with the ancient church.

Chapman seems to have been a favourite of his own times; and in a subsequent age, his version of Homer excited the raptures of Waller, and was diligently consulted by Pope. The latter speaks of its daring fire, though he owns that it is clouded by fustian. Webster, his fellow dramatist, praises his "full and heightened style," a character which he does not deserve in any favourable sense; for his diction is chiefly marked by barbarous ruggedness, false elevation, and extravagant metaphor. The drama owes him very little; his "Bussy D'Ambois" is a piece of frigid atrocity, and in the "Widow's Tears," where his heroine Cynthia falls in love with a sentinel guarding the corpse of her husband, whom she was bitterly lamenting, he has dramatised one of the most puerile and disgusting legends ever fabricated for the disparagement of female constancy. See Campbell's "Specimens," p. 130; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Warton's "Hist. Eng. Poetry"; Langbaine's "Dramat. Poets."

RICHARD ALLISON.

Scarcely anything is known of this writer. He published, in 1590, "A Plaine Confutation of a Treatise of Brownism, entitled, A Description of the Visible Church." "An Houre's Recreation in Musicke, apt for Instruments and Voyces," appeared in 1606.

ROBERT BURTON.

Robert Burton, born 1576, died 1640. "In every nation," says Shaw, "there may be found a small number of writers who, in their life, in the objects of their studies, and in the form and manner of their productions, bear a peculiar stamp of eccentricity. No country has been more prolific in such exceptional individualities than England, and no age than the sixteenth century. There cannot be a more striking example of this small but curious class than old Robert Burton, whose life and writings are equally odd. His personal history was that of a retired and laborious scholar, and his principal work, the 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' is a strange combination of the most extensive and out-of-the-way reading, with just observation and a peculiar kind of grave saturnine humour. The object of the writer was to give a complete monograph of Melancholy, and to point out its causes, its symptoms, its treatment, and its cure: but the descriptions given of the various phases of the disease are written in so curious and pedantic a style, accompanied with such an infinity of quaint observation, and illustrated by such a mass of quotations from a crowd of authors, principally the medical writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of whom not one reader in a thousand in the present day has ever heard, that the 'Anatomy' possesses a charm which no one can resist who has once fallen under its fascination.

"The enormous amount of curious quotation with which Burton has incrusted every paragraph and almost every line of his work has rendered him the favourite study of those who wish to appear learned at a small expense; and his pages have served as a quarry from which a multitude of authors have borrowed, and often without acknowledgement, much of their materials, as the great Roman feudal families plundered the Coliseum to construct their frowning fortress-palaces.

"The greater part of Burton's laborious life was passed in the University of Oxford, where he died, not without suspicion of having hastened his own end, in order that it might exactly correspond with the astrological predictions which he is said, being a firm believer in that science, to have drawn from his own horoscope. He is related to have been himself a victim to that melancholy which he has so minutely described, and his tomb bears the astrological scheme of his own nativity, and an inscription eminently characteristic of the man: 'Hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit et mortem Melancholia.'"—(*Hist. of Eng. Lit.*, p. 106, 107.) Prefixed to the "Anatomy" is a poem of twelve stanzas on Melancholy, from which Milton borrowed some of the imagery of Il Penseroso; and Dr. Ferriar, of Manchester, created some sensation in 1798, by showing that Sterne had copied passages verbatim, without acknowledgement.—Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

NATHANIEL FIELD.

Nathaniel Field, in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., wrote "A Woman is a Weathercock," 1612; "Amends for Ladies," 1618. Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

William Alexander, Earl of Sterline, born 1580, died 1640. "William Alexander, of Menstrie, travelled on the Continent as tutor to the Earl of Argyll; and after his return to his native country (Scotland), having in vain solicited a mistress, whom he celebrates in his poetry by the name of Aurora, he married the daughter of Sir William Erskine. Having repaired to the court of James I., he obtained the notice of the monarch, was appointed gentleman usher to Prince Charles, and was knighted by James. Both of those sovereigns patronized his scheme for colonizing Nova Scotia, of which the latter made him lord-lieutenant. Charles I. created him Earl of Sterline in 1633, and for ten years he held the office of secretary of state for Scotland, with the praise of moderation, in times that were rendered peculiarly trying by the struggles of Laud against the Scottish Presbyterians. He wrote some very heavy tragedies; but there is elegance of expression in a few of his shorter pieces."—(*Campbell's Specimens*, p. 158.) Walpole says of this author, that he was greatly superior to the style of his age. Pinkerton calls "The Paranesis" a noble poem. Dr. Drake, refering to his tragedies, states that although these pieces are not calculated for the stage, still they include some admirable lessons for sovereign power, and several choruses written with no small share of poetic vigour. Dr. Anderson considers his "Paranesis" and "Aurora" almost classical performances, and well meriting publication.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS STORER.

Thomas Storer died 1604. The birth of this poet is unknown. We, however, find him elected a student of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1587. Wood says he was the son of John Storer, a Londoner, and that he died in the metropolis. He wrote the "History of Cardinal Wolsey," and several pastoral pieces in "England's Helicon." See Campbell's "Specimens."

CHARLES FITZGEFFREY.

All we know is given by Campbell, who says he was rector of St. Dominic, Cornwall, and died in 1636.

JOHN DOWLAND.

John Dowland, died 1615. An English musician, published several musical treatises, amongst which was a translation of Ornithopharcus's "Micrologus; or, Art of Singing," fol. 1609, Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, born 1534, died 1604, the author of some verses in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices." He sat as Great Chamberlain of England upon the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. The following from Disraeli is of interest:—

"It is an odd circumstance in literary research that I am enabled to correct a story which was written about 1680. The 'Aubrey Papers,' recently published with singular faithfulness, retaining all their peculiarities, even to the grossest errors, were memoranda for the use of Anthony Wood's great work. But beside these, the Oxford antiquary had a very extensive literary correspondence; and it is known, that when speechless and dying he evinced the fortitude to call in two friends to destroy a vast multitude of papers: about two bushels full were ordered for the fires lighted for the occasion; and, 'as he was expiring, he expressed both his knowledge and approbation of what was done, by throwing out his hands.' These two bushels full were not, however, all his papers; his more private ones he had ordered not to be opened for seven years. I suspect also, that a great number of letters were not burnt on this occasion; for I have discovered a manuscript written about 1720 to 1730, and which, the writer tells us, consists of 'Excerpts out of Anthony Wood's papers.' It is closely written, and contains many curious facts not to be found elsewhere. These papers of Anthony Wood probably still exist in the Ashmolean Museum; should they have perished, in that case this solitary manuscript will be the sole record of many interesting particulars.

"By these I correct a little story which may be found in the 'Aubrey Papers,' vol. iii. 395. It is an account of one Nicholas Hill, a man of great learning, and in the high confidence of a remarkable and munificent Earl of Oxford, travelling with him abroad. I transcribe the printed Aubrey account.

"'In his travels with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former), a poor man begged him to give him a penny. "A penny!" said Mr. Hill; "what dost say to ten pounds?"—"Ah! ten pounds," said the beggar; "that would make a man happy." Mr. Hill gave him immediately ten pounds, and putt it downe upon account:—"Item, *to a beggar ten pounds to*

make him happy!'" The point of this story has been marred in the telling: it was drawn up from the following letter by Aubrey to A. Wood, dated July 15, 1689. 'A poor man asked Mr. Hill, his lordship's steward, once to give him sixpence, or a shilling, for an alms. "What dost say if I give thee ten pounds?" —"Ten pounds! *that would make a man of me!*" Hill gave it him, and put down in his account, "Item, £10 *for making a man*," which his lordship inquiring about for the oddness of the expression, not only allowed, but was pleased with it.'

"This philosophical humourist was the steward of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the reign of Elizabeth. This peer was a person of elegant accomplishments; and Lord Orford, in his 'Noble Authors,' has given a higher character of him than perhaps he may deserve. He was of the highest rank, in great favour with the queen, and, in the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the 'Mirrour of Tuscanismo;' and, in a word, this coxcombical peer, after seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly 'Italianated.' The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is given in the present manuscript account. Haughty of his descent and alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England ere it could be forgotten. Once making a low obeisance to the queen, before the whole court, this stately and inflated peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion—it was 'light as air!' But this accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to 'be a banished man,' and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in those years forty thousand pounds. On his return he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stowe has noticed. Part of the presents seem to have some reference to the Earl's former mischance. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority states, that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago!

"This peer's munificence abroad was indeed the talk of Europe; but the secret motive of this was as wicked as that of his travels had been ridiculous. This Earl of Oxford had married the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and when this great statesman would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this earl, he swore to revenge himself on the countess, out of hatred to his father-in-law. He not only forsook her, but studied every means to waste that great inheritance which had descended to him from his ancestors. Secret history often startles us with unexpected discoveries: the personal affectations of this earl induced him to quit a court, where he stood in the highest favour, to domesticate himself abroad; and a family *pique* was the secret motive of that splendid prodigality which, at Florence, could throw into shade the court of Tuscany itself."

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

"Sir Thomas Overbury was born in 1581, and perished in the Tower of London, 1613, by a fate that is too well known. The compassion of the public for a man of worth, 'whose spirit still walked unrevenged amongst them,' together with the contrast of his ideal wife with the Countess of Essex, who was his murderess, attached an interest and popularity to his poem, and made it pass through sixteen editions before the year 1653. His 'Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of sundry Persons,' is a work of considerable merit; but unfortunately his prose, as well as his verse, has a dryness and quaintness that seem to oppress the natural movement of his thoughts. As a poet, he has few imposing attractions: his beauties must be fetched by repeated perusal. They are those of solid reflection, predominating over, but not extinguishing, sensibility; and there is danger of the reader neglecting, under the coldness and ruggedness of his manner, the manly but unostentatious moral feeling that is conveyed in his maxims, which are sterling and liberal, if we can only pardon a few obsolete ideas on female education."—(Campbell's *Specimens*, p. 74.) How charming is the following description by Overbury:—

"A fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue; therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkwoym, she is decked in innocence,—a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying lõng in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions. Nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticlere, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lambs her curfew. In

milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her own physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them: only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

RICHARD NICCOLS.

Richard Niccols, born 1584. He contributed to the "Mirror for Magistrates," which was carried on by Churchyard, Drayton, and others. He wrote the "Cuckoo," in imitation of Drayton's "Owl," and a drama. "The Twynnes' Tragedy." Wood says he was a Londoner, that he studied at Oxford, and obtained some congenial employment. Campbell's "Specimens."

FRANCIS DAVISON.

Francis Davison, son of William Davison, an eminent statesman in the time of Elizabeth. He wrote several pieces in the "Poetical Rhapsody." This collection contains poems by Walter Davison, Sir John Davies, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, the Countess of Pembroke, Spencer, Sir H. Walton, Donne, Greene, and others. "How say you, reader? Is not the above a glorious pageant of poets? Does not the mere enumeration of them beget in thee a longing to explore the pages which contain their bright thoughts and tuneful lines?"—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

SIMON WASTALL.

Born in Westmoreland about 1560; died about 1630.

THIRD PERIOD.

From 1558 *to* 1649.

96.—THE INDUCTION TO THE COMPLAINT OF HENRY, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

The wrathfull winter prochinge on a pace.
With blustring blastes had al ybared the treen,
And olde Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender green:
The mantels rent, wherein enwrapped been
The gladsom groves that nowe laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne, and every blome down blowen.

The soyle that erst so seemly was to seen,
Was all despoyled of her beauties hewe:
And soot freshe flowers (where with the sommers queen
Had clad the earth) now Boreas blastes downe blowe
And small fowles flocking, in their song did rewe
The winters wrath, wher with eche thing defaste
In woful wise bewayled the sommer past.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye
The naked twigges were shivering all for colde;
And dropping downe the teares abundantly;
Eche thing (me thought) with weping eye me tolde
The cruell season, bidding me witholde
My selfe within, for I was gotten out
Into the feldes whereas I walkte about.

When loe the night with mistie mantels spred,
Can darke the daye, and dim the azure skyes,
And Venus in her message Hermes sped
To bluddy Mars, to wyl him not to ryse,
While she her selfe approcht in speedy wise;
And Virgo hiding her disdainful brest
With Thetis now had layd her downe to rest.

Whiles Scorpio dreading Sagittarius dart,
Whose bowe prest bent in sight, the string had slypt,
Downe slyd into the ocean flud aparte,
The Beare that in the Iryshe seas had dipt
His grisely feete, with speede from thence he whypt;
For Thetis hasting from the Virgines bed
Pursued the Bear, that ear she came was fled.

And Phaeton nowe neare reaching to his race
With glistering beames, gold streamynge where they bent
Was prest to enter in his resting place.
Crythus that in the carte fyrste went
Had even now attaynde his journeys stent
And fast declining hid away his head,
While Titan couched him in his purple bed.

And pale Cinthea with her borrowed light
Beginning to supply her brothers place,
Was past the noonsteede syre degrees in sight,
When sparkling starres amyd the heavens face
With twinkling light sheen on the earth apace,
That whyle they brought about the nightes chare
The darke had dimmed the day ear I was ware.

And sorowing I to see the sommer flowers
The livly greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The fields so fade that floorisht so beforne
It taught me wel all earthly thinges be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last;
The sommers beauty yeeldes to winters blast.

Then looking upward to the heavens leames
With nightes starres thick powdred every where,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streames
That chearefull Phebus spread downe from his sphere,
Beholding darke oppressing day so neare:
The sodayne sight reduced to my minde
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

That musing on this worldly wealth in thought,
Which comes and goes more faster than we see
The flyckering flame that with the fyer is wrought.
My busie minde presented unto me
Such fall of peres as in this realme had be:
That ofte I wisht some would their woes deserve,
To warne the rest whom fortune left alive.

And streyt forth stalking with redoubled pace
For that I sawe the night drewe on so fast,
In blacke all clad there fell before my face
A piteous wight, whom woe had al forwaste,

Furth from her eyen the cristall teares outbrast,
And syghing sore her handes she wrong and folde,
Tare al her heare, that ruth was to beholde

Her body small forwithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that sommers drought opprest,
Her wealked face with woful teares bespreint,
Her colour pale, and (as it seemd her best)
In woe and playnt reposed was her rest
And as the stone that droppes of water weares,
So dinted wher her cheekes with full of teares

Her eyes swollen with flowing streames aflote,
Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteously,
Her forcedes handes together ofte she smote,
With doleful shrikes that echoed in the skye
Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
That in my doome was never man did see
A wight but halfe so woe begone as she

Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst — *about* 1563

---

97 —ALLEGORICAL PERSONAGES DESCRIBED IN HELL

And first within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience all besprent
With tears, and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirld on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those dessetful crimes which she had wrought
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook
With foot uncertain, profer'd here and there
Benumb'd with speech and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair
Stonn'd and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how she may vengeance take
Never in rest, 'till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Rung, alas, upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight

His face was lean and some-deal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone,
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one,
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot kept he,
As on the which full daintily would he fare,
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed, his bed, the hard cold ground
To this poor life was Misery ybound

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feers,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held,
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briers,
His knuckles knobb'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hardy tanned skin

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil

By him lay heavy Sleep the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath,
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part,
Reever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be,
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Crœsus' pomp and Irus' poverty

And next in order sad, Old-Age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd

His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste:
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,—
That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompany'd with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit:
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvel'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain:

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and bleareyed;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed:
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see:
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawen every where,
All full of holes; that I no mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay:
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law:
Gnawing, alas! her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise
As made hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthirling it, to rieve her of her breath:

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
No peers, no princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, no realms, cities, no strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power:

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardy;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns, and threw down towers and all:

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:
His face forehow'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.—About 1563.

98.—HENRY DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM IN THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forlorn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lain:
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away:
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay:
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice:
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens ryved with the noise:
Till at the last, recovering of his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast bemained,
On cruel Fortune, weeping thus he plained.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset.—About 1563.

99.—SONNET MADE ON ISABELLA MARKHAM,

When I first thought her fair, as she stood at the Princess's window, in goodly attire, and talked to divers in the court-yard, 1564.

Whence comes my love? Oh, heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own:
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
Oh, Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

John Harrington.—About 1564.

100.—VERSES ON A MOST STONY-HEARTED MAIDEN,

Who did sorely beguile the Noble Knight, my true Friend.

I.

Why didst thou raise such woeful wail,
And waste in briny tears thy days?
'Cause she that wont to flout and rail,
At last gave proof of woman's ways;
She did, in sooth, display the heart
That might have wrought thee greater smart.

II.

Why, thank her then, not weep or moan;
Let others guard their careless heart,
And praise the day that thus made known
The faithless hold on woman's art;
Their lips can glose and gain such root,
That gentle youth hath hope of fruit.

III.

But, ere the blossom fair doth rise,
To shoot its sweetness o'er the taste,
Creepeth disdain in canker-wise,
And chilling scorn the fruit doth blast:
There is no hope of all our toil;
There is no fruit from such a soil.

IV.

Give o'er thy plaint, the danger's o'er;
She might have poison'd all thy life;
Such wayward mind had bred thee more
Of sorrow had she proved thy wife:
Leave her to meet all hopeless meed,
And bless thyself that so art freed.

V.

No youth shall sue such one to win,
Unmark'd by all the shining fair,
Save for her pride and scorn, such sin
As heart of love can never bear;
Like leafless plant in blasted shade,
So liveth she—a barren maid.

John Harrington.—About 1564.

101.—THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
When *False Suspect* accused me,
George, quoth the judge, hold up thy hand,
Thou art arraign'd of Flattery;

Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?

My lord, quod I, this lady here,
Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
Wherefore her doom doth please me best.
Let her be judge and juror both,
To try me guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty*, No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.

Then *Craft* the crier call'd a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the judge unjust,
Sentence was said, "I should be truss'd."

Jealous, the gaoler, bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
George, quoth the judge, now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hang'd all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried, Good Lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

And though this Judge doth make such haste
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you show yourself a Queen,
And I may be your servant seen.

Quoth *Beauty*, Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than Justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?

Yea, madam, quoth I, that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties:
Why then, quoth she, come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

102.—SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

The heavens on high perpetually do move;
By minutes meal the hour doth steal away,
By hours the days, by days the months remove,
And then by months the years as fast decay;
Yea, Virgil's verse and Tully's truth do say,
That Time flieth, and never claps her wings;
But rides on clouds, and forward still she flings.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

103.—THE VANITY OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

They course the glass, and let it take no rest;
They pass and spy who gazeth on their face;
They darkly ask whose beauty seemeth best;
They hark and mark who marketh most their grace;
They stay their steps, and stalk a stately pace;
They jealous are of every sight they see;
They strive to seem, but never care to be.

* * * * *

What grudge and grief our joys may then suppress,
To see our hairs, which yellow were as gold,
Now grey as glass: to feel and find them less;
To scrape the bald skull which was wont to hold
Our lovely locks with curling sticks controul'd;
To look in glass, and spy Sir Wrinkle's chair
Set fast on fronts which erst were sleek and fair.

* * * * *

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

104.—GOOD MORROW.

You that haue spent the silent night,
In sleepe and quiet rest,
And ioye to see the cheerefull lyght
That ryseth in the East:
Now cleare your voyce, now chere your hart,
Come helpe me nowe to sing:
Echo willing wight come beare a part,
To prayse the heauenly King.

And you whome care in prison keepes,
Or sickenes doth suppresse,
Or secret sorowe breakes your sleepes,
Or dolours doe distresse:
Yet beare a part in dolfull wise,
Yea thinke it good accorde,
And acceptable sacrifice,
Echo sprite to prayse the Lorde.

The dreadfull night with darkesomnesse,
Had ouer spread the light,
And sluggish sleepe with drowsynesse,
Had ouer prest our might:
A glasse wherin you may beholde,
Echo storme that stopes our breath,
Our bed the graue, our clothes lyke molde,
And sleepe like dreadfull death.

Yet as this deadly night did laste,
But for a little space,
And heauenly daye nowe night is past,
Doth shewe his pleasaunt face:

So must we hope to see Gods face,
At last in heauen on hie,
When we haue chang'd this mortall place,
For Immortalitie.

And of such happes and heauenly ioyes,
As then we hope to holde,
All earthly sightes and worldly toyes,
Are tokens to beholde.
The daye is like the daye of doome,
The sunne, the Sonne of man,
The skyes the heauens, the earth the tombe
Wherein we rest till than.

The Rainbowe bending in the skye,
Bedeckte with sundrye hewes,
Is like the seate of God on hye,
And seemes to tell these newes:
That as thereby he promised,
To drowne the world no more,
So by the blond which Christ hath shead,
He will our helth restore.

The mistie cloudes that fall somtime,
And ouercast the skyes,
Are like to troubles of our time,
Which do but dymme our eyes:
But as suche dewes are dryed vp quite,
When Phœbus shewes his face,
So are such fansies put to flighte,
Where God doth guide by grace.

The caryon Crowe, that lothsome beast,
Which cryes agaynst the rayne,
Both for hir hewe and for the rest,
The Deuill resembleth playne:
And as with gonnes we kill the crowe,
For spoyling our releefe,
The Deuill so must we ouerthrowe,
With gonshote of beleefe.

The little byrdes which sing so swete,
Are like the angelles voyce,
Which render God his prayses meete,
And teache vs to reioyce:
And as they more estieme that myrth,
Than dread the nights anoy,
So much we deeme our days on earth,
But hell to heauenly ioye.

Unto which Joyes for to attayne
God graunt vs all his grace,
And sende vs after worldly payne,
In heauen to haue a place.
Where wee maye still enioye that light,
Which neuer shall decaye:
Lorde, for thy mercy lend vs might,
To see that ioyfull daye.

Haud ictus sapio.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

105.—GOOD NIGHT.

When thou hast spent the lingring day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie waye, dost seeke to rest at nighte:
Unto thy paynes or pleasures past, adde this one labour yet.
Ere sleepe close vp thyne eye to fast, do not thy God forget,
But searche within thy secret thoughts, what deeds did thee befal.
And if thou find amisse in ought, to God for mercy call.
Yea though thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst cal to mind,
Yet euer more remember this, there is the more behind:
And thinke how well so euer it be, that thou hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy waye.
Thus if thou trie thy dayly deedes, and pleasure in this payne,
Thy life shall clense thy corne from weeds, and thine shal be the gaine:
But if thy sinfull sluggishe eye, will venter for to winke,
Before thy wading will may trye, how far thy soule maye sinke,
Beware and wake, for else thy bed, which soft and smoth is made,
May heape more harm vpō thy head, than blowes of enmies blade.
Thus if this paine procure thine ease, in bed as thou doest lye,
Perhaps it shall not God displease, to sing thus soberly;
I see that sleepe is lent me here, to ease my wearye bones,
As death at laste shall eke appeere, to ease my greeuous grones.
My dayly sportes, my paunch full fed, haue causde my dronsie eye,
As carelesse life in quiet led, might cause my soule to dye:
The stretching armes, the yauning breath, which I to bedward vse,
Are patternes of the pangs of death, whēn life will me refuse.
And of my bed eche sundrye part in shaddowes doth resemble,
The sūdry shapes of deth, whose dart shal make my flesh to trēble.
My bed it selfe is like the graue, my sheetes the winding sheete,
My clothes the mould which I must haue, to couer me most meete:
The hungry fleas which friske so freshe, to wormes I can cōpare,
Which greedily shall gnaw my fleshe, and leaue the bones ful bare:
The waking Cock that early crowes to weare the night awaye,
Puts in my minde the trumpe that blowes before the latter day.
And as I rise vp lustily, when sluggish sleepe is past,
So hope I to rise ioyfully, to Judgement at the last.
Thus wyll I wake, thus wyll I sleepe, thus wyll I hope to ryse,

Thus wyll I neither waile nor weepe, but sing
in godly wyse.
My bones shall in this bed remaine, my soule
in God shall trust,
By whome I hope to ryse againe from death
and earthly dust.

Haud ictus sapio.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

106.—DE PROFUNDIS.

From depth of doole wherein my soule doth
dwell,
From heauy heart which harbours in my
brest,
From troubled sprite which sildome taketh
rest.
From hope of heauen, from dreade of darkesome
hell.
O gracious God, to thee I crye and yell.
My God, my Lorde, my louely Lorde aloane,
To thee I call, to thee I make my moane.
And thou (good God) vouchsafe in gree to
take,
This woefull plaint,
Wherein I faint,
Oh heare me then for thy great mercies sake.

Oh bende thine eares attentiuely to heare,
Oh turne thine eyes, behold me how I wayle,
Oh hearken Lord, giue care for mine auaile,
O marke in minde the burdens that I beare:
See howe I sinke in sorrowes euerye where.
Beholde and see what dollors I endure,
Giue eare and marke what plaintes I put in
vre.
Bende wylling care: and pittie therewithall,
My wayling voyce,
Which hath no choyce,
But euermore vpon thy name to call.

If thou good Lorde shouldest take thy rod
in hande,
If thou regard what sinnes are daylye done,
If thou take holde where wee our workes
begone,
If thou decree in Judgement for to stande,
And be extreame to see our scuses skande,
If thou take note of euery thing amysse,
And wryte in rowles howe frayle our nature is,
O gloryous God, O king, O Prince of power,
What mortall wight,
Maye then haue light,
To feele thy frowne, if thou haue lyst to
lowre?

But thou art good, and hast of mercye
store,
Thou not delyghst to see a sinner fall,
Thou hearknest first, before we come to call.
Thine eares are set wyde open euermore,
Before we knocke thou commest to the doore,
Thou art more prest to heare a sinner crye,
Then he is quicke to climbe to thee on hye.
Thy mighty name bee praysed then alwaye,
Let fayth and feare,
True witnesse beare,
Howe fast they stand which on thy mercy
staye.

I looke for thee (my louelye Lord) therefore,
For thee I wayte, for thee I tarrye styll,
Myne eyes doe long to gaze on thee my fyll.
For thee I watche, for thee I prye and pore.
My Soule for thee attendeth euermore.
My Soule doth thyrst to take of thee a taste,
My Soule desires with thee for to bee plaste.
And to thy worde (which can no man deceyue)
Myne onely trust,
My loue and lust,
In confidence continuallye shall cleaue.

Before the breake or dawning of the daye,
Before the lyght be seene in loftye Skyes,
Before the Sunne appeare in pleasaunt wyse,
Before the watche (before the watche I saye)
Before the warde that waytes therefore
alwaye:
My soule, my sense, my secreete thought, my
sprite,
My wyll, my wishe, my ioye, and my delight:
Vnto the Lord that sittes in heauen on highe.
With hastye wing,
From me doeth fling,
And stryueth styll, vnto the Lorde to flye.

O Israell, O housholde of the Lorde,
O Abrahams Brattes, O broode of blessed
seede,
O chosen sheepe that loue the Lorde in deede:
O hungrye heartes, feede styll vpon his
worde,
And put your trust in him with one accorde.
For he hath mercye euermore at hande,
His fountaines flowe, his springes do neuer
stande.
And plenteouslye hee loueth to redeeme,
Such sinners all,
As on him call,
And faithfully his mercies most esteeme.

Hee wyll redeeme our deadly drowning
state,
He wyll bring home the sheepe that goe
astraye,
He wyll helpe them that hope in him alwaye:
He wyll appease our discorde and debate,
He wyll soone saue, though we repent vs late.
He wyll be ours if we continewe his,
He wyll bring bale to ioye and perfect blisse,
He wyll redeeme the flocke of his electe,
From all that is,
Or was amisse,
Since Abrahams heyres dyd first his Lawes
reiect.

Euer or neuer.

George Gascoigne.—About 1575.

107.—SONNETS.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass;
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Thou indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw:
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address:
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride.
When Cupid, having me (his slave) descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
"What now, Sir Fool," said he, "I would no less.
Look here, I say." I look'd, and Stella spied,
Who hard by made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward named Fourth as first in praise I name:
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame:
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain,
And, gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain:
Nor that he made the Flower-de-luce so fraid,
Though strongly hedg'd of bloody Lion's paws,
That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause—
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:

And fain those Œol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, "O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place."

Sir Philip Sidney.—About 1582.

108.—LOVE'S SERVILE LOT.

Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve;
They reckon least how little hope
Their service doth deserve.

The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore;
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

* * * *

May never was the month of love;
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind;
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words inthralled souls
She chains in servile bands!
Her eye in silence hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
Short hap, immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs bewitching charms.

Like winter rose, and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds,
Love's service is in vain.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

109.—LOOK HOME.

Retired thoughts enjoy their own delights,
As beauty doth in self-beholding eye:
Man's mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all miracles summed lie;
Of fairest forms, and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.

The mind a creature is, yet can create,
To nature's patterns adding higher skill
Of finest works; wit better could the state,
If force of wit had equal power of will.
Devise of man in working hath no end;
What thought can think, another thought can mend.

Man's soul of endless beauties image is,
Drawn by the work of endless skill and might:
This skilful might gave many sparks of bliss,
And, to discern this bliss, a native light,
To frame God's image as his worth required;
His might, his skill, his word and will conspired.

All that he had, his image should present;
All that it should present, he could afford;
To that he could afford his will was bent;
His will was followed with performing word.
Let this suffice, by this conceive the rest,
He should, he could, he would, he did the best.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

110.—TIMES GO BY TURNS.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower.
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course.
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

111.—THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
"Remember, man, thou art but dust."
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* * *

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey,
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

112.—SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do all the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

Robert Southwell.—About 1587.

113.—THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlow.—About 1590.

114.—THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

Sir Walter Ralegh.—About 1610.

115.—THE COUNTRY'S RECREATIONS.

Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And Grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * *

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here.

Sir Walter Raleigh.—About 1610.

116.—FAREWELL TO TOWN.

* * *

Thou gallant court, to thee farewell!
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward Fortune now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight.
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Jill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass!

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds!
Recorder, citern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds.
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed!

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you:
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit!

And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver pistol, arquebuss,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade!

And you farewell, all gallant games,
Primero, and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I us'd, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal:
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays!

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugar'd wine!
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese

And now, all orders due, farewell!
My table laid when it was noon;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done:
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device!
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise;
Clad in a coat of green, or grey,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dream of sweet delight,
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of welaway!

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

117.—A PASTORAL OF PHILLIS AND CORIDON.

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befal the dainty sweet;
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,
That the world desires to see;
This is *ipsa quæ*, the which
There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

118.—A SWEET PASTORAL.

Good Muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony;
The weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone awhile,
Thou know'st my heaviness;
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock
That loved to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colour leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
Each herb hath lost her savour,
And Phillida the fair hath lost
The comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful sights
So kill me in conceit,
That how to hope upon delights,
Is but a mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,
Thou know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use,
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend,
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrow end.

Nicholas Breton.—About 1620.

119.—THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Joshua Sylvester.—About 1610.

120.—TO RELIGION.

Religion, O thou life of life,
How worldlings, that profane thee rife,
Can wrest thee to their appetites!
How princes, who thy power deny,
Pretend thee for their tyranny,
And people for their false delights!

Under thy sacred name, all over,
The vicious all their vices cover;
The insolent their insolence,
The proud their pride, the false their fraud,
The thief his theft, her filth the bawd,
The impudent their impudence.

Ambition under thee aspires,
And Avarice under thee desires;
Sloth under thee her case assumes,
Lux under thee all overflows,
Wrath under thee outrageous grows,
All evil under thee presumes.

Religion, erst so venerable,
What art thou now but made a fable,
A holy mask on Folly's brow,
Where under lies Dissimulation,
Lined with all abomination.
Sacred Religion, where art thou?

Not in the church with Simony,
Not on the bench with Bribery,
Nor in the court with Machiavel,
Nor in the city with deceits,
Nor in the country with debates;
For what hath Heaven to do with Hell?

Joshua Sylvester.—About 1610.

121.—ADDRESS TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee.
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend.
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Richard Barnfield.—About 1610.

122.—THE NYMPHS TO THEIR MAY QUEEN.

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our chief holiday:
For though this clime was blest of yore,
Yet was it never proud before.
O beauteous queen of second Troy,
Accept of our unfeigned joy.

Now the air is sweeter than sweet balm,
And satyrs dance about the palm;

Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Gives perfect signs of her delight:
O beauteous queen!

Now birds record new harmony,
And trees do whistle melody:
And everything that nature breeds
Doth clad itself in pleasant weeds.

Thomas Watson.—About 1590.

123.—SONNET.

Actæon lost, in middle of his sport,
Both shape and life for looking but awry:
Diana was afraid he would report
What secrets he had seen in passing by.
To tell the truth, the self-same hurt have I,
By viewing her for whom I daily die;
I loose my wonted shape, in that my mind
Doth suffer wreck upon the stony rock
Of her disdain, who, contrary to kind,
Does bear a breast more hard than any stock;
And former form of limbs is changed quite
By cares in love, and want of due delight.
I leave my life, in that each secret thought
Which I conceive through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me say that life availeth nought,
Where service cannot have a due reward.
I dare not name the nymph that works my smart,
Though love hath graven her name within my heart.

Thomas Watson.—About 1590.

124.—UNA AND THE REDCROSS KNIGHT.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Ycladd in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field:
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expell'd:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand:
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all,
The Aspin good for staves, the Cypress funeral.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew obedient to the bender's will,

The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

125.—UNA FOLLOWED BY THE LION.

Nought is there under Heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought t unworthy wretchedness,
Through envy's snares, or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pierced with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die.

And now it is impassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake, of whom I sing,
That my frail eyes these lines with tears do steep,
To think how she through guileful handelling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though fair as ever living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despair,
And her due love's derived to that vile witch's share.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts stray'd,
To seek her knight, who, subtily betray'd
Through that late vision, which the enchanter wrought,
Had her abandon'd: she, of nought afraid,
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood;
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse;
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazed, forgot his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorr'd?"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin, born of heavenly blood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion, if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles, and misfortunes hard.
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

126.—THE SQUIRE AND THE DOVE.

Well said the wise man, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itself more dread and desperate:
For nought the same may calm, nor mitigate,
Till time the tempest do thereof allay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the stern remembrance wip'd away
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belphœbe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad,
And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away.
Nor ever laugh'd nor once show'd countenance glad;
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossom, through heat, doth languish and decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His dole he made) there chanced a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love:
Which loss her made like passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With dear compassion deeply did ommove,
That she gan moan his undeserved smart,
And with her doleful accent, bear with him a part.

She, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full piteously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compiled, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.
With that, he forth would pour so plenteous tears,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,
That could have pierc'd the hearts of tigers and of bears.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of peril to repair
Unto his wonne; and with her mournful muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certain miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relics did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphœbe threw
On him, while goodly grace she did him shew.
Amongst the rest, a jewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hue,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new
(In which his lady's colours were) did bind
About the turtle's neck, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so deck'd, her nimble wings display'd,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sudden accident him much dismay'd,
And looking after long, did mark which way she stray'd.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye return'd to him again,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewel he had lost so light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wasteful air,
Until she came where wonned his Belphœbe fair.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toil, which she had tried
In savage chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did partake.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breast
That precious jewel, which she formerly
Had known right well, with colour'd ribbon drest;
Therewith she rose in haste, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away.
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swerv'd aside, and there again did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to assay.

And ever when she nigh approach'd, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In the end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did tread,
And wash'd the same with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streams proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he meant;
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Only few rueful looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondered much at his so uncouth case;
And by his person's secret seemlihed
Well ween'd, that he had been some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hue deface:
That being moved with ruth she thus bespake.
Ah! woful man, what heaven's hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
Or self-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

If heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
Since to his power we all are subject born:
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn;
But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn
Of life it be, then better do avise.
For, he whose days in wilful woe are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless nigardise.

When so he heard her say, eftsoons he brake
His sudden silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake
Then have they all themselves against me bent:
For heaven (first author of my languishment)
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruel one consent,
To cloud my days in doleful misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Nor any but yourself, O dearest dread,
Hath done this wrong; to wreak on worthless wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deem aright,
Ye may redress, and me restore to light.
Which sorry words her mighty heart did mate
With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him received again to former favour's state.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

127.—FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disarray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

Why stands there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Died in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green
Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth:
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.

It chanced after upon a day,
The husband-man's self to come that way,
Of custom to survew his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round;
Him when the spiteful Briere had espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife;

O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
I please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Cursed of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
And like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bade the Briere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.

Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide.

Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast.
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godly head to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.

To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the good man nould stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear,
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priest's crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew,
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery.
For nought might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seem'd to shake;
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasance
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heap'd snow burdned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and 'brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
For scorning eld.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

128.—FROM THE EPITHALAMION.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies, the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight;
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorn'd with beauty's grace, and virtue's store;
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sp'rit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

129.—THE HOUSE OF RICHES.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like an huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hung
Embossed with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
And over them Arachne high did lift
Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
Enwrapped in foul smoke and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof, and floor, and walls, were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof: for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display,
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp whose life does fade away;
Or as the Moon, clothéd with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen
But huge great iron chests, and coffers strong,
All barred with double bends, that none could ween
Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placéd were along.
But all the ground with skulls was scatteréd
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburiéd.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

130.—THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is:—else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts: But O! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love and nothing for reward
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

131.—PRINCE ARTHUR'S ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

"Night! thou foul mother of annoyance sad,
Sister of heavy Death, and nurse of Woe,
Which was begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And brutish shape thrust down to Hell below,
Where, by the grim flood of Cocytus slow,
Thy dwelling is in Erebus' black house.
(Black Erebus, thy husband, is the foe
Of all the gods,) where thou ungracious
Half of thy days doest lead in horror hideous.

"What had th' Eternal Maker need of thee
The world in his continual course to keep,
That doest all things deface, nor lettest see
The beauty of his work? Indeed, in sleep
The slothful body, that doth love to steep
His lustless limbs, and drown his baser mind,
Doth praise thee oft, and oft from Stygian deep
Calls thee his goddess, in his error blind,
And great dame Nature's handmaid cheering every kind.

"But well I wot that to an heavy heart
Thou art the root and nurse of bitter cares,
Broeder of new, renewer of old smarts;
Instead of rest thou lendest railing tears;
Instead of sleep thou sendest troublous fears
And dreadful visions, in the which alive
The dreary image of sad Death appears:
So from the weary spirit thou doest drive
Desiréd rest, and men of happiness deprive.

"Under thy mantle black there hidden lie
Light-shunning Theft, and traitorous Intent,
Abhorréd Bloodshed, and vile Felony,
Shameful Deceit, and Danger imminent,
Foul Horror, and eke hellish Dreariment:
All these I wot in thy protection be,
And light do shun, for fear of being shent;
For light alike is loth'd of them and thee;
And all, that lewdness love, do hate the light to see.

"For Day discovers all dishonest ways,
And sheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The praises of high God he fair displays,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed:
Day's dearest children be the blessed seed
Which Darkness shall subdue and Heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her first did breed,
Most sacred virgin, without spot of sin:
Our life is day; but death with darkness doth begin."

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

132.—THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For both the boughs do laughing blossoms bear,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton prime,
And eke at once the heavy trees they climb,
Which seem to labour under their fruit's load:
The while the joyous birds make their pastime
Amongst the shady leaves, their sweet abode,
And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

Right in the middest of that paradise
There stood a stately mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle trees did rise,
Whose shady boughs sharp steel did never lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But, like a girlond, compasséd the height,
And from their fruitful sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground, with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours and most sweet delight.

And in the thickest covert of that shade
There was a pleasant arbour, not by art
But of the trees' own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton ivy-twine entrailed athwart,
And eglantine and caprifole among,
Fashioned above within their inmost part,
That neither Phœbus' beams could through them throng,
Nor Æolus' sharp blast could work them any wrong.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

133.—THE BOWER OF BLISS.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
While others did embayo themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue:
For, the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advis'd it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed might offend.

* * * * *

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be:
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
"Ah see, whoso fair thing thou dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day;
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away!

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour;
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime."

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

134.—SONNETS.

Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the firbloom, but his branches rough;

Sweet is the cyprus, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom flower, but yet sour enough;
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill;
So, every sweet, with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more:
For easy things that may be got at will
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days I have outworn,
And many nights that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the joyous day would end;
And when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,
That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do fly away too fast.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return that seems to linger late;
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my Love,
And, wand'ring here and there, all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove;
No joy of aught that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me but her own joyous sight,
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasure to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.

Edmund Spenser.—About 1590.

135.—EARLY LOVE.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceived
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

136.—THE INTRODUCTION OF FOREIGN VICES DEPRECATED.

* * * * * *

Let their vile cunning, in their limits pent,
Remain among themselves that like it most,
And let the north, they count of colder blood,
Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

Let them have fairer cities, goodlier soils,
And sweeter fields for beauty to the eye,
So long as they have these ungodly wiles,
Such detestable vile impiety.
And let us want their vines, their fruits the whiles,
So that we want not faith or honesty.
We care not for these pleasures; so we may
Have better hearts and stronger hands than they

Neptune, keep out from thy embraced isle
This foul contagion of iniquity!
Drown all corruptions, coming to defile
Our fair proceedings, ordered formally.
Keep us mere English; let not craft beguile
Honour and justice with strange subtlety.
Let us not think how *that* our good can frame
That ruined hath the authors of the same.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

137.—RICHARD II.,

The Morning before his Murder in Pomfret Castle.

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear.

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where other's liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life; that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost enquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery, and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

138.—AN EPISTLE TO THE COUNTESS OF CUMBERLAND.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wealds of man survey?

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil?
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood: where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet,
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right t'appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the surly brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others' crimes:
Charg'd with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Although his heart (so near ally'd to earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distress'd mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd; whilst as craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd: whilst man doth ransack man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distress;
And th' inheritance of desolation leaves
To great-expecting hopes: he looks thereon,
As from the shore of peace, with unwet eye,
And bears no venture in impiety.

Thus, madam, fares that man, that hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires; and sees all things
Beneath him; and hath learn'd this book of man,
Full of the notes of frailty; and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings:
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your heart; and set your thoughts as near
His glorious mansion, as your pow'rs can bear.

Which, madam, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble limits of your kind,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make; inur'd to any hue
The world can cast; that cannot cast that mind
Out of her form of goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the region of yourself remain:
Where no vain breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen walls
Of a clear conscience, that (without all stain)
Rises in peace, in innocency rests;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shows her own ugly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in revenge,
Than women use to do; yet you well know,
That wrong is better check'd by being contemn'd,
Than being pursu'd; leaving to him t'avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show
How worthily your clearness hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the dark,
That at the rays of goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These revolutions of disturbances
Still roll; where all th' aspects of misery
Predominate: whose strong effects are such,
As he must bear, being pow'rless to redress:
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence:
That never are at peace with their desires,
But work beyond their years; and ev'n deny
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispense
With death. That when ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much delight they have,
To carry toil and travel to the grave.

Whose ends you see; and what can be the best
They reach unto, when they have cast the sum
And reck'nings of their glory. And you know,
This floating life hath but this port of rest,
A heart prepar'd, that fears no ill to come.
And that man's greatness rests but in his show,
The best of all whose days consumed are,
Either in war, or peace-conceiving war.

This concord, madam, of a well-tun'd mind
Hath been so set by that all-working hand
Of Heaven, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out by discords most unkind;
Yet doth it still in perfect union stand
With God and man; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet accord; but still agree,
Equal in fortune's inequality.

And this note, madam, of your worthiness
Remains recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice cannot wrong your right,
In th' inheritance of fame you must possess:
You that have built you by your great deserts
(Out of small means) a far more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honour'd name,
Than all the gold that leaden minds can frame.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

139.—THE NOBILITY EXHORTED TO THE PATRONAGE OF LEARNING.

You mighty lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our land:

Hold up disgracéd Knowledge from the ground;
Keep Virtue in request: give worth her due,
Let not Neglect with barbarous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in night a-new:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid?—
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your fathers' bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockeries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungraced, unknown:
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own!

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

140.—SONNETS.

I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise;
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frown, altho' her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.

A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above;
Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she Pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

Care-charmer sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Samuel Daniel.—About 1612.

---

141. — MORTIMER, EARL OF MARCH, AND THE QUEEN, SURPRISED BY EDWARD III. IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE.

Within the castle hath the queen devised
A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,
As in the same she had imparadised
Almost what man by industry hath sought;
Where with the curious pencil was comprised
What could with colours by the art be wrought,
In the most sure place of the castle there,
Which she had named the Tower of Mortimer.

An orbal form with pillars small composed,
Which to the top like parallels do bear,
Arching the compass where they were inclosed,
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,
In whose partitions by the lines disposed,
All the clear northern asterisms were
In their corporeal shapes with stars inchased,
As by th' old poets they in heaven were placed.

About which lodgings, tow'rds the upper face,
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,
That as a zone the waist ingirdled,
That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,
'Twixt things near view and those far over head,
Under the which the painter's curious skill
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

Here Phœbus clipping Hyacinthus stood,
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,
That should't be blood or tears no sight could view,
So mix'd together in a little flood:
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,
The pretty wood-nymphs chafing him with balm,
To bring the sweet boy from his deadly qualm.

With the god's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,
T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did show.
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,
As still to give new anguish to the wound;
The purple flower sprung from the blood that run,
That op'neth since and closeth with the sun.

By which the heifer Io, Jove's fair rape,
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,
The water shadow'd to observe the shape
In the same form that she on it doth look.
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,
By perspective devised beholding now,
This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a cow.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous toy,
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,
As though his skill the perfect life could limn.
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,
As through the drops the fair skin might appear.

And ciffy Cynthus with a thousand birds,
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crown,
Under whose shadow graze the straggling herds,
Out of whose top the fresh springs trembling down,
Dropping like fine pearl through his shaggy beards,
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;
The rock so lively done in every part,
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

The naked nymphs, some up and down descending,
Small scatt'ring flowers at one another flung,
With nimble turns their limber bodies bending,
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprung,
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles rending)
Which on the rocks grew here and there among;
Some comb their hair, some making garlands by,
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling through
the clouds,
Cast by his palfreys that their reins had broke,
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,
Now through the heaven run madd'ning from
the yoke,
The elements together thrust in crowds,
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;
Drawn with such life, as some did much
desire
To warm themselves, some frighted with
the fire.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,
His seven sisters standing in degrees,
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,
As the gods turn'd the women into trees,
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd,
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from
their eyes;
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,
Such excellence in showing of the same.

And to this lodging did the light invent,
That it should first a lateral course reflect,
Through a short room into the window sent,
Whence it should come expressively direct,
Holding just distance to the lineament,
And should the beams proportionably project,
And being thereby condensated and grave,
To every figure a sure colour gave.

In part of which, under a golden vine,
Whose broad-leaved branches cov'ring over all,
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton
twine,
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,
Whose rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,
Where, as among the naked Cupids sprawl,
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,
Wherein the story of his fortunes past
In lively pictures neatly handled was:
How he escaped the Tower, in France how
graced,
With stones embroider'd, of a wondrous mass:
About the border, in a curious fret,
Emblems, impresas, hieroglyphics set.

This flatt'ring sunshine had begot the shower,
And the black clouds with such abundance
fed,
That for a wind they waited but the hour,
With force to let their fury on his head:
Which when it came, it came with such a
power,
As he could hardly have imagined.
But when men think they most in safety
stand,
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

For to that largeness they increased were,
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,
Prepost'rously that moved in one sphere,
And to the like predominancy prone,
That the young king down Mortimer must
cast,
If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

Who finding the necessity was such,
That urged him still th' assault to undertake,
And yet his person it might nearly touch,
Should he too soon his sleeping power awake:
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,
Drove him at length a secret means to make,
Whereby he might the enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least
suspect.

Without the castle, in the earth is found
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,
In strange meanders winding under ground,
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into hell:
By architects to serve the castle made,
When as the Danes this island did invade.

Now on along the crankling path doth keep,
Then by a rock turns up another way,
Rising tow'rds day, then falling tow'rds the
deep,
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

By which the king, with a selected crew
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the action knew,
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,
And with those treasons that had not been
tainted,
Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,
To rouse the beast which kept them all at
bay.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring teem,
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,
To wash his cauples in the open stream,
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,
Into the west went after him apace,
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky.
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

What time by torch-light they attempt the
cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving their pre-eminence to have.
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness
were.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,
Made as their passage they would have denied,
And threat'ned them their journey to foreslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,

And sadly seem'd their discontent to show
To the vile hand that did them first divide;
Whose cumbrous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

And by the lights as they along were led,
Their shadows then them following at their back,
Were like to mourners carrying forth their dead;
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,
Or like to fiends that them had followed,
Pricking them on to blood-shed and to wrack;
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amazed
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gazed.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to chide,
As they would reason wherefore they should wound,
And struck the cave in passing on each side,
As they were angry with the hollow ground,
That it an act so pitiless should hide;
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,
And hanging in the cracks, drew back again,
As willing them from murder to refrain.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these things)
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,
Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,
In night-attire more god-like glittering,
Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,
Leaning upon her most-loved Mortimer,
Whose voice, more than the music, pleased her ear.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;
Whereon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,
He lost his way, nor back again could go.
But with those banks of beauty set about,
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too base!
Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,
Nor ever was there epithet could grace
That, by much praising which we much impair;
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot show it,
Only the soul may be supposed to know it.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,
The Gods' pure sceptres and the darts of Love,
That with their touch might make a tiger meet,
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,
As she had worn a lily for a glove;
As might beget life where was never none,
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,
As everything did to itself assume
The scent from them, and made the same their own:
So that the painted flowers within the room
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;
The light gave colours, which upon them fell,
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

When on those sundry pictures they devise,
And from one piece they to another run,
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those eyes;
Show how that bird, how well that flower was done;
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,—
This top was clouded, how that trail was spun —
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,
And in that art a thousand curious things;

Looking upon proud Phaeton wrapt in fire,
The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;
But Mortimer commended his desire,
To lose one poor life, or to govern all:
"What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,
And his great mind made him proud Fortune's thrall?
Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the chariot of the sun."

"Phœbus (she said) was over-forced by art;
Nor could she find how that embrace could be."
But Mortimer then took the painter's part:
"Why thus, bright empress, thus and thus (quoth he.)
That hand doth hold his back, and this his heart.
Thus their arms twine, and thus their lips, you see:
Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;
It were a life, thus every hour to die."

When, by that time, into the castle-hall
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,
And they within suspecting nought at all,
Had then no guard to watch for them without.
See how mischances suddenly do fall,
And steal upon us, being farth'st from doubt!
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

Whilst youthful Neville and brave Turrington,
To the bright queen that ever waited near,
Two with great March much credit that had won,
That in the lobby with the ladies were,

143.—THE BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

Fair stood the wind for France,
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Kause, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched toward Agincourt
In happy hour;
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet, with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed;
Yet have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

And for myself, quoth he,
This my full rest shall be;
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell.
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies.

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen.
Exeester had the rear,
A braver man not there:
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armour on armour shone;
Drum now to drum did groan,
To hear was wonder;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces;
When, from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilbows drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy:
Arms were from shoulders sent;
Scalps to the teeth were rent;
Down the French peasants went;
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound rent
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent,
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his brave brother
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
Still as they ran up.
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

144.—DAVID AND GOLIAH.

And now before young David could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
How this unarmed youth himself would bear
Against the all-armed giant (which they fear):
Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that the enemy thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they longed to see
What strange and warlike stratagem it should be.
When soon they saw a goodly youth descend,
Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him supply,
As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncovered, and his locks of hair
As he came on being played with by the air,
Tossed to and fro, did with such pleasure move,
As they had been provocatives for love
His sleeves strippt up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discern to be a sling.
Suting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
Which from his side hung down upon his hip.
Those for a champion that did him disdain.
Cast with themselves what such a thing should mean:
Some seeing him so wonderously fair
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare),
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more precise,
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
And though he seemed thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most even pace,
This way nor that way, never stood to gaze;
But like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close up to Goliah, and so near
As he might easily reach him with his spear.
Which when Goliah saw, "Why, boy," quoth he,
"Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,
And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave."
"Uncircumcised slave," quoth David then,
"That for thy shape, the monster art of men;
Thou thus in brass comest arm'd into the field,
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield:
I in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more than mighty, that eternal One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear.
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost stand,
I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou best grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beasts thy carcass shall devour."
In meantime David, looking in his face,
Between his temples, saw how large a space
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two,
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do:
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
A pebble-stone, and puts it in his sling;
At which the giant openly doth jeer,
And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
Which gives young David much content to see,
And to himself thus secretly saith he:
"Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And have at all Philistia at a cast."
Then with such sleight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had been lightning went;
And him so full upon the forehead smit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit
As 't had been thrown against some rock or post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either host.
Staggering awhile upon his spear he leant,
Till on a sudden he began to faint;
When down he came, like an old o'ergrown oak,
His huge root hewn up by the labourers' stroke,
That with his very weight he shook the ground;
His brazen armour gave a jarring sound
Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanced to fall
From some high place, which did like death appal
The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain),
To see their champion, great Goliah, slain:
When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
As cleft the clouds; and like to men that rave
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, "The boy, the boy!
O the brave David, Israel's only joy!
God's chosen champion! O most wondrous thing!
The great Goliah slain with a poor sling!"
Themselves encompass, nor can they contain;
Now are they silent, then they shout again.
Of which no notice David seems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,
With a fair comely gait; nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on the uncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head,
Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's side,
He from the body quickly doth divide.

Now the Philistines, at this fearful sight,
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight,
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay;
Time wants to carry any thing away,
Being strongly routed with a general fear;
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead;
And having put the Philistines to foil,
Back to the tents retire, and take the spoil
Of what they left; and ransacking, they cry,
"A David, David, and the victory!"
When straightway Saul his general, Abner, sent
For valiant David, that incontinent
He should repair to court; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by the long hair of his crown,
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng:
Some do instyle him Israel's only light,
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.
With congees all salute him as he past,
And upon him their gracious glances cast:
He was thought base of him that did not boast,
Nothing but David, David, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays
Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praise

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

145.—TO HIS COY LOVE

I pray thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me,
I but in vain that saint adore,
That can, but will not save me
These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Show me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanuched
O Tantalus, thy pains ne'er tell!
By me thou art prevented;
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthral me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coil about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart relent,
I cannot live without thee.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

146.—BALLAD OF DOWSABEL.

Far in the country of Arden,
There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,
As bold as Isenbras.
Fell was he and eager bent,
In battle and in tournament,
As was the good Sir Topas.
He had, as antique stories tell,
A daughter cleped Dowsabel,
A maiden fair and free.
And for she was her father's heir,
Full well she was ycond the leir
Of mickle courtesy.
The silk well couth she twist and twine,
And make the fine march-pine,
And with the needle work
And she couth help the priest to say
His matins on a holy-day,
And sing a psalm in kirk.
She wore a frock of frolic green,
Might well become a maiden queen,
Which seemly was to see;
A hood to that so neat and fine,
In colour like the columbine,
Iwrought full featously.
Her features all as fresh above,
As is the grass that grows by Dove,
And lythe as lass of Kent.
Her skin as soft as Lemster wool,
As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,
Or swan that swims in Trent.
This maiden in a morn betime,
Went forth when May was in the prime,
To get sweet setywall,
The honey-suckle, the harlock,
The lily, and the lady-smock,
To deck her summer hall.
Thus as she wander'd here and there,
And picked off the bloomy brier,
She chanced to espy
A shepherd sitting on a bank;
Like chanticleer he crowned crank,
And piped full merrily.
He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,
When he would whistle in his fist,
To feed about him round;
Whilst he full many a carol sang,
Until the fields and meadows rang,
And all the woods did sound.
In favour this same shepherd swain
Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,
Which held proud kings in awe;
But meek as any lamb might be;
And innocent of ill as he
Whom his lewd brother slaw.
The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,
Which was of the finest lock,
That could be cut with sheer.
His mittens were of bauzons' skin,
His cockers were of cordiwin,
His hood of miniveer.
His awl and lingel in a thong.
His tar-box on his broad belt hung.
His breech of Cointree blue.

Full crisp and curled were his locks,
His brows as white as Albion rocks,
So like a lover true.
And piping still he spent the day,
So merry as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel:
That would she ought, or would she nought,
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love-longing fell
At length she tucked up her frock,
White as a lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh.
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsook their food,
To hear this melody.
Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well.
Yea, but (saith he) their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away,
In love of Dowsabel.
Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,
Quoth she, look well unto thy sheep,
Lest they should hap to stray.
Quoth he, so had I done full well,
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel
Come forth to gather May.
With that she 'gan to veil her head,
Her cheeks were like the roses red,
But not a word she said.
With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,
He threw his pretty pipes adown,
And on the ground him laid.
Saith she, I may not stay till night,
And leave my summer hall undight,
And all for love of thee.
My cote saith he, nor yet my fold,
Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,
Except thou favour me.
Saith she, yet lever I were dead,
Than I should lose my maidenhead,
And all for love of men.
Saith he, yet are you too unkind,
If in your heart you cannot find
To love us now and then.
And I to thee will be as kind,
As Colin was to Rosalind,
Of courtesy the flower.
Then will I be as true, quoth she,
As ever maiden yet might be,
Unto her paramour.
With that she bent her snow-white knee,
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,
And him she sweetly kist.
With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy;
Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy
That ever was so blest.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

147.—SONNET.

In pride of wit, when high desire of fame
Gave life and courage to my labouring pen,
And first the sound and virtue of my name
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;
With those the thronged theatres that press,
I in the circuit for the laurel strove,
Where the full praise, I freely must confess,
In heat of blood, a modest mind might move.
With shouts and claps, at every little pause,
When the proud round on every side hath rung,
Sadly I sit unmoved with the applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No public glory vainly I pursue;
The praise I strive, is to eternize you.

Michael Drayton.—About 1613.

148.—DESCRIPTION OF ARMIDA AND HER ENCHANTED GIRDLE.

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold
Her hair (that done) she twisted up intress,
And looser locks in silken laces roll'd;
Her curls, garland-wise, she did up dress,
Wherein like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses drest.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measures meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempered were:
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

Edward Fairfax.—About 1600.

149.—RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET, AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

It was the time when 'gainst the breaking day
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined;
For in the east appear'd the morning grey,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,

Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine;
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine:

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high:
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die,
Till, in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneel'd down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens up-lifted were:
The sins and errors, which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew
In golden weed the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding, with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, his harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies:

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And, sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice, he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters, sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stay'd, and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth went:
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood.

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smell'd,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, in that the forest dwell'd:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass,
And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appear'd;
A bridge of gold, an huge and mighty mass,
On arches great of that rich metal rear'd
When through that golden way he enter'd was,
Down fell the bridge; swelled the stream, and wear'd
The work away, nor sign left, where it stood,
And of a river calm became a flood.

He turn'd, amazed to see it troubled so,
Like sudden brooks, increased with molten snow;
The billows fierce, that tossed to and fro,
The whirlpools suck'd down to their bosoms low;
But on he went to search for wonders mo,
Through the thick trees, there high and broad which grow;
And in that forest huge, and desert wide,
The more he sought, more wonders still he spied.

Where'er he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyful ground
Renew'd the verdure of her flowery weed;
A fountain here, a well-spring there he found;
Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread:

The aged wood o'er and about him round
Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed;
And on the boughs and branches of those treen
The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the green.

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie;
The honey stilled from the tender rind:
Again he heard that wondrous harmony
Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind;
The human voices sung a treble high,
To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind;
But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,
Unseen the lutes, harps, viols which they bear.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts denied
To think that true, which he did hear and see:
A myrtle in an ample plain he spied,
And thither by a beaten path went he;
The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,
Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,
And far above all other plants were seen
That forest's lady, and that desert's queen.

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,
And there a marvel great and strange began;
An aged oak beside him clett and rent,
And from his fertile, hollow womb, forth ran,
Clad in rare weeds and strange habilment,
A nymph, for age able to go to man;
An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,
Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight.

Such as on stages play, such as we see
The dryads painted, whom wild satyrs love,
Whose arms half naked, locks untrussed be,
With buskins laced on their legs above,
And silken robes tuck'd short above their knee,
Such seem'd the sylvan daughters of this grove;
Save that, instead of shafts and bows of tree,
She bore a lute, a harp or cittern she;

And wantonly they cast them in a ring,
And sung and danced to move his weaker sense,
Rinaldo round about environing,
As does its centre the circumference;
The tree they compass'd eke, and 'gan to sing,
That woods and streams admired their excellence—
Welcome, dear Lord, welcome to this sweet grove;
Welcome, our lady's hope; welcome, her love!

Thou comest to ease our princess, faint and sick
For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, distress'd;
Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick,
Fit dwelling for sad folk, with grief oppress'd;
See, with thy coming how the branches quick
Revived are, and in new blossoms dress'd!
This was their song; and after from it went
First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

If antique times admired Silenus old,
Who oft appear'd set on his lazy ass,
How would they wonder, if they had beheld
Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass!
Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold,
That like in shape, in face, and beauty was
To fair Armida; Rinald thinks he spies
Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes.

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,
Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays
And art thou come, quoth she, return'd at last
To her, from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways?
Comest thou to comfort me for sorrows past,
To ease my widow nights, and careful days?
Or comest thou to work me grief and harm?
Why talt thou speak, why not thy face disarm?

Comest thou a friend or foe? I did not frame
That golden bridge to entertain my foe;
Nor open'd flowers and fountains as you came,
To welcome him with joy, who brings me woe.
Put off thy helm: rejoice me with the flame
Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow;
Kiss me, embrace me; if you further venture,
Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter.

Thus as she wooes, she rolls her rueful eyes
With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer;
An hundred sighs from her false heart up-fly;
She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear:
The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies;
What stony heart resists a woman's tear?
But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind,
Drew forth his sword, and from her careless twined.

Towards the tree he march'd; she thither start,
Before him stepp'd, embraced the plant, and cry'd—
Ah! never do me such a spiteful part,
To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride;

Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart
Of thy forsaken and despised Armide;
For through this breast, and through this heart, unkind,
To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find.

He lift his brand, nor cared, though oft she pray'd,
And she her form to other shape did change;
Such monsters huge, when men in dreams are laid,
Oft in their idle fancies roam and range:
Her body swell'd, her face obscure was made;
Vanish'd her garments rich, and vestures strange;
A giantess before him high she stands,
Arm'd, like Briareus, with an hundred hands.

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright,
She threatened death, she roar'd, she cry'd and fought;
Each other nymph, in armour likewise dight,
A Cyclops great became; he fear'd them nought,
But on the myrtle smote with all his might,
Which groan'd like living souls to death nigh brought;
The sky seem'd Pluto's court, the air seem'd hell,
Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell:

Lighten'd the heaven above, the earth below
Roared aloud; that thunder'd, and this shook:
Blusterd the tempests strong; the whirlwinds blow;
The bitter storm drove hailstones in his look;
But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow,
Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;
Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended.

The heavens grew clear, the air wax'd calm and still,
The wood returned to its wonted state,
Of witchcrafts free, quite void of spirits ill,
Of horror full, but horror there innate:
He further tried, if aught withstood his will
To cut those trees, as did the charms of late,
And finding nought to stop him, smiled and said—
O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight;
The hermit cry'd, up-starting from his seat,
Now of the wood the charms have lost their might;
The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat;
See where he comes!—Array'd in glitt'ring white
Appear'd the man, bold, stately, high and great;
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun
With wondrous splendour 'gainst the golden sun.

The camp received him with a joyful cry,—
A cry, the hills and dales about that fill'd;
Then Godfrey welcomed him with honours high;
His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd:
To yonder dreadful grove, quoth he, went I,
And from the fearful wood, as me you will d,
Have driven the sprites away; thither let be
Your people sent, the way is safe and free.

Edward Fairfax.—About 1600.

150.—OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

151.—OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

152.—OF WRITERS WHO CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest:
But what care I? for when I make a feast
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

153.—OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing—
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but truly;

And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision!
Peace, knave! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a colour'd silk in all the flag.

Sir John Harrington.—About 1607.

154.—CONSTITUTIONAL LIMITATION OF DESPOTISM.

Crowns, therefore keep your oaths of coronation,
Succession frees no tyranny from those,
Faith is the balance of power's reputation:
That circle broken, where can man repose?
Since sceptre pledges, which should be sincere,
By one false act grow bankrupt every where.
Make not men's conscience, wealth, and liberty,
Servile, without book, to unbounded will;
Procrustes like he racks humanity,
That in power's own mould casts their good will:
And slaves men must be by the sway of time,
When tyranny continues thus sublime.

* * * *

Yet above all these, tyrants must have care
To cherish these assemblies of estate
Which in great monarchies true glasses are,
To show men's grief, excesses to abate,
Brave moulds for laws, a medium that in one
Joins with content a people to the throne.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

155.—IMAGINATION.

Knowledge's next organ is imagination;
A glass, wherein the object of our sense
Ought to respect true height, or declination,
For understanding's clear intelligence:
But this power also hath her variation,
Fixéd in some, in some with difference:
In all, so shadowed with self-application,
As makes her pictures still too foul, or fair;
Not like the life in lineament or air.
This power, besides, always cannot receive
What sense reports, but what th' affections please
To admit; and, as those princes that do leave
Their state in trust to men corrupt with ease,
False in their faith, or but to faction friend,
The truth of things can scarcely comprehend;

So must th' imagination from the sense
Be misinformed, while our affections cast
False shapes and forms on their intelligence,
And to keep out true intromission thence,
Abstracts the imagination or distastes,
With images pre-occupately plac'd.

Hence our desires, fears, hopes, love, hate, and sorrow,
In fancy make us hear, feel, see impressions,
Such as out of our sense they do not borrow;
And are the efficient cause, the true progression
Of sleeping visions, idle phantasms waking,
Life dreams, and knowledge, apparitions making.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620

156.—OF CHURCH.

Thus having in few images exprest
The effect which each extremity brings forth,
Within mans nature, to disturb mans rest;
What enemies again they be to worth,
As either gyves, which freedom doe restrain,
Or ⁸ubiles which let confusion raign.

There rests to shew, what those degrees of vice
Work, when they fixt be to the moulds of might;
As what relation to the prejudice,
Or help they yeeld of universal right;
Vice getting forces far above her own,
When it spreads from a person to a throne.

For as in princes natures, if there be
An audit taken, what each kind of passion
Works and by what usurp'd authority,
Order and reason's peace they do disfashion;
Within man's little world, it proves the same
Which of pow'rs great world doth confound the frame.

Whence spread kings self-love into church or law,
Pulpit and bar streight feel corrupted might,
Which bounded will not be, much less in awe,
Of heavenly censure, or of earthly right:
Besides creation and each other part
Withers, when pow'r turns nature into art

For as between the object and our sence
Look where the mediums do prove dim or cleer,
Mens minds receive forms of intelligence,
Which makes things either fair or foul appear;
So between powers lust, and peoples right,
The mediums help to cleer or dasnl light.

Therefore to let down these high pillar'd thrones
To lower orbs where prince and people mixe,
As church, laws, commerce, rights, well temper'd zones,
Where neither part extremity can fixe,
Either to bind transcendence by constraint,
Or spoil mankind of all rights but complaint.

And where by this well-ballancing of might,
Regalities of crowns stand undeclin'd,
Whose beings are not to be infinite,
And so of greater price then all mankind;
But in desire and function temper'd so
As they may current with their people go.

When Theopompus, Lacedemons king
Had rais'd up a plebean magistrate,
(Like Roman tribunes) which the soaring wing
Of soveraign excesses might abate;
He therein saw, although he bound his child,
Yet in a less room he did surer build.

For infinite ambition to extend
The bounds of pow'r (which finite pow'rs must weld)
As vain is, as desire to comprehend,
And plant eternity in nature's field:
Whereby the idle, and the over-doing
Alike run on, their own destruction woing.

Active then yet without excess of spirit,
Strong princes must be in their government,
Their influence in every thing of merit,
Not with an idle, glorious name content,
But quick in nimble use, and change of wombs,
Which else prove peoples snares and princes tombs.

Placing the first foundation of their raigns
Upon that frame, which all frames else exceeds;
Religion, by whose name the scepter gains
More of the world, and greater reverence breeds
In forrainer, and home-bred subjects too,
Then much expence of blood and wealth can do.

For with what force Gods true religion spreads,
Is by her shadow superstition known:
When Midas having over Phrygia shed
Seeds of this ceremony, till then unknown,
Made Asia safer by that empty word,
Then his forefathers had done by the sword.

And is not Mahomets forg'd Alcoran
Both with the heathen in authority,
And to the Christians misled miter-throne
Become a very rock of tiranny?
Their spirits united, eating men like food,
And making ill ends with strong armies good.

Religions fair name by insinuation
Secretly seiseth all pow'rs of the mind,
In understanding raiseth admiration,
Worship in will, which native sweet links bind
The soul of man, and having got possession
Give pow'rfull will an ordinate progression.

Forming in conscience lines of equity,
To temper laws, and without force infuse
A home-born practice of civility,
Current with that which all the world doth use,
Whereby divided kingdoms may unite
If not in truth, at least in outward rite.

Therefore I say pow'r should be provident
In judging this chief strength of tyranny
With caution, that the clergy government
Give not the mitre crown-supremacy;
Making the sultan and the caliph one
To tyrannize both Cair and Babylon.

The churches proper arms be tears and prayers,
Peters true keys to open earth, and sky,
Which if the priest out of his prides despair
Will into Tybris cast, and Pauls sword try;
Gods sacred word he therein doth abandon,
And runs with fleshy confidence at random.

Mild people therefore honour you your king,
Reverence your priests, but never under one
Frail creature both your soul and body bring,
But keep the better part to God alone,
The soul his image is, and onely he
Knows what it is, and what it ought to be.

Lest else by some idolatrous conceit,
You give them, that at sin can cast no stone,
Means to pluck down the Godhead by deceit,
And upon mans inventions raise a throne:
Besides, where sword, and canons do unite,
The peoples bondage there proves infinite.

Princes again wake, and be well advised,
How suddenly in man kings pow'r is drown'd,
The miter rais'd, the scepter prejudic'd,
If you leave all rights superstition bound:
For then as souls more dear, then bodies are;
So these church-visions may strain nature far.

Kings therefore that fear superstitious might,
Must cross their courses in their infancy,
By which the Druids, with their shadow'd light,
Got goods from them that took their words, to be
Treble rewarded in the life to come:
And works not paradice the same for Rome?

For with such mystical dexterity,
Racking the living souls through rage of sin,
And dying souls with horrors mystery,
Did not the miter from the scepter win
The third part of the world, till Luther came,
Who shak't the doctrine of that double frame?

Lie not France, Poland, Italy and Spain,
Still as the snow doth, when it threatens more,
Like engines, fitted to draw back again
Those that the true light severed before?
And was not Venice excommunicate,
For curbing such false purchases of late?

Which endless thirst of sacred avarice,
If in the infancy it be not bounded,
Will hardly by prosperity grow wise;
For as this church is on apparance founded
So besides schools, and cells which vail her shame,
Hath she not armies to extend her name?

Pow'r for a pensil, conscience for a table,
To write opinion in any fashion,
With wits distinctions, ever merchantable,
Between a princes throne and peoples passion?
Upon which texts she raiseth or puls down
All, but those objects, which advance her crown.

Pow'r therefore, be she needy, or ambitious,
Dispos'd to peace, or unto war enchin'd,
Whether religious in her life, or vicious,
Must not to meters so enthral mankind:
As above truth, and force, monks may prevail,
On their false visions crown-rights to entail.

Again, let not her clerks by Simons ways,
Lay wast endowments of devoted spirits;
And so pull down, what their forefathers rais'd
With honour in their actions, if not merit;
Least as by pride they once got up too high,
Their baseness feel the next extremity.

For first besides the scandal, and contempt
Which those base courses on their doctrine cast;
The stately monuments are not exempt,
Because without means, no time-works can last;
And from high pomp a desperate descent
Shews both in state and church misgovernment.

Whereof let her take heed, since when estates
From such a greatness do begin to fall,
Descent is unto them precipitate:
For as one gangren'd member ruines all,
So what the modesty of one time leaves,
The time succeeding certainly bereaves.

Therefore must thrones (as gods of forms exterior)
Cast up this earthly mettal in good mould;
And when men to professions prove superior,
Restrain proud thoughts, from doing what they would,
Guiding the weak, and strong, to such extension,
As may to order sacrifice invention.

And hereby work that formal unity,
Which brooks no new, or irreligious sects,
To nurse up faction or impiety,
Change ever teaching people to neglect:
But raise the painful, learned, and devout
To plant obeying conscience thorowout.

Veyling her doctrine with antiquity,
Whence, and where although contradicting sects
Strive to derive, and prove their pedigree,
As safest humane levels to direct
Into what mould opinion should be cast,
To make her true, at least like truth to last.

Or if their times will not permit a truce,
In wrangling questions, which break natures peace,
And therein offer God and man abuse;
Let pow'r yet wisely make their practice cease,
In church or courts, and bind them to the schools,
As business for idle, witty fools.

Ordering that people from the pulpit hear
Nothing, but that which seems mans life to mend;
As shadows of eternal hope and fear,
Which do contract the ill, and good extend,
Not idle theorick, to tickle wit,
Empty of goodness, much more nice then fit.

To which refining end, it may seem just,
That in the church the supream magistrates
Should ancient be, ere they be put in trust,
Since aged wit best tempers, and abates
Those heady and exorbitant affections,
Which are of blind proud youth the imperfections.

The Roman laws for magistrates admit
None that had not pass'd the meridian line
Of youth, and humours incident to it;
And shall it not in functions divine
Be more absurd, to let that youth appear,
And teach what wise men think scarce fit to hear?

Besides, chaste life years easilier may observe,
Which temper in cathedral dignity,
Though wives be lawful, yet doth well deserve,
As to their functions leaving them more free:
Instance their learned works that liv'd alone,
Where married bishops left us few, or none.

And if men shall object, that this restraint
Of lawful marriage will increase the sin,
And so the beauty of the church attaint,
By bringing scandal through mans frailty in,
I say mans fall is sins, not churches shame,
Ordain'd by censure to enlarge her fame.

Censure, the life of discipline, which bears
Pow'rs spiritual standard, fit to govern all
Opinions, actions, humours, hopes, and fears,
Spread knowledge, make obedience general;

Whence man instructed well, and kept in awe,
If not the inward, yet keeps outward law.

Which form is all that tyranny expects,
I mean, to win, to change and yet unite;
Where a true king in his estate affects
So from within man, to work out the right,
As his will need not limit or allay
The liberties of God's immortal way.

Where tyrants discipline is never free,
But ballanced, proportioned, and bounded
So with the temporal ends of tyranny,
And ways whereon pow'rs greatnesses are founded;
As in creation, fame, life, death, or war,
Or any other heads that soveraign are.

Pow'r may not be opposed, or confounded;
But each inferior orb command or serve,
With proper latitudes distinctly bounded,
To censure all states that presume to swerve,
Whereby the common people and the throne
May mutually protected be in one.

Not rent asunder by sophistication
Of one frail sinner, whose supremacy
Stands by prophane or under-valuation
Of Gods anointed soveraignity;
And by dividing subjects from their kings
Soars above those thrones, which first gave them wings.

Affecting such irrevocable might
With us, as to their mufty, Turks liv'd under,
Or rather sacriledge more infinite,
From Jove to wrest away the fearful thunder:
Salmoneus pride, as if the truth then fell,
When he alone rul'd not earth, heav'n and hell.

Salmoneus who while he his carroach drave
Over the brazen bridge of Elis stream,
And did with artificial thunder brave
Jove, till he pierc't him with a lightning beam;
From which example who will an idol be,
Must rest assur'd to feel a deity.

Thus much to shew the outward churches use,
In framing up the superstitious sphear,
Subject alike to order, or abuse,
Chain'd with immortal seeming hopes and fear;
Which shadow-like their beings yet bereave,
By trusting to be, when their bodies leave.

Where if that outward work which pow'r pretends,
Were life indeed, not frail hypocrisie,
Monarchs should need no other laws to friend,
Conscience being base of their authority;
By whose want, frailty flashing out mans error
Makes thrones enwall themselves with laws of terror.

Fulke Grevile, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

157.—REALITY OF A TRUE RELIGION.

For sure in all kinds of hypocrisy
No bodies yet are found of constant being;
No uniform, no stable mystery,
No inward nature, but an outward seeming;
No solid truth, no virtue, holiness,
But types of these, which time makes more or loss.

And, from these springs, strange inundations flow,
To drown the sea-marks of humanity,
With massacres, conspiracy, treason, woe,
By sects and schisms profaning Deity:
Besides, with furies, fiends, earth, air, and hell,
They fit, and teach confusion to rebel.

But, as there lives a true God in the heaven,
So is there true religion here on earth:
By nature? No, by grace; not got, but given;
Inspir'd, not taught; from God a second birth;
God dwelleth near about us, even within,
Working the goodness, censuring the sin.

Such as we are to him, to us is he,
Without God there was no man ever good:
Divine the author and the matter be,
Where goodness must be wrought in flesh and blood:
Religion stands not in corrupted things,
But virtues that descend have heavenly wings.

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke.—About 1620.

158.—TO HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

159.—A FAREWELL TO THE VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

Farewell, ye gilded follies! pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay,
Honour the darling but of one short day,
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin,
State but a golden prison to live in
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood, allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill;
I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
I would be rich, but see men too unkind
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind;
I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected while the ass goes free;
I would be fair, but see the fair and proud
Like the bright sun oft setting in a cloud;
I would be poor, but know the humble grass
Still trampled on by each unworthy ass;
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.
I have wish'd all, but now I wish for neither
Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair—poor I'll be rather.

Would the world now adopt me for her heir,
Would beauty's queen entitle me "the fair,"
Fame speak me fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike justice dumb
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To stones by epitaphs; be call'd great master
In the loose rhymes of every poetaster;
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives;
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine;
And hold one minute of this holy leisure
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure.

Welcome, pure thoughts: welcome, ye silent groves!
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves.
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring;
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet virtue's face;
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn to affect a holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it but in heav'n again.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

160.—THE GOOD MAN.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

161.—A MEDITATION.

O thou great Power! in whom we move,
By whom we live, to whom we die,
Behold me through thy beams of love,
Whilst on this couch of tears I lie,
And cleanse my sordid soul within
By thy Christ's blood, the bath of sin.

No hallow'd oils, no gums I need,
No new-born drams of purging fire;
One rosy drop from David's seed
Was worlds of seas to quench thine ire:
O precious ransom! which once paid,
That *Consummatum est* was said.

And said by him, that said no more,
But seal'd it with his sacred breath:
Thou then, that has dispurged our score,
And dying wert the death of death,
Be now, whilst on thy name we call,
Our life, our strength, our joy, our all!

Sir Henry Wotton.—About 1625.

162.—ON THE SUDDEN RESTRAINT OF THE EARL OF SOMERSET, THEN FALLING FROM FAVOUR.

Dazzled thus with height of place,
Whilst our hopes our wits beguile,
No man marks the narrow space
'Twixt a prison and a smile.

Yet since Fortune's favours fade,
You that in her arms do sleep,
Learn to swim and not to wade,
For the hearts of kings are deep.

But if greatness be so blind
As to trust in towers of air,
Let it be with goodness lined,
That at least the fall be fair

Then though dark and you shall say,
When friends fail and princes frown,
Virtue is the roughest way
But proves at night a bed of down

Sir Henry Wotton —About 1625

---

163 —IN PRAISE OF ANGLING

Quivering fears, heart tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will,
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be

Fly from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery,
Come, serene looks
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance on our poverty,
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers
And seek them in these bowers,
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us

Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance,
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green,
Two harmless lambs are butting one the other
Which done, both bleating run, each to his mother,
And wounds are never found,
Save what the ploughshare gives the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits
To hasten to too hasty fates;
Unless it be
The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling like) still look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook,
Nor envy less among
The birds, for price of their sweet song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek;
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass,
And gold ne'er here appears,
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Bless'd silent groves, oh, may you be,
For ever, mirth's best nursery
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Meet, when we come a fishing here

Sir Henry Wotton —About 1625.

---

164 —SONNET

Let others sing of knights and paladins,
In aged accents and untimely words,
Paint shields in imaginary lines
Which wo the reach of their high wits records
But I must of thee and those fair eyes,
Authentic shall my verse in time to come
When yet th unborn shall say, Lo, here she lies!
Whose beauty made him speak what else was dumb
These are the arks the trophies I erect,
That fortify thy name against old age,
And these thy sacred virtues must protect
Against the dark and time's consuming age,
Though th error of my youth they shall discover,
Suffice to show I lived, and was thy lover.

Henry Constable —About 1600.

---

165 —MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
Th' attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings,
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation we do pray for mercy
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy I have spoke thus much,
To mitigate the justice of thy plea

Shakspere — About 1610

166—NIGHT

The moon shines bright —In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise —in such a night,
Troilus methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night
In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away
In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage
In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson
In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont
In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one
In such a night,
Did pretty Jessica like a little shrew,
Slander her love and he forgave it her
I would out night you did no body come
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man

Shakspere —About 1610

167.—NIGHT AND MUSIC

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears, soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music
I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
The reason is your spirits are attentive
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus
Let no such man be trusted —Mark the music.

Shakspere —About 1610.

168—GRIEF THAT CANNOT BE COMFORTED

I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine
Bring me a father that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain,
As thus for thus and such a grief for such,
In every lineament branch, shape, and form.
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
And "sorrow wag cry, hem, when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With candle wasters, bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience
But there is no such man For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief

Which they themselves not feel: but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words;
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue nor sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

169.—FLOWERS.

Now, my fairest friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytheren's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

170.—RICHARD THE SECOND'S LAMENT.

Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs:
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposèd bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—
How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd;
All murther'd:—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court; and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable; and humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle walls, and—farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?

* * * *

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carvèd saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted cousin!—
We'll make foul weather with despisèd tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—There lies
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?

Shakspere.—About 1610.

171.—SOLILOQUY OF RICHARD THE SECOND IN PRISON.

I have been studying how to compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:

And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,—
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the faith itself
Against the faith:
As thus,—Come, little ones; and then again,—
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot die in their own pride,
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,—
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: Sometimes am I king:
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing.—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear?
Ha, ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar
Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the sounds, that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o the clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

172.—HOTSPUR'S DEFENCE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talk'd
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not;—for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the mark!)
And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmacetti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answer'd indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

173.—RUMOUR.

Open your ears: For which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other griefs,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before king Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

174.—SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low-lie-down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

175.—HENRY THE FOURTH'S EXPOSTULATION WITH HIS SON.

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors hence!
And to the English court assemble now,



HENRY THE FOURTH AND HIS SON.

"Oh, my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightest win the more thy father's love."

Poem 175.

From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

* * * * *

O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown: and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposèd peace: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answer'd:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mood: for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O Heaven forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

Shakspere.—About 1610.

176.—THE ANSWER OF THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE TO HENRY V.

I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at naught;
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person:
Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son:
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done, that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

177.—THE KING'S ANSWER.

You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son:
And no less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have used to bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand;
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world;
To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;—
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

178.—HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galléd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war!—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us sweat
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game 's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

Shakspere.—About 1610.

179.—HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS AT AGINCOURT.

No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear:
Such outward things dwell not in my desires
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day: Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

180—HENRY THE SIXTH'S SOLILOQUY ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night
Now sways it this way like a mighty sea,
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind,
Now sways it that way like the self-same sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind
Sometime, the flood prevails and then, the wind.
Now, one the better, then, another best,
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered
So is the equal poise of this fell war
Here on this molehill will I sit me down
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence
'Would I were dead!' if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live
When this is known, then to divide the times
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate,
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece,
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! How sweet! How lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—The shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couchèd in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

181—GLOSTER'S SOLILOQUY.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it,
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home;

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown;
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why I can smile, and murther whiles I smile;
And, cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off I'll pluck it down.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

182.—WOLSEY ON HIS FALL.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

* * * * *

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

183.—CRANMER'S PROPHECY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant, (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

* * * *

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament.
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

* * * *

Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

* * * *

Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

* * * *

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

* * * *

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

188.—CLEOPATRA.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue),
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

189.—LIFE.

Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skiey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'st
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grosely fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not:
For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

* * * *

Thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What 's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

190.—APPEARANCES.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

191.—THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet,
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.
The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
This is no flattery,—these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

192.—A MEDITATIVE FOOL.

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world:
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
"Good-morrow, fool," quoth I: "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"
And then he drew a dial from his poke;
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh, sans intermission,
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

193.—THE WORLD A STAGE.

All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: and then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: and then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

194.—ADVERSITY.

You were used
To say, Extremity was the trier of Spirits;
That common chances common men could bear:
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating: Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gentle wounded, crave
A noble cunning.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

195.—BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful Good,
A shining Gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A Flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle Glass, that's broken presently;
A doubtful Good, a Gloss, a Glass, a Flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as Good lost, is sold or never found,
As faded Gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As Flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken Glass no cement can redress,
So Beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

196.—CEREMONY.

O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must Kings neglect,
That private Men enjoy? and what have Kings,

That Privates have not too, save Ceremony?
Save gen'ral Ceremony?——
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers.
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O Ceremony, show me but thy worth:
What is thy toll, O Adoration?
Art thou aught else but Place, Degree, and Form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of Homage sweet,
But poison'd Flatt'ry? Oh, be sick, great Greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With Titles blown from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? no, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a King's repose.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

197.—FRIENDS FALLING OFF.

They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

198.—GOLD.

Why this
Will lug your Priests and Servants from your sides;
Pluck stout Men's pillows from below their heads:
This Yellow Slave
Will knit and break Religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar Leprosy ador'd; place Thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With Senators on the bench.
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry.

There is thy Gold; worse Poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee Poison, thou hast sold me none.

O thou sweet King-killer, and dear Divorce
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright Defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate Wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible God,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou Touch of Hearts!
Think, thy slave Man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!

That Broker, that still breaks the pate of Faith;
That daily Break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids;—
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word Maid,—cheats the poor maid of that.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

199.—INSANITY.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic Garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself,
Fell in the weeping Brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own Distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor Wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy Death.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

200.—SELF-INSPECTION.

Thy Glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy Dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant Leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this Book this learning may'st thou taste.

The wrinkles which thy Glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy Dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to Eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste Blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy Book.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

201.—LOVE.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of Love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of Love with words.
I do not seek to quench your Love's hot fire,
But qualify the Fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
The more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet Music with the enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle Kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild Ocean.

The course of true Love never did run smooth;
But, either, it was different in Blood—
Or else misgraffed, in respect of Years—
Or else it stood upon the choice of Friends—
Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, Death, or Sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a Sound,
Swift as a Shadow, short as any Dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a spleen) unfolds both Heaven and Earth;
And ere a man hath power to say, Behold!
The jaws of Darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Oh, how this spring of Love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a Cloud takes all away.

Love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the Sun's beams
Driving back Shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd Doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

O most potential Love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.
When thou impressest, what are Precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of Wealth, of filial Fear, Law, Kindred, Fame?
Love's arms are Peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The Aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

202.—ENGLAND.

This royal Throne of Kings, this sceptr'd Isle,
This Earth of Majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This Fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This Happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious Stone set in the Silver Sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this Earth, this Realm, this England,
Dear for her Reputation through the world.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

203.—ORDER AND OBEDIENCE.

While that the armed Hand doth fight abroad,
The advised Head defends itself at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music. . . . . .
Therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of Man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the Honey-bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and Officers of sorts:
Where some, like Magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like Merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like Soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who, busied in his Majesty, surveys
The singing Masons building roofs of gold;
The civil Citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed Justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning Drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference

To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many Arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one Town;
As many fresh streams run in one self Sea;
As many lines close in the Dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

204.—PROPER USE OF TALENTS.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

205.—TAKE THE BEAM OUT OF THINE OWN EYE.

Go to your bosom:
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

206.—THE VOICE OF THE DYING.

The tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:
The setting sun, and music in the close,
As the last taste of sweets is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

207.—A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

208.—GOOD NAME.

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

209.—ARIEL'S SONG.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly.
After summer merrily,
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

210.—THE FAIRY TO PUCK.

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moone's sphere.
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see,—
Those be rubies, fairy favours:
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

211.—AMIENS' SONG.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend rememb'red not.

Shakspere.—About 1610.

212.—PLIGHTING TROTH.

Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth!
Myself and my affections are as pure
As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine

Of the great Dian: only my intent
To draw you hither was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our souls.
For to that holy wood is consecrate
A virtuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn,
And given away his freedom: many a troth
Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given.
By this fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

213.—NATURE AND LOVE.

Whither goost thou? Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curléd streams, with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any.
Here be all new delights; cool streams and wells;
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love;
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

214.—CÆSAR'S LAMENTATION OVER POMPEY'S HEAD.

Oh, thou Conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?—
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?—
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets
And loose lascivious pleasures?—to a boy
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness?—
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears fails with thee—
In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee,
Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

* * * * * * * *

Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

215.—MELANCHOLY.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

216.—SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.

Though your beauty be confin'd,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear!

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

217.—THE POWER OF LOVE.

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun:
Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion in a short hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

218.—TO SLEEP.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet
[light?],
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

219.—FROM ROLLO.

Take, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh! hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

220.—SONG TO PAN.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffodilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

Beaumont and Fletcher.—About 1647.

221.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN LEARNING.

Why did my parents send me to the schools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind?
Since the desire to know first made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind,

For when God's hand had written in the hearts
Of the first parents, all the rules of good,
So that their skill infus'd, did pass all arts
That ever were, before, or since the flood;

And when their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
And (as an eagle can behold the sun)
Could have approach'd th' eternal light as near,
As th' intellectual angels could have done:

E'en then to them the spirit of lies suggests,
That they were blind, because they saw not ill,
And breath'd into their incorrupted breasts
A curious wish, which did corrupt their will.

For that same ill they straight desir'd to know;
Which ill, being naught but a defect of good,
In all God's works the devil could not show,
While man their lord in his perfection stood.

So that themselves were first to do the ill,
Ere they thereof the knowledge could attain,
Like him that knew not poison's power to kill,
Until (by tasting it) himself was slain.

E'en so by tasting of that fruit forbid,
Where they sought knowledge they did error find,
Ill they desir'd to know, and ill they did;
And to give passion eyes, made reason blind.

For then their minds did first in passion see
Those wretched shapes of misery and woe,
Of nakedness, of shame, of poverty,
Which then their own experience made them know.

But then grew reason dark, that she no more
Could the fair forms of good and truth discern;
Bats they became, that eagles were before;
And this they got by their desire to learn.

But we, their wretched offspring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the fruit forbid?
Whilst with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane we seek for knowledge hid.

What is this knowledge? but the sky-stol'n fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit?
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it.

What is it? but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when Jove's guest embrac'd, he monsters got?
Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it? but the fiery coach
Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal?
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent:
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament:

What can we know? or what can we discern?
When error choaks the windows of the mind;
The divers forms of things, how can we learn,
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

When reason's lamp, which (like the sun in sky)
Throughout man's little world her beams did spread,
Is now become a sparkle, which doth lie
Under the ashes, half extinct, and dead:

How can we hope, that through eye and ear,
This dying sparkle, in this cloudy place,
Can recollect these beams of knowledge clear,
Which were infus'd in the first minds by grace?

So might the heir, whose father hath in play
Wasted a thousand pounds of ancient rent,
By painful earning of one groat a day,
Hope to restore the patrimony spent.

The wits that div'd most deep, and soar'd most high,
Seeking man's pow'rs, have found his weakness such:
Skill comes so slow, and life so fast doth fly,
We learn so little and forget so much."

For this the wisest of all moral men
Said, he knew nought, but that he nought did know,
And the great mocking-master mock'd not then,
When he said, Truth was buried deep below.

For how may we to other things attain,
When none of us his own soul understands?
For which the Devil mocks our curious brain,
When, Know thyself, his oracle commands.

For why should we the busy soul believe,
When boldly she concludes of that and this,
When of herself she can no judgment give,
Nor how, nor whence, nor where, nor what she is?

All things without, which round about we see,
We seek to know, and how therewith to do:
But that whereby we reason, live, and be,
Within ourselves, we strangers are thereto.

We seek to know the moving of each sphere,
And the strange cause of th' ebbs and floods of Nile;
But of that clock within our breasts we bear,
The subtle motions we forget the while.

We that acquaint ourselves with ev'ry zone,
And pass both tropics, and behold each pole,
When we come home, are to ourselves unknown,
And unacquainted still with our own soul.

We study speech, but others we persuade;
We leech-craft learn, but others cure with it;
We interpret laws, which other men have made,
But read not those which in our hearts are writ.

Is it because the mind is like the eye,
Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees,
Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly;
Not seeing itself when other things it sees?

No, doubtless; for the mind can backward cast
Upon herself, her understanding's light,
But she is so corrupt, and so defac'd,
As her own image doth herself affright.

As is the fable of the lady fair,
Which for her lust was turn'd into a cow,
When thirsty to a stream she did repair,
And saw herself transform'd she wist not how:

At first she startles, then she stands amazed;
At last with terror she from thence doth fly,
And loathes the wat'ry glass wherein she gazed,
And shuns it still, though she for thirst doth die:

E'en so man's soul which did God's image bear,
And was at first fair, good, and spotless pure,
Since with her sins her beauties blotted were,
Doth of all sights her own sight least endure:

For e'en at first reflection she espies
Such strange chimeras, and such monsters there
Such toys, such antics, and such vanities,
As she retires, and shrinks for shame and fear

And as the man loves least at home to be,
That hath a sluttish house haunted with sprites;
So she impatient her own faults to see,
Turns from herself, and in strange things delights.

For this few know themselves: for merchants broke
View their estate with discontent and pain,
And seas are troubled, when they do revoke
Their flowing waves into themselves again.

And while the face of outward things we find,
Pleasing and fair, agreeable and sweet,
These things transport, and carry out the mind,
That with herself the mind can never meet.

Yet if Affliction once her wars begin,
And threat the feebler sense with sword and fire,
The mind contracts herself, and shrinketh in,
And to herself she gladly doth retire:

As spiders touch'd, seek their web's inmost part;
As bees in storms back to their hives return;
As blood in danger gathers to the heart;
As men seek towns, when foes the country burn.

If aught can teach us aught, affliction's looks,
(Making us pry into ourselves so near)
Teach us to know ourselves beyond all books,
Or all the learned schools that ever were.

This mistress lately pluck'd me by the ear,
And many a golden lesson hath me taught;
Hath made my senses quick, and reason clear;
Reform'd my will, and rectify'd my thought.

So do the winds and thunders cleanse the air:
So working seas settle and purge the wine:
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair:
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Neither Minerva, nor the learned Muse,
Nor rules of art, nor precepts of the wise,
Could in my brain those beams of skill infuse,
As but the glance of this dame's angry eyes.

She within lists my ranging mind hath brought,
That now beyond myself I will not go;
Myself am centre of my circling thought,
Only myself I study, learn, and know.

I know my body's of so frail a kind,
As force without, fevers within can kill:
I know the heavenly nature of my mind,
But 'tis corrupted both in wit and will:

I know my soul hath power to know all things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all:
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain, and but a span;
I know my sense is mock'd in ev'rything:
And to conclude, I know myself a man,
Which is a proud, and yet a wretched thing.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

222.—THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN A PERFECTION, OR REFLECTION OF THE SENSE.

Are they not senseless, then, that think the soul
Nought but a fine perfection of the sense,
Or of the forms which fancy doth enroll;
A quick resulting, and a consequence?

What is it, then, that doth the sense accuse,
Both of false judgment, and fond appetites?
What makes us do what sense doth most refuse,
Which oft in torment of the sense delights?

Sense thinks the planets' spheres not much asunder:
What tells us, then, the distance is so far?
Sense thinks the lightning born before the thunder:
What tells us, then, they both together are?

When men seem crows far off upon a tow'r,
Sense saith, they're crows: what makes us think them men?
When we in agues think all sweet things sour,
What makes us know our tongue's false judgment then?

What pow'r was that, whereby Medea saw,
And well approv'd, and prais'd the better course;
When her rebellious sense did so withdraw
Her feeble pow'rs, that she pursu'd the worse?

Did sense persuade Ulysses not to hear
The mermaid's songs which so his men did please,
That they were all persuaded, through the ear,
To quit the ship and leap into the seas?

Could any pow'r of sense the Roman move,
To burn his own right hand with courage stout?
Could sense make Marius sit unbound, and prove
The cruel lancing of the knotty gout?

Doubtless, in man there is a nature found,
Besides the senses, and above them far;
"Though most men being in sensual pleasures drown'd,
It seems their souls but in their senses are."

If we had nought but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds, which have their senses sound:
But wisdom grows, when senses do decay;
And folly most in quickest sense is found.

If we had nought but sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp than we;
As having sense's apprehensive might
In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing pow'r,
Which doth in us the erring sense correct;
Therefore the bee did suck the painted flow'r,
And birds, of grapes, the cunning shadow peck'd.

Sense outsides knows, the soul through all things sees:
Sense, circumstance; she doth the substance view:
Sense sees the bark, but she the life of trees;
Sense hears the sounds, but she the concords true.

But why do I the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r, which she extends;
Which being in divers parts diversify'd,
The divers forms of objects apprehends?

This power spreads outward, but the root doth grow
In th' inward soul, which only doth perceive;
For th' eyes and ears no more their objects know,
Than glasses know what faces they receive.

For if we chance to fix our thoughts elsewhere,
Though our eyes open be, we cannot see:
And if one pow'r did not both see and hear,
Our sights and sounds would always double be.

Then is the soul a nature, which contains
The pow'r of sense, within a greater pow'r;
Which doth employ and use the sense's pains,
But sits and rules within her private bow'r.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

223.—THAT THE SOUL IS MORE THAN THE TEMPERATURE OF THE HUMOURS OF THE BODY.

If she doth then the subtle sense excel,
How gross are they that drown her in the blood?
Or in the body's humours temper'd well;
As if in them such high perfection stood?

As if most skill in that musician were,
Which had the best, and best tun'd instrument?
As if the pencil neat, and colours clear,
Had pow'r to make the painter excellent?

Why doth not beauty then refine the wit,
And good complexion rectify the will?
Why doth not health bring wisdom still with it?
Why doth not sickness make men brutish still?

Who can in memory, or wit, or will,
Or air, or fire, or earth, or water find?
What alchymist can draw, with all his skill,
The quintessence of these out of the mind?

If th' elements which have nor life, nor sense,
Can breed in us so great a pow'r as this,
Why give they not themselves like excellence,
Or other things wherein their mixture is?

If she were but the body's quality,
Then she would be with it sick, maim'd, and blind:
But we perceive where these privations be,
An healthy, perfect, and sharp-sighted mind.

If she the body's nature did partake,
Her strength would with the body's strength decay:
But when the body's strongest sinews slake,
Then is the soul most active, quick, and gay.

If she were but the body's accident,
And her sole being did in it subsist,
As white in snow, she might herself absent,
And in the body's substance not be miss'd.

But it on her, not she on it depends;
For she the body doth sustain and cherish;
Such secret pow'rs of life to it she lends,
That when they fail, then doth the body perish.

Since then the soul works by herself alone,
Springs not from sense, nor humours well agreeing,
Her nature is peculiar, and her own;
She is a substance, and a perfect being.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

224.—IN WHAT MANNER THE SOUL IS UNITED TO THE BODY.

But how shall we this union well express?
Nought ties the soul, her subtlety is such;
She moves the body, which she doth possess;
Yet no part toucheth, but by virtue's touch.

Then dwells she not therein, as in a tent;
Nor as a pilot in his ship doth sit;
Nor as the spider in his web is pent;
Nor as the wax retains the print in it;

Nor as a vessel water doth contain;
Nor as as one liquor in another shed;
Nor as the heat doth in the fire remain;
Nor as a voice throughout the air is spread:

But as the fair and cheerful morning light
Doth here and there her silver beams impart,
And in an instant doth herself unite
To the transparent air, in all and ev'ry part:

Still resting whole, when blows the air divide;
Abiding pure, when th' air is most corrupted;
Throughout the air, her beams dispersing wide;
And when the air is toss'd, not interrupted.

So doth the piercing soul the body fill,
Being all in all, and all in part diffus'd;
Indivisible, incorruptible still;
Not forc'd, encounter'd, troubled, or confus'd.

And as the sun above the light doth bring,
Though we behold it in the air below;
So from th' Eternal Light the soul doth spring,
Though in the body she her pow'rs do show.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

225.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests, till she attain to it?

Water in conduit pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring:
Then since to eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move,
Of the same kind which shews their nature such:"
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture, which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea, to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make:
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forsake:

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry,
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the ocean marry,
Within whose wat'ry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views:

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heav'nly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay:
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all;
But, pleas'd with none, doth rise and soar away:

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

Wit, seeking truth, from cause to cause ascends,
And never rests, till it the first attain:
Will, seeking good, finds many middle ends;
But never stays, till it the last do gain.

Now God the truth, and first of causes is;
God is the last good end, which lasteth still;
Being Alpha and Omega nam'd for this;
Alpha to wit, Omega to the will.

Since then her heavenly kind she doth display,
In that to God she doth directly move;
And on no mortal thing can make her stay,
She cannot be from hence, but from above.

And yet this first true cause, and last good end,
She cannot here so well and truly see;
For this perfection she must yet attend,
Till to her Maker she espoused be.

As a king's daughter, being in person sought
Of divers princes, who do neighbour near,
On none of them can fix a constant thought,
Though she to all do lend a gentle ear:

Yet can she love a foreign emperor,
Whom of great worth and pow'r she hears to be,
If she be woo'd but by ambassador,
Or but his letters, or his pictures see:

For well she knows, that when she shall be brought
Into the kingdom where her spouse doth reign;
Her eyes shall see what she conceiv'd in thought,
Himself, his state, his glory, and his train.

So while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She woo'd and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great pow'rs which on the earth bear sway;
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise:

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fits her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness;

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who by his picture drawn in every thing
And sacred messages, her love hath sought;

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much;
This honey tasted still, is ever sweet;
The pleasure of her ravish'd thought is such,
As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see,
This is her sov'reign good, and perfect bliss;
Her longing, wishings, hopes, all finish'd be;
Her joys are full, her motions rest in this:

There is she crown'd with garlands of content;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink:
That presence doth such high delights present,
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

226.—AN APPEAL TO THE HEART.

O ignorant poor man! what dost thou bear
Lock'd up within the casket of thy breast?
What jewels, and what riches hast thou there?
What heav'nly treasure in so weak a chest?

Look in thy soul, and thou shalt beauties find,
Like those which drown'd Narcissus in the flood:
Honour and pleasure both are in thy mind,
And all that in the world is counted good.

Think of her worth, and think that God did mean,
This worthy mind should worthy things embrace?
Blot not her beauties with thy thoughts unclean,
Nor her dishonour with thy passion base.

Kill not her quick'ning pow'r with surfeitings
Mar not her sense with sensuality:
Cast not her wit on idle things.
Make not her free will slave to vanity.

And when thou think'st of her eternity,
Think not that death against her nature is;
Think it a birth: and when thou go'st to die,
Sing like a swan, as if thou went'st to bliss.

And if thou, like a child, didst fear before,
Being in the dark, where thou didst nothing see;
Now I have brought thee torch-light, fear no more;
Now when thou dy'st, thou canst not hoodwink'd be.

And thou, my soul, which turn'st with curious eye,
To view the beams of thine own form divine,
Know, that thou canst know nothing perfectly,
While thou art clouded with this flesh of mine.

Take heed of overweening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train.
Study the best and highest things that are,
But of thyself an humble thought retain.

Cast down thyself, and only strive to raise
The glory of thy Maker's sacred name:
Use all thy pow'rs that blessed pow'r to praise,
Which gives thee pow'r to be, and use the same.

Sir John Davies.—About 1600.

227.—ADDRESS TO BISHOP VALENTINE,

On the day of the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

* * * *

John Donne.—About 1630.

228.—A HYMN TO THE FATHER.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt Thou forgive that sin, which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sins their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two,—but wallow'd in a score?
When Thou hast done, Thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by Thyself that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine as he shines now and heretofore;
And having done that Thou hast done,
I fear no more!

John Donne.—About 1630.

229.—A HYMN TO CHRIST,

At the Author's last going into Germany.

In what torn ship soever I embark,
That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark:
What sea soever swallow me, that flood
Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood.
Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise
Thy face, yet through that mask I know those eyes,
Which, though they turn away sometimes,
They never will despise.

I sacrifice this island unto thee,
And all, whom I love here, and who love me;
When I have put this flood 'twixt them and me,
Put thou thy blood betwixt my sins and thee,
As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
In winter, in my winter now I go,
Where none but thee, th' eternal root
Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou, nor thy religion, dost control
The amorousness of an harmonious soul;
But thou would'st have that love thyself: as thou
Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now.

Thou lov'st not, till from loving more thou free
My soul: who ever gives, takes liberty:
Oh, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas! thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all,
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall;
Marry those loves, which in youth scatter'd be
On face, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;
To see God only, I go out of sight:
And, to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

John Donne.—About 1630.

230.—THE WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe
Great Love, some legacies: I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears:
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give:
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ!
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth,
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

John Donne.—About 1630.

231.—VALEDICTION.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no:

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lover's love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are one)
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

John Donne.—About 1630.

232.—S O N G.

Sweetest Love, I do not go
For weariness of thee,
Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me.
But since that I
Must die at last, 'tis best
Thus to use myself in jest
By feigned death to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,
And yet is here to-day;
He hath no desire nor sense,
Nor half so short a way;
Then fear not me,
But believe that I shall make
Hastier journeys, since I take
More wings and spurs than he.

* * * *

John Donne.—About 1630.

233.—THE BREAK OF DAY.

Stay, O Sweet! and do not rise:
The light that shines comes from thine eyes;
The day breaks not—it is my heart,
Because that you and I must part.
Stay, or else my joys will die,
And perish in their infancy.

'Tis true, it's day—what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should, in despite of light, keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That, being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honour so,
That I would not from her that had them go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
Oh, that's the worst disease of love!
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busy man.
He which hath business and makes love, doth do
Such wrong as when a married man doth woo.

John Donne.—About 1630.

234.—THE DREAM.

Image of her whom I love more than she
Whose fair impression in my faithful heart
Makes me her medal, and makes her love me
As kings do coins, to which their stamps impart
The value—go, and take my heart from hence,
Which now is grown too great and good for me.
Honours oppress weak spirits, and our sense
Strong objects dull; the more, the less we see.
When you are gone, and reason gone with you,
Then phantasy is queen, and soul, and all;
She can present joys meaner than you do,
Convenient, and more proportional.
So if I dream I have you, I have you,
For all our joys are but fantastical,
And so I 'scape the pain, for pain is true;
And sleep, which locks up sense, doth lock out all.
After such a fruition I shall wake,
And, but the waking, nothing shall repent;
And shall to love more thankful sonnets make,
Than if more honour, tears, and pains, were spent.
But, dearest heart, and dearer image, stay;
Alas! true joys at best are dreams enough.
Though you stay here you pass too fast away,
For even at first life's taper is a snuff.
Fill'd with her love, may I be rather grown
Mad with much heart, than idiot with none.

John Donne.—About 1630.

235.—SONNETS.

II.

A due by many titles, I resign
Myself to thee, O God. First I was made
By thee and for thee; and, when I was decay'd,
Thy blood bought that, the which before was thine;
I am thy son, made with thyself to shine,
Thy servant, whose pains thou hast still repay'd,
Thy sheep, thine image, and, till I betray'd
Myself, a temple of thy spirit divine.
Why doth the devil then usurp on me?
Why doth he steal, nay, ravish that's thy right?
Except thou rise, and for thine own work fight,
Oh! I shall soon despair, when I shall see
That thou lov'st mankind well, yet wilt not choose me,
And Satan hates me, yet is loth to lose me.

IV.

Oh! my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion;
Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
Or like a thief, which till death's doom be read,
Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hawl'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might b'imprisoned:
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
Oh, make thyself with holy mourning black,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
That, being red, it dies red souls to white.

X.

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally;
And death shall be no more, death, thou shalt die.

XI.

Spit in my face, you Jews, and pierce my side,
Buffet and scoff, scourge and crucify me:
For I have sinn'd, and sinn'd; and only he,
Who could do no iniquity, hath dy'd:
But by my death cannot be satisfi'd
My sins, which pass the Jews' impiety:
They kill'd once an inglorious man, but I
Crucify him daily, being now glorifi'd.
Oh, let me then his strange love still admire:
Kings pardon, but he bore our punishment;
And Jacob came, cloth'd in vile harsh attire,
But to supplant, and with gainful intent:
God cloth'd himself in vile man's flesh, that so
He might be weak enough to suffer woe.

XIV.

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow m', and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn, and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town to another due,
Labour t' admit you, but oh, to no end;
Reason, your viceroy in me, we should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue;
Yet dearly I love you, and would be lov'd fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me; for I,
Except you enthrall me, never shall be free;
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

John Donne.—About 1630.

236.—ODE.

Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there do sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead her way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it.

Unhappy he, whom youth makes not beware
Of doing ill:
Enough we labour under age and care;
In number th' errours of the last place are
The greatest still.

Yet we, that should the ill, we now begin,
As soon repent,
(Strange thing!) perceïve not, our faults are not seen,
But past us; neither felt, but only in
The punishment.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
Our minds so store,
That our souls, no more than our eyes, disclose
But form and colour. Only he, who knows
Himself, knows more.

John Donne.—About 1630.

237.—TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

I.

O Holy, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of Persons, still one God in unity,
The faithful man's believéd mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to thee, harrow'd, torn, and bruised
By sin and Satan, and my flesh misused
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O, take my gift.

II.

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise;
But, 'bove the fat of rams and bulls, to prize—
An offering meet
For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odour can be than a heart contrite
To thee more sweet?

III.

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gav'st it form and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, and state
To worship thee!
Eternal God, the Son, who not denied'st
To take our nature; becam'st man, and died'st
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and cried'st—
"All 's done in me!"

IV.

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son—the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man; with fiery zeal them feeding
For acts of grace!

Increase those acts, O glorious Unity
Of Persons, still one God in Trinity;
Till I attain the longed-for mystery
Of seeing your face.

v.

Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
A Trinity to shine in Union;
The gladdest light dark man can think upon.
Oh, grant it me!
Father and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three
All co-eternal in your Majesty,
Distinct in Persons, yet in Unity—
One God to see.

VI.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier!
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire
With grace, and love, with cherishing entire;
O, then how blest!
Among thy saints elected to abide,
And with thy angels placéd, side by side,
But in thy presence truly glorified,
Shall I there rest.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

238.—CUPID.

Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called love, a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

He hath marks about him plenty;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turn'd,
Neptune in the waters burn'd;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies rearéd high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler wakes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

Since you hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

239.—SONG OF HESPERUS.

Queen, and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that makest a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

240.—ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honour, serve, and love; as poets use

I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned, and a manly soul
I purposed her; that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the sheers control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wish'd to see,
My Muse bade, Bedford write, and that was she!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

241.—SONG.

Follow a shadow, it still flies you;
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are or short, or none:
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say are not women truly, then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

242.—SONG TO CELIA.

Drink to me, only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

243.—A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if he be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn:
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purged air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out:
But then t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears,
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love or fear would let me tell his name.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

244.—EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

245.—A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And, enamour'd, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth!

Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

246.—A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God!
A broken heart
Is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein Thy love.

If Thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than Thou hast done,
That gav'st a Son
To free a slave?
First made of nought
With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss;
As sure to win
Under His Cross.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

247.—ADVICE TO A RECKLESS YOUTH.

What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Ben Jonson.—About 1630.

248.—THE REQUIREMENTS OF A TUTOR.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher chapelain:
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks he would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

249.—PORTRAIT OF A POOR GALLANT.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noontide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined today?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.
Many fair younker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,

To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield;
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

250.—DISCONTENT OF MEN WITH THEIR CONDITION.

I wot not how the world's degenerate,
That men or know or like not their estate:
Out from the Gades up to th' eastern morn,
Not one but holds his native state forlorn.
When comely striplings wish it were their chance
For Cœnis' distaff to exchange their lance,
And wear curl'd periwigs, and chalk their face,
And still are poring on their pocket-glass.
Tired with pinn'd ruffs and fans, and partlet strips
And busks and verdingales about their hips;
And tread on corked stilts a prisoner's pace,
And make their napkin for their spitting-place,
And gripe their waist within a narrow span:
Fond Cœnis, that wouldst wish to be a man!
Whose mannish housewives like their refuse state,
And make a drudge of their uxorious mate,
Who like a cot-queen freezeth at the rock,
Whiles his breech'd dame doth man the foreign stock.
Is't not a shame to see each homely groom
Sit perched in an idle chariot room,
That were not meet some pannel to bestride,
Surcingled to a galled hackney's hide?
Each muck-worm will be rich with lawless gain,
Although he smother up mows of seven years' grain,
And hang'd himself when corn grows cheap again;
Although he buy whole harvests in the spring,
And foist in false strikes to the measuring;
Although his shop be muffled from the light,
Like a day dungeon, or Cimmerian night;
Nor full nor fasting can the carle take rest,
While his george-nobles rusten in his chest;
He sleeps but once, and dreams of burglary,
And wakes, and casts about his frighted eye,
And gropes for thieves in every darker shade;
And if a mouse but stir, he calls for aid.
The sturdy ploughman doth the soldier see,
All scarf'd with pied colours to the knee,
Whom Indian pillage hath made fortunate,
And now he 'gins to loath his former state;
Now doth he inly scorn his Kendal-green,
And his patched cockers now despised been;
Nor list he now go whistling to the car,
But sells his team, and fetleth to the war.
O war! to them that never tried thee, sweet!
When his dead mate falls groveling at his feet,
And angry bullets whistlen at his ear,
And his dim eyes see nought but death and drear.
O happy ploughman! were thy weal well known;
O happy all estates, except his own!
Some drunken rhymer thinks his time well spent,
If he can live to see his name in print,
Who, when he is once fleshed to the press,
And sees his hansell have such fair success,
Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the pail,
He sends forth thraves of ballads to the sail,
Nor then can rest, but volumes up bodged rhymes,
To have his name talked of in future times.
The brain-sick youth, that feeds his tickled ear
With sweet-sauced lies of some false traveller,
Which hath the Spanish Decades read awhile,
Or whetstone leasings of old Mandeville,
Now with discourses breaks his midnight sleep
Of his adventures through the Indian deep,
Of all their massy heaps of golden mine,
Or of the antique tombs of Palestine,
Or of Damascus' magic wall of glass,
Of Solomon his sweating piles of brass,
Of the bird rue that bears an elephant,
Of mermaids that the southern seas do haunt,
Of headless men, of savage cannibals,
The fashions of their lives and governals;

What monstrous cities there erected be,
Cairo, or the city of the Trinity;
Now are they dunghill cocks that have not seen
The bordering Alps, or else the neighbour Rhine;
And now he plies the news-full Grasshopper,
Of voyages and ventures to inquire.
His land mortgaged, he sea-beat in the way,
Wishes for home a thousand sighs a day;
And now he deems his home-bred fare as leaf
As his parch'd biscuit, or his barrell'd beef.
'Mongst all these stirs of discontented strife,
O, let me lead an academic life;
To know much, and to think for nothing, know
Nothing to have, yet think we have enow;
In skill to want, and wanting seek for more;
In weal nor want, nor wish for greater store.
Envy, ye monarchs, with your proud excess,
At our low sail, and our high happiness.

Bishop Hall, 1600.

251.—TO HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET.

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

252.—JOURNEY INTO FRANCE.

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence;
Nor did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose,
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory in the song,
Upon a holy tide;
I on an ambling nag did jet
(I trust he is not paid for yet),
And spurr'd him on each side.

And to St. Denis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame
(The man that shows them snaffles),
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantoffles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay;
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

No carpenter could by his trade
Gain so much coin as to have made
A gown of so rich stuff;
Yet they, poor souls, think for their credit,
That they believe old Joseph did it,
'Cause he deserv'd enough.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which whoso sees his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel;
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight down right;
But to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose,
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb;
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris, on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town;
How strong it is I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel,
The New Bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame St. Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning the University,
And for old clothes the Frippery,
The house the queen did build.
St. Innocence, whose earth devours
Dead corps in four and twenty hours,
And there the king was kill'd.

The Bastile and St. Denis street,
The Shafflenist like London Fleet,
The Arsenal no toy;
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O, 'tis a hopeful boy!

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much;
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O, never king made such!

A bird that can but kill a fly,
Or prate, doth please his majesty,
'Tis known to every one;
The Duke of Guise gave him a parrot,
And he had twenty cannons for it,
For his new galleon.

O that I e'er might have the hap
To get the bird which in the map
Is call'd the Indian ruck!
I'd give it him, and hope to be
As rich as Guise or Liviné,
Or else I had ill-luck.

Birds round about his chamber stand,
And he them feeds with his own hand,
'Tis his humility;
And if they do want anything,
They need but whistle for their king,
And he comes presently.

But now, then, for these parts he must
Be enstiled Lewis the Just,
Great Henry's lawful heir;
When to his stile to add more words,
They'd better call him King of Birds,
Than of the great Navarre.

He hath besides a pretty quirk,
Taught him by nature, how to work
In iron with much ease!
Sometimes to the forge he goes,
There he knocks, and there he blows,
And makes both locks and keys;

Which puts a doubt in every one,
Whether he be Mars or Vulcan's son,
Some few believe his mother;
But let them all say what they will,
I came resolved, and so think still,
As much th' one as th' other.

The people too dislike the youth,
Alleging reasons, for, in truth,
Mothers should honour'd be;
Yet others say, he loves her rather
As well as ere she loved his father,
And that's notoriously——

His queen, a pretty little wench,
Was born in Spain, speaks little French,
She's ne'er like to be mother;
For her incestuous house could not
Have children which were not begot
By uncle or by brother.

Nor why should Lewis, being so just,
Content himself to take his lust
With his Lucina's mate,
And suffer his little pretty queen,
From all her race that yet hath been,
So to degenerate?

'Twere charity for to be known
To love others' children as his own.
And why? it is no shame,
Unless that he would greater be
Than was his father Henery,
Who, men thought, did the same.

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

253.—FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewifes now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do;
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,
The fairies' lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land:
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had:
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danc'd on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whose kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

Bishop Corbet, 1647.

254.—SONG.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise,
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Bishop King.—About 1649.

255.—SIC VITA.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

Bishop King.—About 1649.

256.—LIFE.

What is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind.
Which beats the bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

Bishop King.—About 1649.

257.—A COMPLAINT OF A LEARNED DIVINE IN PURITAN TIMES.

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years' reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf.
Into learned rags
I have rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin:
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten.
Alas! poor scholar, whither wilt thou go;
* * * *
I have bowed, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended;
I have preach'd, I have printed,
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English Pope;
I worship'd towards the East
But the sun doth now forsake me;
I find that I am falling,
The northern winds do shake me.
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me.
Alas! poor, &c.

At great preferment I aim'd,
Witness my silk,
But now my hopes are maim'd.
I looked lately
To live most stately,
And have a dairy of bell-rope's milk;
But now, alas!
Myself I must flatter,
Bigamy of steeples is a laughing matter
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter.
Alas! poor, &c.

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron,
And parched matron,
Swear to the church they owe:
Yet if I can preach,
And pray too on a sudden,
And confute the Pope
At adventure without studying,
Then ten pounds a year,
Besides a Sunday pudding.
Alas! poor. &c.

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and human,
Yet all's not worth a shilling.
When the women hear me
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane.
Once I remember
I preached with a weaver;
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Dod and Clever:
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver.
Alas! poor, &c.

Ships, ships, ships I discover,
Crossing the main;
Shall I in and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva or Amsterdam?
Bishoprics are void
In Scotland, shall I thither?
Or follow Windebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrieve them?
Oh, no, 'tis blustering weather.
Alas! poor, &c.

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it:
Peace, Goodman fool!
Thou hast a trade will fit it;
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at a venture
An apprentice to a free-school;
There thou mayst command,
By William Lilly's charter;
There thou mayst whip, strip,
And hang, and draw and quarter,
And commit to the red rod
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur.
Ay, ay, 'tis hither, hither will I go.

Dr. Wilde.—About 1649.

258.—SONG.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better;
Whilst, proud of my triumphant chain,
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murdering glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles so please me,
As *he* brings ruin, *that* repairs
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds, themselves have made, discover.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

259.—SONG.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

260.—SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

261.—THE COMPLIMENT.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers);
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, when music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Tho' that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

262.—SONG.

Give me more love, or more disdain,
The torrid, or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme, of love or hate,
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in a golden shower.
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture-hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell released:
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

263.—SONG.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish and anon must die;
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace
Must fly from that forsaken face:
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

264.—DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn,
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

265.—ON MR. W. MONTAGUE'S RETURN FROM TRAVEL.

Lead the black bull to slaughter, with the boar
And lamb: then purple with their mingled gore
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may
The sea-gods for their careful waftage pay:
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke
To those mild spirits, that cast a curbing yoke
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn
In honour of their darling's safe return,
The Muse's quire shall thus, with voice and hand,
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,
That with kind warmth dost repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' East
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet bed;
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,
The halcyon sits and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing;
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flow'ry birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our hills or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us;
Thou canst stroke great Eolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

266.—PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail!
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most dear;
'Tis gone while we but say—'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest

Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm; be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Or following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
For when the storms of Time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
O love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute;
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose, each spring, receives,
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauties' flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

267.—APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

268.—EPITAPH ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Reader, when these dumb stones have told
In borrow'd speech what guest they hold,
Thou shalt confess the vain pursuit
Of human glory yields no fruit
But an untimely grave. If Fate
Could constant happiness create,
Her ministers, fortune and worth,
Had here that miracle brought forth:
They fix'd this child of honour where
No room was left for hope or fear
Of more or less: so high, so great,
His growth was, yet so safe his seat:
Safe in the circle of his friends;
Safe in his loyal heart and ends;
Safe in his native valiant spirit;
By favour safe, and safe by merit;
Safe by the stamp of Nature, which
Did strength with shape and grace enrich;
Safe in the cheerful courtesies
Of flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;
Safe in his bounties, which were more
Proportion'd to his mind than store.
Yet though for virtue he become
Involv'd himself in borrow'd sums,
Safe in his care, he leaves betray'd
No friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.
But, though the stars conspire to shower
Upon one head th' united power
Of all their graces, if their dire
Aspects must other breasts inspire
With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife
May cut (as here) their darling's life:
Who can be happy then, if Nature must,
To make one happy man, make all men just?

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

269.—TO SAXHAM.

Though frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes
That beauty, which without door lies,
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so
I might not all thy pleasures know;
Yet, Saxham, thou, within thy gate,
Art of thyself so delicate,
So full of native sweets, that bless
Thy roof with inward happiness;
As neither from, nor to thy store,
Winter takes aught, or spring adds more.
The cold and frozen air had starv'd
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;
Whose prayers have made thy table blest
With plenty, far above the rest.
The season hardly did afford
Coarse cates unto thy neighbour's board,
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky
Had only been thy volary;
Or else the birds, fearing the snow
Might to another deluge grow,
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,
Flew to thy house, as to the ark.
The willing ox of himself came
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,
And every beast did thither bring
Himself to be an offering.
The scaly herd more pleasure took,
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.
Water, earth, air, did all conspire
To pay their tributes to thy fire;

Whose cherishing flames themselves divide
Through every room, where they deride
The night and cold abroad; whilst they,
Like suns within, keep endless day.
Those cheerful beams send forth their light,
To all that wander in the night,
And seem to beckon from aloof
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,
He's fairly welcome; or, if stay,
Far more, which he shall hearty find,
Both from the master and the hind.
The stranger's welcome each man there
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow doth wear;
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer,
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.
There's none observes, much less repines,
How often this man sups or dines.
Thou hast no porter at the door
T' examine or keep back the poor;
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been
Made only to let strangers in;
Untaught to shut, they do not fear
To stand wide open all the year;
Careless who enters, for they know
Thou never didst deserve a foe;
And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

270.—THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:
Ask me why this flow'r doth show
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

Thomas Carew.—About 1630.

271.—CHRISTMAS.

So now is come our joyful'st feast;
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants:
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine, or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with everybody;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller:
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

George Wither.—About 1635.

272.—SONNET UPON A STOLEN KISS.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow:
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

George Wither.—About 16 5.

273.—THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MUSE.

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemish'd, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee:
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more;
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last:
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas! my muse is slow;
For thy page she flags too low:
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late;
And poor I, her fortune rueing,
Am myself put up a-mewing.
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
(Whence she would be driven, too,
Were't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow:
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustleing.
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow

Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss:
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight:
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee,
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What make knaves and fools of them.

George Wither.—About 1635.

274.—A PRISONER'S LAY.

First think, my soul, if I have foes
That take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes
Have thus enwrapt me unaware.
Thou should'st by much more careful be,
Since greater foes lay wait for thee.

By my late hopes that now are crost,
Consider those that firmer be,
And make the freedom I have lost
A means that may remember thee.
Had Christ not thy Redeemer been,
What horrid state hadst thou been in!

Or when through me thou seest a man
Condemn'd unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath;
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will "Go, ye cursèd," be!

These iron chains, these bolts of steel,
Which often poor offenders grind;
The wants and cares which they do feel
May bring some greater things to mind;
For by their grief thou shalt do well
To think upon the pains of hell.

Again, when he that fear'd to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that 's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought;
Then think between thy heart and thee,
How glad will "Come, ye blessèd," be!

George Wither.—About 1635.

275.—FROM "A DIRGE."

Farewell,
Sweet groves to you!
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales, adieu!
You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
My dear companions all, and you my tender flocks!
Farewell, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs whose moving strain
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
Have without pity broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewell!

George Wither.—About 1635.

276.—TO A BROTHER POET.

Go, my Willy, get thee gone,
Leave me in exile alone;
Hie thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy song.
Thou art young, yet such a lay
Never graced the month of May,
As (if they provoke thy skill)
Thou canst fit unto the quill.
I, with wonder, heard thee sing
At our last year's revelling:
Then I with the rest was free,
When unknown I noted thee,
And perceived the ruder swains
Envy thy far sweeter strains.
Yea, I saw the lasses cling
Round about thee in a ring,
As if each one jealous were
Any but herself should hear.

George Wither.—About 1635.

277.—THE JUST INDIGNATION OF THE OPPRESSED.

Do I not know a great man's power and might,
In spite of innocence, can smother right,
Colour his villainies to get esteem,
And make the honest man the villain seem?
I know it, and the world doth know 'tis true,
Yet I protest if such a man I knew,

That might my country prejudice, or thee,
Were he the greatest or the proudest he
That breathes this day: if so it might be found
That any good to either might redound,
I, unappall'd, dare in such a case
Rip up his foulest crimes before his face,
Though for my labour I were sure to drop
Into the mouth of ruin without hope.

George Wither.—About 1635.

278.—A PERSECUTED POET'S ADDRESS TO HIS KING.

While here my muse in discontent doth sing
To thee, her great Apollo, and my king;
Imploring thee, by that high, sacred name,
By justice, and those powers that I could name:
By whatsoe'er may move, entreat I thee,
To be what thou art unto all, to me.

George Wither.—About 1635.

279.—MY HEAVENLY FATHER AND HIS ERRING CHILD.

Yet I confess, in this my pilgrimage,
I, like some infant, am of tender age.
For as the child who from his father hath
Stray'd in some grove thro' many a crooked path,
Is sometimes hopeful that he finds the way,
And sometimes doubtful he runs more astray.
Sometime with fair and easy paths doth meet,
Sometime with rougher tracts that stay his feet;
Here goes, there runs, and yon amazed stays;
Then cries and straight forgets his care, and plays.
Then hearing where his loving father calls,
Makes haste, but through a zeal ill-guided falls;
Or runs some other way, until that he
(Whose love is more than his endeavours be)
To seek the wanderer, forth himself doth come,
And take him in his arms, and bear him home.
So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward, I myself advance,
Sometimes aright, and sometimes wrong I go,
Sometimes my pace is speedy, sometimes slow:
One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
Another while as full of cares they be.
I doubt and hope, and doubt and hope again,
And many a change of passion I sustain
In this my journey, so that now and then
I lost, perhaps, may seem to other men.
Yea, to myself awhile, when sins impure
Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure.
But whatsoe'er betide, I know full well
My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon His wandering child doth cast,
And He will fetch me to my home at last.

George Wither.—About 1635.

280.—AGAINST HIRED FLATTERERS.

I have no muses that will serve the turn
At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn,
After a minute's warning, for their hire,
If with old sherry they themselves inspire.
I am not of a temper like to those
That can provide an hour's sad talk in prose
For any funeral, and then go dine,
And choke my grief with sugar-plums and wine.
I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph.
I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
Of some old rotten miser with my verse;
Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme,
For every lord or ladyship that dies,
And then perplex their heirs to patronize
That muddy poesy. Oh, how I scorn,
That raptures which are free and nobly born
Should, fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
At strangers' windows, and go play the ape
In counterfeiting passion.

George Wither.—About 1635.

281.—THE 148TH PSALM PARAPHRASED.

Come, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.
Hither bring in true consent,
Heart, and voice, and instrument.
Let the orpharion sweet
With the harp and viol meet:
To your voices tune the lute;
Let not tongue, nor string be mute;
Nor a creature dumb be found
That hath either voice or sound.

Let such things as do not live,
In still music praises give:
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep,
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main.
Birds, your warbling treble sing;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the quire.

Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is HE.

From the earth's vast hollow womb,
Music's deepest base shall come;
Sea and floods, from shore to shore,
Shall the counter-tenor roar.
To this concert, when we sing,
Whistling winds, your descant bring,

Which may bear the sound above,
Where the orb of fire doth move;
And so climb from sphere to sphere,
Till our song th' Almighty hear.

So shall HE from Heaven's high tower
On the earth His blessings shower;
All this huge wide orb we see,
Shall one quire, one temple be.
There our voices we will rear,
Till we fill it everywhere;
And enforce the fiends that dwell
In the air, to sink to hell.
Then, O come, with sacred lays,
Let us sound th' Almighty's praise.

George Wither.—About 1635.

282.—THE FORD OF ARLE.

North-east, not far from this great pool, there lies
A tract of beechy mountains that arise,
With leisurely ascending, to such height
As from their tops the warlike Isle of Wight
You in the ocean's bosom may espie,
Tho' near two hundred furlongs hence it lie.
The pleasant way, as up those hills you climb,
Is strew'd o'er with marjoram and thyme,
Which grows unset. The hedge-rows do not want
The cowslip, violet, primrose, nor a plant
That freshly scents; as birch, both green and tall,
Low swallows on whose bloomings bees do fall,
Fair woodbines, which about the hedges twine,
Smooth privet, and the sharp sweet eglantine,
With many more, whose leaves and blossoms fair
The earth adorn, and oft perfume the air.

E'en there, and in the least frequented place
Of all these mountains, is a little space
Of pleasant ground, nemm'd in with dropping trees,
And those so thick that Phœbus scarcely sees
The earth they grow on once in all the year,
Nor what is done among the shadows there.

George Wither.—About 1635.

283.—THE SEQUESTERED RETIREMENT OF BENTWORTH.

Two pretty rills do meet, and, meeting, make
Within one valley a large silver lake,
About whose banks the fertile mountains stood,
In ages pass'd bravely crown'd with wood,
Which lending cold sweet shadows gave it grace
To be accounted Cynthia's bathing-place,
And from her father Neptune's brackish court,
Fair Thetis hither often would resort,
Attended by the fishes of the sea,
Which in those sweeter waters came to play.
There would the daughter of the sea-god dive,
And thither came the land-nymphs every eve,
To wait upon her, bringing for her brows
Rich garlands of sweet flowers, and beechy boughs;

For pleasant was that pool, and near it then
Was neither rotten marsh nor boggy fen.
It was not overgrown with boisterous sedge,
Nor grew there rudely then along the edge
A bending willow, nor a prickly bush,
Nor broad-leaf'd flag, nor reed, nor knotty rush.
But here, well-order'd was a grove with bowers,
There grassy plots set round about with flowers:
Here, you might thro' the waters see the land
Appear, strew'd o'er with white, or yellow sand.
Yea, deeper was it; and the wind by whiffs
Would make it rise, and wash the little cliffs,
On which oft pluming sat, unfrighted then,
The gaggling wild goose, and the snow white swan,
With all the flocks of fowls which to this day,
Upon those quiet waters breed and play.

George Wither.—About 1635.

284.—PRAYER FOR SEASONABLE WEATHER.

Lord, should the sun, the clouds, the wind,
The air and seasons be,
To us so froward and unkind,
As we are false to Thee:
All fruits would quite away be burn'd,
Or lie in water drown'd,
Or blasted be, or overturn'd,
Or chillèd on the ground.

But from our duty though we swerve,
Thou still dost mercy show,
And deign Thy creatures to preserve,
That men might thankful grow.
Yet, though from day to day we sin,
And Thy displeasure gain,
No sooner we to cry begin,
But pity we obtain.

The weather now Thou changèd hast,
That put us late to fear,
And when our hopes were almost past,
Then comfort did appear.
The heaven the earth's complaint hath heard,
They reconcilèd be;
And Thou such weather hast prepared,
As we desired of Thee.

George Wither.—About 1635.

285.—MORNING.

By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal;
And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leap and catch the drownèd fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.

William Browne.—About 1620.

286.—EVENING.

As in an evening, when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear:
When he hath play'd (as well he can) some strain,
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:
I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain, to pass the night away;
But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So, in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many hours, but as few minutes tell,
Yet, lest mine own delight might injure you,
(Though loath so soon) I take my song anew.

William Browne.—About 1620.

287.—A NIGHT SCENE.

Now great Hyperion left his golden throne
That on the dancing waves in glory shone,
For whose declining on the western shore
The oriental hills black mantles wore,
And thence apace the gentle twilight fled,
That had from hideous caverns usherèd
All-drowsy night; who, in a car of jet,
By steeds of iron-gray (which mainly sweat
Moist drops on all the world) drawn through the sky,
The helps of darkness waited orderly.
First, thick clouds rose from all the liquid plains:
Then mists from marishes, and grounds whose veins
Were conduit pipes to many a crystal spring:
From standing pools and fens were following
Unhealthy fogs: each river, every rill
Sent up their vapours to attend her will.
These pitchy curtains drew 'twixt Earth and Heaven,
And as Night's chariot through the air was driven,
Clamour grew dumb, unheard was shepherd's song,
And silence girt the woods; no warbling tongue
Talk'd to the echo; satyrs broke their dance,
And all the upper world lay in a trance:
Only the curlèd streams soft chidings kept;
And little gales, that from the green leaf swept
Dry summer's dust, in fearful whisp'rings stirr'd,
As loath to waken any singing bird.

William Browne.—About 1620.

288.—NIGHT.

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger:
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

William Browne.—About 1620.

289.—SONG.

Gentle nymphs, be not refusing,
Love's neglect is time's abusing,
They and beauty are but lent you;
Take the one, and keep the other:
Love keeps fresh what age doth smother,
Beauty gone, you will repent you.

'Twill be said, when ye have proved,
Never swains more truly loved:
Oh, then fly all nice behaviour!
Pity fain would (as her duty)
Be attending still on Beauty,
Let her not be out of favour.

William Browne.—About 1620.

290.—SONG.

Shall I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then awhile to me,
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versify;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
As she scorns the help of art.
In as many virtues dight
As e'er yet embraced a heart.
So much good so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
To make known how much she hath;
And her anger flames no higher
Than may fitly sweeten wrath.
Full of pity as may be,
Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth:
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth:
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is: and if you know
Such a one as I have sung;
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhile young;
Be assured, 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

William Browne.—About 1620.

291.—ADDRESS TO HIS NATIVE SOIL.

Hail thou, my native soil! thou blessed plot
Whose equal all the world affordeth not!
Show me who can? so many crystal rills,
Such sweet-clothed vallies, or aspiring hills,
Such wood-ground, pastures, quarries, wealthy mines,
Such rocks in whom the diamond fairly shines:
And if the earth can show the like again,
Yet will she fail in her sea-ruling men.
Time never can produce men to o'ertake
The fames of Grenville, Davis, Gilbert, Drake,
Or worthy Hawkins, or of thousands more,
That by their power made the Devonian shore
Mock the proud Tagus; for whose richest spoil
The boasting Spaniard left the Indian soil
Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
By winning this, though all the rest were lost.

William Browne.—About 1620.

292.—WHAT IS LIFE?

And what 's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what 's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total 's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

293.—THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There 's none can want where thou supply'st:
There 's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can cut pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure:
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world,
thou ly'st

Francis Quarles.—About 1640

294.—FAITH

The proudest pitch of that victorious spirit
Was but to win the world whereby t inherit
The airy purchase of a transitory
And glozing title of an age s glory
Would st thou by conquest win more fame than
he,
Subdue thyself! thyself s a world to thee
Earth's but a ball, that heaven hath quilted
o'er
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floor
Of fickle Fortune's false and slippery court
Sent for a toy, to make us children sport,
Man's satiate spirits with fresh delights sup
plying,
To still the fondlings of the world from cry
ing,
And he, whose merit mounts to such a joy,
Gains but the honour of a mighty toy
But would st thou conquer have thy con-
quest crown d
By hands of Seraphims, triumph d with the
sound
Of heaven s loud trumpet warbled by the
shrill
Celestial choir recorded with a quill
Pluck'd from the pinion of an angel s wing
Confirm d with joy by heaven s eternal king
Conquer thyself, thy rebel thoughts repel
And chase those false affections that rebel
Hath heaven despoil d what his full hand hath
given thee?
Nipp'd thy succeeding blossoms? or bereaven
thee
Of thy dear latest hope thy bosom friend?
Doth sad Despair deny these griefs an end?
Despair's a whisp ring rebel that within thee,
Bribes all thy field, and sets thyself again
thee
Make keen thy faith, and with thy force let
flee,
If thou not conquer him he ll conquer thee
Advance thy shield of Patience to thy head,
And when Grief strikes twill strike the striker
dead
In adverse fortunes, be thou strong and stout,
And bravely win thyself heaven holds not out
His bow for ever bent the disposition
Of noblest spirit doth, by opposition,
Exasperate the more a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to return more bright
Brave minds, oppress d, should in despite of
Fate,
Look greatest, like the sun, in lowest state
But, ah! shall God thus strive with flesh and
blood?
Receives he glory from, or reaps he good
In mortals' ruin, that he leaves man so
To be o'erwhelm'd by this unequal foe?
May not a potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath framed a vessel, search if it be sound?
Or if, by furbishing, he take more pain
To make it fairer shall the pot complain?
Mortal, thou art but clay, then shall not he,
That framed thee for his service, season thee!
Man close thy lips, be thou no undertaker
Of God s designs dispute not with thy Maker

Francis Quarles.—About 1640

295.—DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth,
She is my Maker s creature therefore good
She is my mother, for she gave me birth
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food
But what s a creature, Lord, compared with
thee?
Or what 's my mother, or my nurse to me?

I love the air her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul and to new sweets invite me
Her shrill mouth d quire sustains me with their
flesh
And with their polyphonian notes delight me
But what s the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea she is my fellow creature,
My careful purveyor she provides me store
She walls me round she makes my diet
greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore
But Lord of oceans, when compared with
thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To heaven s high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye
Mine eye, by contemplation s great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky
But what is heaven, great God, compared to
thee?
Without thy presence heaven 's no heaven
to me

Without thy presence earth gives no refection
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure
Without thy presence air 's a rank infection
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure
If not possess d, if not enjoy d in thee,
What 's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to
me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire,
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares,
Wisdom but folly, joy disquiet—sadness
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares,
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing
madness,

Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

296.—SONG.

Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the Whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
Then Barrow shall be sainted.
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
And hey! then up go we!

* * * *

We'll down with all the '*Varsities*,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the beast.
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And arts, whate'er they be;
We'll cry both arts and learning down,
And hey! then up go we!

* * * *

If once that Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop
And hey! then up go we!

Our cobblers shall translate their *souls*,
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom T* * as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady.

We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *sea*;
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we!

Francis Quarles.—About 1640.

297.—SOSPETTO D' HERODE. LIB. I.

* * * *

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There where one centre reconciles all things;
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master, close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties,
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

* * * *

From death's sad shades, to the life-breathing air,
This mortal enemy to mankind's good,
Lifts his malignant eyes, wasted with care.
To become beautiful in human blood.
Where Jordan melts his crystal, to make fair
The fields of Palestine with so pure a flood;
There does he fix his eyes, and there detect
New matter to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind the old quarrel, and what spark
Set the contending sons of heaven on fire:
Oft in his deep thought he revolves the dark
Sybils' divining leaves; he does inquire
Into the old prophecies, trembling to mark
How many present prodigies conspire
To crown their past predictions, both he lays
Together, in his ponderous mind both weighs.

Heaven's golden-winged herald, late he saw
To a poor Galilean virgin sent:
How low the bright youth bow'd, and with what awe
Immortal flowers to her fair hand present.
He saw the old Hebrew's womb neglect the law
Of age and barrenness, and her babe prevent
His birth by his devotion, who began
Betimes to be a saint, before a man.

He saw rich nectar thaws release the rigour
Of the icy north, from frost-bound Atlas' hands
His adamantine fetters fall; green vigour
Gladding the Scythian rocks, and Libyan sands.
He saw a vernal smile sweetly disfigure
Winter's sad face, and through the flowery lands
Of fair Engaddi's honey-sweating fountains,
With manna, milk, and balm, new broach the mountains.

He saw how in that blest day-bearing night,
The heaven-rebuked shades made haste away;
How bright a dawn of angels with new light,
Amazed the midnight world, and made a day
Of which the morning knew not; mad with spite,
He mark'd how the poor Shepherds ran to pay
Their simple tribute to the babe, whose birth
Was the great business both of heaven and earth.

He saw a threefold sun, with rich increase,
Make proud the ruby portals of the east.
He saw the temple sacred to sweet peace,
Adore her prince's birth, flat on her breast.
He saw the falling idols all confess
A coming Deity. He saw the nest
Of poisonous and unnatural loves, earth-nurst,
Touch'd with the world's true antidote to burst.

He saw Heaven blossom with a new-born light,
On which, as on a glorious stranger, gazed
The golden eyes of night, whose beam made bright
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blazed
(Nor ask'd leave of the sun), by day as night.
By whom (as Heaven's illustrious handmaid) raised
Three kings (or what is more) three wise men went
Westward, to find the world's true orient.

* * * *

That the great angel-blinding light should shrink
His blaze, to shine in a poor shepherd's eye.
That the unmeasured God so low should sink,
As pris'ner in a few poor rags to lie.
That from his mother's breast he milk should drink,
Who feeds with nectar Heaven's fair family,
That a vile manger his low bed should prove,
Who in a throne of stars thunders above.

That he whom the sun serves, should faintly peep
Through clouds of infant flesh: that he the old
Eternal Word should be a child and weep:
That he who made the fire should fear the cold:
That Heaven's high Majesty his court should keep
In a clay cottage, by each blast controll'd:
That glory's self should serve our griefs and fears,
And free eternity submit to years.

And further, that the law's eternal Giver
Should bleed in his own law's obedience;
And to the circumcising knife deliver
Himself, the forfeit of his slave's offence.
That the unblemish'd Lamb, blessed for ever,
Should take the mark of sin, and pain of sense.
These are the knotty riddles, whose dark doubt
Entangles his lost thoughts past getting out:

While new thoughts boil'd in his enraged breast,
His gloomy bosom's darkest character
Was in his shady forehead seen express'd.
The forehead's shade in grief's expression there,
Is what in sign of joy among the blest,
The face's lightning, or a smile is here.
Those stings of care that his strong heart opprest,
A desperate Oh me! drew from his deep breast.

Oh me! (thus bellow'd he); oh me! what great
Portents before mine eyes their powers advance?
And serve my purer sight, only to beat
Down my proud thought, and leave it in a trance?
Frown I, and can great Nature keep her seat?
And the gay stars lead on their golden dance;
Can his attempts above still prosperous be,
Auspicious still, in spite of hell and me?

He has my Heaven (what would he more?) whose bright
And radiant sceptre this bold hand should bear.
And for the never-fading fields of light,
My fair inheritance, he confines me here
To this dark house of shades, horror, and night,
To draw a long-lived death, where all my cheer
Is the solemnity my sorrow wears,
That mankind's torment waits upon my tears.

Dark dusky man, he needs would single forth,
To make the partner of his own pure ray:
And should we powers of Heaven, spirits of worth,
Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
It shall not be, said I; and clomb the north,
Where never wing of angel yet made way.
What though I miss'd my blow? yet I struck high,
And to dare something, is some victory.

Is he not satisfied? means he to wrest
Hell from me too, and sack my territories?
Vile human nature, means he not t' invest
(O my despite!) with his divinest glories?
And rising with rich spoils upon his breast,
With his fair triumphs fill all future stories?
Must the bright arms of heaven rebuke these eyes?
Mock me, and dazzle my dark mysteries?

Art thou not Lucifer? he to whom the droves
Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given?
The nimblest of the lightning-winged loves?
The fairest, and the first born smile of Heaven?

Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven;
Such and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
Oppress'd the common people of the skies.

Ah, wretch! what boots thee to cast back thy eyes
Where dawning hope no beam of comfort shows?
While the reflection of thy forepast joys
Renders thee double to thy present woes.
Rather make up to thy new miseries,
And meet the mischief that upon thee grows.
If hell must mourn, heaven sure shall sympathise.
What force cannot effect, fraud shall devise.

And yet whose force fear I? have I so lost
Myself? my strength too with my innocence?
Come, try who dares, heaven, earth, whate'er dost boast
A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence.
Come thy Creator too, what though it cost
Me yet a second fall? we'd try our strengths.
Heavens saw us struggle once: as brave a fight
Earth now shall see, and tremble at the sight.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

298.—HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I sing the Name which none can say,
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace; our good;
Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
The name of all our lives and loves:
Hearken and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory! soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
Awake and sing,
And be all wing!
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me;
Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two,
Alas! will never do;
We must have store;
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness—be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch—
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crown'd doors of that illustrious day

* * * *

Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden show'rs, with long-stretch'd hands!
Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience:
Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
Oh see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears!
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
Oh, dawn at last, long-look'd for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys.
Oh, thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
In balmy showers!
Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee.
Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee.
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meets
An universal synod of all sweets;

By whom it is defined thus—
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee.
Sweet name! in thy each syllable,
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach thee.
Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.
What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthron'd thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

299.—SUDDEN CHANGE.

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Sham'd not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorn'd to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely night
To blot the newly-blossom'd light.

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

300.—MUSIC'S DUEL.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood
(The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she):
There stood she list'ning, and did entertain
The music's soft report: and mould the same
In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good.
The man perceiv'd his rival, and her art,
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet præludium
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions

Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being rear'd
In controverting warbles, evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd,
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too
She gives them back: her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float,
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
Music's best seed-plot; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing
(Most divine service): whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is plac'd
Above herself, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face: "yet, once again,
Mistress, I come: now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy."
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
The sweet-lipp'd sisters musically frighted;
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
The humorous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he invoke
Sweetness by all her names: thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies;
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there

Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas! in vain! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wide diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute: Oh fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave!

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

301.—MARK XII. 17.

All we have is God's, and yet
Cæsar challenges a debt,
Nor hath God a thinner share,
Whatever Cæsar's payments are.
All is God's, and yet 'tis true
All we have is Cæsar's too;
All is Cæsar's, and, what odds,
So long as Cæsar's self is God's?

Richard Crashaw.—About 1640.

302.—SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The workydays are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

George Herbert.—About 1630.

303.—VIRTUE.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

304.—THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! e'en as the flowers in spring—
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flow'rs depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown,
Where they together,
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house, unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power:
Killing and quick'ning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour:
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is,—
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in Thy paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But, while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline;
What frost to that? What pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When Thou dost turn,
And the least frown of Thine is shown.

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing; O, my only Light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom Thy tempests fell all night!

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide,
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their paradise by their pride.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

305.—THE ODOUR.

How sweetly doth My Master sound!—My Master!
As ambergris leaves a rich scent
Unto the taster,
So do these words a sweet content
An Oriental fragrancy—My Master!

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
My mind even thrust into them both—
That I might find
What cordials make this curious broth,
This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

My Master, shall I speak? O that to Thee
My servant were a little so
As flesh may be!
That these two words might creep and grow
To some degree of spiciness to Thee!

Then should the pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
And tell me more;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when My Master, which alone is sweet,
And, e'en in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
My servant, as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains, by sweet'ning me,
(As sweet things traffic when they meet)
Return to Thee;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

306.—COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
Because thou art
My power and wisdom! Put me not to shame,
Because I am
Thy clay that weeps, Thy dust that calls!
Thou art the Lord of Glory—
The deed and story
Are both Thy due; but I a silly fly,
That live or die,
According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord?
Shows not Thy word
More attributes? Am I all throat or eye,
To weep or cry?
Have I no parts but those of grief?

Let not Thy wrathful power
Afflict my hour,
My inch of life; or let Thy gracious power
Contract my hour,
That I may climb and find relief.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

307.—EASTER.

Rise, Heart! thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
Without delays
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With Him may'st rise—
That, as His death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art!
The cross taught all wood to resound His name
Who bore the same;
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both harp and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long!
Or, since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied,
O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

I got me flowers to strew the way,
I got me boughs off many a tree;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the east,
Though he give light, and th' east perfume,
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three hundred, but we miss—
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

308.—THE CALL.

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life!
Such a Way as gives us breath;
Such a Truth as ends all strife;
Such a Life as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength!
Such a Light as shows a feast;
Such a Feast as mends in length;
Such a Strength as makes His guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart!
Such a Joy as none can move;
Such a Love as none can part;
Such a Heart as joys in love.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

309.—MAN.

My God, I heard this day
That none doth build a stately habitation
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately hath there been,
Or can be, than is man, to whose creation
All things are in decay?

For man is ev'rything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more—
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute—
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie—
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides.
Each part may call the farthest brother;
For head with foot hath private amitie,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest starre;
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow.
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight, or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The starres have us to bed—
Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws.
Musick and light attend our head:
All things unto our flesh are kinde
In their descent and being—to our minde
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of dutie:
Waters united are our navigation—
Distinguished, our habitation;
Below, our drink—above, our meat;
Both are our cleanlinesse. Hath one such beautie?
Then how are all things neat?

More servants wait on man
Than he'll take notice of. In ev'ry path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mightie love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
So brave a palace built, O dwell in it,
That it may dwell with Thee at last!
Till then afford us so much wit
That, as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
And both Thy servants be.

George Herbert.—About 1630.

310.—THE RAINBOW.

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main:
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heaven she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curled wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light;
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incensed with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

311.—THE SORCERERS OF VAIN DELIGHTS.

Here did Presumption her pavilion spread
Over the temple, the bright stars among
(Ah, that her foot should trample on the head
Of that most reverend place!) and a lewd throng
Of wanton boys sung her a pleasant song
Of love, long life, of mercy, and of grace,
And every one her dearly did embrace,
And she herself enamour'd was of her own face,

A painted face, belied with vermeyl store,
Which light Euelpis every day did trim,
That in one hand a gilded anchor wore,
Not fixed on the rock, but on the brim
Of the wide air, she let it loosely swim!
Her other hand a sprinkle carried,
And ever when her lady wavered,
Court holy-water all upon her sprinkled.

Poor fool! she thought herself in wondrous price
With God, as if in Paradise she were:
But, were she not in a fool's paradise,
She might have seen more reason to despair:
But him she, like some ghastly fiend, did fear.
And therefore as that wretch hew'd out his cell
Under the bowels, in the heart of Hell;
So she above the Moon, amid the stars would dwell.

Her tent with sunny clouds was ciel'd aloft,
And so exceeding shone with a false light,
That Heav'n itself to her it seemed oft,
Heav'n without clouds to her deluded sight;
But clouds withouten Heav'n it was aright:
And as her house was built, so did her brain
Build castles in the air, with idle pain.
But heart she never had in all her body vain.

Like as a ship, in which no balance lies,
Without a pilot on the sleeping waves,
Fairly along with wind and water flies,
And painted masts with silken sails embraves,
That Neptune's self the bragging vessel saves,
To laugh a while at her so proud array;
Her waving streamers loosely she lets play,
And flagging colours shine as bright as smiling day:

But all so soon as Heav'n his brows doth bend,
She veils her banners, and pulls in her beams,
The empty bark the raging billows send
Up to th' Olympic waves, and Argus seems
Again to ride upon our lower streams:
Right so Presumption did herself behave,
Tossed about with every stormy wave,
And in white lawn she went, most like an angel brave.

Gently our Saviour she began to shrive,
Whether he were the Son of God, or no;
For any other she disdain'd to wife:
And if he were, she bid him fearless throw
Himself to ground; and therewithal did show
A flight of little angels, that did wait
Upon their glittering wings, to latch him straight;
And longed on their backs to feel his glorious weight.

But when she saw her speech prevailed nought,
Herself she tumbled headlong to the floor:
But him the angels on their feathers caught,
And to an airy mountain nimbly bore,
Whose snowy shoulders, like some chalky shore,
Restless Olympus seem'd to rest upon
With all his swimming globes: so both are gone
The Dragon with the Lamb. Ah, unmeet paragon!

All suddenly the hill his snow devours,
In lieu whereof a goodly garden grew,
As if the snow had melted into flow'rs,
Which their sweet breath in subtle vapours threw:
That all about perfumed spirits flew.
For whatsoever might aggrate the sense,
In all the world, or please the appetence,
Here it was poured out in lavish affluence.

Not lovely Ida might with this compare,
Though many streams his banks besilvered,
Though Xanthus with his golden sands he bare:
Nor Hybla, though his thyme depastured,
As fast again with honey blossomed:
No Rhodope, no Tempe's flow'ry plain:
Adonis' garden was to this but vain,
Though Plato on his beds a flood of praise did rain.

For in all these some one thing most did grow,
But in this one grew all things else beside;
For sweet Variety herself did throw
To every bank, here all the ground she dide
In lily white, there pinks eblazed white,
And damask all the earth; and here she shed
Blue violets, and there came roses red:
And every sight the yielding sense as captive led.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
The azure fields of Heav'n were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flow'rs of light:
The flow'rs-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew,
That hung upon their azure leaves, did show
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain-delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac't,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every wind their leavy spears,
While she supinely sleeps ne to be waked fears?

Over the hedge depends the traping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine,
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And her with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

Under the shadow of these drunken elms
A fountain rose, where Pangloretta uses
(When her some flood of fancy overwhelms,
And one of all her favourites she chooses)
To bathe herself, whom she in lust abuses.
And from his wanton body sucks his soul,
Which, drown'd in pleasure in that shallow bowl,
And swimming in delight, doth amorously roll.

The font of silver was, and so his showers
In silver fell, only the gilded bowls
(Like to a furnace, that the min'ral powers)
Seem'd to have mol't it in their shining holes:
And on the water, like to burning coals,
On liquid silver leaves of roses lay:
But when Panglory here did list to play,
Rose-water then it ran, and milk it rain'd, they say.

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys
Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the streams, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leapt with speed,
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed,
The naked boys unto the water's fall,
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their wat'ry interail.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts a-ground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts, so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bow'r,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolize)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danc'd a round, and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

Others within their arbours swilling sat,
(For all the room about was arboured)
With laughing Bacchus, that was grown so fat,
That stand he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freshly watered,
To quench his fiery cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and sallied out
Flaggons of wine, to set on fire that spuing rout.

This their inhumed souls esteem'd their wealths,
To crown the bousing can from day to night,
And sick to drink themselves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in ivory white,
They came, where whiter ladies naked went,
Melted in pleasure and soft languishment,
And sunk in beds of roses, amorous glances sent.

Fly, fly, thou holy Child, that wanton room,
And thou, my chaster Muse, those harlots shun,
And with him to a higher story come,
Where mounts of gold and floods of silver run,
The while the owners, with their wealth undone,
Starve in their store, and in their plenty pine,
Tumbling themselves upon their heaps of mine,
Glutting their famish'd souls, with the deceitful shine.

Ah! who was he such precious berils found?
How strongly Nature did her treasures hide,
And threw upon them mountains of thick ground,
To dark their ory lustre! but quaint Pride
Hath taught her sons to wound their mother's side,
And gage the depth, to search for flaring shells,
In whose bright bosom spumy Bacchus swells,
That neither Heaven nor Earth henceforth in safety dwells.

O sacred hunger of the greedy eye,
Whose need hath end, but no end covetise,
Empty in fulness, rich in poverty,
That having all things, nothing can suffice,
How thou befanciest the men most wise!
The poor man would be rich, the rich man great,
The great man king, the king in God's own seat
Enthron'd, with mortal arm dares flames, and thunder threat.

Therefore above the rest Ambition sate,
His court with glitterant pearl was all inwall'd,
And round about the wall, in chairs of state,
And most majestic splendour, were install'd
A hundred kings, whose temples were impall'd
In golden diadems, set here and there
With diamonds, and gemmed every where,
And of their golden virges none disceptred were.

High over all, Panglory's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of Heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught:
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured;
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such wat'ry orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be waved higher:
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came, she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song, to welcome him withal:

"Love is the blossom where there blows
Every thing that lives or grows:
Love doth make the Heav'ns to move,
And the Sun doth burn in love:
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Soften'd by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no med'cine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leavy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame,
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

"See, see the flowers that below,
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all, the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved die,
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer-shade,
But now born, and now they fade.

Every thing doth pass away,
There is danger in delay:
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sand of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne:
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine:
While ten thousand kings, as proud,
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me.
All the stars in Heav'n that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be."

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to Hell she took her flight,
(The starting air flew from the damned spright)
Where deeply both aggriev'd, plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his Father him a banquet brought,
Through the fine element; for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy quires combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

312.—A HYMN.

Drop, drop, slow tears, and bathe those beauteous feet,
Which brought from heaven the news and Prince of Peace!
Cease not, wet eyes, His mercy to entreat!
To cry for vengeance sin doth never cease.
In your deep floods drown all my faults and fears;
Nor let his eye see sin but thro' my tears.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

313.—THE DEMAND OF JUSTICE.

Upon two stony tables, spread before her,
She lean'd her bosom, more than stony hard,
There slept th' impartial judge, and strict restorer
Of wrong, or right, with pain, or with reward.
There hung the score of all our debts, the card
Where good, and bad, and life, and death, were painted:
Was never heart of mortal so untainted,
But when that scroll was read, with thousand terrors fainted.

Witness the thunder that on Mount Sinai heard,
When all the hill with fiery clouds did flame,
And wand'ring Israel with the sight afear'd,
Blinded with seeing, durst not touch the same,
But like a wood of shaking leaves became.
On this dread Justice, she, the living law,
Bowing herself with a majestic awe,
All Heav'n, to hear her speech, did into silence draw.

"Dread Lord of spirits, well thou didst devise
To fling the world's rude dunghill and the dross
Of the old chaos, farthest from the skies
And thine own seat, that here the child of loss,
Of all the lower heav'n the curse and cross,
That wretch, beast, captive, monster, man, might spend
(Proud of the mire in which his soul is pen'd),
Clodded in lumps of clay, his weary life to end.

"His body, dust:—where grew such cause of pride?
His soul, thy image:—what could he envy?
Himself, most happy, if he so would bide:
Now grown most wretched,—who can remedy?
He slew himself, himself the enemy.
That his own soul would her own murder wreak,
If I were silent, Heav'n and Earth would speak;
And if all fail'd, these stones would into clamours break.

"How many darts made furrows in his side,
When she, that out of his own side was made,
Gave feathers to their flight? where was the pride
Of their new knowledge? whither did it fade,
When, running from thy voice into the shade
He fled thy sight, himself of light bereav'd;
And for his shield a heavy armour weav'd,
With which, vain man, he thought God's eyes to have deceiv'd?

"And well he might delude those eyes that see,
And judge by colours; for who ever saw
A man of leaves, a reasonable tree?
But those that from this stock their life did draw,
Soon made their father godly, and by law
Proclaimèd trees almighty: gods of wood,
Of stocks and stones, with crowns of laurel stood,
Templed, and fed by fathers with their children's blood.

"The sparkling fanes, that burn in beaten gold,
And, like the stars of Heav'n in midst of night,
Black Egypt, as her mirrors, doth behold,
Are but the dens where idol-snakes delight
Again to cover Satan from their sight:
Yet these are all their gods, to whom they vie
The crocodile, the cock, the rat, the fly,
Fit gods, indeed, for such men to be served by.

"The fire, the wind, the sea, the Sun, and Moon,
The flitting air, and the swift-wingèd hours,
And all the watchmen, that so nimbly run,
And sentinel about the wallèd towers
Of the world's city, in their heavenly bowers;
And, lest their pleasant gods should want delight,
Neptune spues out the Lady Aphrodite,
And but in Heav'n proud Juno's peacocks scorn to light.

"The senseless earth, the serpent, dog, and cat;
And, worse than all these, man, and worst of men,
Usurping Jove, and swelling Bacchus fat,
And drunk with the vine's purple blood; and then
The fiend himself they conjure from his den,
Because he only yet remain'd to be
Worse than the worst of men; they flee from thee,
And wear his altar-stones out with their pliant knee.

"All that he speaks (and all he speaks are lies)
Are oracles; 'tis he (that wounded all)
Cures all their wounds; he (that put out their eyes)
That gives them light; he (that death first did call
Into the world) that with his orisal,
Inspirits earth: he Heav'n's all-seeing eye,
He Earth's great prophet, he, whom rest doth fly,
That on salt billows doth, as pillows, sleeping lie.

"But let him in his cabin restless rest,
The dungeon of dark flames, and freezing fire,
Justice in Heav'n against man makes request
To God, and of his angels doth require
Sin's punishment: if what I did desire,
Or who, or against whom, or why, or where,
Of, or before whom ignorant I were,
Then should my speech their sands of sins to mountains rear.

"Were not the Heav'ns pure, in whose courts I sue,
The judge, to whom I sue, just to requite him,
The cause—for sin, the punishment—most due,
Justice herself—the plaintiff to endite him,
The angels—holy, before whom I cite him,
He—against whom, wicked, unjust, impure;
Then might he sinful live, and die secure,
Or trial might escape, or trial might endure.

"The judge might partial be, and over-pray'd;
The place appeal'd from, in whose courts he sues;
The fault excus'd or punishment delay'd;
The parties self-accus'd, that did accuse;
Angels for pardon might their prayers use:
But now no star can shine, no hope be got.
Most wretched creature, if he knew his lot,
And yet more wretched far, because he knows it not!

"What should I tell how barren Earth has grown,
All for to starve her children? didst not thou
Water with heav'nly show'rs her womb unsown,
And drop down clods of flow'rs? didst not thou bow
Thine easy ear unto the ploughman's vow?
Long might he look, and look, and long in vain,
Might load his harvest in an empty wain,
And beat the woods, to find the poor oak's hungry grain.

"The swelling sea seethes in his angry waves,
And smites the earth that dares the traitors nourish;
Yet oft his thunder their light cork outbraves,
Mowing the mountains, on whose temples flourish
Whole woods of garlands; and, their pride to cherish,

Plough through the sea's green fields, and nets display
To catch the flying winds, and steal away,
Coz'ning the greedy sea, pris'ning their nimble prey.

"Would not the air be fill'd with streams of death,
To poison the quick rivers of their blood,
Did not thy winds fan, with their panting breath,
The flitting region? would not th' hasty flood
Empty itself into the sea's wide wood?
Did'st not thou lead it wand'ring from his way,
To give men drink, and make his waters stray,
To fresh the flow'ry meadows, through whose fields they play?

"Who makes the sources of the silver fountains
From the flint's mouth, and rocky valleys slide,
Thick'ning the airy bowels of the mountains?
Who hath the wild herds of the forest ty'd
In their cold dens, making them hungry bide,
Till man to rest be laid? can, beastly, he,
That should have most sense, only senseless be,
And all things else, beside himself, so aweful see?

"Were he not wilder than the savage beast,
Prouder than haughty hills, harder than rocks,
Colder than fountains from their springs releas'd,
Lighter than air, blinder than senseless stocks,
More changing than the river's curling locks;
If reason would not, sense would soon reprove him,
And unto shame, if not to sorrow move him,
To see cold floods, wild beasts, dull stocks, hard stones out-love him.

"Under the weight of sin the earth did fall,
And swallow'd Dathan, and the raging wind,
And stormy sea, and gaping whale, did call
For Jonas: and the air did bullets find,
And shot from Heav'n a stony show'r to grind
The five proud kings that for their idols fought,
The Sun itself stood still to fight it out,
And fire from Heav'n flew down, when sin to Heav'n did shout.

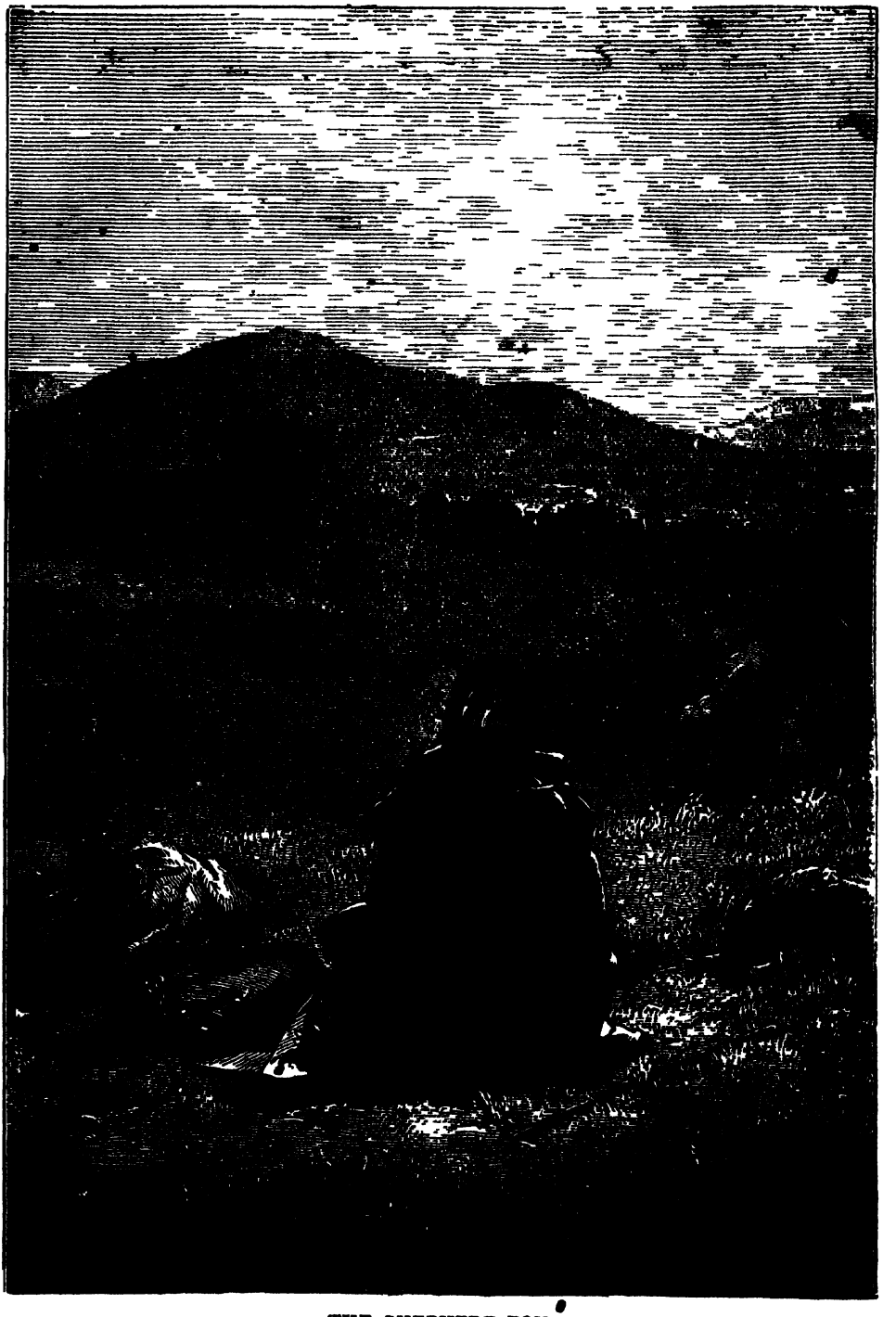
"Should any to himself for safety fly,
The way to save himself, if any were,
Were to fly from himself: should he rely
Upon the promise of his wife?—but there
What can he see, but that he most may fear,
A Siren, sweet to death? upon his friends?
Who that he needs, or that he hath not lends?
Or wanting aid himself, aid to another sends?

"His strength?—but dust: his pleasure?—cause of pain:
His hope?—false courtier: youth or beauty?—brittle:
Entreaty?—fond: repentance?—late and vain:
Just recompence?—the world were all too little:
Thy love?—he hath no title to a tittle:
Hell's force?—in vain her furies Hell shall gather:
His servants, kinsmen, or his children rather?—
His child, if good, shall judge; if bad, shall curse his father.

"His life?—that brings him to his end, and leaves him:
His end?—that leaves him to begin his woe:
His goods?—what good in that, that so deceives him?
His gods of wood?—their feet, alas! are slow
To go to help, that must be help'd to go:
Honour, great worth?—ah! little worth they be
Unto their owners: wit?—that makes him see
He wanted wit, that thought he had it, wanting thee.

"The sea to drink him quick?—that casts his dead:
Angels to spare?—they punish: night to hide?—
The world shall burn in light: the Heav'ns to spread
Their wings to save him?—Heav'n itself shall slide,
And roll away like melting stars that glide
Along their oily threads: his mind pursues him:
His house to shroud, or hills to fall, and bruise him?
As serjeants both attach, and witnesses accuse him.

"What need I urge, what they must needs confess,
Sentence on them, condemn'd by their own lust?
I crave no more, and thou can'st give no less,
Than death to dead men, justice to unjust;
Shame to most shameful, and most shameless dust:



THE SHEPHERD-BOY.

"Thrice—oh! thrice happy shepherd's life and state.

* * * *

No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep."

[*Poem* 314.

But if thy mercy needs will spare her friends,
Let mercy there begin, where justice ends.
'Tis cruel mercy, that the wrong from right defends."

She ended, and the heav'nly hierarchies,
Burning in zeal, thickly imbranded were;
Like to an army that alarum cries,
And every one shakes his ydreaded spear,
And the Almighty's self, as he would tear
The Earth, and her firm basis quite in sunder,
Flam'd all in just revenge, and mighty thunder:
Heav'n stole itself from Earth by clouds that moisten'd under.

Giles Fletcher.—About 1610.

314.—HAPPINESS OF THE SHEPHERD'S LIFE.

Thrice, oh thrice happy, shepherd's life and state!
When courts are happiness' unhappy pawns!
His cottage low and safely humble gate
Shuts out proud Fortune, with her scorns and fawns:
No feared treason breaks his quiet sleep:
Singing all day, his flocks he learns to keep;
Himself as innocent as are his simple sheep.

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their thread
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride:
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds' sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent;
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him:
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

Phineas Fletcher.—About 1633.

315.—INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from Heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due:
Though now but writ and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why should'st thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss against Heav'n's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops, and silver turrets shining;
Where now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in safety breeds;
Where screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steads.

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shared?

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
An empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous Beast, which nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His flattering horns pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:

Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself's as flit as is the air we breathe

Phineas Fletcher —About 1633

316—TO ROSES IN THE BOSOM OF CASTARA.

Yee blushing virgins happie are
In the chaste nunn'ry of her brests,
For hee'd prophane so chaste a faire,
Who ere should call them Cupid's nests

Transplanted thus how bright yee grow,
How rich a perfume doe yee yeeld?
In some close garden, cowslips so
Are sweeter than i' the open field

In those white cloysters live secure
From the rude blasts of wanton breath,
Each houre more innocent and pure,
Till you shall wither into death

Then that which living gave you roome,
Your glorious sepulcher shall be
There wants no marble for a tombe,
Whose brest hath marble beene to me

William Habington —About 1640

317—TO CASTARA.

Softly singing to Herself

Sing forth, sweete cherubin (for we have choice
Of reasons in thy beauty and thy voyce,
To name thee so, and scarce appeare prophane)
Sing forth, that while the orbs celestiall straine
To eccho thy sweet note, our humane eares
May then receive the musicke of the spheares
But yet take heede, lest if the swans of Thames,
That adde harmonious pleasure to the streames,
O th' sudden heare thy well divided breath,
Should listen, and in silence welcome death
And ravisht nightingales, striving too high
To reach thee, in the emulation dye
And thus there will be left no bird to sing
Farewell to th' waters, welcome to the spring

William Habington —About 1640.

318—TO CASTARA,

Inquiring why I loved her.

Why doth the stubborne iron prove
So gentle to th' magnetique stone?
How know you that the orbs doe move;
With musicke too? since heard of none?
And I will answer why I love

'Tis not thy vertues, each a starre
Which in thy soules bright sphoare doe shine,
Shooting their beauties from a farre,
To make each gazer's heart like thine;
Our vertues often meteors are.

'Tis not thy face, I cannot spie,
When poets weepe some virgin's death,
That Cupid wantons in her eye,
Or perfumes vapour from her breath,
And 'mongst the dead thou once must lie.

Nor is't thy birth. For I was ne're
So vaine as in that to delight
Which, ballance it, no weight doth beare,
Nor yet is object to the sight,
But onely fils the vulgar eare

Nor yet thy fortunes since I know
They, in their motion like the sea,
Ebbe from the good, to the impious flow:
And so in flattery betray,
That raising they out overthrow

And yet these attributes might prove
Fuell enough t' enflame desire,
But there was something from above,
Shot without reason's guide, this fire
I know, yet know not, why I love

William Habington —About 1640

319—A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HOPE AND FEAR

Checke thy forward thoughts, and know
Hymen only joynes their hands,
Who with even paces goe,
Shee in gold, he rich in lands

But Castara's purer fire,
When it meetes a noble flame,
Shuns the smoke of such desire,
Ioynes with love, and burnes the same

Yet obedience must prevaile,
They, who o're her actions sway,
Would have her in th' ocean saile,
And contemne thy narrow sea

Parents' lawes must beare no weight
When they happinesse prevent,
And our sea is not so streight,
But it roome hath for content

Thousand hearts as victims stand,
At the altar of her eyes,
And will partiall she command,
Onely thine for sacrifice?

Thousand victims must returne
She the purest will designe
Choose Castara which shall burne,
Choose the purest, that is mine

William Habington —About 1640.

320—TO THE SPRING,

Upon the Uncertainty of Castara's Abode.

Faire mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd,
Rise, by a lover's charme, from the parcht ground,

And shew thy flowry wealth that she, where ere
Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there
Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow,
Thy roses in those gelid fields t appeare,
She absent, I have all their winter here
Or if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
Her the coole breathing of Favonius lend
Thither command the birds to bring their quires,
That zone is temperate I have all his fires
Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should here
Lose by it all the treasures of the veere

William Habington —About 1640

---

321 —TO SEYMORS,

The House in which Castara lived

Blest temple, haile, where the chast altar stands
Which Nature built but the exacter hands
Of vertue polisht Though sad Fate deny
My prophane feete accesse, my vowes shall flye
May those musitians which divide the ayre
With their harmonious breath, their flight prepare
For this glad place and all their accents frame,
To teach the eccho my Castara s name
The beautious troopes of Graces led by Love
In chaste attempts, possesse the neighb ring grove
Where may the spring dwell still May every tree
Turne to a laurell and prophetticke be,
Which shall in its first oracle divine,
That courteous Fate decrees Castara mine

William Habington —About 1640

---

322 —DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA

Like the violet, which alone
Prospers in some happy shade
My Castara lives unknowne,
To no looser eye betray d,
For shee's to her selfe untrue
Who delights i th publicke view

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enricht with borrowed grace
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest being good

Cautious she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant,
Not speaks loud to boast her wit,
In her silence eloquent
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tweene men no difference makes

She obeyes with speedy will
Here grave parents' wise commands.
And so innocent, that ill,
She nor acts, nor understands.
Women's feet runne still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sailes by that rocke, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast
And retir dnesse thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast
Vertue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron d for wit

She holds that dayes pleasure best,
Where sinne waits not on delight,
Without maske or ball or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter s night
O re that darknesse whence is thrust,
Prayer and sleepe oft governs lust

She her throne makes reason climbe,
While wild passions captive lie
And each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to Heaven flie
All her vowes religious be,
And her love she vowes to me

William Habington — About 1640

---

323 —TO CASTARA

The beautiful confluent Loves

We saw and wooed each other s eyes,
My soule contracted then with thine,
And both burnt in one sacrifice,
By which our marriage grew divine

Let wilder youth, whose soul is sense,
Prophane the temple of delight
And purchase endless penitence
With the stolne pleasure of one night

Time s ever ours, while we despise
The sensuall idol of our clay,
For though the Sunne doe set and rise,
We joy one everlasting day

Whose light no jealous clouds obscure,
While each of us shine innocent
The troubled stream is still impure,
With vertue flies away content

And though opinions often erre,
Weake people court the modest smile of fame,
For sinne s black danger circles her,
Who hath infection in her name

Thus when to one darke silent roome,
Death shall our loving coffins thrust
Fame will build columnes on our tombe,
And adde a perfume to our dust

William Habington —About 1640

---

324 —TO MY NOBLEST FRIEND, I C, ESQUIRE.

Sir,
I hate the countrie's durt and manners, yet
I love the silence, I embrace the wit

And courtship, flowing here in a full tide.
But loathe the expence, the vanity, and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my eare unfold
(After due oath ministred) the height
And greatnesse of each star shines in the state,
The brightnesse, the eclypse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne discord flow:
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soone as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those Germane townes, even puzzle me to spell.
The crosse or prosperous fate of princes, they
Ascribe to rashnesse, cunning, or delay:
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Matchavill.
O busie folly: Why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quick designes of France? Why not repaire
To the pure innocence o' th' country ayre:
And neighbour thee, deare friend? Who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy wayes. There might not we
Arme against passion with philosophie;
And, by the aide of leisure, so controule
What-ere is earth in us, to grow all soule?
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
We study mysteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne shade
(Thy head upon some flowry pillow laide,
Kind Nature's huswifery) contemplate all
His stratagems who labours to inthral
The world to his great master, and youle finde
Ambition mocks it selfe, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too deare
A price for glory: honour doth appeare
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And jugler-like workes o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied onely wise: for no respect
Indangers them to errour; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, nor bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As vertue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busie care
O' th' towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound. Time here forgot
His journey, though his steps we numbred not.

William Habington.—About 1640.

325.—NOMINE LABIA MEA APERIES.

Noe monument of me remaine,
My mem'orie rust
In the same marble with my dust,
Ere I the spreading laurell gaine,
By writing wanton or prophane.

Ye glorious wonders of the skies,
Shine still, bright starres,
Th' Almightie's mystick characters!
Ile not your beautious lights surprize,
T' illuminate a woman's eyes.

Nor, to perfume her veines, will I
In each one set
The purple of the violet:
The untoucht flowre may grow and dye
Safe from my fancie's injurie.

Open my lippes, great God! and then
Ile soare above
The humble flight of carnall love.
Vpward to thee Ile force my pen,
And trace no path of vulger men.

For what can our unbounded soules
Worthy to be
Their object finde, excepting thee?
Where can I fixe? since time controules
Our pride, whose motion all things roules.

Should I my selfe ingratiate
T' a prince's smile,
How soone may death my hopes beguile?
And should I farme the proudest state,
I'me tennant to uncertaine fate.

If I court gold, will it not rust?
And if my love
Toward a female beauty move,
How will that surfet of our lust
Distast us, when resolv'd to dust?

But thou, Æternall banquet! where
For ever we
May feede without satietie!
Who harmonie art to the eare,
Who art, while all things else appeare!

While up to thee I shoote my flame,
Thou dost dispence
A holy death, that murders sence,
And makes me scorne all pompes, that ayme
At other triumphes than thy name.

It crownes me with a victory
So heavenly, all
That's earth from me away doth fall.
And I, from my corruption free,
Grow in my vowes even part of thee.

William Habington.—About 1640.

326.—PAUCITATEM DIERUM MEORUM NUNCIA MIHI.

Tell me, O great All-knowing God!
What period
Hast thou unto my dayes assign'd?
Like some old leafelesse tree, shall I
Wither away, or violently
Fall by the axe, by lightning, or the wind?

Heere, where I first drew vitall breath,
Shall I meete death?
And finde in the same vault a roome
Where my fore-fathers' ashes sleepe?
Or shall I dye, where none shall weepe
My timelesse fate, and my cold earth intombe?

Shall I 'gainst the swift Parthians fight,
And in their flight
Receive my death? Or shall I see
That envied peace, in which we are
Triumphant yet, disturb'd by warre,
And perish by th' invading enemie?

Astrologers, who calculate
Vncertaine fate,
Affirme my scheme doth not presage
Any abridgement of my dayes
And the physitian gravely sayes,
I may enjoy a reverent length of age

But they are jugglers, and by slight
Of art the sight
Of faith delude and in their schoole
They onely practise how to make
A mistery of each mistake,
And teach strange words credulity to foole

For thou who first didst motion give,
Whereby things live,
And time hath being! to conceale
Future events didst thinke it fit
To checke th ambition of our wit,
And keepe in awe the curious search of zeale

Therefore, so I prepar'd still be,
My God, for thee
O th' sudden on my spirits may
Some killing apoplexie seize,
Or let me by a dull disease,
Or weakened by a feeble age, decay

And so I in thy favour dye,
No memorie
For me a well wrought tombe prepare,
For if my soule be mong the blest,
Though my poore ashes want a chest,
I shall forgive the trespasse of my heire.

William Habington —About 1640

---

327 —ET EXALTAVIT HUMILES.

How cheerfully th unpartiall Sunne
Gilds with his beames
The narrow streames
O' th' brooke which silently doth runne
Without a name?
And yet disdaines to lend his flame
To the wide channell of the Thames?

The largest mountaines barren lye,
And lightning feare,
Though they appeare
To bid defiance to the skie,
Which in one houre
W' have seen the opening earth devoure,
When in their height they proudest were.

But th' humble man heaves up his head
Like some rich vale
Whose fruites nere faile
With flowres, with corne, and vines ore-spread.
Nor doth complaine
Ore-flowed by an ill-season'd raine
Or batter'd by a storme of haile.

Like a tall barke treasure fraught,
He the seas cleere
Doth quiet steere
But when they are t' a tempest wrought;
More gallantly
He spreads his saile, and doth more high,
By swelling of the waves, appeare.

For the Almighty joyes to force
The glorious tide
Of humane pride
To th' lowest ebbe, that ore his course
(Which rudely bore
Downe what oppos'd it heretofore)
His feeblest enemie may stride

But from his ill thatcht roofe he brings
The cottager,
And doth preferre
Him to th adored state of kings
He bids that hand
Which labour hath made rough and tan'd
The all commanding sceptor beare

Let then the mighty cease to boast
Their boundlesse sway
Since in their sea
Few sayle, but by some storme are lost.
Let them themselves
Beware for they are their owne shelves
Man still himselfe hath cast away.

William Habington —About 1640

---

328 —CUPIO DISSOLVI.

The soule which doth with God unite,
Those gayeties how doth she slight
Which ore opinion sway?
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars or on martyrs shrines,
How doth she burne away?

How violent are her throwes till she
From envious earth delivered be,
Which doth her flight restraine?
How doth she doate on whips and rackes,
On fires and the so dreaded axe,
And every murd'ring paine?

How soone she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame s more precious breath;
And every gaudy circumstance
That doth the pompe of life advance
At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the starres,
Placing all knowledge there
And lovers in their mistresse' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seeke no higher sphere.

The wandring pilot sweates to find
The causes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the pole.
The politician scornes all art
But what doth pride and power impart,
And swells the ambitious soule.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warme,
And 'gainst these powerfull follies arme,
Doth soberly disdaine.
All these fond humane misteries,
As the deceitfull and unwise
Distempers of our braine.

He as a burden beares his clay,
Yet vainely throwes it not away
On every idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can resolve to live or dye,
Regardlesse of th' applause.

My God! If 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this ayre;
My heart obeyes, joy'd to retreate
From the false favours of the great
And treachery of the faire.

When thou shalt please this soule t' enthrone
Above impure corruption;
What should I grieve or feare,
To thinke this breathlesse body must
Become a loathsome heape of dust,
And nere againe appeare.

For in the fire when ore is tryed,
And by that torment purified,
Doe we deplore the losse?
And when thou shalt my soule refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the drosse?

William Habington.—About 1640.

329.—SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover!
Pr'ythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner!
Pr'ythee why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:—
The devil take her!

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

330.—A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs:
And there did I see coming down
Such folks as are not in our town,
Vorty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine,)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' the town:
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale—
For such a maid no Whitson ale
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,
It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight;
And then she look'd as who shou'd say
I will do what I list to-day;
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Katherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly.
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely:
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o' me! how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated:
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,
Like new-fal'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,
Good b'ye, with all my heart.

But just as heavens wou'd have to cross it,
In came the bridemaids with the posset;
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to 't
It wou'd have cost two hours to do 't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle' s out, and now
All that they had not done, they do!
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell!

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

331.—CONSTANCY.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

332.—SONG.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Sir John Suckling.—About 1640.

333.—DESCRIPTION OF THE PRIESTESS OF DIANA.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent, he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about;

And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear,
As the wind gave it being. So sweet an air
Would strike a siren mute, and ravish her.
He sees no creature that might cause the same,
But he was sure that from the grove it came,
And to the grove he goes to satisfy
The curiosity of ear and eye.
Thorough the thick-leaved boughs he makes a way,
Nor could the scratching brambles make him stay,
But on he rushes, and climbs up a hill,
Thorough a glade. He saw and heard his fill—
A hundred virgins there he might espy,
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana. On their knee
They tended their devotions with sweet airs,
Offering the incense of their praise and prayers,
Their garments all alike. * * *
* * * * *
And cross their snowy silken robes they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er;
Their hair in curious tresses was knot up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top;
A silver bow their left hand held, their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight
Of arrows. * * * * *
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, laced with ribbanding, they wore;
It was a catching sight to a young eye,
That Love had fix'd before. He might espy
One whom the rest had, sphere-like, circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd:
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

John Chalkhill.—About 1619.

334.—THE IMAGE OF JEALOUSY IN THE CHAPEL OF DIANA.

* * A curious eye
Might see some relics of a piece of art
That Psyche made, when Love first fired her heart;
It was the story of her thoughts, that she
Curiously wrought in lively imagery:
Among the rest she thought of Jealousy,
Time left untouch'd to grace antiquity,
She was decypher'd by a tim'rous dame,
Wrapt in a yellow mantle lined with flame;
Her looks were pale, contracted with a frown,
Her eyes suspicious, wandering up and down;
Behind her Fear attended, big with child,
Able to fright Presumption if she smiled;
After her flew a sigh between two springs
Of briny waters. On her dove-like wings
She bore a letter seal'd with a half moon,
And superscribed—this from Suspicion.

John Chalkhill.—About 1649.

335.—THE WITCH'S CAVE.

Her cell was hewn out in the marble rock
By more than human art. She need not knock—
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines;
Not set by art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth; so starlike bright they shone,
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry. * * * *
* * * * In they went:
The ground was strewn with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mixt with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brains, and quickly caught
His credulous sense. The walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
O'er all the arch—the swelling grapes were red;
This art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quickest eye they more than seem'd to grow.
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as whereof loose Ovid sometimes sung;
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers taller than themselves,
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature,
Their rich attire so differing, yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest. * * *
After a low salute they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring;
Orandra to her charms was stept aside,
Leaving her guest half won, and wanton eyed:
He had forgot his herb—cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
That he was not himself. * * *
* * * * Unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste—so like she was
To his Clarinda both in shape and face,
So voiced, so habited,—of the same gait
And comely gesture. * * *
* * * Hardly did he refrain
From sucking in destruction at her lip;
Sin's cup will poison at the smallest sip.

She weeps and woos again with subtleness,
And with a frown she chides his backwardness:
Have you (said she), sweet prince, so soon forgot
Your own beloved Clarinda? Are you not
The same you were, that you so slightly set
By her that once you made the cabinet
Of your choice counsel? Hath some worthier love
Stole your affections? What is it should move
You to dislike so soon? Must I still taste
No other dish but sorrow? When we last
Emptied our souls into each other's breast
It was not so. * * * *
* * * With that she wept afresh * *
* * She seem'd to fall into a swound;
And stooping down to raise her from the ground,
He puts his herb into his mouth, whose taste
Soon changed his mind he lifts her—but in vain,
His hands fell off, and she fell down again:
With that she leant him such a frown as would
Have kill'd a common lover, and made cold
Even lust itself. * * * *
* * * The lights went out,
And darkness hung the chamber round about:
A yelling, hellish noise was each where heard.

John Chalkhill.—About 1649.

336.—THE VOTARESS OF DIANA.

——— Clarinda came at last
With all her train, who, as along she pass'd
Thorough the inward court, did make a lane,
Opening their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence. Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistering with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
They had been real. Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold: white buskins hide
The naked of her leg; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set,
And on the top a silver crescent plac'd,
And all the lustre by such beauty grac'd,
As her reflection made them seem more fair;
One would have thought Diana's self were there;
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feather'd arrows.

John Chalkhill.—About 1649.

337.—A VALEDICTION.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise.
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view again:
So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

338.—TO CHLOE,

Who wished herself young enough for me.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they met mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine.
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awakened sense;
The other when two souls unite:
And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in those souls did plant new pow'rs:
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all;
None too much, none too little have;
Nay, that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine?
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine;
So, by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

339.—LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows,
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
  Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
  Wing them for various loves;
  And whether gold, or lead,
  Quicken, or dull the head:
I will anoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask! whoe'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly;
  The flights of angels part
  Not air with so much art;
  And snows on streams, we may
  Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To die white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
  A subtle taking smile
  From passion, or from guile;
  The spirit, life, and grace
  Of motion, limbs, and face:
These misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
  So lights of flowing graces
  Sparkle in several places,
  Only adorn the parts,
  Till that we make them darts;
Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore:
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
  Those graces all were meant
  Our joy, not discontent;
  But with untaught desires
  We turn those lights to fires,
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

340.—THE KISS—A DIALOGUE.

Among thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
I shall resolve ye what it is:
It is a creature born, and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
And makes more soft the bridal bed:

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
And stills the bride too when she cries:

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies: now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
And here, and there, and everywhere.

Has it a speaking virtue?—Yes.
How speaks it, say?—Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
And this love's sweetest language is.

Has it a body?—Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Love honey yields, but never stings.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

341.—TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
  Why do you fall so fast?
  Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
  To blush and gently smile,
    And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
  An hour or half's delight,
  And so to bid good-night?
'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
  Merely to show your worth,
    And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
  May read how soon things have
  Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
  Like you a while, they glide
    Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

342.—TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
  Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
  Has run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

343.—SONG.

Gather ye rose-buds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And, whilst ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

344.—TO MEADOWS.

Ye have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been,
Where maids have spent their hours.

Ye have beheld where they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round,
Each virgin like a Spring
With honeysuckles crown'd.

But now we see none here,
Whose silvery feet did tread,
And, with dishevell'd hair,
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
Your poor estates alone.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

345.—THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Sweet country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee!
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove:
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No: thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which though well-soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamell'd meads
Thou go'st; and as thy foot there treads,
Thou see'st a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat,
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leavest them as they feed and fill;
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast;
Thy may-poles too, with garlands graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cockrood, and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made;

Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pit-falls, then
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought to affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

346.—TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth."

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

347.—JULIA.

Some ask'd me where the rubies grow,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some ask'd how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

348.—CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

349.—A THANKSGIVING FOR HIS HOUSE.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign
As wholly thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

350.—TO FIND GOD.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears,
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim

Robert Herrick.—About 1648.

351.—TO CORINNA, TO GO A-MAYING.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns. 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees, see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even,
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament:
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks pick'd; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun,
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, lets go a-Maying.

Robert Herrick.—About 1648

352.—SONG.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplough'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

353.—TO LUCASTA,

Going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True: a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

354.—TO LUCASTA.

From Prison.

Long in thy shackles, liberty,
I ask not from these walls, but thee;
Left for a while another's bride
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e'er I do begin to love,
See! how I all my objects prove;
Then my free soul to that confine,
'Twere possible I might call mine.

First I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts increase;
But how, alas! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star;
But war is lov'd so ev'ry where,
Ev'n he disdains a lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan
Fair thorough-shot religion;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whose binds thy hands is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav'n sent;
But, ah! who's he that would be wedded,
To th' fairest body that's beheaded!

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birthright, property;
But can that be, when it is known
There's nothing you can call your own?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov'reign salve;
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store;
Nor how to trust her can I see,
For she that cozens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joys? The KING.

He, who being the whole ball
Of day on earth, lends it to all;
When seeking to eclipse his right,
Blinded, we stand in our own light.

And now an universal mist
Of error is spread o'er each breast,
With such a fury edged, as is
Not found in th' inwards of th' abyss.

Oh, from thy glorious starry wain
Dispense on me one sacred beam,
To light me where I soon may see
How to serve you, and you trust me.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

355.—TO ALTHEA.

From Prison.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The gods that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my KING;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
He is, how great should be;
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

356.—SONG.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Forbear to braid that shining hair;
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly:

Let it fly as unconfined
As its ravisher the wind,
Who has left his darling east
To wanton o'er this spicy nest.

Every tress must be confess'd
But neatly tangled at the best,
Like a clew of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled:

Do not then wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud the night;
Like the sun in his early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

357.—A LOOSE SARABAND.

Ah me, the little tyrant thief,
As once my heart was playing,
He snatch'd it up, and flew away,
Laughing at all my praying.

Proud of his purchase, he surveys,
And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel still on he wounds it.

And now this heart is all his sport,
Which as a ball he boundeth,
From hand to hand, from breast to lip,
And all its rest confoundeth.

Then as a top he sets it up,
And pitifully whips it;
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine,
Then straight again he strips it.

He cover'd it with false belief,
Which gloriously show'd it;
And for a morning cushionet
On's mother he bestow'd it.

Each day with her small brazen stings
A thousand times she raced it;
But then at night, bright with her gems,
Once near her breast she placed it.

Then warm it 'gan to throb and bleed,
She knew that smart and grieved;
At length this poor condemned heart,
With these rich drugs reprieved.

She wash'd the wound with a fresh tear,
Which my Lucasta dropped;
And in the sleeve silk of her hair
'Twas hard bound up and wrapped.

She probed it with her constancy,
And found no rancour nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
Had wrought some proud flesh nigh it

Then press'd she hard in every vein,
Which from her kisses thrilled,
And with the balm heal'd all its pain
That from her hand distilled.

But yet this heart avoids me still,
Will not by me be owned;
But, fled to its physician's breast,
There proudly sits enthroned.

Richard Lovelace.—About 1649.

358.—TO A LADY ADMIRING HERSELF IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace;
(Sweet, be not angry) 'tis your face.
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.
Now you have what to love, you'll say,
What then is left for me, I pray?
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

359.—FROM THE MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

See, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd
To works of vanity! not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.
Sister, were there not before inns—
Yes, I will say inns (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns) enough to harbour such

As travell'd to destruction the broad way,
But they build more and more—more shops of Satan?
Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth! Had we seen a church,
A new-built church, erected north and south,
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Good works are done.
I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish and apocryphal.
But the bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if playhouses increase,
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Flat fornication!
I wonder anybody takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Nay, and I have heard,
That in a—tragedy, I think they call it,
They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.
Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for it?
Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or anybody;
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew! they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.
Impiety! O, that men endued with reason
Should have no more grace in them!
Be there not other
Vocations as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparitours,
Beadles and martials-men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters—th' are monsters—
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters!
I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.
Why then the city will in time be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Friars' college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,
So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!
It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.
For charity, what is't?
That the Globe
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consumed; the Phœnix burnt to ashes;
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore; Black-Friars
He wonders how it 'scaped demolishing
I' th' time of reformation: lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.
A good prayer!
Indeed, it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.
I have their custom, too, for all their feathers;
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

360.—TO MY PICTURE.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrow'd, when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I, myself, in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass;
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen,
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he.

Thomas Randolph.—About 1630.

361.—TO A NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care;
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attired in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven?
Sweet artless songster! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

362.—TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

363.—SPRING.

Sweet Spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet Spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.
Neglected virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closéd in a tomb!

William Drummond.—About 1640.

364.—THINK ON THY HOME.

Look, how the flower which ling'ringly doth fade,
The morning's darling late, the summer's queen,
Spoil'd of that juice which kept it fresh and green,
As high as it did raise, bows low the head:
Right so the pleasures of my life being dead,
Or in their contraries but only seen,
With swifter speed declines than erst it spread,
And (blasted) scarce now shows what it hath been.
As doth the pilgrim, therefore, whom the night
By darkness would imprison on his way,
Think on thy home (my soul) and think aright,
Of what's yet left thee of life's wasting day;
Thy sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

365.—JOHN THE BAPTIST.

The last and greatest herald of heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild;
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd,
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing,
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled,
There burst he forth; all ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent, repent!

William Drummond.—About 1640.

366.—THE PRAISE OF A SOLITARY LIFE.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve!
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

William Drummond.—About 1640.

367.—THE DEATH OF ROSAMOND.

Fair Rosamond within her bower of late
(While these sad storms had shaken Henry's state,
And he from England last had absent been)
Retired herself; nor had that star been seen
To shine abroad, or with her lustre grace
The woods or walks adjoining to the place.
About those places, while the times were free,
Oft with a train of her attendants she
For pleasure walk'd; and like the huntress queen,
With her light nymphs, was by the people seen.
Thither the country lads and swains, that near
To Woodstock dwelt, would come to gaze on her.

Their jolly May-games there would they present,
Their harmless sports and rustic merriment,
To give this beauteous paragon delight.
Nor that officious service would she slight;
But their rude pastimes gently entertain.

* * * *

Now came that fatal day, ordain'd to see
The eclipse of beauty, and for ever be
Accursed by woeful lovers,—all alone
Into her chamber Rosamond was gone;

* * * *

While thus she sadly mused, a ruthful cry
Had pierced her tender ear, and in the sound
Was named (she thought) unhappy Rosamond.
(The cry was utter'd by her grieved maid,
From whom that clew was taken, that betray'd
Her lady's life), and while she doubting fear'd,
Too soon the fatal certainty appear'd:
For with her train the wrathful queen was there:
Oh! who can tell what cold and killing fear
Through every part of Rosamond was struck?
The rosy tincture her sweet cheeks forsook,
And like an ivory statue did she show
Of life and motion reft. Had she been so
Transform'd in deed, how kind the Fates had been,
How pitiful to her! nay to the queen!
Even she herself did seem to entertain
Some ruth; but straight revenge return'd again,
And fill'd her furious breast. "Strumpet (quoth she),
I need not speak at all; my sight may be
Enough expression of my wrongs, and what
The consequence must prove of such a hate.
Here, take this poison'd cup" (for in her hand
A poison'd cup she had), "and do not stand
To parley now: but drink it presently,
Or else by tortures be resolved to die!
Thy doom is set." Pale trembling Rosamond
Receives the cup, and kneeling on the ground,
When dull amazement somewhat had forsook
Her breast, thus humbly to the queen she spoke:
"I dare not hope you should so far relent,
Great queen, as to forgive the punishment
That to my foul offence is justly due.
Nor will I vainly plead excuse, to show
By what strong arts I was at first betray'd,
Or tell how many subtle snares were laid
To catch mine honour. These though ne'er so true,
Can bring no recompense at all to you,
Nor just excuse to my abhorred crime.
Instead of sudden death, I crave but time,

* * * *

'No more (replied the furious queen); have done;
Delay no longer, lest thy choice be gone,
And that a sterner death for thee remain."
No more did Rosamond entreat in vain;
But, forced to hard necessity to yield,
Drank of the fatal potion that she held,
And with it enter'd the grim tyrant Death:
Yet gave such respite, that her dying breath
Might beg forgiveness from the heavenly throne,
And pardon those that her destruction
Had doubly wrought. "Forgive, O Lord (said she,),
Him that dishonour'd, her that murder'd me.
Yet let me speak, for truth's sake, angry queen!
If you had spared my life, I might have been
In time to come the example of your glory;
Not of your shame, as now; for when the story
Of hapless Rosamond is read, the best
And holiest people, as they will detest
My crime, and call it foul, they will abhor,
And call unjust, the rage of Eleanor.
And in this act of yours it will be thought
King Henry's sorrow, not his love, you sought."
And now so far the venom's force assail'd
Her vital parts, that life with language fail'd.
That well-built palace where the Graces made
Their chief abode, where thousand Cupids play'd
And couch'd their shafts, whose structure did delight
Even nature's self, is now demolish'd quite,
No'er to be raised again; the untimely stroke
Of death that precious cabinet has broke,
That Henry's pleased heart so long had held.
With sudden mourning now the house is fill'd;
Nor can the queen's attendants, though they fear
Her wrath, from weeping at that sight forbear.
By rough north blasts so blooming roses fade;
So crushed falls the lily's tender blade.

* * * *

Thomas May.—About 1649.

368.—THE SPRING.

Those whiter Lilies which the early morn
Seems to have newly woven of sleaved silk,
To which, on banks of wealthy Tagus born,
Gold was their cradle, liquid pearl their milk.

These blushing Roses, with whose virgin leaves,
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both those and these my Celia's pretty foot
Trod up—but if she should her face display,
And fragrant breast—they'd dry again to the root,
As with the blasting of the mid-day's ray;
And this soft wind, which both perfumes and cools,
Pass like the unregarded breath of fools.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

369.—A ROSE.

Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon:
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

370.—THE SAINT'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause;
Fear not the cavaliers;
Their threat'nings are as senseless, as
Our jealousies and fears.
'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good,
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest,
The clean contrary way.

When Charles we've bankrupt made like us,
Of crown and power bereft him,
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him,
When we've beggar'd all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right:
If any make a scruple on't,
Our declarations say,
Who fight for us, fight for the king
The clean contrary way.

At Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,
And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain'd,
The like ne'er seen before!
How often we Prince Rupert kill'd,
And bravely won the day;
The wicked cavaliers did run
The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace and plenty;
The privilege of parliament
Not known to one of twenty;
The ancient fundamental laws;
And teach men to obey
Their lawful sovereign; and all these
The clean contrary way.

We subjects' liberties preserve,
By prisonments and plunder,
And do enrich ourselves and state
By keeping the wicked under.
We must preserve mechanics now,
To lecturise and pray;
By them the Gospel is advanced
The clean contrary way.

And though the king be much misled
By that malignant crew;
He'll find us honest, and at last
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot, and plot,
Rebellion to destroy,
He sees we stand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

The public faith shall save our souls,
And good out-works together;
And ships shall save our lives, that stay
Only for wind and weather.
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven,
The clean contrary way.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

371.—A RICH FOOL.

Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly gilt,
The blinded people without cause admire,
And superstition impiously hath built
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship thee,
Since all's not gold that glisters and is fair;
Carving but makes an image of a tree:
But gods of images are made by prayer.

Sabean incense in a fragrant cloud
Illustriously suspended o'er thy crown
Like a king's canopy, makes thee allow'd
For more than man. But let them take thee down,
And thy true value be once understood,
Thy dull idolaters will find thou'rt wood.

Sir Richard Fanshawe.—About 1648.

372.—GONDIBERT.

THE ARGUMENT.

The king to Gondibert is grown so kinde,
That he prevents the beauteous Rhodalind
In giving of her love; and Gondibert
Laments his breast holds but a single heart;
Which Birtha grieves her beauty did subdue,
Since he undoes the world in being true.

Full grows the presence now, as when all know
Some stranger prince must be receiv'd with state;
When courts shew those, who come to see the show;
And all gay subjects like domesticks waite.

Nor Ulfinore nor Goltho absent were;
Whose hopes expect what list'ning Birtha (hid
In the adjoyning closet) fears to heare;
And beggs kinde Heav'n in pitty would forbid.

The king (who never time nor pow'r misspent
In subjects' bashfulness, whiling great deeds
Like coward councels, who too late consent)
Thus to his secret will aloud proceeds.

"If to thy fame," (brave youth) "I could add wings,
Or make her trumpet louder by my voice,
I would (as an example drawn for kings)
Proclaim the cause, why thou art now my choice.

"But this were to suspect the world asleep,
Or all our Lombards with their envy blinde,
Or that the Huns so much for bondage weep,
As their drown'd eies cannot thy trophies finde.

"When this is heard, none dare of what I give
Presume their equal merit might have shar'd;
And to say more, might make thy foes believe,
Thy dang'rous worth is grown above reward.

"Reward even of a crown, and such a crown,
As by Heav'n's model ancient victors wore;
When they, as by their coyn, by laws were known;
For laws but made more currant victors' pow'r.

"A crown soon taught, by whom pow'r first was given;
When victors (of dominion cautious made
By hearing of that old revolt in Heav'n)
Kept pow'r too high for subjects to invade.

"A crown, which ends by armies their debate,
Who question height of pow'r; who by the law
(Till plain obedience they make intricate)
Would not the people, but their rulers aw.

"To pow'r adoption makes thy title good;
Preferring worth, as birth gives princes' place;
And vertue's claim exceeds the right of blood,
As soul's extraction does the bodie's race.

"Yet for thy blood's long walk through princes' veins,
Thou maist with any Lombard measure time;
Though he his hidden house in Ilium feigns;
And not step short, when Hubert's self would climbe.

"And Hubert is of highest victors' breed;
Whose worth I shall for distant empire choose;
If he will learn, that you by fate procede,
And what he never had, he cannot lose.

"His valour shall the Gothick conquest keep;
And would to Heaven that all your mighty mindes
As soon were pleas'd, as infants are with sleep,
And you had musick common as the windes.

"That all the year your seasons were like spring;
All joy'd as birds, and all as lovers kinde;
That ev'ry famous fighter were a king,
And each like you could have a Rhodalind.

"For she is yours, as your adoption free;
And in that gift my remnant life I give;
But 'tis to you, brave youth! who now are she;
And she that Heav'n where secondly I live.

"And richer than that crown (which shall be thine,
When life's long progress I am gone with fame)
Take all her love; which scarce forbears to shine
And own thee, through her virgin-curtain, shame."

Thus spake the king; and Rhodalind appear'd
Through publish'd love, with so much bashfulness,
As young kings shew, when by surprise o're-heard
Moaning to fav'rite eares a deep distress.

For love is a distress, and would be hid
Like monarchs' griefs, by which they bashful grow;
And in that shame beholders they forbid;
Since those blush most, who most their blushes show.

And Gondibert with dying eies did grieve
At her vail'd love (a wound he cannot heal)
As great mindes mourn, who cannot then relieve
The vertuous, when through shame they want conceal.

And now cold Birtha's rosy looks decay;
Who in fear's frost had like her beauty dy'd,
But that attendant hope perswades her stay
A while, to hear her duke; who thus reply'd.

"Victorious king! Abroad your subjects are
Like legates safe; at home like altars free!
Even by your fame they conquer as by warre;
And by your laws safe from each other be.

"A king you are o're subjects, so as wise
And noble husbands seem o're loyal wives:
Who claim not, yet confess their liberties,
And brag to strangers of their happy lives.

"To foes a winter storm; whilst your friends bow,
Like summer trees, beneath your bounty's load;
To me (next him whom your great self, with low
And cheerful duty serves) a giving God.

"Since this is you, and Rhodalind (the light
By which her sex fled vertue finde) is yours;
Your diamond, with tests of jealous sight,
The stroke, and fire, and oisel's juice endures;

"Since she so precious is, I shall appear
All counterfeit, of art's disguises made;
And never dare approach her lustre near;
Who scarce can hold my value in the shade.

"Forgive me that I am not what I seem,
But falsly have dissembled an excess
Of all such vertues as you most esteem;
But now grow good but as I ills confess.

"Far in ambition's feaver am I gone!
Like raging flame aspiring is my love;
Like flame destructive too, and like the Sun
Does round the world tow'rds change of objects move.

"Nor is this now through vertuous shame confess'd;
But Rhodalind does force my conjur'd feare,
As men whom evil spirits have possess'd,
Tell all when saintly votaries appeare.

"When she will grace the bridal dignitie,
It will be soon to all young monarchs known;
Who then by posting through the world will trie
Who first can at her feet present his crown.

"Then will Verona seem the inn of kings;
And Rhodalind shall at her palace gate
Smile, when great love these royal suters brings;
Who for that smile would as for empire waite.

"Amongst this ruling race she choyce may take
For warmth of valour, coolness of the minde,
Eies that in empire's drowsie calms can wake,
In storms look out, in darkness dangers find.

"A prince who more inlarges pow'r than lands:
Whose greatness is not what his map contains;
But thinks that his, where he at full commands;
Not where his coyn does pass, but pow'r remains.

"Who knows that pow'r can never be too high
When by the good possest; for 'tis in them
The swelling Nyle; from which though people fly,
They prosper most by rising of the stream.

"Thus (princess) you should choose; and you will finde;
Even he, since men are wolves, must civilize
(As light does tame some beasts of savage kinde)
Himself yet more, by dwelling in your eies."

Such was the duke's reply; which did produce
Thoughts of a diverse shape through sev'ral eares:
His jealous rivals mourn at his excuse;
But Astragon it cures of all his feares.

Birtha his praise of Rhodalind bewayles;
And now her hope a weak physitian seems,
For hope, the common comforter, prevailes
Like common med'cines, slowly in extreams.

The king (secure in offer'd empire) takes
This forc'd excuse, as troubled bashfulness,
And a disguise which sodain passion makes,
To hide more joy than prudence should express.

And Rhodalind (who never lov'd before,
Nor could suspect his love was giv'n away)
Thought not the treasure of his breast so poore,
But that it might his debts of honour pay.

To hasten the rewards of his desert,
The king does to Verona him command;
And kindness so impos'd, not all his art
Can now instruct his duty to withstand.

Yet whilst the king does now his time dispose
In seeing wonders, in this palace shown,
He would a parting kindness pay to those
Who of their wounds are yet not perfect grown.

And by this fair pretence, whilst on the king
Lord Astragon through all the house attends,
Young Orgo does the duke to Birtha bring;
Who thus her sorrows to his bosome sends.

"Why should my storm your life's calm voyage vex?
Destroying wholly vertue's race in one;
So by the first of my unlucky sex,
All in a single ruine were undone.

"Make heav'nly Rhodalind your bride! Whilst I,
Your once lov'd maid, excuse you, since I know
That vertuous men forsake so willingly
Long cherish'd life, because to Heav'n they go.

"Let me her servant be! A dignity,
Which if your pity in my fall procures;
I still shall value the advancement high,
Not as the crown is hers, but she is yours."

E're this high sorrow up to dying grew,
The duke the casket op'ned, and from thence
(Form'd like a heart) a cheerfull emrauld drew;
Cheerful, as if the lively stone had sence.

The thirti'th carract it had doubled twice;
Not tak'n from the Attick silver mine,
Nor from the brass, though such (of nobler price)
Did on the necks of Parthian ladies shine:

Nor yet of those which make the Ethiop proud;
Nor taken from those rocks where Bactrians climb;
But from the Scythian, and without a cloud;
Not sick at fire, nor languishing with time.

Then thus he spake! "This (Birtha) from my male
Progenitors, was to the loyal she
On whose kinde heart they did in love prevail,
The nuptial pledge, and this I give to thee!

"Seven centuries have pass'd, since it from bride
To bride did first succeed; and though tis known
From ancient lore, that gemms much vertue hide,
And that the emrauld is the bridal stone;

"Though much renown'd because it chastness loves,
And will when worn by the neglected wife,
Show when her absent lord disloyal proves,
By faintness, and a pale decay of life;

"Though emraulds serve as spies to jealous brides,
Yet each compar'd to this does councel keep;
Like a false stone, the husband's falsehood hides,
Or seems born blinde, or feigns a dying sleep.

"With this take Orgo, as a better spy;
Who may in all your kinder feares be sent
To watch at court, if I deserve to die
By making this to fade, and you lament."

Had now an artfull pencil Birtha drawn
(With grief all dark, then straight with joy all light)
He must have fancy'd first, in early dawn,
A sudden break of beauty out of night.

Or first he must have mark'd what paleness, fear,
Like nipping frost, did to her visage bring;
Then think he sees, in a cold backward year,
A rosy morn begin a sudden spring.

Her joys (too vaste to be contain'd in speech)
Thus she a little spake! "Why stoop you down,
My plighted lord, to lowly Birtha's reach,
Since Rhodalind would lift you to a crown?

"Or why do I, when I this plight imbrace,
Boldly aspire to take what you have given?
But that your vertue has with angels place,
And 'tis a vertue to aspire to Heav'n.

"And as tow'rds Heav'n all travail on their knees;
So I tow'rds you, though love aspire, will move:
And were you crown'd, what could you better please
Than aw'd obedience led by bolder love?

"If I forget the depth from whence I rise,
Far from your bosome banish'd be my heart;
Or claim a right by beauty to your eyes;
Or proudly think, my chastity desert.

"But thus ascending from your humble maid
To be your plighted bride, and then your wife,
Will be a debt that shall be hourly paid,
Till time my duty cancel with my life.

"And fruitfully if Heav'n ere make me bring
Your image to the world, you then my pride
No more shall blame, than you can tax the Spring
For boasting of those flowres she cannot hide.

"Orgo, I so receive as I am taught
By duty to esteem what ere you love;
And hope the joy he in this jewel brought,
Will luckyer than his former triumphs prove.

"For though but twice he has approach'd my sight,
He twice made haste to drown me in my tears:
But now I am above his planet's spite,
And as for sin beg pardon for my fears."

Thus spake she; and with fix'd continu'd sight,
The duke did all her bashful beauties view;
Then they with kisses seal'd their sacred plight;
Like flowres still sweeter as they thicke grew.

Yet must these pleasures feel, though innocent,
The sickness of extreames, and cannot last;
For pow'r (love's shun'd impediment) has sent
To tell the duke, his monarch is in hast:

And calls him to that triumph which he fears
So as a saint forgiven (whose breast does all
Heav'n's joys contain) wisely lov'd pomp forbears;
Lest tempted nature should from blessings fall.

He often takes his leave, with love's delay;
And bids her hope, he with the king shall finde,
By now appearing forward to obay,
A means to serve him less in Rhodalind.

She weeping to her closet-window hies;
Where she with tears does Rhodalind survey;
As dying men, who grieve that they have eyes,
When they through curtains spy the rising day.

The king has now his curious sight suffis'd
With all lost arts, in their revival view'd;
Which when restor'd, our pride thinks now devis'd:
Fashions of mindes, call'd new when but renew'd!

The busie court prepares to move, on whom
Their sad offended eyes the country caste;
Who never see enough where monarchs come;
And nothing so uncivil seems as haste.

As men move slow, who know they lose their way,
Even so the duke tow'rds Rhodalind does move;
Yet he does dutious fears, and wonder pay,
Which are the first, and dangerous signes of love.

All his addresses much by Goltho were
And Ulfinore observ'd; who distant stand;
Not daring to approach his presence neer;
But shun his eyes to scape from his command:

Least to Verona he should both require;
For by remaining here, both hope to light
Their Hymen's torches at his parting fire;
And not despaire to kindle them to-night.

The king his golden chariot now ascends;
Which neer fair Rhodalind the duke containes;
Though to excuse that grace he lowly bends;
But honour so refus'd, more honour gaines.

And now their chariots (ready to take wing)
Are even by weakest breath, a whisper stay'd:
And but such whisper as a page does bring
To Laura's woman from a household maid.

But this low voice did raise in Laura's eare
An eccho, which from all redoubled soon;
Proclaiming such a country beauty here,
As makes them look, like ev'ning to her noon.

And Laura (of her own high beauty proud,
Yet not to others cruel) softly prays,
She may appear! but Gartha, bold, and loud,
With eyes impatient as for conquest, stays.

Though Astragon now owns her, and excus'd
Her presence, as a maid but rudely taught,
Infirm in health, and not to greatness us'd;
Yet Gartha still calls out, to have her brought!

But Rhodalind (in whose relenting breast
Compassion's self might sit at school and learn)
Knew bashful maids with publick view distrest;
And in their glass, themselves with fear discern;

She stopt this challenge which court-beauty made
To country shape; not knowing Nature's hand
Had Birtha dress'd; nor that herself obay'd
In vain, whom conqu'ring Birtha did command.

The duke (whom vertuous kindness soon subdues)
Though him his bonds from Birtha highly please,
Yet seems to think, that lucky he, who sues
To wear this royal mayd's, will walk at ease.

Of these a brief survey sad Birtha takes;
And Orgo's help directs her eye to all;
Shows her for whom grave Tybalt nightly wakes;
Then at whose feet wise Hermegild does fall.

And when calm Orna with the count she saw,
Hope (who though weak, a willing painter is,
And busily does ev'ry pattern draw)
By that example could not work amiss.

For soon she shap'd her lord and her so kinde,
So all of love; till fancy wrought no more
When she perceiv'd him sit with Rhodalind;
But froward-painter-like the copy tore.

And now they move; and she thus rob'd, believes
(Since with such haste they bear her wealth away)
That they at best, are but judicious thieves,
And know the noble vallue of their prey.

And then she thus complain'd! "Why royal maid!
Injurious greatness! did you hither come
Where pow'r's strong nets of wyre were never laid?
But childish love took cradle as at home.

"Where can we safe our harmless blessings keep,
Since glorious courts our solitude invade?
Bells which ring out, when th' unconcern'd would sleep;
False lights to scare poor birds in country shade!

"Or if our joys their own discov'ry make,
Envy (whose tongue first kills whom she devours)
Calls it our pride; envy, the poys'nous snake,
Whose breath blasts maids, as innocent as flowres!

"Forgive me, beautious greatness, if I grow
Distemper'd with my fears, and rudely long
To be secure; or praise your beauty so
As to believe, that it may do me wrong;

"And you, my plighted lord, forgive me too,
If, since your worth and my defects I find,
I fear what you in justice ought to do;
And praise your judgment when I doubt you kind."

Now sudden fear o'er all her beauty wrought
The pale appearance of a killing frost;
And carefull Orgo, when she started, thought
She had her pledge, the precious emrauld, lost.

But that kinde heart, as constant as her own,
She did not miss; 'twas from a sudden sence,
Least in her lover's heart some change was grown,
And it grew pale with that intelligence.

Soon from her bosome she this emrauld took:
"If now" (said she) "my lord my heart deceaves,
This stone will by dead paleness make me look
Pale as the snowy skin of lilly leaves."

But such a cheerful green the gemm did fling
Where she oppos'd the rayes, as if she had
Been dy'de in the complexion of the spring,
Or were by nimphs of Brittain valleys clad.

Soon she with earnest passion kist the stone;
Which ne'er till then had suffer'd an eclipse;
But then the rayes retir'd, as if it shone
In vain, so neer the rubies of her lips.

Yet thence remov'd, with publick glory shines!
She Orgo blest, who had this relique brought;
And kept it like those reliques lock'd in shrines,
By which the latest miracles were wrought.

For soon respect was up to rev'rence grown;
Which fear to superstition would sublime,
But that her father took fear's ladder down;
Lose steps, by which distress to Heav'n would climbe.

He knew, when fear shapes heav'nly pow'r so just,
And terrible, (parts of that shape drawn true)
It vailes Heav'n's beauty, love; which when we trust,
Our courage honours him to whom we sue!

Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

373.—SONG.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes his window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes;
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

374.—TO THE QUEEN.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injured sphere;
And, t'ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Sir William Davenant.—About 1640.

375.—THE MORNING STAR.

Still Herald of the Morn! whose ray,
Being page and usher to the day,
Doth mourn behind the sun, before him play;
Who sett'st a golden signal ere
The bark retire, the lark appear,
The early cocks cry comfort, screech-owls fear,

Who wink'st while lovers plight their troth,
Then falls asleep, while they are loth
To part without a more engaging oath;
Steal in a message to the eyes
Of Julia, tell her that she lies
Too long,—thy lord, the Sun, will quickly rise.

Yet it is midnight still with me,
Nay worse, unless that kinder she
Smile day, and in my zenith seated be!
But if she will obliquely run,
I needs a calenture must shun,
And, like an Ethiopian, hate my sun.

John Hall.—About 1646.

376.—SONG BY LOVE TO PHYSANDER AND BELLANIMA.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Welcome to Love, my new-loved heir,
Elysium's thine, ascend my chair:
For following sensuality
I thought to disinherit thee;
But being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this,
Thus I enthrone you both—now kiss;
Whilst you in endless measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

Thomas Nabbes.—About 1637.

377.—HIS HATRED OF THE SCOTS.

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him to wander, but confined him home.

John Cleveland.—About 1647.

378.—ON PHILLIS, WALKING BEFORE SUNRISE.

The sluggish morn as yet undress'd,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees (like yeomen of her guard
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty),
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or age with crutches underpropp'd,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice windows), give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him:
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.
But what new-fashioned palsy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caus'd a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring),
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

John Cleveland.—About 1647.

379.—UPON HIS MISTRESS SAD.

Melancholy, hence, and get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here,
Make a spring-tide all the year.

Love a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;
And while we thy raptures taste,
Compel time itself to stay,
Or by forelock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

James Shirley.—About 1646.

380.—ECHO AND NARCISSUS.

Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake,
Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
Long since the choristers of the wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air;
If not the sun, whose new embroidery
Makes rich the leaves that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise; yet, love-sick nymph, away,
The young Narcissus is abroad to-day.

Pursue him, timorous maid: he moves apace;
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight; see how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air;
Attempt, and overtake him; though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him stay;
He must be a rock that will not melt at these,
Dropping these native diamonds in his way;
Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
Who knows how soon? may help thee to a kiss.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears,
Invent some other way to make him know
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer:
The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo,
But, hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
Echo hath left her solitary grove;
And in the vale, the palace of the spring,
Sits silently attending to her love;
But round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

Now do the huntsmen fill the air with noise,
And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
Which, with loud accents, give the woods a voice
Proclaiming parley to the fearful deer:
She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
As high and musical, she returns again.

Rous'd is the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way;
The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
Through which he quaintly steals, his shine away;
The hunters scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown
In a dark part of the wood, complains alone.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,
Joy'd, you may guess, to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound—
Who yet obscures herself behind some tree;
He, vexed, exclaims, and asking, "Where am I?"
The unseen virgin answers, "Here am I!"

"Some guide from hence! Will no man hear?" he cries:
She answers, in her passion, "Oh man, hear!"
"I die, I die," say both; and thus she cries,
With frequent answers, to entice his ear
And person to her court, more fit for love;
He tracks the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

The way he trod was paved with violets,
Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks;
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
And primroses are scattered in the walks,
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy embossed with stars.

Two rows of elms ran with proportioned grace,
Like nature's arras, to adorn the sides;
The friendly vines their loved barks embrace,
While folding-tops the chequered groundwork hides;
Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
Into a spacious green, whose either side
A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
The clouds were busy binding up his head;
The flowers here smile upon him as he treads,
And, but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careless posture thrown.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
To see this lodging of the airy queen,
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy
Through a small window of eglantine:
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new-dress her blubber'd face.

With confidence she sometimes would go out,
And boldly meet Narcissus in the way;
But then her fears present her with new doubt,
And chide her over-rash resolve away.
Her heart with overcharge of love must break;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak.

* * * * *

James Shirley.—About 1646.

381.—THE RESOLVE.

Tell me not of a face that's fair,
Nor lip and cheek that's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
Nor curls in order laid;

Nor of a rare seraphic voice,
That like an angel sings;
Though if I were to take my choice,
I would have all these things.
But if that thou wilt have me love,
And it must be a she;
The only argument can move
Is, that she will love me.

The glories of your ladies be
But metaphors of things,
And but resemble what we see
Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks,
Lilies their whiteness stain:
What fool is he that shadows seeks,
And may the substance gain!
Then if thou'lt have me love a
Let it be one that's kind,
Else I'm a servant to the glass
That's with Canary lined.

Alexander Brome.—About 1649.

382.—THE MAD LOVER.

I have been in love, and in debt, and in drink,—
This many and many a year;
And those three are plagues enough, one would think,
For one poor mortal to bear.
'Twas drink made me fall into love,
And love made me run into debt;
And though I have struggled and struggled and strove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but money can cure me,
And rid me of all my pain;
'Twill pay all my debts,
And remove all my lets!
And my mistress that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then I'll fall to loving and drinking again.

Alexander Brome.—About 1649.

383.—TO A COY LADY.

I prithee leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high prized;
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despised.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our own fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your Majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic Natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so!

Alexander Brome.—About 1649.

384.—THE INQUIRY.

If we no old historian's name
Authentic will admit,
But think all said of friendship's fame
But poetry or wit;
Yet what's revered by minds so pure
Must be a bright idea sure.

But as our immortality
By inward sense we find,
Judging that if it could not be,
It would not be design'd:
So here how could such copies fall,
If there were no original?

But if truth be in ancient song,
Or story we believe;
If the inspired and greater throng
Have scorned to deceive;
There have been hearts whose friendship gave
Them thoughts at once both soft and grave.

Among that consecrated crew
Some more seraphic shade
Lend me a favourable clew,
Now mists my eyes invade.
Why, having fill'd the world with fame,
Left you so little of your flame?

Why is't so difficult to see
Two bodies and one mind?
And why are those who else agree
So difficultly kind?
Hath nature such fantastic art,
That she can vary every heart?

Why are the bands of friendship tied
With so remiss a knot,
That by the most it is defied,
And by the most forgot?
Why do we step with so light sense
From friendship to indifference?

If friendship sympathy impart,
Why this ill-shuffled game,
That heart can never meet with heart,
Or flame encounter flame?
What does this cruelty create?
Is't the intrigue of love or fate?

Had friendship ne'er been known to men,
(The ghost at last confest)
The world had then a stranger been
To all that heaven possest.
But could it all be here acquired,
Not heaven itself would be desired,

Katherine Philips.—About 1649.

385—A FRIEND.

Love, nature's plot, this great creation's soul,
The being and the harmony of things,
Doth still preserve and propagate the whole,
From whence man's happiness and safety springs
The earliest, whitest, blessed'st times did draw
From her alone their universal law

Friendship's an abstract of this noble flame,
'Tis love refined and purged from all its dross,
The next to angel's love, if not the same,
As strong in passion is though not so gross
It antedates a glad eternity,
And is an heaven in epitome

* * * * *

Essential honour must be in a friend,
Not such as every breath fans to and fro,
But born within, is its own judge and end,
And dares not sin though sure that none should know
Where friendship 's spoke, honesty 's understood,
For none can be a friend that is not good

* * * * *

Thick waters show no images of things,
Friends are each other's mirrors, and should be
Clearer than crystal or the mountain springs,
And free from clouds, design or flattery
For vulgar souls no part of friendship share,
Poets and friends are born to what they are

Katherine Philips—About 1649

386—TO HIS HEART

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
And hald thee with thy sovereain,
For I had lever want ane heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain;
Therefore go with thy luve remain,
And let me live thus unmolest,
See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou luvis best

Sen she that I have servit lang,
Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
And beir thy lady company
Fra she be gone, heartless am I,
For why? thou art with her possest
Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou luvis best

Though this belappit body here
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free intein,
And mind to serve my lady at all;
Wald God that I were peregall
Under that redolent rose to rest!
Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth the lily whyte
May not remain amang the lave,
Adieu the flower of haill delyte,
Adieu the succour that may me save;
Adieu the fragrant balmie suaif,
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
My faithful heart she sall it have,
To bide with her it luvis best

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
Her absence, sen she must depart,
And specially ye luvers true,
That wounded be with luvis dart
For ye sall want you of ane heart
As weil as I therefore at last
Do go with mine with mind inwart,
And bide with her thou luvis best

Alexander Scot—About 1649.

387—RONDEL OF LOVE

Lo what it is to luve,
Learn ye that list to prove,
By me, I say, that no ways may,
The grund of greif remuve
But still decay, both nicht and day,
Lo what it is to luve!

Luve is ane fervent fire,
Kendillit without desire,
Short plesour, lang displesour,
Repentance is the hire,
Ane pure tressour, without messour,
Luve is ane fervent fire

To luve and to be wise
To rege with gude advise
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice
There is no man, I say that can
Both luve and to be wise

Flee alwayis from the snare,
Learn at me to beware,
It is ane pain and dowble train
Of endless woe and care,
For to refrain that denger plain,
Flee always from the snare

Alexander Scot—About 1649

388—THE TOWN LADIES

Some wifis of the borowstoun
Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
In warld they wait not what to weir·
On claithis they ware mony a croun;
And all for newfangleness of geir

And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis;
Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
To weir all thing that sin provokis,
And all for newfangleness of geir

Their wilicoats maun weel be hewit,
Broudred richt braid, with pasments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudemen had cause to rue it,
That evir their wifis wore sae geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar their courtliness be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
And sometime baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis!
With velvet hat heigh on their heidis,
Cordit with gold like ane younkeir.
Braidit about with golden threidis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muilis!
In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,
But carries cusheons like vain fulis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugis in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they sae vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
On your wifis to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blude,
Nae difference but ane velvet hude!
Their camrock curchies are as deir,
Their other claithis are as gude,
And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifis though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their claithing may appeir,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

Sir Richard Maitland.—About 1580.

389.—THE CHERRY AND THE SLAE.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
The cuckoo couks, the prattling pyes
To geck there they begin;
The jargon of the jangling jays,
The craiking craws and keckling kays,
They deave't me with their din.
The painted pawn with Argus eyes
Can on his May-cock call;
The turtle wails on wither'd trees,
And Echo answers all,
Repeating, with greeting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
In hidlings hirpling here and there,
To make their morning mange.
The con, the cuning, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff moustachios strange.
The hart, the hind, the dae, the rae,
The foumart and false fox;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsy bairs and brocks;
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They play'd them all in pairs.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
But quiet, calm, and clear,
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled mony a tear;
The which like silver shakers shined,
Embroidering Beauty's bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declined
In May's colours clad.
Some knoping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Excelling and smelling
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

Alexander Montgomery.—About 1597.

390.—NIGHT IS NIGH GONE.

Hey, now the day's dawning;
The jolly cock's crowing;
The Eastern sky's glowing;
Stars fade, one by one;
The thistle-cock's crying
On lovers long lying,
Cease vowing and sighing;
The night is nigh gone.

The fields are o'erflowing
With gowans all glowing,
And white lilies growing,
A thousand as one;
The sweet ring-dove cooing,
His love-notes renewing,
Now moaning, now suing;
The night is nigh gone.

The season excelling,
In scented flowers smelling,
To kind love compelling
Our hearts every one;
With sweet ballads moving
The maids we are loving,
'Mid musing and roving
The night is nigh gone.

Of war and fair women
The young knights are dreaming,
With bright breastplates gleaming
And plumed helmets on;
The barbed steed neighs lordly,
And shakes his mane proudly,
For war-trumpets loudly
Say night is nigh gone.

I see the flags flowing,
The warriors all glowing,
And, snorting and blowing,
The steeds rushing on;
The lances are crashing,
Out broad blades come flashing,
'Mid shouting and dashing—
The night is nigh gone.

Alexander Montgomery.—About 1597.

391.—EARLY DAWN.

O perfect light, which shed away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day ynto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe;
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

392.—THE NOON-TIDE OF A SUMMER'S DAY.

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams,
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

393.—EVENING.

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of crnives and creels,
Uphailed into scouts,
The bells and circles on the weills
Through leaping of the trouts.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep fra they be kill'd,
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

Alexander Hume.—About 1599.

394.—ANE SCHORT POEME OF TYME.

As I was pansing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphienus heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men devysing did I see,
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle,
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselfis so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is fyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backwart syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,

Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

King James VI.—About 1584.

395.—SOLITARY LIFE.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the grieved truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

Earl of Ancrum.—About 1624.

396.—SONNET.

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose look none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

Earl of Stirling.—About 1637.

397.—MY FANTASY WILL NEVER TURN.

Spite of his spite, which that in vain,
Doth seek to force my fantasy,
I am professed for loss or gain,
To be thine own assuredly;
Wherefore let my father spite and spurn,
My fantasy will never turn!

Although my father of busy wit,
Doth babble still, I care not though;
I have no fear, nor yet will flit,
As doth the water to and fro;
Wherefore, &c.

For I am set, and will not swerve,
Whom spiteful speech removeth nought;
And since that I thy grace deserve,
I count it is not dearly bought;
Wherefore, &c.

Who is afraid, let you him fly,
For I shall well abide the brunt:
Maugre to his lips that listeth to lie,
Of busy brains as is the wont;
Wherefore, &c.

Who listeth thereat to laugh or lour,
I am not he that aught doth reach;
There is no pain that hath the power
Out of my breast your love to fetch;
Wherefore, &c.

For whereas he moved me to the school,
And only to follow my book and learning,
He could never make me such a fool,
With all his soft words and fair speaking;
Wherefore, &c.

This minion here, this mincing trull,
Doth please me more a thousand fold,
Than all the earth that is so full
Of precious stones, silver, and gold;
Wherefore, &c.

Whatsoever I did it was for her sake,
It was for her love and only pleasure;
I count it no labour such labour to take
In getting to me so high a treasure;
Wherefore, &c.

This day I intended for to be merry,
Although my hard father be far hence,
I know no cause for to be heavy,
For all this cost and great expense;
Wherefore, &c.

Thomas Ingeland.—About 1560.

398.—THE WORK-GIRL'S SONG.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Work, Tibet; work, Annot; work, Margerie;
Sew, Tibet, knit, Annot; spin, Margerie;
Let us see who will win the victory.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
What, Tibet! what, Annot! what, Margerie!
Ye sleep, but we do not, that shall we try;
Your fingers be numb, our work will not lie.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
Now Tibet, now Annot, now Margerie;
Now whippet apace for the maystrie;
But it will not be, our mouth is so dry.

Pipe, merry Annot;
Trilla, Trilla, Trillarie.
When, Tibet? when, Annot? when, Margerie?
I will not,—I can not,—no more can I;
Then give we all over, and there let it lie!

Nicholas Udall.—About 1566.

399.—THE MINION WIFE.

Who so to marry a minion wife,
Hath had good chance and hap,
Must love her and cherish her all his life,
And dandle her in his lap.

If she will fare well, if she will go gay,
A good husband ever still,
Whatever she list to do or to say,
Must let her have her own will.

About what affairs so ever he go,
He must show her all his mind;
None of his counsel she may be kept fro,
Else is he a man unkind.

Nicholas Udall.—About 1566.

400.—IDLENESS.

What heart can think, or tongue express,
The harm that groweth of idleness?

This idleness in some of us
Is seen to seem a thing but slight;
But if that sum the sums discuss,
The total sum doth show us straight
This idleness to weigh such weight
That it no tongue can well express,
The harm that groweth of idleness.

This vice I liken to a weed
That husbandmen have named tyne,
The which in corn doth root or breed;
The grain to ground it doth incline
It never ripeth, but rotteth in fine;
And even a like thing is to guess
Against all virtue, idleness.

The proud man may be patient,
The ireful may be liberal,
The gluttonous may be continent,
The covetous may give alms all,
The locher may to prayer fall;
Each vice bideth some good business,
Save only idle idleness.

As some one virtue may by grace
Suppress of vices many a one,
So is one vice once taken place
Destroyeth all virtues every one;
Where this vice cometh all virtues are gone,
In no kind of good business
Can company with idleness.

An ill wind that bloweth no man good
The blower of which blast is she:
The lyther lusts bred of her brood
Can no way breed good property;
Wherefore I say, as we now see
No heart can think, or tongue express
The harm that groweth of idleness!

To cleanse the corn, as men at need
Weed out all weeds, and tyne for chief,
Let diligence, our weed-hook, weed
All vice from us for like relief;
As faith may faithfully show proof
By faithful fruitful business,
To weed out fruitless idleness.

John Heywood.—About 1576.

401.—BE MERRY, FRIENDS!

Be merry, friends, take ye no thought,
For worldly cares care ye right nought;
For whoso doth, when all is sought,
Shall find that thought availeth nought;
Be merry, friends!

All such as have all wealth at will,
Their wills at will for to fulfil,
From grief, or grudge, or any ill,
I need not sing this them until,
Be merry, friends!

But unto such as wish and want
Of worldly wealth wrought them so scant,
That wealth by work they cannot plant,
To them I sing at this instant,
Be merry, friends!

And such as when the rest seem next,
Then they be straight extremely vexed;
And such as be in storms perplexed,
To them I sing this short sweet text,
Be merry, friends!

To laugh and win each man agrees,
But each man cannot laugh and lose,
Yet laughing in the last of those
Hath been allowed of sage decrees;
Be merry, friends!

Be merry with sorrow wise men have said,
Which saying, being wisely weighed,
It seems a lesson truly laid
For those whom sorrows still invade,
Be merry, friends!

Make ye not two sorrows of one,
For of one grief grafted alone
To graft a sorrow thereupon,
A sourer crab we can graft none;
Be merry, friends!

Taking our sorrows sorrowfully,
Sorrow augmenteth our malady;
Taking our sorrows merrily,
Mirth salveth sorrows most soundly;
Be merry, friends!

Of griefs to come standing in fray,
Provide defence the best we may;
Which done, no more to do or say,
Come what come shall, come care away!
Be merry, friends!

In such things as we cannot flee,
But needs they must endurèd be,
Let wise contentment be decree,
Make virtue of necessity;
Be merry, friends!

To lack or lose that we would win,
So that our fault be not therein,
What woe or want end or begin,
Take never sorrow but for sin!
Be merry, friends!

If loss of friends, in lack of health,
In loss of goods, in lack of wealth,
Where liberty restraint expelleth,
Where all these lack, yet as this telleth,
Be merry, friends!

Man hardly hath a richer thing
Than honest mirth, the which well-spring
Watereth the roots of rejoicing,
Feeding the flowers of flourishing;
Be merry, friends!

[The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man 's without a shirt,
And never comes to maim or hurt.
Be merry, friends!

All seasons are to him the spring,
In flowers bright and flourishing;
With birds upon the tree or wing,
Who in their fashion always sing
Be merry, friends!

If that thy doublet has a hole in,
Why, it cannot keep the less thy soul in,
Which rangeth forth beyond controlling
Whilst thou hast nought to do but trolling
Be merry, friends!]

Be merry in God, Saint Paul saith plain,
And yet, saith he, be merry again;
Since whose advice is not in vain,
The fact thereof to entertain,
Be merry, friends!

[Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
If I can't pay, why I can owe,
And death makes equal the high and low.
Be merry, friends!]

John Heywood.—About 1576.

402.—DRINKING SONG.

Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold:
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think, that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I do not desire.
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek;
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek.
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should;
And saith, Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to:
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily trowled,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side go bare, &c.

Bishop Still.—About 1575.

403.—SONG OF HONEST RECREATION.

When travels grote in matters thick
Have dulled your wits and made them sick,
What medicine, then, your wits to quick,
If ye will know, the best physic,
Is to give place to Honest Recreation—
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

Where is that Wit that we seek than?
Alas! he lyeth here pale and wan:
Help him at once now, if we can.
O Wit! how doest thou? Look up! man.
O Wit! give place to Honest Recreation—
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

After place given let ear obey:
Give an ear, O Wit! now we thee pray,
Give ear to what we sing and say;
Give an ear and help will come straightway:
Give an ear to Honest Recreation;
Give an ear now, for thy consolation.

After ear given, now give an eye:
Behold, thy friends about thee lie,
Recreation I, and Comfort I,
Quickness am I, and Strength here bye.
Give an eye to Honest Recreation;
Give an eye now, for thy consolation.

After an eye given, an hand give ye:
Give an hand, O Wit! feel that ye see;
Recreation feel, feel Comfort free,
Feel Quickness here, feel Strength to the.
Give an hand to Honest Recreation;
Give an hand now, for thy consolation.

Upon his feet, would God he were!
To raise him now we need not fear;
Stay you his hand, while we here bear:
Now all at once upright him rear.
O Wit! give place to Honest Recreation:
Give place, we say now, for thy consolation.

John Redford.—About 1576.

404.—CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid;
He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them, too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how),
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes,—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love! hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

John Lyly.—About 1584.

405.—THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale.
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! with what a pretty throat
Poor robin redbreast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing,
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring!
Cuckoo to welcome in the spring!

John Lyly.—About 1584.

406.—COMPLAINT AGAINST LOVE.

O cruel Love, on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day;
Never may sleep with velvet hand
Charm these eyes with sacred wand;
Thy jailers shall be hopes and fears,
Thy prison mates groans, sighs, and tears,
Thy play to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,
Such as when you Phaon call;
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long care,
Hope, like thy fool at thy bed's head,
Mock thee till madness strike thee dead,
As Phaon thou dost me with thy proud eyes,
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

John Lyly.—About 1584.

407.—APOLLO'S SONG OF DAPHNE.

My Daphne's hair is twisted gold,
Bright stars a-piece her eyes do hold;
My Daphne's brow enthrones the graces,
My Daphne's beauty stains all faces;
On Daphne's cheek grow rose and cherry,
But Daphne's lip a sweeter berry;
Daphne's snowy hand but touched does melt,
And then no heavenlier warmth is felt;
My Daphne's voice tunes all the spheres,
My Daphne's music charms all ears;
Fond am I thus to sing her praise,
These glories now are turned to bays.

John Lyly.—About 1592.

408.—SONG TO APOLLO.

Sing to Apollo, god of Day,
Whose golden beams with morning play,
And make her eyes so brightly shine,
Aurora's face is called divine.
Sing to Phœbus and that throne
Of diamonds which he sits upon.
Io Pæans let us sing
To Physic and to Poesy's king.

Crown all his altars with bright fire,
Laurels bind about his lyre;
A Daphnean coronet for his head,
The Muses dance about his bed;
When on his ravishing lute he plays,
Strew his temple round with bays.
Io Pæans let us sing
To the glittering Delian king.

John Lyly.—About 1592.

409.—ŒNONE'S COMPLAINT.

Melpomene, the muse of tragic songs,
With mournful tunes, in stole of dismal hue,
Assist a silly nymph to wail her woe,
And leave thy lusty company behind.

Thou luckless wreath! becomes not me to wear
The poplar tree for triumph of my love:
Then as my joy, my pride of love is left,
Be thou unclothèd of thy lovely green;

And in thy leaves my fortunes written be,
And then some gentle wind let blow abroad,
That all the world may see how false of love
False Paris hath to his Œnone been.

George Peele.—About 1584.

410.—THE SONG OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD.

O gentle Love, ungentle for thy deed,
Thou makest my heart
A bloody mark
With piercing shot to bleed.

Shoot soft, sweet Love, for fear thou shoot amiss,
For fear too keen
Thy arrows been,
And hit the heart where my belovèd is.

Too fair that fortune were, nor never I
Shall be so blest,
Among the rest,
That Love shall seize on her by sympathy.
Then since with Love my prayers bear no boot,
This doth remain
To ease my pain,
I take the wound, and die at Venus' foot.

George Peele.—About 1584.

411.—THE AGED MAN-AT-ARMS.

His golden locks time hath to silver turned;
O time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by encreasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms:
But though from court to cottage he depart,
His saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
"Blessèd be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Cursed be the souls that think her any wrong."
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

George Peele.—About 1590.

412.—ENGLAND.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalis'd thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn or untam'd,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quak'd and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with their deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretched sails fill'd with the breath of men,
That through the world admire his manliness.
And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

George Peele.—About 1593.

413.—JOAB'S DESCRIPTION OF DAVID.

Beauteous and bright is he among the tribes;
As when the sun, attired in glistering robe,
Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
And, bridegroom-like, hurls through the gloomy air
His radiant beams: such doth King David show,
Crown'd with the honour of his enemies' town,
Shining in riches like the firmament,
The starry vault that overhangs the earth;
So looketh David, King of Israel.

George Peele.—About 1595.

414.—JOAB'S ADDRESS TO DAVID ON DEATH OF ABSALOM.

What! irks it David, that he victor breathes,
That Juda, and the fields of Israel
Should cleanse their faces from their children's blood?
What! art thou weary of thy royal rule?
Is Israel's throne a serpent in thine eyes,
And he that set thee there, so far from thanks,
That thou must curse his servant for his sake?
Hast thou not said, that, as the morning light,
The cloudless morning, so should be thine house,
And not as flowers, by the brightest rain,
Which grow up quickly, and as quickly fade?
Hast thou not said, the wicked are as thorns,
That cannot be preserved with the hand;
And that the man shall touch them must be arm'd
With coats of iron, and garments made of steel,
Or with the shaft of a defenced spear?
And art thou angry he is now cut off,
That led the guiltless swarming to their deaths,
And was more wicked than an host of men?
Advance thee from thy melancholy den,
And deck thy body with thy blissful robes,

Or, by the Lord that sways the Heaven, I swear,
I'll lead thine armies to another king,
Shall cheer them for their princely chivalry;
And not sit daunted, frowning in the dark,
When his fair looks with oil and wine refresh'd,
Should dart into their bosoms gladsome beams,
And fill their stomachs with triumphant feasts;
That, when elsewhere stern War shall sound his trump,
And call another battle to the field,
Fame still may bring thy valiant soldiers home,
And for their service happily confess
She wanted worthy trumps to sound their prowess:
Take thou this course and live: refuse and die.

George Peele.—About 1595.

415.—KING DAVID.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heaven rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse,
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

George Peele.—About 1599.

416.—BETHSABE BATHING.

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe air, and ease me;
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me;
Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstayed desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

George Peele.—About 1599.

417.—BETHSABE'S ADDRESS TO THE ZEPHYR.

Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade (sun proof) is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

George Peele.—About 1599.

418.—DAVID ENAMOURED OF BETHSABE.

What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites;
The brim let be embraced with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower,
Bear manna every morn, instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

* * * *

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdued to me,
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,

Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

* * * *

Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mix'd with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of kings.

* * * *

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair;
To 'joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

George Peele.—About 1599.

419.—BEAUTY SUING FOR LOVE,

Beauty, alas! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn?
Whenas Beauty kissed to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me:
Heigh-ho! despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none;
Wanton thou, and wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on?
Do me right, and do me reason;
Cruelty is cursèd treason·
Heigh-ho! I love, heigh-ho! I love,
Heigh-ho! and yet he eyes me not.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

420.—SAMELA.

Like to Diana in her summer weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest dye,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When washed by Arethusa faint they lie,
Is fair Samela;
As fair Aurora in her morning grey,
Decked with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmèd day,
Whenas her brightness Neptune's fancy move,
Shines fair Samela;
Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, the breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks, like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches framed of ebony;
Thus fair Samela,
Passeth fair Venus in her bravest hue,
And Juno in the show of majesty,
For she's Samela:
Pallas in wit, all three, if you will view,
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity
Yield to Samela.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

421.—CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

422.—SEPHESTIA'S SONG TO HER CHILD.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so;
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leap'd;
More he crow'd, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

423.—THE SHEPHERD AND HIS WIFE.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry;

Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Corydon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,
For, though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest swain of all!
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous, like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize;
A leefer lass than this had been,
Corydon had never seen.
Nor was Phyllis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whale's bone,
Compast with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she,
Was not more in Thessaly.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

424.—A ROUNDELAY.

Ah! what is love! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too;
For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too:
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too:
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land:
Ah then, ah then,
If country love such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

425.—PHILOMELA'S ODE.

Sitting by a river's side,
Where a silent stream did glide,
Muse I did of many things
That the mind in quiet brings.
I 'gan think how some men deem
Gold their god; and some esteem
Honour is the chief content
That to man in life is lent;

And some others do contend
Quiet none like to a friend.
Others hold there is no wealth
Compared to a perfect health;
Some man's mind in quiet stands
When he 's lord of many lands.
But I did sigh, and said all this
Was but a shade of perfect bliss;
And in my thoughts I did approve
Nought so sweet as is true love.
Love 'twixt lovers passeth these,
When mouth kisseth, and heart 'grees,—
With folded arms and lips meeting,
Each soul another sweetly greeting;
For by the breath the soul fleeteth,
And soul with soul in kissing meeteth.
If love be so sweet a thing,
That such happy bliss doth bring,
Happy is love's sugared thrall;
But unhappy maidens all
Who esteem your virgin blisses
Sweeter than a wife's sweet kisses.
No such quiet to the mind
As true love with kisses kind;
But if a kiss prove unchaste,
Then is true love quite disgraced.
Though love be sweet, learn this of me,
No sweet love but honesty.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

426.—JEALOUSY.

When gods had framed the sweets of woman's face,
And lockt men's looks within her golden hair,
That Phœbus blush'd to see her matchless grace,
And heavenly gods on earth did make repair,
To quip fair Venus' overweening pride,
Love's happy thoughts to jealousy were tied.

Then grew a wrinkle on fair Venus' brow,
The amber sweet of love is turn'd to gall!
Gloomy was Heaven; bright Phœbus did avow
He would be coy, and would not love at all;
Swearing no greater mischief could be wrought,
Than love united to a jealous thought.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

427.—DORASTUS ON FAWNIA.

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair,
Then all the world were Heaven, nothing woe.
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land,
Under the wide Heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows;
Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower;
Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
She would be gather'd, though she grew on thorn.

Ah, when she sings, all music else be still,
For none must be compared to her note;
Ne'er breathed such glee from Philomela's bill,
Nor from the morning singer's swelling throat.
And when she riseth from her blissful bed,
She comforts all the world, as doth the sun.

Robert Greene.—About 1590.

428.—BEAUTY.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines:

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face;
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh;
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

429.—ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays if so I sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Wist, wanton, still ye?

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin;
Alas! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

430.—ROSADER'S SONETTO.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes;
If so I look upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found;
Search I the shade to flee my pain,
Love meets me in the shades again;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan;
If so I mourn, he weeps with me
And where I am there will he be;
When as I talk of Rosalind,
The God from coyness waxeth kind,
And seems in self-same frame to fly,
Because he loves as well as I.
Sweet Rosalind, for pity rue,
For why, than love I am more true:
He, if he speed, will quickly fly,
But in thy love I live and die.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

431.—ANOTHER.

First shall the heavens want starry light,
The seas be robbed of their waves,
The day want sun, and sun want bright,
The night want shade, the dead men graves,
The April flowers, and leaves, and tree,
Before I false my faith to thee.

First shall the top of highest hill
By humble plains be overpry'd,
And poets scorn the Muses' quill,
And fish forsake the water glide,
And Iris lose her colour'd weed,
Before I false thee at thy need.

First direful Hate shall turn to peace,
And Love relent in deep disdain,
And Death his fatal stroke shall cease,
And Envy pity every pain,
And Pleasure mourn, and Sorrow smile,
Before I talk of any guile.

First Time shall stay his stayless race,
And Winter bless his brows with corn,
And Snow bemoisten July's face,
And Winter spring, and Summer mourn,
Before my pen, by help of Fame,
Cease to recite th sacred name.

Thomas Lodge.—About 1590.

432.—THE SUMMER'S QUEEN.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green,
O, and then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

Now the nightingale, the pretty nightingale,
The sweetest singer in all the forest's quire,
Entreats thee, sweet Peggy, to hear thy true love's tale:
Lo, yonder she sitteth, her breast against a brier.

But O, I spy the cuckoo, the cuckoo, the cuckoo;
See where she sitteth; come away, my joy:
Come away, I prithee, I do not like the cuckoo
Should sing where my Peggy and I kiss and toy.

O, the month of May, the merry month of May,
So frolick, so gay, and so green, so green, so green;
And then did I unto my true love say,
Sweet Peg, thou shalt be my Summer's Queen.

T. Dekker and R. Wilson.—About 1594.

433.—SWEET CONTENT.

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
Oh, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet, &c.

Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey noney, noney, hey noney, noney.

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?
Oh, sweet content!
Swimmest thou in wealth, yet sinkest in thine own tears?
Oh, punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears,
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
Oh, sweet content! &c.
Work apace, apace, &c.

Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton.—About 1599.

454.—INDIGNATION AT THE SALE OF A WIFE'S HONOUR.

Of all deeds yet this strikes the deepest wound
Into my apprehension,
Reverend and honourable matrimony,
Mother of lawful sweets, unshamed mornings,
Both pleasant and legitimately fruitful, without thee
All the whole world were soiled bastardy;
Thou art the only and the greatest form
That put'st a difference betwixt our desires
And the disorder'd appetites of beasts,
* * * But, if chaste and honest,
There is another devil that haunts marriage
(None fondly loves but knows it), jealousy,
That wedlock's yellow sickness,
That whispering separation every minute,
And thus the curse takes his effect or progress.
The most of men, in their first sudden furies,
Rail at the narrow bounds of marriage,
And call't a prison; then it is most just
That the disease of the prison, jealousy,
Should thus affect 'em—but, oh! here I'm fix'd
To make sale of a wife! monstrous and foul!
An act abhorr'd in nature, cold in soul!

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

455.—LAW.

Thou angel sent amongst us, sober Law,
Made with meek eyes, persuading action;
No loud immodest tongue—voiced like a virgin,
And as chaste from sale,
Save only to be heard, but not to rail—
How has abuse deform'd thee to all eyes!
Yet why so rashly for one villain's fault
Do I arraign whole man? Admired Law!
Thy upper parts must needs be wholly pure,
And incorruptible—th' are grave and wise;
'Tis but the dross beneath them, and the clouds
That get between thy glory and their praise,
That make the visible and foul eclipse;
For those that are near to thee are upright,
As noble in their conscience as their birth;
Know that damnation is in every bribe,
And rarely put it from them—rate the presenters,
And scourge 'em with five years' imprisonment
For offering but to tempt 'em:
This is true justice, exercised and used;
Woe to the giver, when the bribe 's refused.
'Tis not their will to have law worse than war,
Where still the poorest die first,
To send a man without a sheet to his grave,
Or bury him in his papers;
'Tis not their mind it should be, nor to have
A suit hang longer than a man in chains,
Let him be ne'er so fasten'd.

Thomas Middleton.—About 1623.

456.—THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure;
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; whilst in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath passed them:
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!

John Ford.—About 1623.

457.—SUMMER SPORTS.

Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The Sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn.
Rich as a pearl
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one
Come to behold our sports;
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
As those in a prince's courts.
These and we
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echoes hollow:
Skipping lambs
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round;
For joy thus our wenches we follow.

Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry;
Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase:
'Tis a sport to content a king.
So ho ho! through the skies
How the proud bird flies,
And, sousing, kills with a grace!
Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring!

John Ford.—About 1623.

458.—BEAUTY BEYOND THE REACH OF ART.

Can you paint a thought? or number
Every fancy in a slumber?

Can you count soft minutes roving
From a dial's point by moving?
Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
Rob a virgin's honour chastely?
No, oh no! yet you may
Sooner do both that and this,
This and that, and never miss,
Than by any praise display
Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
As beyond all fate, all story,
All arms, all arts,
All loves, all hearts,
Greater than those, or they,
Do, shall, and must obey.

John Ford.—About 1633.

459.—BRIDAL SONG.

Comforts lasting, loves encreasing,
Like soft hours never ceasing;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded;
Fruitful issues; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced;
Budding as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth:
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this bridegroom and this bride!

John Ford.—About 1633.

460.—SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

Woodmen, shepherds, come away,
This is Pan's great holiday,
Throw off cares,
With your heaven-inspiring airs
Help us to sing,
While valleys with your echoes ring.

Nymphs that dwell within these groves
Leave your arbours, bring your loves,
Gather posies,
Crown your golden hair with roses;
As you pass
Foot like fairies on the grass.

Joy crown our bowers! Philomel,
Leave of Tereus' rape to tell.
Let trees dance,
As they at Thracian lyre did once;
Mountains play,
This is the shepherd's holiday.

James Shirley.—About 1624.

461.—THE COMMON DOOM.

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are;
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

James Shirley.—About 1653.

462.—THE EQUALITY OF THE GRAVE.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley.—About 1659.

463.—WELCOME TO THE FOREST'S QUEEN.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen,
The trees begin to bud, the glad birds sing
In winter, changed by her into the spring.
We know no night,
Perpetual light
Dawns from your eye.
You being near,
We cannot fear,
Though death stood by.

From you our swords take edge, our heart grows bold;
From you in fee their lives your liegemen hold;

These groves your kingdom, and our laws your will;
Smile, and we spare; but if you frown, we kill.
Bless then the hour
That gives the power
In which you may,
At bed and board,
Embrace your lord
Both night and day.
Welcome, thrice welcome to this shady green,
Our long-wished Cynthia, the forest's queen!

Philip Massinger.—About 1633.

464.—THE SWEETS OF BEAUTY.

The blushing rose and purple flower,
Let grow too long are soonest blasted;
Dainty fruits, though sweet, will sour,
And rot in ripeness, left untasted.
Yet here is one more sweet than these:
The more you taste the more she'll please.

Beauty that's enclosed with ice,
Is a shadow chaste as rare;
Then how much those sweets entice,
That have issue full as fair!
Earth cannot yield, from all her powers,
One equal for dame Venus' bowers.

Philip Massinger.—About 1629.

465.—DEATH.

Why art thou slow, thou rest of trouble, Death,
To stop a wretch's breath,
That calls on thee, and offers her sad heart
A prey unto thy dart?
I am nor young nor fair; be, therefore, bold:
Sorrow hath made me old,
Deformed, and wrinkled; all that I can crave,
Is quiet in my grave.
Such as live happy, hold long life a jewel;
But to me thou art cruel,
If thou end not my tedious misery;
And I soon cease to be.
Strike, and strike home, then! pity unto me,
In one short hour's delay, is tyranny.

Philip Massinger.—About 1631.

466.—A SCHOLAR AND HIS DOG.

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words; and still my spaniel slept,
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh.
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawn'd; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

John Marston.—About 1630.

467.—THE MADNESS OF ORESTES.

Weep, weep, you Argonauts,
Bewail the day
That first to fatal Troy
You took your way.
Weep, Greece, weep, Greece,
Two kings are dead
Argos, thou Argos, now a grave
Where kings are buriéd;
No heir, no heir is left,
But one that's mad.
See, Argos, hast not thou
Cause to be sad?
Sleep, sleep, wild brain,
Rest, rock thy sense,
Live if thou canst
To grieve for thy offence.
Weep, weep, you Argonauts!

Thomas Goffe.—About 1633.

468.—LOVE WITHOUT RETURN.

Grieve not, fond man, nor let one tear
Steal from thine eyes; she'll hear
No more of Cupid's shafts; they fly
For wounding her, so let them die.
For why shouldst thou nourish such flames as burn
Thy easy breast, and not have like return?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

Let then her frigid coolness move
Thee to withdraw thy purer love;
And since she is resolved to show
She will not love, do thou so too:
For why should beauty so charm thine eyes,
That if she frown, thou'lt prove her sacrifice?
Love forces love, as flames expire
If not increased by gentle fire.

Thomas Goffe.—About 1633.

469.—THE DEATH BELL.

Come, list and hark, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.
And was not that some ominous fowl,
The bat, the night-crow, or screech-owl?
To these I hear the wild wolf howl,
In this black night that seems to scowl.
All these my black-book death enroll,
For hark, still, still, the bell doth toll
For some but now departing soul.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

470.—WHAT IS LOVE.

Now what is love I will thee tell,
It is the fountain and the well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell:
It is perhaps the sansing bell,
That rings all in to heaven or hell,
And this is love, and this is love, as I hear tell.

Now what is love I will you show:
A thing that creeps and cannot go;
A prize that passeth to and fro;
A thing for me, a thing for mo':
And he that proves shall find it so,
And this is love, and this is love, sweet friend,
I trow.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

471.—GO, PRETTY BIRDS.

Ye little birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady valleys,
And see how Phillis sweetly walks,
Within her garden alleys;
Go, pretty birds, about her bower;
Sing, pretty birds, she may not lower;
Ah, me! methinks I see her frown!
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tell her, through your chirping bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my love,
Which from the world is hidden.
Go, pretty birds, and tell her so;
See that your notes strain not too low,
For still, methinks, I see her frown,
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Go, tune your voices' harmony,
And sing, I am her lover;
Strain loud and sweet, that every note
With sweet content may move her.
And she that hath the sweetest voice,
Tell her I will not change my choice;
Yet still, methinks, I see her frown.
Ye pretty wantons, warble.

Oh, fly! make haste! see, see, she falls
Into a pretty slumber.
Sing round about her rosy bed,
That waking, she may wonder.

Say to her, 'tis her lover true
That sendeth love to you, to you;
And when you hear her kind reply,
Return with pleasant warblings.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

472.—DIANA'S NYMPHS.

Hail, beauteous Dian, queen of shades,
That dwell'st beneath these shadowy glades,
Mistress of all those beauteous maids
That are by her allowed.
Virginity we all profess,
Abjure the worldly vain excess,
And will to Dian yield no less
Than we to her have vowed.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Come, to the forest let us go,
And trip it like the barren doe;
The fawns and satyrs still do so,
And freely thus they may do.
The fairies dance and satyrs sing,
And on the grass tread many a ring,
And to their caves their venison bring;
And we will do as they.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Our food is honey from the bees,
And mellow fruits that drop from trees;
In chace we climb the high degrees
Of every steepy mountain.
And when the weary day is past,
We at the evening hie us fast,
And after this, our field repast,
We drink the pleasant fountain.
The shepherds, satyrs, nymphs, and fawns,
For thee will trip it o'er the lawns.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

473.—THE LARK.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good-morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1635.

474.—SHEPHERD'S SONG.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate;
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition:
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be-stain'd in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in daintics' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court and learnt it there.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1635.

475.—SHIPWRECK BY DRINK.

——————This gentleman and I
Pass'd but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth; his father now at sea:
And there this night was held a sumptuous feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea: when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel. This conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenches, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles;
They take him for the boatswain: one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life:
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the bellow on't, labours, and rows;
His oar the stick with which the fiddler play'd:
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it:
The constable is call'd t' atone the broil;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion: they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves:
And at this point we left them.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1649.

476.—SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought thee round about, O Thou my God!
In Thine abode.
I said unto the earth, "Speak, art thou He?"
She answered me,
"I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
In general,
Contain'd therein. They with one voice proclaim
That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
My God to know;
I asked the reptiles and whatever is
In the abyss—
Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
Enquiry ran;
But in those deserts which no line can sound,
The God I sought for was not to be found.

I ask'd the air if that were He! but
It told me no.
I from the towering eagle to the wren
Demanded then
If any feather'd fowl 'mongst them were such
But they all, much
Offended with my question, in full choir,
Answer'd, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I ask'd the heavens, sun, moon, and stars; but they
Said, "We obey
The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
Could see or hear
What in the world I might descry or know
Above, below;
With an unanimous voice, all these things said,
"We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I ask'd the world's great universal mass
If that God was;
Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
As stupified,—
"I am not He, O man! for know that I
By Him on high
Was fashion'd first of nothing; thus instated
And sway'd by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the court; but smooth-tongued flattery there
Deceived each ear;
In the throng'd city there was selling, buying,
Swearing, and lying;
I' the country, craft in simpleness array'd,
And then I said—
"Vain is my search, although my pains be great;
Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself, I, then,
Even thus began:
"O man, what art thou?" What more could I say
Than dust and clay—
Frail, mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast,
That cannot last;
Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
Form'd from that earth to which I must return?

I asked myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me?
I answered: The all-potent, solely immense,
Surpassing sense;
Unspeakable, inscrutable, eternal,
Lord over all;
The only terrible, strong, just, and true,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the well of life, for He doth give
To all that live
Both breath and being; He is the Creator
Both of the water,
Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list—
Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

And now, my God, by Thine illuminating grace,
Thy glorious face
(So far forth as it may discovered be,)
Methinks I see;
And though invisible and infinite,
To human sight
Thou, in Thy mercy, justice, truth appearest,
In which, to our weak sense, thou comest nearest.

O make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
Thou, God, most kind!
Give us love, hope, and faith, in Thee to trust,
Thou, God, most just!
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most good! most great!
Grant that our willing, though unworthy quest,
May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

Thomas Heywood.—About 1640.

477.—A THANKSGIVING.

Oh! who hath tasted of Thy clemency
In greater measure, or more oft than I?
My grateful verse Thy goodness shall display,
O Thou who went'st along in all my way—
To where the morning, with perfumed wings,
From the high mountains of Panchæa springs,
To that now-found-out-world, where sober night
Takes from the antipodes her silent flight;
To those dark seas where horrid winter reigns,
And binds the stubborn floods in icy chains;
To Libian wastes, whose thirst no showers assuage,
And where swoll'n Nilus cools the lion's rage.
Thy wonders on the deep have I beheld,
Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd;
There where the Virgin's Son His doctrine taught,
His miracles and our redemption wrought:
Where I, by Thee inspired, His praises sung,
And on his sepulchre my offering hung;
Which way soe'er I turn my face or feet,
I see Thy glory and Thy mercy meet;
Met on the Thracian shores, when in the strife
Of frantic Simoans Thou preserved'st my life—
So when Arabian thieves bolaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd Thee I found.
* * * * * * * *
Then brought'st me home in safety, that this earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my birth.

George Sandys.—About 1620.

478.—PSALM XLII.

Lord! as the hart embost with heat
Brays after the cool rivulet,
So sighs my soul for Thee.
My soul thirsts for the living God:
When shall I enter His abode,
And there His beauty see?

Tears are my food both night and day;
While Where's thy God? they daily say;
My soul in plaints I shed;
When I remember how in throngs
We fill'd Thy house with praise and songs;
How I their dances led.

My soul, why art thou so deprest?
Why, oh! thus troubled in my breast,
With grief so overthrown?
With constant hope on God await:
I yet His name shall celebrate,
For mercy timely shown.

My fainting heart within me pants;
My God, consider my complaints;
My songs shall praise Thee still,
Even from the vale where Jordan flows,
Where Hermon his high forehead shows,
From Mitzar's humble hill.

Deeps unto deeps enraged call,
When thy dark spouts of waters fall,
And dreadful tempest ravos:
For all thy floods upon me burst,
And billows after billows thrust
To swallow in their graves.

But yet by day the Lord will charge
His ready mercy to enlarge
My soul, surprised with cares;
He gives my songs their argument;
God of my life, I will present
By night to thee my prayers.

And say, my God, my rock, oh, why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By foes reduced to dust?
Their words, like weapons, pierce my bones,
While still they echo to my groans,
Where is the Lord thy trust?

My soul, why art thou so deprest?
O why so troubled in my breast?
Sunk underneath thy load!
With constant hope on God await;
For I his name shall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

George Sandys.—About 1636.

479.—PSALM LXVIII.

Let God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his proud enemies:
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoke which driving tempests chase;
As wax dissolves with scorching fire,
So perish in his burning ire.
But let the just with joy abound;
In joyful songs his praise resound,
Who, riding on the rolling spheres,
The name of great Jehovah bears.
Before his face your joys express,
A father to the fatherless;
He wipes the tears from widows' eyes,
The single plants in families;
Enlarging those who late were bound,
While rebels starve on thirsty ground.

When he our numerous army led,
And march'd through deserts full of dread,
Heav'n melted, and earth's centre shook,
With his majestic presence struck.
When Israel's God in clouds came down,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling crown;
He, in th' approach of meagre dearth,
With showers refresh'd the fainting earth.
Where his own flocks in safety fed,
The needy unto plenty led.
By him we conquer.—Virgins sing
Our victories, and timbrels ring:
He kings with their vast armies foils,
While women share their wealthy spoils.

When he the kings had overthrown,
Our land like snowy Salmon shone.
God's mountain Bashan's mount transcends,
Though he his many heads extends.
Why boast ye so, ye meaner hills?
God with his glory Zion fills,
This his beloved residence,
Nor ever will depart from hence.
His chariots twenty thousand were,
Which myriads of angels bear,
He in the midst, as when he crown'd
High Sinai's sanctified ground.
Lord, thou hast raised thyself on high,
And captive led captivity.

* * * *

O praised be the God of Gods,
Who with his daily blessings loads;
The God of our salvation,
On whom our hopes depend alone;
The controverse of life and death
Is arbitrated by his breath.

Thus spoke Jehovah: Jacob's seed
I will from Bashan bring again,
And through the bottom of the main,
That dogs may lap their enemies blood,
And they wade through a crimson flood.
We, in thy sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld thy state;
The sacred singers march'd before,
Who instruments of music bore,
In order follow'd—every maid
Upon her pleasant timbrel play'd.
His praise in your assemblies sing,
You who from Israel's fountain spring,
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah, from his mountain throne;
The far-removed Zebulon,
And Napthali, that borders on
Old Jordan, where his stream dilates,
Join'd all their powers and potentates.
For us his winged soldiers fought;
Lord, strengthen what thy hand hath wrought!
He that supports a diadem
To thee, divine Jerusalem!
Shall in devotion treasure bring,
To build the temple of his King.

* * * * *

Far off from sun-burnt Meroë,
From falling Nilus, from the sea
Which beats on the Egyptian shore,
Shall princes come, and here adore.
Ye kingdoms through the world renown'd.
Sing to the Lord, his praise resound;

He who heaven's upper heaven bestrides,
And on her aged shoulders rides;
Whose voice the clouds asunder rends,
In thunder terrible descends.
O praise his strength whose majesty
In Israel shines—his power on high!
He from his sanctuary throws
A trembling horror on his foes,
While us his power and strength invest;
O Israel, praise the ever-blest!

George Sandys.—About 1636.

480.—CHORUS OF JEWISH WOMEN.

The rapid motion of the spheres
Old night from our horizon bears,
And now declining shades give way
To the return of cheerful day.
And Phosphorus, who leads the stars,
And day's illustrious path prepares,
Who last of all the host retires,
Nor yet withdraws those radiant fires;
Nor have our trumpets summon'd
The morning from her dewy bed:
As yet her roses are unblown,
Nor by her purple mantel known.
All night we in the temple keep,
Not yielding to the charms of sleep;
That so we might with zealous prayer
Our thoughts and cleansed hearts prepare,
To celebrate the ensuing light.
This annual feast to memory
Is sacred, nor with us must die.

* * * * * * *

What numbers from the sun's up-rise,
From where he leaves the morning skies,
Of our dispersed Abrahamites,
This Vesper to their homes invites.
Yet we in yearly triumph still
A lamb for our deliverance kill.
Since liberty our confines fled,
Given with the first unleaven'd bread,
She never would return; though bought
With wounds, and in destruction sought;
Some stray to Libya's scorchèd sands,
Where hornèd Hammon's temple stands:
To Nilus some, where Philip's son,
Who all the rifled Orient won,
Built his proud city; others gone
To their old prison, Babylon:
A part to freezing Taurus fled,
And Tiber now the ocean's head
Our ruins all the world have filled:
But you, by use in suffering skill'd,
Forgetting in remoter climes
Our vanisht glory, nor those times,
Those happy times, compare with these,
Your burdens may support with ease.
More justly we of fate complain
Who servitude at home sustain;
We to perpetual woes designed,
In our own country Egypt find.

* * * * * * *

Yet this no less our grief provokes,
Our kindred bear divided yokes;
One part by Roman bondage wrung,
The other two by brothers sprung
From savage Idumæans, whom
Our fathers have so oft o'ercome.
O Thou, the Hope, the only One
Of our distress, and ruin'd throne;
Of whom with a prophetic tongue,
To Judah dying Jacob sung:
The crownèd muse on ivory lyre,
His breast inflamed with holy fire,
This oft foretold,—that Thou should'st free
The people consecrate to Thee;
That Thou, triumphing, should'st revoke
Sweet peace, then never to be broke;
When freed Judæa should obey
Our Lord, and all affect His sway.
O when shall we behold Thy face,
So often promised to our race?
If prophets, who have won belief,
By our mishaps and flowing grief,
Of joyful change, as truly sung;
Thy absence should not now be long.
Thee, by Thy virtue, we entreat;
The temple's veil, the mercy's seat,
That name by which our fathers swore,
Which in our vulgar speech we dare
Not utter to compassionate
Thy kindred's tears, and ruined state,
Hast to our great redemption, hast,
O thou most Holy! and at last
Bless with Thy presence, that we may
To Thee our vows devoutly pay.

George Sandys.—About 1642.

481.—LOVE.

'Tis affection but dissembled,
Or dissembled liberty,
To pretend thy passion changed
With changes of thy mistress' eye,
Following her inconstancy.

Hopes, which do from favour flourish,
May perhaps as soon expire
As the cause which did them nourish,
And disdain'd they may retire;
But love is another fire.

For if beauty cause thy passion,
If a fair resistless eye
Melt thee with its soft expression.
Then thy hopes will never die,
Nor be cured by cruelty.

'Tis not scorn that can remove thee,
For thou either wilt not see
Such loved beauty not to love thee,
Or will else consent that she
Judge not as she ought of thee.

Thus thou either canst not sever
Hope from what appears so fair,
Or, unhappier, thou canst never
Find contentment in despair,
Nor make love a trifling care.

There are seen but few retiring
Steps in all the paths of love,
Made by such who in aspiring
Meeting scorn their hopes remove;
Yet even these ne'er change their love.

Sidney Godolphin.—About 1640.

482.—ON THE DEATH OF SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE.

Not to be wrought by malice, gain, or pride,
To a compliance with the thriving side;
Not to take arms for love of change, or spite,
But only to maintain afflicted right;
Not to die vainly in pursuit of fame,
Perversely seeking after voice and name;
Is to resolve, fight, die, as martyrs do,
And thus did he, soldier and martyr too.

* * * *

When now th' incensed legions proudly came
Down like a torrent without bank or dam:
When undeserved success urged on their force;
That thunder must come down to stop their course,
Or Grenville must step in; then Grenville stood,
And with himself opposed, and check'd the flood.
Conquest or death was all his thought. So fire
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire:
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;
Not any pike in that renowned stand,
But took new force from his inspiring hand:
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,
And he urged all; so much example can;
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did call,
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:
His soul this while retired from cell to cell,
At last flew up from all, and then he fell.
But the devoted stand enraged more
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,
And proud to fall with him, sworn not to yield,
Each sought an honour'd grave, so gain'd the field.
Thus he being fallen, his action fought anew:
And the dead conquer'd, whiles the living slew.
This was not nature's courage, not that thing
We valour call, which time and reason bring;
But a diviner fury, fierce and high,
Valour transported into ecstacy,
Which angels, looking on us from above,
Use to convey into the souls they love.
You now that boast the spirit, and its sway,
Show us his second, and we'll give the day:
W[illegible]ow your politic axiom, lurk, or fly;
Y[illegible]not conquer, 'cause you dare not die:
And though you thank God that you lost none there,
'Cause they were such who lived not when they were;
Yet your great general (who doth rise and fall,
As his successes do, whom you dare call,
As fame unto you doth reports dispense,
Either a————or his excellence)
Howe'er he reigns now by unheard-of laws,
Could wish his fate together with his cause.
And thou (blest soul) whose clear compacted fame,
As amber bodies keeps, preserves thy name,
Whose life affords what doth content both eyes,
Glory for people, substance for the wise,
Go laden up with spoils, possess that seat
To which the valiant, when they've done, retreat:
And when thou seest an happy period sent
To these distractions, and the storm quite spent,
Look down and say, I have my share in all,
Much good grew from my life, much from my fall.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

483.—LOVE'S DARTS.

Where is that learned wretch that knows
What are those darts the veil'd god throws?
O let him tell me ere I die
When 'twas he saw or heard them fly;
Whether the sparrow's plumes, or dove's,
Wing them for various loves;
And whether gold, or lead,
Quicken, or dull the head:
I will anoint and keep them warm,
And make the weapons heal the harm.

Fond that I am to ask! whoe'er
Did yet see thought? or silence hear?
Safe from the search of human eye
These arrows (as their ways are) fly:
The flights of angels part
Not air with so much art;
And snows on streams, we may
Say, louder fall than they.
So hopeless I must now endure,
And neither know the shaft nor cure.

A sudden fire of blushes shed
To dye white paths with hasty red;
A glance's lightning swiftly thrown,
Or from a true or seeming frown;
A subtle taking smile
From passion, or from guile;
The spirit, life, and grace
Of motion, limbs, and face;
These misconceit entitles darts,
And tears the bleedings of our hearts.

But as the feathers in the wing
Unblemish'd are, and no wounds bring,
And harmless twigs no bloodshed know,
Till art doth fit them for the bow;
So lights of flowing graces
Sparkle in several places,
Only adorn the parts,
Till that we make them darts;

Themselves are only twigs and quills:
We give them shape, and force for ills.

Beauty's our grief, but in the ore,
We mint, and stamp, and then adore:
Like heathen we the image crown,
And indiscreetly then fall down:
Those graces all were meant
Our joy, not discontent;
But with untaught desires
We turn those lights to fires,
Thus Nature's healing herbs we take,
And out of cures do poisons make.

William Cartwright.—About 1640.

484.—TALE OF ARGENTILE AND CURAN.

The Brutons thus departed hence, seven kingdoms here begone,
Where diversely in diverse broils the Saxons lost and won.
King Edell and King Adelbright in Divia jointly reign:
In loyal concord during life these kingly friends remain.
When Adelbright should leave his life, to Edell thus he says:
By those same bonds of happy love, that hold us friends always,
By our byparted crown, of which the moiety is mine,
By God, to whom my soul must pass, and so in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay, conjure thee, too, to nourish as thine own
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile, till she to age be grown,
And then, as thou receivest, resign to her my throne.
A promise had for this bequest, the testator he dies,
But all that Edell undertook he afterward denies.
Yet well he fosters for a time the damsel, that was grown
The fairest lady under heaven; whose beauty being known,
A many princes seek her love, but none might her obtain,
For Grippel Edell to himself her kingdom sought to gain;
By chance one Curan, son unto a prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love, as much as one might be.
Unhappy youth! what should he do? his saint was kept in mew,
Nor he, nor any noble man admitted to her view.
One while in melancholy fits he pines himself away;
Anon he thought by force of arms to win her if he may,
And still against the king's restraint did secretly inveigh.
At length the high controller, Love, whom none may disobey,
Imbased him from lordliness unto a kitchen drudge,
That so, at least, of life or death she might become his judge.
Access so had to see, and speak, he did his love bewray,
And tells his birth: her answer was, she husbandless would stay.
Meanwhile, the king did beat his brains, his booty to achieve,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thrive:
At last his resolution was, some peasant should her wive.
And, which was working to his wish, he did observe with joy
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many an amorous toy.
The king, perceiving such his vein, promotes his vassal still,
Lest that the baseness of the man, should let, perhaps, his will.
Assured therefore of his love, but not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himself in his behalf did woo.
The lady, resolute from love, unkindly takes that he
Should bar the noble, and unto so base a match agree:
And therefore, shifting out of doors, departed thence by stealth.
Preferring poverty before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in his heart
Was more than much, and after her from court he did depart:
Forgetful of himself, his birth, his country, friends, and all,
And only minding whom he mist—the foundress of his thrall!
Nor means he after to frequent, or court, or stately towns,
But solitarily to live amongst the country grownes.
A brace of years he lived thus; well-pleased so to live;
And shepherd-like to feed a flock, himself did wholly give.
So wasting, love, by work and want, grew almost to the wane:
But then began a second love, the worser of the twain!
A country wench, a neatherd's maid, where Curan kept his sheep,
Did feed her drove; and now on her [illegible] all the shepherd's keep,
He borrow'd on the working days, his holly ruffets oft:
And of the bacon's fat, to make his startups black and soft;

And lest his tar-box should offend, he left it at the fold;
Sweet growt or whig, his bottle had as much as it would hold:
A sheave of bread as brown as nut, and cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in scrip bestow:
And whilst his piebald cur did sleep, and sheep-hook lay him by,
On hollow quills of oaten straw he piped melody.
But when he spied her, his saint, he wip'd his greasy shoes,
And clear'd the drivel from his beard, and thus the shepherd woos;
'I have, sweet wench, a piece of cheese, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread and wildings, souling well;' and therewithal did draw
His lardry; and, in eating, 'See yon crumpled owe,' quoth he,
'Did twin this fall; faith thou art too elfish, and too coy;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock enjoy,
I wis I am not; yet that thou dost hold me in disdain
Is brim abroad, and made a gibe to all that keep this plain.
There be as quaint, at least that think themselves as quaint, that crave
The match which thou (I wot not why) may'st, but mislik'st to have.
How would'st thou match? (for well I wot thou art a female); I,
I know not her, that willingly, in maidenhood would die.
The ploughman's labour hath no end, and he a churl will prove;
The craftsman hath more work in hand than fitteth on to love;
The merchant, trafficking abroad, suspects his wife at home;
A youth will play the wanton, and an old man prove a mome;
Then choose a shepherd; with the sun he doth his flock unfold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold:
And with the sun doth fold again: then jogging home betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry rhyme;
Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell, whilst that the bowl doth trot:
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow cares,
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or uttring of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirs on land, or crack of credit lost,
Nor spending franklier than his flock shall still defray the cost.
Well wot I sooth they say, that say, more quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he doth graze.
Believe me, lass, a king is but a man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the high.
As late it did a king and his, not dying far from hence,
Who left a daughter (save thyself) for fair, a matchless wench.'
Here did he pause, as if his tongue had made his heart offence.
The neatress, longing for the rest, did egg him on to tell
How fair she was, and who she was. 'She bore,' quoth he, 'the bell
For beauty: though I clownish am I know what beauty is,
Or did I not, yet seeing thee, I senseless were to miss.
Suppose her beauty Helen's like, or Helen's somewhat less,
And every star consorting to a pure complexion guess.
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced, and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless, I omit.
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead smooth and high,
An even nose, on either side stood cut a grayish eye:
Two rosy cheeks, round ruddy lips, with just set teeth within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath a round and dimpled chin.
Her snowy neck, with bluish veins, stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders; beating balls, her veined breasts, anon,
Add more to beauty; wand-like was her middle, falling still * *
And more, her long and limber arms had white and azure wrists,
And slender fingers answer to her smooth and lily fists!
A leg in print, and pretty foot; her tongue of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speak, the ball from Ide to bear!
With Pallas, Juno, and with both, herself contends in face;
Where equal mixture did not want of mild and stately grace:
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor wayward; mell, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any:
Not gibing, gadding, gawdy; and her faculties were many.
A nymph, no tongue, no heart, no eye, might praise, might wish, might see,

For life, for love, for form, more good, more worth, more fair than she!
Yet such an one, as such was none, save only she was such:
Of Argentile, to say the most, were to be silent much.'
'I knew the lady very well, but worthless of such praise,'
The neatress said; 'and muse I do, a shepherd thus should blaze
The coat of beauty. Credit me, thy latter speech bewrays
Thy clownish shape, a coined show. But wherefore dost thou weep?'
(The shepherd wept, and she was woe, and both did silence keep).
'In troth,' quoth he, 'I am not such as seeming I profess;
But then for her, and now for thee, I from myself digress.
Her loved I, wretch that I am, a recreant to be;
I loved her, that hated love; but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my father's court, and Curan is my name;
In Edell's court sometimes in pomp, till love controll'd the same:
But now; what now? dear heart! how now? what ailest thou to weep?'
(The damsel wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keep).
'I grant,' quoth she, 'it was too much, that you did love so much;
But whom your former could not move, your second love doth touch.
Thy twice beloved Argentile submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double love presents herself a single fee;
In passion, not in person chang'd, and I, my lord, am she.'
They sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for a space,
Whereas the ecstasy had end, did tenderly embrace!
And for their wedding, and their wish, got fitting time and place.

William Warner.—About 1586.

485.—SONNET.

Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
You, that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love and honour's complete history!
Your eyes were never yet let in too see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
That dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

George Chapman.—About 1595.

486.—THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE.

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still:
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Richard Alison.—About 1606.

487.—ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill-done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize;
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Nought so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen;
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody;
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there; the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Ghosts, goblins, fiends: my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes—
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damned as Melancholy.

Robert Burton.—About 1621.

488.—SONG.

Rise, lady! mistress, rise!
The night hath tedious been,
No sleep hath fallen into my eyes,
Nor slumbers made me sin:
Is not she a saint then, say,
Thought of whom keeps sin away?

Rise, madam! rise, and give me light,
Whom darkness still will cover,
And ignorance, darker than night,
Till thou smile on thy lover:
All want day till thy beauty rise,
For the gray morn breaks from thine eyes.

Nathaniel Field.—About 1618.

489.—SONNETS.

Some men delight huge buildings to behold,
Some theatres, mountains, floods, and famous springs,
Some monuments of monarchs, and such things
As in the books of fame have been enroll'd,
Those stately towns that to the stars were raised;
Some would their ruins see (their beauty's gone),
Of which the world's three parts each boasts of one:
Though none of those, I love a sight as rare,
Even her that o'er my life as queen doth sit;
Juno in majesty, Pallas in wit,
As Phœbe chaste, than Venus far more fair;
And though her looks even threaten death to me,
Their threat'nings are so sweet I cannot flee.

I chanced, my dear, to come upon a day
Whilst thou wast but arising from thy bed,
And the warm snows, with comely garments cled,
More rich than glorious, and more fine than gay.
Then, blushing to be seen in such a case,
O how thy curled locks mine eyes did please;
And well become these waves thy beauty's seas,
Which by thy hairs were framed upon thy face;
Such was Diana once, when being spied
By rash Actæon, she was much commoved:
Yet, more discreet than th' angry goddess proved,
Thou knew'st I came through error, not of pride,
And thought the wounds I got by thy sweet sight
Were too great scourges for a fault so light.

Awake, my muse, and leave to dream of loves,
Shake off soft fancy's chains—I must be free;
I'll perch no more upon the myrtle tree,
Nor glide through th' air with beauty's sacred doves;
But with Jove's stately bird I'll leave my nest,
And try my sight against Apollo's rays.
Then, if that ought my vent'rous course dismays,
Upon th' olive's boughs I'll light and rest;
I'll tune my accents to a trumpet now,
And seek the laurel in another field.
Thus I that once (as Beauty's means did yield)
Did divers garments on my thoughts bestow,
Like Icarus, I fear, unwisely bold,
Am purposed other's passions now t' unfold.

William Alexander, Earl of Sterline.—About 1630.

490.—WOLSEY'S AMBITION.

* * * *

Yet, as through Tagus' fair transparent streams,
The wand'ring merchant sees the wealthy gold,
Or like in Cynthia's half-obscured beams,
Through misty clouds and vapours manifold;
So through a mirror of my hoped-for gain,
I saw the treasure which I should obtain.

Thomas Storer.—About 1595.

491.—WOLSEY'S VISION.

From that rich valley, where the angels laid
him,
His unknown sepulchre in Moab's land,
Moses, that Israel led, and they obey'd him,
In glorious view before my face did stand,
Bearing the folded tables in his hand,
Wherein the doom of life, and death's despair,
By God's own finger was engraven there.

Then passing forth, a joyful troop ensued
Of worthy judges and triumphant kings,

* * * *

In chariot framed of celestial mould,
And simple pureness of the purest sky,
A more than heavenly nymph I did behold,
Who glancing on me with her gracious eye,
So gave me leave her beauty to espy;
For sure no sense such sight can comprehend,
Except her beams their fair reflection lend.

Her beauty with Eternity began,
And only unto God was ever seen;
When Eden was possess'd with sinful man,
She came to him and gladly would have been
The long succeeding world's eternal Queen;
But they refused her, Oh, heinous deed!
And from that garden banish'd was their seed.

Since when, at sundry times in sundry ways,
Atheism and blended ignorance conspire,
How to obscure those holy burning rays,
And quench that zeal of heart—inflaming fire
That makes our souls to heavenly things
aspire;
But all in vain, for, maugre all their might,
She never lost one sparkle of her light.

Thomas Storer.—About 1595.

492.—SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

* * * *

Look how the industrious bee in fragrant May,
When Flora gilds the earth with golden flowers,
Inveloped in her sweet perfumed array,
Doth leave his honey-limed delicious bowers,
More richly wrought than prince's stately
towers,
Waving his silken wings amid the air,
And to the verdant gardens makes repair.

First falls he on a branch of sugar'd thyme,
Then from the marygold he sucks the sweet,
And then the mint, and then the rose doth
climb,
Then on the budding rosemary doth light,
Till with sweet treasure having charged his
feet,
Late in the evening home he turns again,
Thus profit is the guerdon of his pain.

So in the May-tide of his summer age
Valour enmoved the mind of vent'rous Drake
To lay his life with winds and waves in gage,
And bold and hard adventures t' undertake,
Leaving his country for his country's sake;
Loathing the life that cowardice doth stain,
Preferring death, if death might honour
gain.

* * * *

Charles Fitzgeffrey.—About 1596.

493.—TO POSTERITY.

Daughter of Time, sincere Posterity,
Always new-born, yet no man knows thy birth,
The arbitress of pure sincerity,
Yet changeable (like Proteus) on the earth,
Sometime in plenty, sometime join'd with
dearth:
Always to come, yet always present here,
Whom all run after, none come after near.

Unpartial judge of all, save present state,
Truth's idioma of the things are past,
But still pursuing present things with hate,
And more injurious at the first than last,
Preserving others, while thine own do waste:
True treasurer of all antiquity,
Whom all desire, yet never one could see.

Charles Fitzgeffrey.—About 1600.

494.—FANCY AND DESIRE.

When wert thou born, Desire? In pride and
pomp of May.
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot? By
fond conceit men say.
Tell me who was thy nurse? Fresh Youth, in
sugar'd joy.
What was thy meat and daily food? Sad sighs
with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink? Unsavoury
lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rock'd in? In hope
devoid of fears.
What lull'd thee, then, asleep? Sweet sleep,
which likes me best.
Tell me where is thy dwelling-place? In gentle
hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most? To gaze
on beauty still.
What dost thou think to be thy foe? Disdain
of my good will.
Doth company displease? Yes, surely, many
one.
Where doth Desire delight to live? He loves
to live alone.

Doth either Time or Age bring him into decay?
No, no, Desire both lives and dies a thousand times a day.
Then, fond Desire, farewell! thou art no mate for me:
I should, methinks, be loth to dwell with such a one as thee.

Edward, Earl of Oxford.—About 1600.

495.—THE WIFE.

* * * * *

Then may I trust her body with her mind,
And, thereupon secure, need never know
The pangs of jealousy: and love doth find
More pain to doubt her false than find her so;
For patience is, of evils that are known,
The certain remedy; but doubt hath none.

And be that thought once stirr'd, 'twill never die,
Nor will the grief more mild by custom prove,
Nor yet amendment can it satisfy;
The anguish more or less is as our love;
This misery doth from jealousy ensue,
That we may prove her false, but cannot true.

* * * *

Give me, next good, an understanding wife,
By nature wise, not learned by much art;
Some knowledge on her part will, all her life,
More scope of conversation impart;
Besides her inborn virtue fortify;
They are most firmly good that best know why.

A passive understanding to conceive,
And judgment to discern, I wish to find;
Beyond that all as hazardous I leave;
Learning and pregnant wit, in womankind,
What it finds malleable (it) makes frail,
And doth not add more ballast, but more sail.

Books are a part of man's prerogative;
In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
That we to them our solitude may give,
And make time present travel that of old;
Our life fame precedeth longer at the end,
And books it farther backward do extend.

* * * *

So fair at least let me imagine her;
That thought to me is truth Opinion
Cannot in matters of opinion err;
And as my fancy her conceives to be,
Ev'n such my senses both do feel and see.

* * * * *

Beauty in decent shape and colour lies;
Colours the matter are, and shape the soul;
The soul—which from no single part doth rise,
But from the just proportion of the whole;—
And is a mere spiritual harmony
Of every part united in the eye.

No circumstance doth beauty fortify
Like graceful fashion, native comeliness;

* * * *

But let that fashion more to modesty
Tend than assurance—Modesty doth set
The face in her just place, from passion free;
'Tis both the mind's and body's beauty met.

All these good parts a perfect woman make;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife;
Without her love, her beauty I should take
As that of pictures dead—*that* gives it life;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all;—*that* only makes it mine.

Sir Thomas Overbury.—About 1610.

496.—ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY, PREVIOUSLY TO HIS EYES BEING PUT OUT.

As bird in cage debarr'd the use of wings,
Her captived life as nature's chiefest wrong,
In doleful ditty sadly sits and sings
And mourns her thralled liberty so long,
Till breath be spent in many a sitful song:
So here captived I many days did spend
In sorrow's plaint, till death my days did end.

Where as prisoner though I did remain;
Yet did my brother grant this liberty,
To quell the common speech, which did complain
On my distress, and on his tyranny,
That in his parks and forests joining by,
When I did please I to and fro might go,
Which in the end was cause of all my woe.

For on a time, when as Aurora bright
Began to scale heaven's steepy battlement,
And to the world disclose her cheerful light,
As was my wont, I with my keeper went
To put away my sorrow's discontent:
Thereby to ease me of my captive care,
And solace my sad thoughts in th' open air.

Wand'ring through forest wide, at length we gain
A steep cloud-kissing rock, whose horned crown
With proud imperial look beholds the main,
Where Severn's dangerous waves run rolling down,
From th' Holmes into the seas, by Cardiff town,
Whose quick-devouring sands so dangerous been
To those that wander Amphitrite's green:

As there we stood, the country round we eyed
To view the workmanship of nature's hand,
There stood a mountain, from whose weeping side
A brook breaks forth into the low-lying land,
Here lies a plain, and there a wood doth stand,
Here pastures, meads, corn-fields, a vale do crown,
A castle here shoots up, and there a town.

Here one with angle o'er a silver stream
With baneful bait the nibbling fish doth feed;
There in a plough'd land with his painful team,
The ploughman sweats, in hope for labour's meed:
* * * *
Here sits a goatherd on a craggy rock,
And there in shade a shepherd with his flock.

The sweet delight of such a rare prospect
Might yield content unto a careful eye;
Yet down the rock descending in neglect
Of such delight, the sun now mounting high,
I sought the shade in vale, which low did lie,
Where we reposed us on a green-wood side,
A'front the which a silver stream did glide.

There dwelt sweet Philomel, who never more
May bide the abode of man's society,
Lest that some sterner Tereus than before,
Who crept the flower of her virginity,
'Gainst her should plot some second villany;
Whose doeful tunes to mind did cause me call
The woful story of her former fall.

The redbreast who in bush fast by did stand
As partner of her woes, his part did ply,
For that the gifts, with which Autumnus' hand
Had graced the earth, by winter's wrath should die,
From whose cold cheeks bleak blasts began to fly,
Which made me think upon my summer past
And winter's woes, which all my life should last.

My keeper, with compassion moved to see
How grief's impulsions in my breast did beat,
Thus silence broke: "Would God (my Lord)," quoth he,
"This pleasant land, which nature's hand hath set
Before your eyes, might cause you to forget
Your discontent, the object of the eye
Oftimes gives ease to woes which inward lie.

"Behold upon that mountain's top so steep,
Which seems to pierce the clouds and kiss the sky,
How the grey shepherd drives his flock of sheep
Down to the vale, and how on rocks fast by
The goats frisk to and fro for jollity;
Give ear likewise unto these birds' sweet songs,
And let them cause you to forget your wrongs."

To this I made reply: "Fond man," said I,
"What under heaven can slack th' increasing woe,
Which in my grieved heart doth hidden lie?
Of choice delight what object canst thou show,
But from the sight of it fresh grief doth grow?
What thou didst welcome point at to behold,
The same the sum of sorrow doth enfold.

"That grey-coat shepherd, whom from far we see,
I liken unto thee, and those his sheep
Unto my wretched self compared may be:
And though that careful pastor will not sleep,
When he from ravenous wolves his flock should keep;
Yet here alas! in thrall thou keepest me,
Until that wolf, my brother, hungry be.

"Those shag-hair'd goats upon the craggy hill,
Which thou didst show, see how they frisk and play,
And everywhere do run about at will:
Yea, when the lion marks them for his prey,
They over hills and rocks can fly away:
But when that lion fell shall follow me
To shed my blood, O whither shall I flee?

"Those sweet-voiced birds, whose airs thou dost commend,
To which the echoing woods return reply,
Though thee they please, yet me they do offend:
For when I see how they do mount on high
Waving their outstretch'd wings at liberty,
Then do I think how bird-like in a cage
My life I lead, and grief can never suage."

Richard Niccols.—About 1610.

497.—SLEEP.

Weep you no more, sad fountains,
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste,
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling—
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

John Dowland.—About 1600.

498.—PSALM XXX.

I.

Lord, to Thee, while I am living,
Will I sing hymns of thanksgiving;
For thou hast drawn me from a gulf of woes,
So that my foes
Do not deride me.

II.

When Thine aid, Lord, I implored,
Then by Thee was I restored,
My mournful heart with joy Thou straight didst fill,
So that none ill
Doth now betide me.

III.

My soul, grievously distressed,
And with death well-nigh oppressed,
From death's devouring jaws, Lord, Thou didst save,
And from the grave
My soul deliver.

IV.

O, all ye that e'er had savor
Of God's everlasting favor,
Come! come and help me grateful praises sing
To the world's King,
And my life's giver.

V.

For His anger never lasteth,
And His favor never wasteth;
Though sadness be thy guest in sullen night,
The cheerful light
Will cheerful make thee.

VI.

Lull'd asleep with charming pleasures,
And base, earthly, fading treasures,
Rest, peaceful soul, said I, in happy state,
No storms of fate
Shall ever shake thee!

VII.

For Jehovah's grace unbounded,
Hath my greatness surely founded;
And hath my state as strongly fortified,
On every side,
As rocky mountains.

VIII.

But away His face God turned,
I was troubled then and mourned;
Then thus I pour'd forth prayers and doleful cries,
With weeping eyes,
Like watery fountains.

IX.

In my blood there is no profit:
If I die, what good comes of it?
Shall rotten bones or senseless dust express
Thy thankfulness,
And works of wonder?

X.

O then hear me, prayers forthpouring,
Drowned in tears, from moist eyes showering;
Have mercy, Lord, on me, my burden ease,
If Thee it please,
Which I groan under!

XI.

Thus pray'd I, and God, soon after,
Changed my mourning into laughter;
Mine ashy sackcloth, mark of mine annoy,
To robes of joy
Eftsoons He turned.

XII.

Therefore, harp and voice, cease never,
But sing sacred lays for ever
To great Jehovah, mounted on the skies,
Who dried mine eyes
When as I mourned.

Francis Davison.—About 1610.

499.—PSALM XXIII.

I.

God, who the universe doth hold
In his fold,
Is my shepherd, kind and beautiful,
Is my shepherd, and doth keep
Me, His sheep,
Still supplied with all things needful.

II.

He feeds me in his fields, which been
Fresh and green,
Mottled with Spring's flowery painting,
Through which creep, with murmuring crooks,
Crystal brooks,
To refresh my spirit's fainting.

III.

When my soul from Heaven's way
Went astray,
With earth's vanities seduced,
For His name's sake, kindly, He
Wandering me
To His holy fold reduced.

IV.

Yea, though I stray through death's vale,
Where his pale
Shades did on each side enfold me,
Dreadless, having Thee for guide,
Should I bide;
For Thy rod and staff uphold me.

V.

Thou my board with messes large
Dost surcharge;
My bowls full of wine Thou pourest
And before mine enemies'
Envious eyes
Balm upon my head Thou showerest.

VI.

Neither dures Thy bounteous grace
For a space;
But it knows nor bound nor measure:
So my days, to my life's end,
I shall spend
In Thy courts with heavenly pleasure.

Francis Davison.—About 1602.

500.—PSALM XIII.

I.

Lord, how long, how long wilt Thou
Quite forget and quite neglect me?
How long, with a frowning brow,
Wilt Thou from Thy sight reject me?

II.

How long shall I seek a way
Forth this maze of thoughts perplexed,
Where my grieved mind, night and day,
Is with thinking tired and vexed?
How long shall my scornful foe,
On my fall his greatness placing,
Build upon my overthrow,
And be graced by my disgracing?

III.

Hear, O Lord and God, my cries!
Mark my foes' unjust abusing,
And illuminate mine eyes,
Heavenly beams in them infusing;
Lest my woes, too great to bear,
And too infinite to number,
Rock me soon, 'twixt hope and fear,
Into death's eternal slumber.

IV.

Lest my foes their boasting make,
Spite of right, on him we trample;
And a pride in mischief take,
Hasten'd by my sad example.

V.

As for me, I'll ride secure
At Thy mercy's sacred anchor;
And, undaunted, will endure
Fiercest storms of wrong and rancour.

VI.

These black clouds will overblow,
Sunshine shall have his returning;
And my grief-dull'd heart, I know,
Into mirth shall change his mourning.
Therefore I'll rejoice and sing
Hymns to God in sacred measure,
Who to happy pass will bring
My just hopes at His good pleasure.

Francis Davison.—About 1610.

501.—MAN'S MORTALITY.

Like as the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower in May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had—
E'en such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done!
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The gourd consumes—and man he dies!

Like to the grass that 's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearlèd dew of May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan—
E'en such is man, who lives by breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended,
The hour is short, the span is long,
The swan's near death—man's life is done!

Simon Wastell.—About 1610.

502.—SADNESS.

The gentle season of the year
Hath made my blooming branch appear,
And beautified the land with flowers;
The air doth savour with delight,
The heavens do smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eyes augment their showers.

The meads are mantled all with green,
The trembling leaves hath clothed the treen,
The birds with feathers new do sing;
But I, poor soul, whom wrong doth rack,
Attire myself in mourning black,
Whose leaf doth fall amidst his spring.

And as you see the scarlet rose
In his sweet prime his buds disclose,
Whose hue is with the sun revived:
So, in the April of mine age,
My lively colours do assuage,
Because my sunshine is deprived.

My heart, that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winds, abroad to soar
Amongst the buds, when beauty springs,
Now only hovers over you,
As doth the bird that's taken new,
And mourns when all her neighbours sings.

When every man is bent to sport
Then, pensive, I alone resort
Into some solitary walk,
As doth the doleful turtle-dove,
Who, having lost her faithful love,
Sits mourning on some wither'd stalk.

There to myself I do recount
How far my woes my joys surmount,
How love requiteth me with hate,
How all my pleasures end in pain,
How hate doth say my hope is vain,
How fortune frowns upon my state.

And in this mood, charged with despair,
With vapour'd sighs I dim the air,
And to the Gods make this request,
That by the ending of my life,
I may have truce with this strange strife,
And bring my soul to better rest.

Uncertain.—About 1593.

503.—THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand,
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the Church it shows
What's good and doth no good:
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live,
Acting by others' actions,
Not loved, unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions;
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending;
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell Love it is but lust,
Tell Time it is but motion,
Tell Flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell Age it daily wasteth,
Tell Honour how it alters,
Tell Beauty how she blasteth,
Tell Favour how she falters;
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell Wit how much it wrangles
In treble points of niceness,
Tell Wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness;
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell Physic of her boldness,
Tell Skill it is pretension
Tell Charity of coldness,
Tell Law it is contention;
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell Fortune of her blindness,
Tell Nature of decay,
Tell Friendship of unkindness,
Tell Justice of delay;
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell Arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell Schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming;
If Arts and Schools reply,
Give Arts and Schools the lie.

Tell Faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell Virtue least preferreth;
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

And when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing,
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

Uncertain.—About 1593.

504.—CONTENT.

There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little—all in nought—Content.

Uncertain.—About 1598.

505.—THE WOODMAN'S WALK.

Through a fair forest as I went,
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman, quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.

I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well:
But thus, in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell;

Friend! muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to survey
What I shall show to thee.

Long lived I in this forest fair,
Till, weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.

My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did mask in sly disguise:

For falsehood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy:
Court favour fill'd but empty rooks,
And then I found no joy.

Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.

Wit was employed for each man's own;
Plain meaning came too short;
All these devices, seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.

Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap;
Where liberally I launcht and spent,
As set on Fortune's lap.

The little stock I had in store,
Methought would ne'er be done;
Friends flock'd about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.

For, when I spent, then they were kind;
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind:
Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
Although the world did frown:
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me down.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay:
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought) I said,
Lord bless me from the city:
Where simpleness is thus betray'd
Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate;
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.

There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly:
But, lord! how country folks can gloze,
When they speak most untruly!

More craft was in a buttoned cap,
And in an old wife's rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery
But underhanded gleaning,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worser meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby;
The poor man's back is crack'd ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree, among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And pray'd for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore:
Where I found ease of all my pain,
And mean to stray no more.

There city, court, nor country too,
Can any way annoy me;
But as a woodman ought to do,
I freely may employ me;

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my talk:
Wherefore, when I am dead and gone,
Think on the woodman's walk!

Uncertain.—About 1600.

506.—CANZONET.

The golden sun that brings the day,
And lends men light to see withal,
In vain doth cast his beams away,
When they are blind on whom they fall;
There is no force in all his light
To give the mole a perfect sight.

But thou, my sun, more bright than he
That shines at noon in summer tide,
Hast given me light and power to see
With perfect skill my sight to guide;
Till now I lived as blind as mole
That hides her head in earthly hole.

I heard the praise of Beauty's grace,
Yet deem'd it nought but poet's skill;
I gazed on many a lovely face,
Yet found I none to bend my will;
Which made me think that beauty bright
Was nothing else but red and white.

But now thy beams have clear'd my sight,
I blush to think I was so blind,
Thy flaming eyes afford me light,
That beauty's blaze each where I find;
And yet those dames that shine so bright,
Are but the shadows of thy light.

Uncertain.—About 1608.

507.—THE OXFORD RIDDLE.

There dwells a people on the earth,
That reckons true allegiance treason,
That makes sad war a holy mirth,
Calls madness zeal, and nonsense reason;
That finds no freedom but in slavery,
That makes lies truth, religion knavery,
That rob and cheat with yea and nay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

They hate the flesh, yet kiss their dames,
That make kings great by curbing crowns,
That quench the fire by kindling flames,
That settle peace by plund'ring towns,
That govern with implicit votes,
That 'stablish truth by cutting throats,
That kiss their master and betray:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?



ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

"From Oberon in Fairyland,
The King of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin, I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport with ho, ho, ho!"

[Poem 510.

That make Heaven speak by their commission,
That stop God's peace, and boast his power,
That teach bold blasphemy and sedition,
And pray high treason by the hour,
That damn all saints but such as they are,
That wish all common except prayer,
That idolize Pym, Brooks, and Say:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

That to enrich the commonwealth,
Transport large gold to foreign parts;
That house't in Amsterdam by stealth,
Yet lord it here within our gates;
That are staid men, yet only stay
For a light night to run away;
That borrow to lend, and rob to pay:
Riddle me, riddle me, who are they?

Uncertain.—*About* 1643.

508.—AMBITIO FEMININI GENERIS.

Mistress Matrossa hopes to be a lady,
Not as a dignity of late expected;
But from the time almost she was a baby,
That hath your richest gentlemen rejected;
But yet not dubb'd at present as she should be,
Lives in expectance still—my Lady Would-be.

Uncertain.—*About* 1613.

509.—NEC SUTOR ULTRA.

A cobbler and a curate once disputed,
Before a judge, about the king's injunctions,
Wherein the curate being still confuted,
One said 'twere good if they two changed functions:
Nay, quoth the judge, I thereto would be loth,
But, an you like, we'll make them cobblers both.

Uncertain.—*About* 1613.

510.—ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feasts will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes;
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go.
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require:
And, for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wrongèd so:
When I have done
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go;
And elf in bed
We leave in stead,
And wend us laughing ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

511.—THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsman, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawk'd, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping or care,

Who buys gaudy colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws and toys:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be-gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Of the king's young courtiers.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

512.—TIME'S ALTERATION.

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year;
No malice then we knew
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true);
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land,
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many:
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey;
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:
French fashions then were scorn'd;
Fond fangles then none knew:
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show,
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:

Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn
No simony men did use;
Christians did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor soldier's had their right,
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight.
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live:
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

513.—LOYALTY CONFINED.

Beat on, proud billows: Boreas, blow;
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof:
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,
Into this private room was turned;
As if their wisdoms had conspired
The salamander should be burned;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrained to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up
Like some high-prized margarite;
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am cloister'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure,
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, want's wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart—
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person, or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

Have you not seen the nightingale
A prisoner like, coop'd in a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And, though immur'd, yet can I chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude;
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

514.—ADAM BELL.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

Merry it wasein the green forèst
Among the levès green,
Where that men hunt east and west
With bows and arrows keen;

To raise the deer out of their den;
Such sights hath oft been seen;
As by three yeomen of the north countrie,
By them it is I mean.

The one of them hight Adam Bell,
The other, Clym of the Clough,
The third was William of Cloudesly,
An archer good enough.

They were outlawed for venison,
These yeomen everychone;
They swore them brethren upon a day,
To English-wood for to gone.

Now lith and listen, gentlemen,
That of mirthès loveth to hear;
Two of them were single men,
The third had a wedded fere.

William was the wedded man,
Much more then was his care;
He said to his brethren upon a day,
To Carlisle he would fare,

For to speak with fair Alice his wife,
And with his children three.
"By my troth," said Adam Bell,
"Not by the counsel of me:

"For if you go to Carlisle, brother,
And from this wild wood wend,
If that the justice may you take,
Your life were at an end."

"If that I come not to-morrow, brother,
By prime to you again,
Trust you then that I am takèn,
Or else that I am slain."

He took his leave of his brethren two,
And to Carlisle he is gone:
There he knocked at his own windòw
Shortly and anon.

"Where be you, fair Alice," he said,
"My wife and children three?
Lightly let in thine own husband,
William of Cloudesly."

"Alas!" then saydè fair Alice,
And sighèd wondrous sore;
"This place has been beset for you
This half a year and more."

"Now I am here," said Cloudesly,
"I would that in I were;
Now fetch us meat and drink enough,
And let us make us good cheer."

She fetched him meat and drink plenty,
Like a true wedded wife;
And pleasèd him with that she had,
Whom she loved as her life.

There lay an old wife in that place,
A little beside the fire,
Which William had found of charity
More than seven year.

Up she rose, and walked full still,
Evil mote she speed therefore;
For she had set no foot on ground
In seven year before.

She went unto the justice hall,
As fast as she could hie:
"This night," she said, "is come to town,
William of Cloudesly."

Thereof the justice was full fain,
And so was the sheriff alsò;
"Thou shalt not travaile hither, dame, for nought,
Thy meed thou shalt have ere thou go."

They gave to her a right good gown,
Of scarlet it was as I heard sayne;
She took the gift, and home she went,
And couched her down again.

They raised the town of merry Carlisle
In all the haste that they can,
And came thronging to William's house,
As fast as they might gone.

There they beset that good yeomàn
Round about on every side;
William heard great noise of folks,
That thitherward fast hied.

Alice opened a back windòw,
And lookèd all about,
She was ware of the justice and sheriff both,
With a full great rout.

"Alas! treason," cried [fair] Alice,
"Ever woe may thou be!
Go into my chamber, my husband," she said,
"Sweet William of Cloudesly."

He took his sword and his bucklèr,
His bow and his children three,
And went into his strongest chambèr,
Where he thought surest to be.

Fair Alice followed him as a lover true,
With a poleaxe in her hand;
"He shall be dead that here cometh in
This door, while I may stand."

Cloudesly bent a right good bow,
That was of a trusty tree,
He smote the justice on the breast,
That his arrow burst in three.

"A curse on his heart," said William,
"This day thy coat did on!
If it had been no better than mine,
It had gone near thy bone."

"Yield thee, Cloudesly," said the justice,
"And thy bow and thy arrows thee fro."
"A curse on his heart," said the fair Alice,
"That my husband counselleth so."

"Set fire on the house," said the sheriff;
"Sith it will no better be,
And brenne we therein, William," he said,
"His wife and his children three."

They fired the house in many a place,
The fire flew up on high:
"Alas!" then cried fair Alice,
"I see we here shall die."

William opened a back window,
That was in his chamber high,
And there with sheets he did let down
His wife and his children three.

"Have here my treasure," sayde William,
"My wife and children three;
For Christe's love do them no harm,
But wreak you all on me."

William shot so wondrous well,
Till his arrows were all ygo;
And the fire so fast upon him fell,
That his bowstring brent in two.

The sparkles brent, and fell him upon,
Good William of Cloudesly:
Then was he a woeful man, and said,
"This is a coward's death to me.

"Lever had I," sayde William,
"With my sword in the rout to renne,
Than here among mine enemies' wood
Thus cruelly to bren."

He took his sword and his buckler,
And among them all he ran,
Where the people were most in prese,
He smote down many a man.

There might no man abide his strokes,
So fiercely on them he ran;
Then they threw windows and doors on him,
And so took that good yeoman.

There they bound him both hand and foot,
And in a deep dungeon him cast;
"Now Cloudesly," said the justice,
"Thou shalt be hanged in haste."

"A pair of new gallows," said the sheriff,
"Now shall I for thee make;
And the gates of Carlisle shall be shut.
No man shall come in thereat.

"Then shall not help Clym of the Clough,
Nor yet shall Adam Bell,
Though they came with a thousand mo,
Nor all the devils in hell."

Early in the morning the justice uprose,
To the gates first gan he gone,
And commanded to be shut full close,
Lightily everychone.

Then went he to the market-place,
As fast as he could hie;
A pair of new gallows there did he set up
Beside the pillory.

A little boy among them asked,
"What meaned that gallows-tree?"
They said, "To hang a good yeoman,
William of Cloudesly."

That little boy was the town swine-herd,
And kept fair Alice's swine;
Oft he had seen Cloudesly in the wood,
And given him there to dine.

He went out at a crevice in the wall,
And lightly to the wood did gone;
There met he with those wightie yeomen
Shortly and anon.

"Alas!" then said the little boy,
"Ye tarry here too long;
Cloudesly is taken, and dampned to death,
And ready for to hang."

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we saw this day!
He had better have tarried here with us,
So oft as we did him pray.

"He might have dwelt in green forest,
Under the shadows green,
And have kept both him and us in rest,
Out of all trouble and teen!"

Adam bent a right good bow,
A great hart soon he had slain:
"Take that, child," he said, "to thy dinner,
And bring me mine arrow again."

"Now go we hence," said those wightie yeomen,
"Tarry we no longer here;
We shall him borrow by God his grace,
Though we buy it full dear."

To Carlisle went these bold yeomen,
All in a morning of May.
Here is a fytte of Cloudesly,
And another is for to say.

FYTTE THE SECOND.

And when they came to merry Carlisle,
In a fair morning tide,
They found the gates shut them until
Round about on every side.

"Alas!" then said good Adam Bell,
"That ever we were made men!
These gates be shut so wondrous well,
We may not come therein."

Then bespake him Clym of the Clough,
"With a wile we will us in bring;
Let us saye we be messengers,
Straight come now from our king."

Adam said, "I have a letter written,
Now let us wisely work,
We will say we have the kingès seal!
I hold the porter no clerk.'

Then Adam Bell beat on the gates
With strokès great and strong;
The porter marvelled who was thereat,
And to the gates he throng.

"Who is there now," said the portèr,
"That maketh all this knocking?"
"We be two messengers," quoth Clym of the Clough,
"Be come right from our king."

"We have a letter," said Adam Bell,
"To the justice we must it bring;
Let us in our message to do,
That we were again to the king."

"There cometh none in," said the portèr,
"By him that died on a tree,
Till a false thief be hanged,
Called William of Cloudesly."

Then spake the good yeoman Clym of the Clough,
And swore by Mary free,
"And if that we stand long without,
Like a thief hanged thou shalt be.

"Lo! here we have the kingès seal:
What, lurden, art thou wode?"
The porter went it had been so,
And lightly did off his hood.

"Welcome is my lord's seal," he said;
"For that ye shall come in."
He opened the gate full shortly:
An evil opening for him.

"Now are we in," said Adam Bell,
"Whereof we are full fain;
But Christ he knows, that harrowed hell,
How we shall come out again."

"Had we the keys," said Clym of the Clough,
"Right well then should we speed;
Then might we come out well enough
When we see time and need."

They called the porter to council,
And wrang his neck in two,
And cast him in a deep dungèon,
And took his keys him fro.

"Now am I porter," said Adam Bell,
"See, brother, the keys are here;
The worst portèr to merry Carlisle
That it had this hundred year.

"And now will we our bowès bend,
Into the tower will we go,
For to deliver our dear brothèr
That lieth in care and woe."

And thereupon they bent their bows,
And looked their strings were round,
The market-place in merry Carlisle
They beset that stound.

And as they lookèd them beside,
A pair of new gallows there they see,
And the justice with a quest of squires,
That had judged William hanged to be.

And Cloudesly lay ready there in a cart,
Fast bound both foot and hand;
And a strong rope about his neck,
All ready for to hang.

The justice called to him a lad,
Cloudesly's clothes he should have,
To take the measure of that yeomàn,
Thereafter to make his grave.

"I have seen as great a marvel," said Cloudesly,
"As between this and prime,
He that maketh a grave for me,
Himself may lie therein."

"Thou speakest proudly," said the justice,
"I will thee hang with my hand;"
Full well heard this his brethren two,
There still as they did stand.

Then Cloudesly cast his eyes aside,
And saw his two brethren stand
At a cornèr of the market-place,
With their good bows bent in their hand.

"I see comfòrt," said Cloudesly,
"Yet hope I well to fare,
If I might have my hands at will
Right little would I care."

Then spake good Adam Bell
To Clym of the Clough so free,
"Brother, see you mark the justice well;
Lo, yonder you may him see;

"And at the sheriff shoot I will,
Strongly with arrow keen;"
A better shot in merry Carlisle
This seven year was not seen.

They loosed their arrows both at once,
Of no man had they dread;
The one hit the justice, the other the sheriff,
That both their sides gan bleed.

All men voided, that them stood nigh,
When the justice fell to the ground,
And the sheriff fell nigh him by;
Either had his death wound.

All the citizens fast gan fly,
They durst no longer abide:
Then lightly they loosèd Cloudesly,
Where he with ropes lay tied.

William start to an officer of the town,
His axe from his hand he wronge;
On eche side he smote them down,
He thought he tarried too long.

William said to his brethren two,
"This day let us live and die,
If ever you have need, as I have now,
The same shall you find by me"

They shot so well in that tide,
Their strings were of silk full sure,
That they kept the streetes on every side,
That battle did long endure

They fought together as brethren true,
Like hardy men and bold,
Many a man to the ground they threw,
And many a heart made cold

But when their arrows were all gone,
Men pressed to them full fast,
They drew their swordes then anon,
And their bowès from them cast

They went lightly on their way,
With swordes and bucklers round,
By that it was mid of the day,
They made many a wound

There was an out-horn in Carlisle blown,
And the bells backward did ring,
Many a woman said, "Alas!"
And many their hands did wring

The mayor of Carlisle forth come was,
With him a full great rout,
These yeomen dreaded him full sore,
For of their lives they stood in great doubt

The mayor came armed a full great pace,
With a polexe in his hand,
Many a strong man with him was,
There in that stowre to stand

The mayor smote at Cloudesly with his bill,
His buckler he brast in two,
Full many a yeoman with great evil,
"Alas! Treason!" they cried for woe,
"Keep well the gates fast," they bad,
"That these traitors there out not go"

But all for nought was that they wrought,
For so fast they down were laid,
Till they all three that so manful fought,
Were gotten without abraide.

"Have here your keys" said Adam Bell,
"Mine office I here forsake,
And if you do by my counsèl,
A new porter do ye make"

He threw their keyès at their heads,
And bade them well to thrive,
And all that letteth any good yeomàn
To come and comfort his wife.

Thus be these good yeomen gone to the wood,
As lightly as leaf on lynde;
They laugh and be merry in their mood,
Their enemies be far behind.

When they came to the English-wood,
Under the trusty tree,
There they found bowès full good,
And arrows full great plenty.

"So God me help," said Adam Bell,
And Clym of the Clough so free,
"I would we were in merry Carlisle,
Before that fair meyne"

They set them down, and made good cheer,
And eat and drank full well
A second fytte of these wightie yeomen.
Another I will you well

FYTTE THE THIRD.

As they sat in English wood,
Under the green-wood tree,
They thought they heard a woman weep,
But her they mought not see

Sore then sighèd the fair Alice
"That ever I saw this day!
For now is my dear husband slain,
Alas! and well-a-day!

"Might I have spoken with his dear brethren
Or with either of them twain,
To let them know what him befell,
My heart were put out of pain!"

Cloudesly walked a little beside,
And looked under the green-wood lynde
He was ware of his wife and children three,
Full woe in heart and mind

"Welcome wife," then said William,
"Under this trusty tree
I had wende yesterday, by sweet Saint John,
Thou shouldest me never have see"

"Now well is me that ye be here,
My heart is out of woe"
"Dame" he said, "be merry and glad,
And thank my brethren two"

"Hereof to speak," said Adam Bell,
"I wis it is no boot
"The meat that you must sup withal,
It runneth yet fast on foot"

Then went they down into a land,
These noble archers all three
Each of them slew a hart of greece,
The best that they could see

"Have here the best, Alice, my wife,"
Said William of Cloudesly,
"By cause ye so boldly stood by me
When I was slain full nigh."

Then went they to supper,
With such meat as they had,
And thankèd God of their fortune;
They were both merry and glad.

And when they had suppèd well,
Certain withouten lease,
Cloudesly said, 'We will to our king,
To get us a charter of peace

"Alice shall be at our sojourning,
In a nunnery here beside;
My two sonnes shall with her go,
And there they shall abide.

"Mine eldest son shall go with me,
For him have I no care;
And he shall bring you word again
How that we do fare."

Thus be these yeomen to London gone,
As fast as they might hie,
Till they came to the king's palàce,
Where they would needès be.

And when they came to the kingè's court,
Unto the palace gate,
Of no man would they ask no leave,
But boldly went in thereat.

They preced prestly into the hall,
Of no man had they dread;
The porter came after, and did them call,
And with them began to chide.

The usher said, "Yeomen, what would ye have
I pray you tell to me:
You might thus make officers shent:
Good sirs, of whence be ye?"

"Sir, we be outlaws of the forèst,
Certain withouten leace,
And hither we be come to our king,
To get us a charter of peace."

And when they came before the king,
As it was the law of the land,
They kneelèd down without letting,
And each held up his hand.

They said, "Lord, we beseech thee here,
That ye will grant us grace;
For we have slain your fat fallow deer,
In many a sundry place."

"What be your names?" then said our king,
"Anon that you tell me"
They said, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly."

"Be ye those thieves," then said our king,
"That men have told of to me?
Here to God I make an avow,
Ye shall be hanged all three.

"Ye shall be dead without mercy,
As I am king of this land."
He commanded his officers everychone
Fast on them to lay hand.

There they took these good yeomèn,
And arrested them all three:
"So may I thrive," said Adam Bell,
"This game liketh not me.

"But, good lord, we beseech you now,
That you grant us grace,
Inasmuch as freely we be to you come,
As freely we may fro you pass,
With such weapons as we have here,
Till we be out of your place;
And if we live this hundred year,
We will ask you no grace."

"Ye speak proudly," said the king;
"Ye shall be hanged all three."
"That were great pity," then said the queen,
"If any grace might be.

"My lord, when I came first into this land,
To be your wedded wife,
The first boon that I would ask,
Ye would grant it me belyfe.

"And I asked you never none till now:
Therefore, good lord, grant it me."
"Now ask it, madam," said the king,
"And granted it shall be."

"Then, good my lord, I you beseech,
These yeomen grant ye me"
"Madam, ye might have asked a boon,
That should have been worth all three.

"Ye might have askèd towers and towns,
Parks and forests plenty."
"None so pleasant to my pay," she said;
"Nor none so lefe to me."

"Madam, sith it is your desire,
Your asking granted shall be;
But I had lever had given you
Good market townes three."

The queenè was a glad womàn,
And said, "Lord, grammercy:
I dare undertake for them,
That true men shall they be.

"But, good my lord, speak some merry word,
That comfort they may see"
"I grant you grace," then said our king:
"Wash, fellows, and to meat go ye."

They had not sitten but a while
Certain without lesygne,
There came messengers out of the north
With letters to our king.

And when they came before the king,
They kneeled down on their knee,
And said, "Lord, your officers greet you well,
Of Carlisle in the north countrie."

"How fareth my justice?" said the king,
"And my sheriff alsò?"
"Sir, they be slain, without leasing,
And many an officer mo."

"Who hath them slaynè?" said the king,
"Anon that thou tell me."
"Adam Bell, and Clym of the Clough,
And William of Cloudesly."

"Alas, for ruth!" then said our king:
"My heart is wondrous sore;
I had lever than a thousand pound,
I had known of this before;

"For I have granted them grace,
And that forthinketh me;
But had I known all this before,
They had been hanged all three."

The king he opened the letter anon,
Himself he read it through,
And found how these outlaws had slain
Three hundred men and mo;

First the justice and the sheriff,
And the mayor of Carlisle town,
Of all the constables and catchipolls
Alive were left not one.

The bailies and the beadles both,
And the sergeaunts of the law,
And forty fosters of the fe,
These outlaws had yslaw;

And broke his parks and slain his deer,
Of all they chose the best;
So perilous outlaws, as they were,
Walked not by east nor west.

When the king this letter had read,
In his heart he sighèd sore:
"Take up the tables anon," he said,
"For I may eat no more."

The kingè called his best archèrs,
To the butts with him to go:
"I will see these fellows shoot," he said,
"In the north have wrought this woe."

The kingè's horsemen, buske them blyve,
And the queen's archèrs alsò,
So did these three wightie yeomèn;
With them they thought to go.

There twice, or thrice they shot about,
For to assay their hand;
There was no shot these yeomen shot,
That any pryeke might them stand.

Then spake William of Cloudesly:
"By him that for me died,
I hold him never no good archèr,
That shooteth at butts so wide."

"At what a butt now would ye shoot,
I pray thee tell to me?"
"At suche a butt, sir," he said,
"As men use in my countrie."

William went into a field,
And with him his two brethren;
There they set up two hazel rods,
Twenty score paces between.

"I hold him an archer," said Cloudesly,
"That yonder wand cleaveth in two."
"There is none suche," said the king,
"Nor no man can so do."

"I shall assay, sir," said Cloudesly,
"Or that I farther go."
Cloudesly with a bearing arrow
Clave the wand in two.

"Thou art the best archer," then said the king,
"Forsooth that ever I see:"
"And yet for your love," said William,
"I will do more maystery.

"I have a son is seven year old,
He is to me full dear:
I will him tie to a stake;
All shall see that be here.

"And lay an apple upon his head
And go six score paces him fro,
And I myself with a broad arrèw
Shall cleave the apple in two."

"Now harte thee," then said the king,
"By him that died on a tree,
But if thou do not, as thou hast said,
Hangèd shalt thou be.

"An thou touch his head or gown,
For sight that men may see,
By all the saints that be in heaven,
I shall hang you all three."

"That I have promised," said William,
"That I will never forsake."
And there even before the king
In the earth he drove a stake:

And bound thereto his eldest son,
And bad him stand still thereat;
And turned the child's face him fro,
Because he should not start.

An apple upon his head he set,
And then his bow he bent:
Six score paces they were out met,
And thither Cloudesly went.

There he drew out a fair broad arrèw
His bow was great and long,
He set that arrow in his bow,
That was both stiff and strong.

He prayed the people that were there,
That they would all still stand,
For he that shooteth for such a wagèr,
Behoveth a stedfast hand.

Much people prayed for Cloudesly,
That his life saved might be.
And when he made him ready to shoot,
There was many a weeping eye.

But Cloudesly cleft the apple in two,
That many a man might see;
"Over Gods forbode," said the king,
"That thou should shoot at me.

"I give thee eighteen pence a day,
And my bowè shalt thou bear,
And over all the north countrie
I make thee chief rydère."

"And I give thee seventeen pence a day,"
said the queen,
"By God, and by my fay;
Come fetch thy payment when thou wilt,
No man shall say thee nay.

"William, I make thee a gentleman
Of clothing, and of fee:
And thy two brethren, yeomen of my chamber,
For they are so seemly to see.

"Your son, for he is tender of age,
Of my wine-cellar he shall be;
And when he cometh to man's estate,
Better advanced shall he be.

"And, William, bring me your wife," said the queen,
"Me longeth her sore to see:
She shall be my chief gentlewoman,
To govern my nursery."

The yeomen thanked them all courteously,
And said, "To some bishop will we wend,
Of all the sins that we have done,
To be assoiled at his hand."

So forth he gone these good yeomèn,
As fast as they might hie,
And after came and dwelled with the king,
And died good men all three.

Thus endeth the lives of these good yeomèn,
God send them eternal bliss;
And all, that with hand-bow shooteth,
That of heaven may never miss.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

515.—THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD.

O Willie's large o' limb and lith,
And come o' high degree;
And he is gone to Earl Richard
To serve for meat and fee.

Earl Richard had but ae daughter,
Fair as a lily flower
And they made up their love-contract
Like proper paramour.

It fell upon a simmer's nicht,
When the leaves were fair and green,
That Willie met his gay ladie
Intil the wood alane.

"O narrow is my gown, Willie,
That wont to be sae wide,
And gane is a' my fair colour,
That wont to be my pride.

"But gin my father should get word
What's past between us twa,
Before that he should eat or drink,
He'd hang you o'er that wa'.

"But ye'll come to my bower, Willie,
At the setting o' the sun;
And kep me in your arms twa,
And latna me fa' down."

O when the sun was near gane down,
He's doen him till her bower;
And there, by the lee licht o' the moon,
Her window she lookit o'er.

Intill a robe o' red scarlet
She lap, and caught nae harm;
Willie was large o' lith and limb,
And keepit her in his arm.

And they've gane to the gude greenwood,
And ere the night was dune,
She's borne to him a bonny young son,
Amang the leaves sae green.

When night was gane and day was come,
And the sun began to peep,
Up and raise the Earl Richard
Out o' his drowsy sleep.

He's ca'd upon his merry young men,
By ane, by twa, and by three,
"O what's come o' my daughter dear,
That she's na come to me?

"I dreamt a dreary dream last night—
God grant it come to gude!
I dreamt I saw my daughter dear
Drown in the saut sea flood.

"My daughter, maybe, is dead or sick;
Or gin she be stown awa',
I mak' a vow, and I'll keep it true,
I'll hang ye ane and a'!"

They sought her back, they sought her fore,
They sought her up and down,
They got her in the gude greenwood
Nursing her bonny young son.

He took the bonny boy in his arms,
And kist him tenderlie;
Says, "Though I would your father hang,
Your mother's dear to me."

He kist him o'er and o'er again;
"My grandson I thee claim;
And Robin Hood in gude greenwood,
'Tis that shall be your name."

There's mony ane sings o' grass, o' grass,
And mony ane sings o' corn;
And mony ane sings o' Robin Hood,
Kens little whar' he was born.

It was na in the ha', the ha',
Nor in the painted bower;
But it was in the gude greenwood,
Amang the lily flower.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

516.—A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

In summer when the shawes be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in the fair forèst
To hear the fowle's song;

To see the deer draw to the dale,
And leave the hillès hee,
And shadow them in the levès green,
Under the greenwood tree.

It befel on Whitsuntide,
Early in a May morning,
The sun up fair did shine,
And the birdès merry did sing.

"This is a merry morning," said Little John,
"By him that died on tree;
A more merry man than I am one
Lives not in Christiantè.

"Pluck up thy heart, my dear maystèr,"
Little John did say;
"And think it is a full fair time,
In a morning of May."

"Yes, one thing grieves me," said Robin,
"And does my heart much woe;
That I may not so solemn day
To mass nor matins go.

"It is a fortnight, and more," said he,
"Sin I my Saviour see;
To-day I will to Nottingham," said Robin,
"With the might of mild Marỳ."

Then spoke Moche, the miller's son,
Ever more well him betide;
"Take twelve of thy wight yeomen,
Well weaponed by their side.

"Such on woldè thyself slon
That twelve dare not abide."
"Of all my merry men," said Robin,
"By my faith I will none have.

"But Little John shall bear my bow,
Till that me list to draw—
* * * *
* * * *

"Thou shalt bear thine own," said Little John,
"Mayster, and I will bear mine;
And we will shoot a penny," said Little John,
"Under the greenwood lyne."

"I will not shoot a penny," said Robin Hood,
"In faith, Little John, with thee;
But ever for one as thou shootst," said Robin,
"In faith I hold thee three."

Thus shot they forth these yeomen two,
Bothè at bush and brome,
Till Little John won of his maystèr
Five shillings to hose and shone.

A forly strife fell them between,
As they went by the way;
Little John said he had won five shillings,
And Robin Hood said shortly, "Nay!"

With that Robin Hood lied Little John,
And smote him with his hondo;
Little John waxèd wroth therewith,
And pulled out his bright brondo.

"Wert thou not my mayster," said Little John,
"Thou shouldst bye it full sore;
Get thee a man where thou wilt, Robin,
For thou getst me no more."

Then Robin goes to Nottingham,
Himself mornynge alone;
And Little John to merry Sherwood,
The paths he knew alkone.

When Robin came to Nottingham,
Certainly withouten layne,
He prayed to God and mild Mary,
To bring him out safe again.

He goes into St. Mary's Church,
And kneeled down before the rood;
All that ever were the church within
Beheld well Robin Hood.

Beside him stood a great hooded monk,
I pray to God woo he be;
Full soon he knew good Robin Hood,
As soon as he him see.

Out at the door he ran,
Full soon and anon;
All the gates of Nottingham
He made to be sparred every one.

"Rise up," he said, "thou proud sheriff,
Buske thee and make thee bowne;
I have spied the king's felòn,
For sooth he is in this town.

"I have spied the false felòn,
As he stands at his mass;
It is longe of thee," said the monk,
"An ever he fro us pass.

"This traitor's name is Robin Hood,
Under the green-wood lyndo;
He robbed me once of an hundred pound,—
It shall never out of my mind."

Up then rose this proud sheriff,
And went towàrds him there;
Many was the mother son
To the kirk with him did fare.

In at the doors they throly thrust,
With staves full good ilkone;
"Alas! alas!" said Robin Hood,
"Now miss I Littlè John."

But Robin took out a two-hand sword,
That hangèd down by his knee;
Then as the sheriff and his men stood thickest,
Thitherward would he.

Thrice thorow at them he ran,
Then for sooth as I you say,
And wounded many a mother son;
And twelve he slew that day.

His sword upon the sheriff's head
Certainly he brake in two;
"The smith that thee made," said Robin,
"I pray God wyrke him woe;

"For now am I weaponless," said Robin,
"Alas! against my will;
But if I may flee these traitors fro,
I wot they will me kill."

Robin's men to the churchè ran,
Throughout them ever ilkone;
Some fell in swooning as if they were dead,
And lay still as any stone.

* * * *
* * * *

None of them were in their mind,
But only Little John.

"Let be your rule," said Little John,
"For his love that died on tree;
Ye that should be doughty men,
It is great shame to see.

"Our mayster has been hard bystode,
And yet 'scapèd away;
Pluck up your hearts, and leave this moan,
And hearken what I shall say.

"He has served our Lady many a day,
And yet will sècurely,
Therefore I trust in her specially,
No wicked death shall he die.

"Therefore be glad," said Little John,
"And let this morning be;
And I shall be the monkè's guide,
With the might of mild Mary.

"And I will meet him," said Little John,
"We will go but we two——"
* * * * *
* * * *

"Look that ye keep well the trystil tree,
Under the levys smale;
And spare none of this venison,
That go in this vale."

Forth they went, these yeomen two,
Little John and Moche infere,
And looked on Moch emy's house;—
The highway lay full near.

Little John stood at a window in the morning,
And lookèd forth at a stage;
He was 'ware where the monk came riding,
And with him a little page.

"By my faith," said Little John to Moche,
"I can tell thee tidings good;
I see where the monk comes riding,
I know him by his wide hood."

They went into the way these yeomen both,
As courteous men and hende;
They spyrrèd tithyngus to the monk,
As they had been his friend.

"From whence come ye?" said Little John;
"Tell us tithyngus I you pray,
Of a false outlàw, called Robin Hood,
Was taken yesterday.

"He robbed me and my fellows both
Of twenty marks in certàin;
If that false outlàw be takèn,
For sooth we would be fain."

"So did he me," said the monkè,
"Of an hundred pound, and more;
I laid first handè him upon,
Ye may thank me therefòre."

"I pray God thank you," said Little John,
"And we will when we may:
We will go with you, with your leave,
And bring you on your way.

"For Robin Hood has many a wild fellow,
I tell you in certàin;
If they wist ye rode this way,
In faith ye should be slain."

As they went talking by the way,
The monk and Little John,
John took the monk's horse by the head,
Full soon and anon.

John took the monk's horse by the head,
For sooth as I you say;
So did Moche, the little page,
For he should not stir away.

By the gullet of the hood,
John pulled the monkè down;
John was nothing of him aghast,
He let him fall on his crown.

Little John was sore aggrieved,
And drew out his sword on high;
The monkè saw he should be dead,
Loud mercy did he cry.

"He was my mayster," said Little John
"That thou hast browzed in bal[illegible]
Shalt thou never come at our king,
For to tell him tale."

John smote off the monkè's head,
No longer would he dwell;
So did Moche, the little page,
For fear lest he should tell.

There they buried them both,
In neither moss nor lynge;
And Little John and Moche infere
Bare the letters to our king.

* * * *
He kneelèd down upon his knee;
"God you save my liege lord,
Jesus you save and see.

"God you save my liegè king!"
To speak John was full bold;
He gave him the letters in his hand,
The king did it unfold.

The king read the letters anon,
And said, so mot I thee,
"There was never yeomàn in merry Englànd
I longed so sore to see."

"Where is the monk that thou should have brought?"
Our king gan say;
"By my troth," said Little John,
"He died upon the way."

The king gave Moche and Little John
Twenty pound in certàin;
And made them yeomen of the crown,
And bade them go again.

He gave to John the seal in hand,
The sheriff for to bear,
To bring Robin him to,
And no man do him dere.

John took his leave of our king,
The sooth as I you say;
The next day to Nottingham,
To take he went the way.

When John came to Nottingham,
The gates were sparred ichone;
John called up the portèr,
He answered soon anon.

"What is the cause," said Little John,
"Thou sparrest the gates so fast?"
"Because of Robin Hood," said the portèr,
"In deep prison is cast.

"John, and Moche, and Will Scathlok,
For well as I you say,
They slew our men upon our walls,
And sawtene us every day."

Little John spyrred after the sheriff
And soon he him fonde;
He opened the king's privy-seal,
And gave him in his honde.

When the sheriff saw the king's seal,
He did off his hood anon;
"Where is the monkè that bore the letters?"
He said to Little John.

"He is so fain of him," said Little John,
"For well as I you say;
He has made him Abbot of Westminster,
A lord of that abbèy."

The sheriff he made John good cheer,
And gave him wine of the best;
At night they went to their bed,
And every man to his rest.

When the sheriff was asleep,
Drunken of wine and ale,
Little John and Moche for sooth,
Took the way unto the jail.

Little John called up the jailor,
And bade him rise anon;
He said Robin Hood had broken prison,
And out of it was gone.

The porter rose anon certàin,
As soon as he heard John call;
Little John was ready with a sword,
And bare him to the wall.

"Now will I be porter," said Little John.
"And take the keys in honde;"
He took the way to Robin Hood,
And soon he him unfonde.

He gave him a good sword in his hand,
His head therewith for to keep;
And there where the wall was lowest,
Anon down did they leap.

By that the cock began to crow,
The day began to spring;
The sheriff found the jailor dead,
The common bell made he ring.

He made a cry throughout all the town,
Whether he be yeoman or knave,
That could bring him Robin Hood,
His warison he should have.

"For I dare never," said the sheriff,
"Come before our king;
For if I do I wot certàin,
For sooth he will me hang."

The sheriff made to seek Nottingham,
Both by street and stye;
And Robin was in merry Sherwood,
As light as leaf on lynde.

Then bespake good Little John,
To Robin Hood did he say,
"I have done thee a good turn for an evil,
Requite me when you may.

"I have done thee a good turn," said Little John,
"For sooth as I you say;
I have brought thee under the greenwood lyne,
Farewell, and have good day."

"Nay, by my troth," said Robin Hood,
"So shall it never be;
I make thee mayster," said Robin Hood,
"Of all my men and me."

"Nay, by my troth," said Little John.
"So shall it never be;
But let me be a fellow," said Little John,
"No other kepe I'll be."

Thus John got Robin Hood out of prisòne,
Certàin withouten layne;
When his men saw him whole and sound,
For sooth they were full fain.

They filled in wine, and made him glad,
Under the levès small;
And set pasties of venison,
That good was withal.

Then word came unto our king,
How Robin Hood was gone,
And how the sheriff of Nottingham,
Durst never look him upon.

Then bespoke our comely king,
In an anger high,
"Little John has beguiled the sheriff,
In faith so has he me.

"Little John has beguiled us both,
And that full well I see,
Or else the sheriff of Nottingham
High hangèd should he be.

"I made him yeoman of the crown,
And gave him fee with my hand;
I gave him grithe," said our king,
"Throughout all merry England.

"I gave him grithe," then said our king,
"I say, so mot I thee,
For sooth such a yeoman as he is one,
In all England are not three.

"He is true to his master," said our king,
"I say, by sweet Saint John,
He loves better Robin Hood
Than he does us ychone.

"Robin Hood is ever bound to him,
Both in street and stall;
Speak no more of this matter," said our king,
"But John has beguiled us all."

Thus ends the talking of the monk,
And Robin Hood, I wis;
God, that is ever a crowned king,
Bring us all to His bliss.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

517.—ROBIN HOOD AND ALLEN-A-DALE.

Come listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlàw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clad in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chaunted a roundelay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he espy the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before
It was clean cast away;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alas! and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John,
And Midge, the miller's son;
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When as he see them come.

"Stand off! stand off!" the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"O, hast thou any money to spare,
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she was from me ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me, without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Allen-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Allen should keep his weddìn'.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said,
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"O welcome, O welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old;
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here;
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall chuse her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two and three;
When four-and-twenty yeomen bold
Came leaping over the lea.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Allen, as I hear say;
And you shall be married this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he cried,
"For thy word shall not stand;
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth doth make thee a man."

When Little John went into the quire,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times into church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John,
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I;
And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

And then having ended this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they returned to the merry green-wood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

Anonymous.—Before 1615.

518.—ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOW'S THREE SONS.

There are twelve months in all the year,
As I hear many say,
But the merriest month in all the year
Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met a silly old woman,
Was weeping on the way.

"What news? what news? thou silly old woman,
What news hast thou for me?"
Said she, "There's my three sons in Nottingham town
To-day condemned to die."

"O, have they parishes burnt?" he said,
"Or have they ministers slain?
Or have they robbed any virgin?
Or other men's wives have ta'en?"

"They have no parishes burnt, good sir,
Nor yet have ministers slain,
Nor have they robbed any virgin,
Nor other men's wives have ta'en."

"O, what have they done?" said Robin Hood,
"I pray thee tell to me."
"It's for slaying of the king's fallow deer,
Bearing their long bows with thee."

"Dost thou not mind, old woman," he said,
"How thou madest me sup and dine?
By the truth of my body," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"You could not tell it in better time."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down, and a day,
And there he met with a silly old palmer,
Was walking along the highway.

"What news? what news? thou silly old man,
What news? I do thee pray."
Said he, "Three squires in Nottingham town
Are condemn'd to die this day."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old man,
Come change thy apparel for mine;
Here is ten shillings in good silver,
Go drink it in beer or wine."

"O, thine apparel is good," he said,
"And mine is ragged and torn;
Wherever you go, wherever you ride,
Laugh not an old man to scorn."

"Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,
Come change thy apparel with mine;
Here is a piece of good broad gold,
Go feast thy brethren with wine."

Then he put on the old man's hat,
It stood full high on the crown:
"The first bold bargain that I come at,
It shall make thee come down."

Then he put on the old man's cloak,
Was patch'd black, blue, and red;
He thought it no shame, all the day long,
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,
Was patch'd from leg to side:
"By the truth of my body," bold Robin can say,
"This man loved little pride."



ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

"He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And stuck it upon his bow's end.
Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

[*Poem* 519.

Then he put on the old man's hose,
Were patch'd from knee to wrist:
"By the truth of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I'd laugh if I had any list."

Then he put on the old man's shoes,
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon;
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,
"It's good habit that makes a man."

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,
With a link a down and a down,
And there he met with the proud sheriff,
Was walking along the town.

"Save you, save you, sheriff!" he said;
"Now heaven you save and see!
And what will you give to a silly old man
To-day will your hangman be?"

"Some suits, some suits," the sheriff he said,
"Some suits I'll give to thee;
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,
To-day's a hangman's fee."

Then Robin he turns him round about,
And jumps from stock to stone:
"By the truth of my body," the sheriff he said,
"That's well jumpt, thou nimble old man."

"I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,
Nor yet intends to trade;
"But curst be he," said bold Robin,
"That first a hangman was made!

"I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,
And a bag for barley and corn;
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,
And a bag for my little small horn.

"I have a horn in my pocket,
I got it from Robin Hood,
And still when I set it to my mouth,
For thee it blows little good.

"O, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow!
Of thee I have no doubt.
I wish that thou give such a blast,
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,
He blew both loud and shrill;
A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men
Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,
He blew both loud and amain,
And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men
Came shining over the plain.

"O, who are those?" the sheriff he said,
"Come tripping over the lee?"
"They're my attendants," brave Robin did say;
"They'll pay a visit to thee."

They took the gallows from the slack,
They set it in the glen,
They hanged the proud sheriff on that,
Released their own three men.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

519.—ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

When shaws be sheen, and swards full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forest
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodwcel sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

"Now by my faith," said jolly Robin,
"A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of two wight yeomen,
That fast with me can fight.

"Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro';
If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two."

"Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,
"As the wind that blows o'er a hill;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still."

"Busk ye, bowne ye, my merry men all,
And John shall go with me,
For I'll go seek yon wight yeomen,
In the greenwood where they be."

Then they cast on their gowns of green,
And took their bows each one,
And they away to the green forest,
A shooting forth are gone;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest be,
There were they aware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hide
Top and tail and mane.

"Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,
"Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yon wight yeoman
To know what he doth mean."

"Ah! John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I fairly find;
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind?

"It is no cunning a knave to ken,
An a man but hear him speak;
An it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I thy head would break."

As often words they breeden bale,
So they parted, Robin and John;
And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had,
For he found two of his own fellows
Were slain both in a glade.

And Scarlett he was flying a-foot
Fast over stock and stone,
For the proud sheriff with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

"One shot now I will shoot," quoth John,
"(With Christe his might and main;)
I'll make yon fellow that flies so fast,
To stop he shall be fain."

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fettled him to shoot:
The bow was made of tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shouldst be.

His shoot it was but loosely shot,
Yet flew not the arrow in vain,
For it met one of the sheriff's men,—
Good William-a-Trent was slain.

It had been better for William-a-Trent
To have been a-bed with sorrow,
Than to be that day in the greenwood glade
To meet with Little John's arrow.

But as it is said, when men be met,
Five can do more than three,
The sheriff hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

"Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,
And hang'd high on a hill."
"But thou mayst fail of thy purpose," quoth John,
"If it be Christe his will."

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said Robin so fair,
"Good morrow, good fellow," quoth he:
"Methinks by this bow thou bear'st in thy hand,
A good archer thou shouldst be."

"I am wilful of my way," quo' the yeoman,
"And of my morning tide."
"I'll lead thee through the wood," said Robin;
"Good fellow, I'll be thy guide."

"I seek an outlaw," the stranger said,
"Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlaw
Than forty pounds so good."

"Now come with me, thou wighty yeoman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

"First let us some mastery make
Among the woods so even,
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here at some unset steven."

They cut them down two summer shoggs,
That grew both under a briar,
And set them threescore rod, in twain,
To shoot the pricks y-fere.

"Lead on, good fellow," quoth Robin Hood,
"Lead on, I do bid thee."
"Nay, by my faith, good fellow," he said,
"My leader thou shalt be."

The first time Robin shot at the prick,
He miss'd but an inch it fro';
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he could never shoot so.

The second shoot had the wighty yeoman,
He shot within the garland;
But Robin he shot far better than he,
For he clave the good prick-wand.

"A blessing upon thy heart," he said,
"Good fellow, thy shooting is good;
For an thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

"Now tell me thy name, good fellow," said he,
"Under the leaves of lyne."
"Nay, by my faith," quoth bold Robin,
"Until thou hast told me thine."

"I dwell by dale and down," quoth he,
"And Robin to take I'm sworn;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guy of good Gisborne."

"My dwelling is in this wood," says Robin,
"By thee I set right nought;
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither been kith nor kin,
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both brown and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought
Two hours of a summer's day:
Yet neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy
Them fettled to fly away.

Robin was reachless of a root,
And stumbled at that tide;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him o'er the left side.

"Ah, dear Lady," said Robin Hood, "thou,
Thou art both mother and may,
I think it was never man's destiny
To die before his day."

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And straight he came with a backward stroke,
And he sir Guy hath slain.

He took sir Guy's head by the hair,
And struck it upon his bow's-end:
"Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end."

Robin pull'd forth an Irish knife,
And nick'd sir Guy in the face,
That he was never of woman born,
Could tell whose head it was.

Says, "Lie there, lie there now, sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth;
If thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth."

Robin did off his gown of green,
And on sir Guy did throw,
And he put on that capull hide,
That clad him tip to toe.

"The bow, the arrows, the little horn,
Now with me I will bear;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men do fare."

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

"Hearken, hearken," said the sheriff,
"I hear now tidings good,
For yonder I hear sir Guy's horn blow,
And he hath slain Robin Hood.

"Yonder I hear sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
And yonder comes that wighty yeoman,
Clad in his capull hide.

"Come hither, come hither, thou good sir Guy,
Ask what thou wilt of me."
"O I will none of thy gold," said Robin,
"Nor I will none of thy fee.

"But now I have slain the master," he says,
"Let me go strike the knave;
For this is all the reward I ask;
Nor no other will I have."

"Thou art a madman," said the sheriff,
"Thou shouldst have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath been so bad,
Well granted it shall be."

When Little John heard his master speak,
Well knew he it was his steven:
"Now shall I be loosed," quoth Little John,
"With Christe his might in heaven."

Fast Robin he hied him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;
The sheriff and all his company
Fast after him did drive.

"Stand back, stand back," said Robin;
"Why draw you me so near?
It was never the use in our country,
One's shrift another should hear."

But Robin pull'd forth an Irish knife,
And loosed John hand and foot,
And gave him sir Guy's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand,
His bolts and arrows each one:
When the sheriff saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham town,
He fled full fast away;
And so did all the company:
Not one behind would stay.

But he could neither run so fast,
Nor away so fast could ride,
But Little John with an arrow so broad,
He shot him into the back-side.

Anonymous.—Before 1640.

520.—ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTAL FRIAR.

In the summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

"Which of you can kill a buck;
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of grease,
Five hundred foot him fro'?"

Will Scarlet he kill'd a buck,
And Midge he kill'd a doe;
And Little John kill'd a hart of grease,
Five hundred foot him fro'.

"God's blessing on thy heart," said Robin Hood,
"That shot such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse an hundred miles
To find one to match thee."

That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,
He laugh'd full heartily;
"There lives a friar in Fountain's Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

"The curtal friar in Fountain's Abbey
Well can draw a good strong bow;
He will beat both you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel;
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him well.

He took his bow into his hand,
(It was of a trusty tree)
With a sheaf of arrows by his side
And to Fountain Dale went he.

And coming unto fair Fountain Dale,
No farther would he ride:
There was he 'ware of a curtal friar,
Walking by the water-side.

The friar had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel;
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him well.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn:
"Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or else thy life 's forlorn."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad
Till he came to the other side.

Lightly leap'd Robin off the friar's back,
The friar said to him again,
"Carry me over the water, fine fellow,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good nor bad
Till he came to the other side.

Lightly leap'd the friar off Robin Hood's back;
Robin said to him again,
"Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or it shall breed thee pain."

The friar he took Robin Hood on his back again,
And stepp'd up to his knee;
Till he came to the middle of the stream
Neither good nor bad spake he;

And coming to the middle of the stream,
There he threw Robin in;
"And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The friar to the willow wand;
Bold Robin Hood he got to the shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of the best arrows under his belt,
To the friar he let fly:
The curtal friar with his steel buckler
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot so passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and main.

From ten o'clock that very day,
Till four i' the afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the friar to beg a boon.

"A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three."

"That I will do," said the curtal friar,
"Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes drop out."

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lea.

"Whose men are these," said the friar,
"That come so hastily?"
"These men are mine," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, what's that to thee?"

"A boon, a boon," said the curtal friar,
"The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to put my fist to my mouth,
And whute whutes three."

"That I will do," said Robin Hood,
"Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a friar's fist
Would make me glad and fain."

The friar he set his fist to his mouth,
And he whuted him whutes three;
Half an hundred good ban dogs
Came running over the lea.

"Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee;"
"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, that may not be."

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, and the'other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy dogs," said Little John,
"Friar, at my bidding thee;
"Whose man art thou," said the curtal friar,
"That comes here to prate to me?"

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Friar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

"Hold thy hand, good fellow," said the curtal friar,
"Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all haste that may be.

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
And Fountain Abbey free;
Every Sunday throughout the year
A noble shall be thy fee.

"Every Sunday throughout the year,
Chang'd shall thy garments be,
If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,
And there remain with me."

The curtal friar had kept Fountain Dale,
Seven long years and more;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

521.—HOW ROBIN HOOD LENDS A POOR KNIGHT FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.

Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of frebore blode:
I shall you tell of a gude yemàn,
His name was Robyn Hode.

Robyn was a proude outlawe,
Whyles he walked on grounde,
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
Was never none yfounde.

Robyn stode in Barnysdale,
And lened hym to a tree,
And by hym stode Lytell Johan,
A good yeman was he:
And also dyd good Scathelock,
And Much the miller's sone;
There was no ynche of his body,
But it was worthe a grome.

Then bespake him Lytell Johan
All unto Robyn Hode,
"Mayster, yf ye wolde dyne betyme,
It wolde do you moch good."

Then bespake good Robyn,
"To dyne I have no lust,
Tyll I have some bolde barón,
Or some unketh guest,

"[Or els some byshop or abbot]
That may paye for the best;
Or some knyght or some squyere
That dwelleth here by west."

A good maner than had Robyn,
In londe where that he were:
Every daye or he wolde dyne
Thre messes wolde he here.

Robyn loved Our Dere Lady;
For doute of dedely synne
Wolde he never do company harme
That ony woman was ynne.

"Mayster," then sayd Lytell Johan,
"And we our borde shall sprede,
Tell us whither we shall gone,
And what lyfe we shall lede;

"Where we shall take, where we shall leve,
Where we shall abide behynde,
Where we shall robbe, where we shall reve,
Where we shall bete and bynde."

"Thereof no fors," sayd Robyn,
"We shall do well enow;
But loke ye do no housbonde harme
That tylleth with his plough;

"No more ye shall no good yemàn,
That walketh by grene wode shawe,
Ne no knyght, ne no squyèr,
That wolde be a good felawe.

"These bysshoppes, and these archebysshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde;
The hye shoryfe of Notynghame,
Hym holde in your mynde."

"This worde shall be holde," said Lytyll Johan,
"And this lesson shall we lere;
It is ferre dayes, god sende us a guest,
That we were at our dynere."

"Take thy good bowe in thy hande," said Robyn,
"Let Moche wende with thee,
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelocke,
And no man abyde with me:

"And walke up to the Sayles,
And so to Watlynge-strete,
And wayte after some unketh guest,
Up-chaunce ye mowe them mete.

"Be he erle or ony barón,
Abbot or ony knyght,
Brynge hym to lodge to me,
Hys dyner shall be dyght."

They wente unto the Sayles,
These yemen all thre,
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man see.

But as they loked in Barnysdale,
By a derne strete
Then came there a knyght rydynge,
Full sone they gan hym mete.

All drery then was his semblaunte,
And lytell was hys pryde,
Hys one fote in the sterope stode,
That other was besyde.

Hys hode hangynge over hys eyen two,
He rode in symple aray:
A soryer man than he was one
Rode never in somers-day.

Lytell Johan was curteyse,
And set hym on hys kne:
"Welcome be ye, gentyll knyght,
Welcome are you to me;

"Welcome be thou to grene wood,
Hende knyght and fre;
My mayster hath abyden you fastynge,
Syr, all these oures thre."

"Who is your mayster?" sayd the knyght.
Johan sayde, "Robyn Hode."
"He is a good yeman," sayd the knyght,
"Of hym I have herde moch good.

"I graunte," he sayd, "with you to wende,
My brethren all in-fere;
My purpose was to have deyned to day
At Blythe or Dankastere."

Forthe than went this gentyll knyght,
With a carefull chere,
The teres out of his eyen ran,
And fell downe by his lere.

They brought hym unto the lodge dore;
When Robyn gan hym se,
Full curteysly dyd of his hode,
And set hym on his kne.

"Welcome, syr knyght," then said Robyn,
"Welcome thou art to me;
I have abyde you fastynge, syr,
All these houres thre."

Then answered the gentyll knyght,
With wordes fayre and fre,
"God thee save, good Robyn,
And all thy fayre meynè!"

They washed togyder and wyped both,
And set tyll theyr dynere;
Brede and wyne they had ynough,
And nombles of the dere;

Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,
And foules of the rivere;
There fayled never so lytell a byrde,
That ever was bred on brere.

"Do gladly, syr knyght," sayd Robyn.
"Gramercy, syr," sayd he,
"Such a dyner had I not
Of all these wekes thre:

"If I come agayne, Robyn,
Here by this countrè,
As good a dyner I shall thee make,
As thou hast made to me."

"Gramercy, knyght," sayd Robyn,
"My dyner whan I have,
I was never so gredy [I swear to thee],
My dyner for to crave.

"But pay or ye wende," sayd Robyn,
"Me thynketh it is good ryght;
It was never the maner, by my troth,
A yeman to pay for a knyght."

"I have naught in my cofers," sayd the knyght,
"That I may profer for shame."
"Lytell Johan, go loke," sayd Robyn,
"Ne let not for no blame.

"Tell me trouth," sayd Robyn,
"So god have parte of thee."
"I have no more but ten shillings," sayd the knyght,
"So god have parte of me."

"Yf thou have no more," sayd Robyn,
"I wyll not one peny;
And yf thou have nede of ony more,
More shall I len thee.

"Go now forth, Lytell Johan,
The trouthe tell thou me:
Yf there be no more but ten shillings,
Not one peny than I se."

Lytell Johan spred downe his mantèll
Full fayre upon the grounde,
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But even halfe a pounde.

Lytyll Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster full lowe.
"What tydynge, Johan?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, the knyght is trewe inough."

"Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"The knyght shall begynne;
Moch wonder thynketh me
Thy clothynge is so thynne.

"Tell me one worde," sayd Robyn,
"And counsell shall it be;
I trowe thou were made a knyght of forse,
Or elles of yemanry;

"Or elles thou hast ben a sory housband,
And leved in stroke and stryfe;
An okerer, or elles a lechoure," sayd Robyn,
"With wronge hast thou lede thy lyfe."

"I am none of them," sayd the knyght,
"By [him] that made me:
An hondreth wynter here before,
Myne aunsetters knyghtes have be.

"But ofte it hath befal, Robyn,
A man hath be dysgrate;
But [he] that syteth in heven above
May amend his state.

"Within two or thre yere, Robyn," he sayd,
"My neyghbores well it kende,
Foure hondreth pounde of good money
Full wel than myght I spende.

"Now have I no good," sayd the knyght,
"But my chyldren and my wyfe;
God hath shapen such an ende,
Tyll it may amende my lyfe."

"In what maner," sayd Robyn,
"Hast thou lore thy richès?"
"For my grete foly," he sayd,
"And for my kindenesse.

"I had a sone, for soth, Robyn,
That sholde have ben my eyre,
When he was twenty wynter oldo,
In felde wolde juste full feyre;

"He slewe a knyght of Lancastshyre,
And a squyre bold;
For to save hym in his ryght
My goodes both sette and solde;

"My londes beth set to wedde, Robyn,
Untyll a certayne daye,
To a ryche abbot here besyde,
Of Saynt Mary abbay."

"What is the somme?" sayd Robyn,
"Trouthe than tell thou me."
"Syr," he sayd, "foure hondred pounde,
The abbot tolde it to me."

"Now, and thou lese thy londe," sayd Robyn,
"What shall fall of thee?"
"Hastely I wyll me buske," sayd the knyght,
"Over the salte see,

"And se where Cryst was quycke and deed,
On the mounte of Calvarè.
Fare well, frende, and have good daye,
It may noo better be—"

Teeres fell out of his eyen two,
He wolde have gone his way—
"Farewell, frendes, and have good day;
I ne have more to say."

"Where be thy frendes?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, never one wyll me know;
Whyle I was ryche inow at home,
Grete bost then wolde they blowe,

"And now they renne awaye fro me,
As bestes on a rawe;
They take no more heed of me
Than they me never sawe."

For ruthe then wepte Lytell Johan,
Scathelocke and Much in fere.
"Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"For here is a symple chere.

"Hast thou ony frendes," sayd Robyn,
"Thy borowes that wyll be?"
"[None other] but Our Dere Lady:
She [never hath] fayled me."

"Now by my hand," sayd Robyn,
"To serche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay,
A moch better borowe.

"Come now forthe, Lytell Johan,
And goo to my tresourè,
And brynge me foure hondred pounde,
And loke that it well tolde be."

Forthe then wente Lytell Johan,
And Scathelocke went before,
He tolde out foure hondred pounde,
By two and twenty score.

"Is this well tolde?" said lytell Much.
Johan sayd, "What groveth thee?
It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght
That is fall in poverte."

"Mayster," than sayd Lytell Johan,
"His clothynge is full thynne;
Ye must gyve the knyght a lyveray,
To lappe his body ther in.

"For ye have scarlet and grene, mayster,
And many a ryche aray;
There is no marchaunt in mery Englònde
So ryche, I dare well saye."

"Take hym thre yerdes of every colloure,
And loke that well mete it be."
Lytell Johan toke none other mesure
But his bowe tre,

And of every handfull that he met
He lept over fotes thre.
"What devilkyns draper," sayd litell Much,
"Thynkyst thou to be?"

Scathelocke stoode full styll and lough,
[And swore it was but right];
Johan may give hym the better mesure,
It costeth him but lyght.

"Mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
All unto Robyn Hode,
"Ye must gyve that knyght an hors,
To lede home al this good."

"Take hym a gray courser," sayd Robyn,
"And a sadell newe;
He is our ladyes messengere,
[I hope] that he be true."

"And a good palfraye," sayd lytell Moch,
"To mayntayne hym in his ryght."
"And a payre of botes," sayd Scathelocke,
"For he is a gentyll knyght."

"What shalt thou gyve hym, Lytel Johan?"
sayd Robyn.
"Syr, a payre of gylte spurres clene,
To pray for all this company—
God brynge hym out of tene!"

"Whan shall my daye be," sayd the knyght,
"Syr, and your wyll be?"
"This daye twelve moneth," sayd Robyn,
"Under this grene wode tre."

"It were grete shame," sayd Robyn,
"A knyght alone to ryde,
Without squyer, yeman, or page,
To walke by hys syde.

"I shall thee lene Lytell Johan my man,
For he shall be thy knave;
In a yeman's stede he may thee stonde,
Yf thou grete nede have."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

---

522. — THE KNIGHT RELEASES HIS LANDS, AND SUCCOURS A YEOMAN.

Nowe is the knyght went on his way:
This game he thought full good;
Whan he loked on Barnysdale,
He blyssed Robyn Hode;

And whan he thought on Barnysdale,
On Scathelock, Much, and Johan,
He blyssed them for the best company
That ever he in come.

Then spake that gentyll knyght,
To Lytel Johan gan he saye,
"To morowe I must to Yorke toune,
To Saynt Mary abbay;

"And to the abbot of that place
Foure hondred pounde I must pay:
And but I be there upon this nyght
My londe is lost for ay."

The abbot sayd to his covent,
There he stode on grounde,
"This day twelfe moneth came there knyght
And borowed foure hondred pounde.

"[He borowed foure hondred pounde]
Upon all his londe fre,
But he come this ylke day
Disheryted shall he be."

"It is full erely," sayd the pryoure,
"The day is not yet ferre gone;
I had lever to pay an hondred pounde,
And lay it downe a none.

"The knyght is ferre beyonde the see,
In Englonde is his ryght,
And suffreth honger and colde
And many a sory nyght:

"It were grete pytè," sayd the pryoure,
"So to have his londe;
And ye be so lyght of your conseyence,
Ye do to him moch wronge."

"Thou arte ever in my berde," sayd the abbot,
"By our saynt Rycharde."
With that cam in a fat-heded monke,
The high cellarer:

"He is dede or hanged," sayd the monke
"By him that bought me dere;
And we shall have to spende in this place
Foure hondred pounde by yere."

The abbot and the high cellarer,
Sterte forthe full bolde;
The High Justyce of Englonde
[With] the abbot there dyd holde.

The High Justyce and many mo
Had take into their honde
Wholly all the knyghtes det,
To put that knyght to wronge.

They demed the knyght wonder sore,
The abbot and hys meynè:
"But he come this ylke day
Disheryted shall he be."

"He wyll not come yet," sayd the justyce,
"I dare well undertake."
But in sorry tyme for them all,
The knyght came to the gate.

Than bespake that gentyll knyght
Untyll his meynè,
"Now put on your simple wedes
That ye brought fro the see."

[They put on their simple wedes,]
And came to the gates anone,
The porter was redy hymselfe,
And welcomed them everychone.

"Welcome, syr knyght," sayd the portèr,
"My lord to mete is he,
And so is many a gentyll man,
For the love of thee."

The porter swore a full grete othe,
[When he his horse did see]:
"Here be the best coresed horse
That ever yet sawe I me.

"Lede them into the stable," he sayd,
"That eased myght they be,"
"They shall not come therin," sayd the knyght
["Thy stable liketh not me."]

Lordes were to mete isette
In that abbotes hall,
The knyght went forth and kneled downe,
And salved them grete and small.

"Do gladly, syr abbot," sayd the knyght,
"I am come to holde my day."
The fyrst word the abbot spake,
"Hast thou brought my pay?"

"Not one peny," sayd the knyght,
["Alas! it might not be."]
"Thou art a shrewed dettour," sayd the abbot;
"Syr justyce, drynke to me.

"What doost thou here," sayd the abbot,
"But thou haddest brought thy pay?"
"Fore heaven," than sayd the knyght,
"To pray of a lenger daye."

"Thy daye is broke," sayd the justyce,
"Londe getest thou none."
"Now, good syr justyce, be my frende,
And fende me of my fone."

"I am holde with the abbot," sayd the justyce,
"Bothe with cloth and fee."
"Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende!"
"Nay, fore heaven," sayd he.

"Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,
For thy curteysè,
And holde my londes in thy honde
Tyll I have made thee gree;

"And I wyll be thy true servaunte,
And trewely serve the,
Tyl ye have foure hondred pounde
Of money good and free."

The abbot swore a full grete othe,
[A solemn othe swore he:]
"Get the londe where thou may,
For thou getest none of me."

["Now by our Lady,"] sayd the knyght,
["Whose aidance have I besought,]
But I have my londe agayne,
Full dere it shall be bought."

The abbot lothely on hym gan loke,
And vylaynesly hym gan call:
"Out," he sayd, "thou false knyght,
Spede thee out of my hall!"

"Thou lyest," then sayd the gentyll knyght,
"Abbot in thy hal;
False knyght was I never,
By him that made us all."

Up then stode that gentyll knyght,
To the abbot sayd he,
"To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,
Thou canst no curteysye;

"In joustes and in tournement
Full ferre than have I be,
And put myselfe as ferre in proes
As ony that ever I se."

"What wyll ye gyve more?" said the justyce,
"And the knyght shall make a releyse;
And elles dare I safely swere
Ye holde never your londe in pees."

"An hondred pounde," sayd the abbot.
The justyce sayd, "Gyve him two."
"Nay, be heaven," sayd the knyght,
"Yet gete ye it not soo:

"Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,
Yet were ye never the nere;
Shall there never be myn eyre,
Abbot, justyce, no frere."

He sterte hym to a borde anone,
Tyll a table rounde,
And there he shoke out of a bagge
Even foure hondred pounde.

"Have here thy golde, syr abbot," sayd the knyght,
"Which that thou lentest me;
Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge,
Rewarde sholdest thou have be."

The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,
For all his ryall chere,
He cast his hede on his sholdèr,
And fast began to stare.

"[Bring] me my golde agayne," sayd the abbot,
"Syr justyce, that I toke thee."
"Not a peny," sayd the justyce,
["Thou diddest but pay my fee."]

"Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe,
Now have I holde my daye,
Now shall I have my londe agayne,
For aught that you can saye."

The knyght stert out of the dore,
Awaye was all his care,
And on he put his good clothynge,
The other he lefte there.

He wente hym forthe full mery syngynge,
As men have tolde in tale,
His lady met hym at the gate,
At home in "Wierysdale."

"Welcome, my lorde," sayd his lady;
"Syr, lost is all your good?"
"Be mery, dame," sayd the knyght,
"And praye for Robyn Hode,

"That ever his soule be in blysse,
He holpe me out of my tene;
Ne had not be his kyndenesse,
Beggars had we bene.

"The abbot and I acordyd bene;
He is served of his pay;
The good yeman lent it me,
As I came by the way."

This knyght than dwelled fayre at home,
The soth for to say,
Tyll he had got foure hondreth pounde,
All redy for to paye.

He purveyed hym an hondred bowes,
The strenges [were] wolle dyght,
An hondred shefe of arowes good,
The hedes burnyshed full bryght,

And every arowe an elle longe,
With pecocke well ydyght,
Inocked all with whyte sylvèr,
It was a semly syght.

He purveyed hym an hondreth men,
Well harneyssed in that stede,
And hymselfe in that same sete,
And clothed in whyte and rede.

He bare a launsgay in his honde,
And a man ledde his male,
And reden with a lyght songe,
Unto Barnysdale.

As he went at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng,
And there taryed was he,
And there was all the best yemèn
Of all the west countree.

A full fayre game there was upsett,
A whyte bull up ipyght;
A grete courser with sadle and brydil,
With golde burneyshed full bryght;

A payre of gloves, a rede golde ryngo,
A pype of wyne, in good fay:
What man boreth him best, I wys,
The pryce shall bere away.

There was a yeman in that place,
And best worthy was he;
And for he was ferre, [without] frend bestad,
Islayne he sholde have be.

The knyght had ruth of this yemàn,
In place where that he stode,
He said that yoman sholde have no harme.
For love of Robyn Hode.

The knyght presed into the place,
An hondred folowed hym fre,
With bowes bent, and arowes sharpe,
For to shende that company.

They sholdred all, and made hym rome,
To wete what he wolde say,
He toke the yeman by the honde,
And gave hym all the playe;

He gave hym fyve marke for his wyne
There it laye on the molde,
And bad it sholde be sette a-broche,
Drynke who so wolde.

Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,
Tyll that playe was done,—
So longe abode Robyn fastynge,
Thre houres after the none.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

523.—LITTLE JOHN IN THE SERVICE OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM.

Lyth and lysten, gentyll men,
All that now be here;
Of Lytell Johan, that was the knyghtes man,
Good myrthe shall ye here.

It was upon a mery day,
That yonge men wolde go shete,
Lytell Johan fet his bowe anone,
And sayd he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Lytell Johan shot about,
And alway cleft the wande,
The proude sheryf of Notyngham
By the markes gan stande.

The sheryf saw how Johan shot,
And a great oath sware he
"This man is the best archere
That yet sawe I me.

"Say me now, wyght yonge man,
Thy name now tell tó me,
In what countre were thou born,
And where may thy wonnynge be?"

"In Holdernesse I was bore,
I wys, all of my dame,
Men call me Reynolde Grenelefe,
Whan I am at hame."

"Say me, Reynaud Grenelefe,
Wolte thou dwell with me?
And every yere I wyll the gyve
Twenty marke to thy fee."

"I have a mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"A curteys knyght is he;
May ye gete leve of hym,
The better may it bee."

The sheryfe gate Lytell Johan
Twelve monethes of the knyght,
Therfore he gave him ryght anone
A good hors and a wyght

Now is Lytell Johan the sheryffes man,
Heaven gyve us well to spede;
But alway thought Lytell Johan
To quyte hym well his mede.

"Now so heaven me helpe," sayd Lytel Johan,
"And by my trewe lewtè,
I shall be the worste servaunte to hym
That ever yet had he."

It befell upon a wednesday,
The sheryfe on hontynge was gone,
And Lytel Johan lay in his bed,
And was foryete at home.

Therfore he was fastynge
Tyl it was past the none.
"Good syr stuard, I pray thee,
Geve me to dyne," sayd Lytel Johan.

"It is too lông for Grenelefe,
Fastynge so long to be;
Therfore I pray the, stuarde,
My dyner gyve thou me."

"Shalt thou never ete ne drynke," sayd the stuarde,
"Tyll my lord be come to towne"
"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytell Johan,
"I had lever cracke thy crowne."

The butler was ful uncurteys,
There he stode on flore,
He sterte to the buttery,
And shet fast the dore.

Lytell Johan gave the buteler such a rap,
His backe yede nygh on two;
Tho he lyved an hundreth wynter,
The wors he sholde go.

He sporned the dore with his fote,
It went up wel and fyne,
And there he made a large lyveray
Both of ale and wyne.

"Syth ye wyl not dyne," sayd Lytel Johan,
"I shall gyve you to drynke,
And though ye lyve an hondred wynter,
On Lytell Johan ye shall thynk."

Lytell Johan ete, and Lytell [Johan] dronke,
The whyle that he wolde.
The sheryfe had in his kechyn a coke,
A stoute man and a bolde.

"I make myn avowe," sayd the coke,
"Thou arte a shrewde hynde,
In an housholde to dwel,
For to ask thus to dyne."

And there he lent Lytel Johan,
Good strokes thre.
"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytell Johan,
"These strokes lyketh well me.

"Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy,
And so thynketh me;
And or I passe fro this place,
Asayed better shalt thou be."

Lytell Johan drewe a good swerde,
The coke toke another in honde;
They thought nothynge for to fle,
But styfly for to stonde.

"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytell Johan,
"And be my trewe lewtè,
Thou art one of the best swerdemen
That ever yet sawe I me.

"Coowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,
To grene wood thou sholdest with me,
And two tymes in the yere thy clothynge
Ichaunged sholde be;

"And every yere of Robyn Hode
Twenty marke to thy fee."
"Put up thy swerde," sayd the coke,
"And felowes wyll we be."

Then he fette to Lytell Johan
The numbles of a doe,
Good brede and full good wyne,
They ete and dranke therto.

And whan they had dronken well,
Ther trouthes togyder they plyght,
That they wolde be with Robyn
That ylke same day at nyght.

The dyde them to the tresure-hous,
As fast as they myght gone,
The lockes that were of good stele
They brake them everychone;

They toke away the sylver vessell,
And all that they myght get,
Peces, masars, and spones,
Wolde they non forgete;

Also they toke the good pence,
Thre hondred pounde and three;
And dyd them strayt to Robyn Hode,
Under the grene wode tre.

"God the save, my dere maystèr,"
[Lytle Johan said he,]
And than sayd Robyn to Lytell Johan,
"Welcome myght thou be;

"And also be that fayre yemàn
Thou bryngest there with thee.
What tydynges fro Notyngham?
Lytell Johan, tell thou me."

"Well thee greteth the proude sheryfe,
And sende thee here by me
His coke and his sylver vessell,
And thre hondred pounde and thre."

"I make myn avow," sayd Robyn,
"However the thing may be,
It was never by his good wyll,
This good is come to me!"

Lytell Johan hym there bethought
On a shrewed wyle.
Fyve myle in the forest he ran,
Hym happed at his wyll;

Than he met the proud sheryf,
Huntynge with heunde and horne,
Lytell Johan coud his curteysye,
And kneled hym beforne:

"God thee save, my dere maystèr,
Keep thee well," sayd he.
"Raynolde Grenelefe," sayd the sheryfe,
"Where hast thou nowe be?"

"I have be in this forest,
A fayre syght can I se,
It was one of the fayrest syghtes
That ever yet sawe I me;

"Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart,
His colours is [full shene],
Seven score of dere upon an herde
Be all with hym bedene;

"His tynde are so sharp, maystèr,
Of sexty and well mo,
That I durst not shote for drede
Lest they wolde me sloo."

"I make myn avowe!" sayd the sheryf,
"That syght wolde I fayn se."
"Busko you thyderwarde, my dere maystèr,
Anone, and wende with me."

The sheryfe rode, and Lytell Johan
Of fote he was full smarte,
And whan they came afore Robyn:
"Lo, here is the mayster harte!"

Styll stode the proude sheryf,
A sory man was he:
"Wo worth the, Raynolde Grenelefe!
Thou hast now betrayed me!"

"I make myn avowe," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Mayster, ye be to blame;
I was mysserved of my dynere,
When I was with you at hame."

Soone he was to supper sette,
And served with sylver whyte;
And whan the sheryf se his vessell,
For sorowe he myght not ete.

"Make good chere," sayd Robyn Hode,
"Sheryfe, for charytè,
And for the love of Lytell Johan,
Thy lyfe is graunted to the."

When they had supped well,
The day was all agone,
Robyn commaunded Lytell Johan
To drawe off his hosen and his shone,

His kyrtell and his cote a pye,
That was furred well fyne,
And take him a grene mantèll,
To lappe his body therin.

Robyn commaunded his wyght yong men,
Under the grene wood tre,
They shall lay in that same sorte
That the sheryf myght them se.

All nyght laye that proud sheryf,
In his breche and in his sherte,
No wonder it was, in grene wode,
Tho his sydes do smerte.

"Make glad chere," sayd Robyn Hode,
"Sheryfe, for charytè,
For this is our order I wys,
Under the grene wood tre."

"This is harder order," sayd the sheryfe,
"Than ony anker or frere;
For al the golde in mery Englonde
I wolde not longe dwell here."

"All these twelve monethes," sayd Robyn,
"Thou shalte dwell with me;
I shall thee teche, proud sheryfe,
An outlawe for to be."

"Or I here another nyght lye," sayd the sheryfe,
"Robyn, nowe I praye thee,
Smyte of my hede rather to-morne,
And I forgyve it thee."

"Lete me go," then sayd the sheryf,
"For saynt Charytè,
And I wyll be thy best frende
That ever yet had thee."

"Thou shalt swere me an othe," sayd Robyn,
"On my bryght bronde,
Thou shalt never awayte me scathe,
By water ne by londe;

"And if thou fynde ony of my men,
By nyght or by day,
Upon thyne othe thou shalt swere,
To helpe them that thou may."

Now have the sheryf iswore his othe,
And home he began to gone,
He was as full of grene wode
As ever was [haw] of stone.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

524.—ROBIN HOOD REIMBURSES HIMSELF OF HIS LOAN.

The sheryf dwelled in Notynghame,
He was fayne that he was gone,
And Robyn and his mery men
Went to wode anone.

"Go we to dyner?" sayd Lytell Johan.
Robyn Hode sayd, "Nay;
For I drede our lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me not my pay."

"Have no dout, mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Yet is not the sonne at rest;
For I dare saye, and saufly swere,
The knyght is trewe and trust."

"Take thy bowe in thy hande," sayd Robyn,
"Let Much wende with thee,
And so shall Wyllyam Scathelock,
And no man abyde with me,

"And walke up into the Sayles,
And to Watlynge-strete,
And wayte after some unketh gest,
Up-chaunce ye may them mete.

"Whether he be messengere,
Or a man that myrthes can,
Or yf he be a pore man,
Of my good he shall have some."

Forth then stert Lytel Johan,
Half in tray and tene,
And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,
Under a mantel of grene.

They went up to the Sayles,
These yemen all thre:
They loked est, they loked west,
They myght no man se.

But as they loked in Barnysdale,
By the hye waye,
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes,
Eche on a good palferay.

Then bespake Lytell Johan,
To Much he gan say,
"I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,
That these monkes have brought our pay.

"Make glad chere," sayd Lytell Johan,
"And frese our bowes of ewe,
And loke your hertes be soker and sad,
Your strynges trusty and trewe.

"The monke hath fifty two men,
And seven somers full stronge;
There rydeth no bysshop in this londe
So ryally, I understond.

"Brethern," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Here are no more but we thre;
But we brynge them to dyner,
Our mayster dare we not se.

"Bende your bowes," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Make all yon prese to stonde;
The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth
Is closed in my honde.

"Abyde, chorle monke," sayd Lytell Johan,
"No ferther that thou gone;
Yf thou doost, by dere worthy god,
Thy deth is in my honde.

"And evyll thryfte on thy hede," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Ryght under thy hattes bonde,
For thou hast made our mayster wroth,
He is fastynge so longe."

"Who is your mayster?" sayd the monke.
Lytell Johan sayd, "Robyn Hode."
"He is a stronge thefe," sayd the monke,
"Of hym herd I never good."

"Thou lyest," than sayd Lytell Johan,
"And that shall rewe thee;
He is a yeman of the forèst,
To dyne he hath bode thee."

Much was redy with a bolte,
Reddily and a-none,
He set the monke to fore the brest,
To the grounde that he can gone.

Of fyfty two wyght yonge men,
There abode not one,
Saf a lytell page, and a grome
To lede the somers with Johan.

They brought the monke to the lodge dore,
Whether he were loth or lefe,
For to speke with Robyn Hode,
Maugre in theyr tethe.

Robyn dyd adowne his hode,
The monke whan that he see;
The monke was not so curteyse,
His hode then let he be.

"He is a chorle, mayster, I swere,"
Than sayd Lytell Johan.
"Thereof no force," sayd Robyn,
"For curteysy can he none.

"How many men," sayd Robyn,
"Had this monke, Johan?"
"Fyfty and two whan that we met,
But many of them be gone."

"Let blowe a horne," sayd Robyn,
"That felaushyp may us knowe."
Seven score of wyght yemen
Came pryckynge on a rowe,

And everych of them a good mantèll,
Of scarlet and of raye,
All they came to good Robyn,
To wyte what he wolde say.

They made the monke to wasshe and wype,
And syt at his denere.
Robyn Hode and Lytel Johan
They served him bothe in fere.

"Do gladly, monke," sayd Robyn.
"Gramercy, syr," sayd he.
"Where is your abbay, whan ye are at home,
And who is your avowè?"

"Saynt Mary abbay," sayd the monke,
"Though I be symple here."
"In what offyce?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, the hye selerer."

"Ye be the more welcome," sayd Robyn,
"So ever mote I the.
Fyll of the best wyne," sayd Robyn,
"This monke shall drynke to me.

"But I have grete mervayle," sayd Robyn,
"Of all this longe day,
I drede our lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doute, mayster," sayd Lytell Johan,
"Ye have no nede be saye,
This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,
For he is of her abbay."

"She was a borowe," sayd Robyn,
"Betwene a knyght and me,
Of a lytell money that I hym lent,
Under the grene wode tree;

"And yf thou hast that sylver ibroughte,
I praye the let me se,
And I shall helpe thee eftsones,
Yf thou have nede of me."

The monke swore a full grete othe,
With a sory chere:
"Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,
Herde I never ere."

"I make myn avowe," sayd Robyn,
"Monke, thou arte to blame,
For god is holde a ryghtwys man,
And so is his dame.

"Thou toldest with thyn owne tonge,
Thou may not say nay,
How thou arte her servaunt,
And servest her every day:

"And thou art made her messengere,
My money for to pay,
Therfore I con thee more thanke,
Thou art come at thy day.

"What is in your cofers?" sayd Robyn,
"Trewe then tell thou me."
"Syr," he sayd, "twenty marke,
Al so mote I the."

"Yf there be no more," sayd Robyn,
"I wyll not one peny;
Yf thou hast myster of ony more,
Syr, more I shall lende to the;

"And yf I fynde more," sayd Robyn,
"I wys thou shalte it forgone;
For of thy spendynge sylver, monk,
Thereof wyll I ryght none.

"Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,
And the trouth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty marke,
No peny that I se."

Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,
As he had done before,
And he tolde out of the monkes male,
Eyght hundreth pounde and more.

Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,
And went to his mayster in hast:
"Syr," he sayd, "the monke is trewe ynowe,
Our lady hath doubled your cost."

"I make myn avowe," sayd Robyn,
"(Monke, what tolde I thee?)
Our lady is the trewest womàn
That ever yet founde I me.

"By all that's good," sayd Robyn,
"To seche all Englond thorowe,
Yet founde I never to my pay
A moche better borowe.

"Fyll of the best wyne, do hym drynke," sayd Robyn;
"And grete well thy lady hende,
And yf she have nede of Robyn Hode,
She shall hym fynde esfrende;

"And yf she nedeth ony more sylver,
Come thou agayne to me,
And, by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such thre."

The monke was going to London ward,
There to holde grete mote,
The knyght that rode so hye on hors,
To brynge hym under fote.

"Whither be ye away?" sayd Robyn.
"Syr, to manors in this londe,
To reken with our reves,
That have done moch wronge."

The monke toke the hors with spurre,
No lenger wolde he abyde.
"Aske to drynke," than sayd Robyn,
"Or that ye forther ryde."

"Nay, fore heaven," than sayd the monke,
"Me reweth I cam so nere;
For better chepe I myght have dyned
In Blythe or in Dankestere."

"Grete well your abbot," sayd Robyn,
"And your pryour, I you pray,
And byd hym sende me such a monke
To dyner every day."

Now lete we that monke be styll,
And spoke we of that knyght,
Yet he came to holde his day
Whyle that it was lyght.

He dyde him streyt to Barnysdale,
Under the grene wode tre,
And he founde there Robyn Hode,
And all his mery meynè.

The knyght lyght downe of his good palfrày,
Robyn whan he gan see,
So curteysly he dyde adoune his hode,
And set hym on his knee.

"God the save, good Robyn Hode,
And al this company."
"Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
And ryght welcome to me."

Than bespake hym Robyn Hode
To that knyght so fre:
"What nede dryveth the to grene wode?
I pray the, syr knyght, tell me.

"And welcome be thou, gentyl knyght,
Why hast thou be so longe?"
"For the abbot and the hye justyce
Wolde have had my londe."

"Hast thou thy londe agayne?" sayd Robyn,
"Trouth than tell thou me."
"Ye, truly," sayd the knyght,
"And that thanke i god and the.

"But take not a grefe, I have be so longe;
I came by a wrastelynge,
And there I dyd holpe a pore yemàn,
With wronge was put behynde."

"Nay, that is well,' sayd Robyn,
"Syr knyght, that thanke I the;
What man that helpeth a good yomàn,
His frende than wyll I be."

"Have here foure hondred pounde," sayd the knyght,
"The whiche ye lent to me;
And here is also an hondred more
For your curteysy."

"Nay, syr knyght," then sayd Robyn,
"Thou broke it well for ay;
For our lady, by her solerer,
Hath sent to me my pay;

"And yf I toke it twyse,
A shame it were to me·
But trewely, gentyll knyght,
Welcom arte thou to me."

Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,
He leugh and had good chere.
"By my trouthe,' then sayd the knyght,
"Your money is redy here."

"Broke it well," sayd Robyn,
"Thou gentyll knyght so fre;
And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,
Under my trystell tree.

"But what shall these bowes do?" sayd Robyn,
"And these arowes ifedered fre?"
"By my troth," than sayd the knyght,
"A pore present to thee."

"Come now forth, Lytell Johan,
And go to my treasurè,
And brynge me there foure hondred pounde,
The monke over-tolde it to me.

"Have here foure hondred pounde,
Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,
And bye hors and harnes good,
And gylte thy spurres all newe:

"And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,
Come to Robyn Hode,
And by my trouth thou shalt none fayle
The whyles I have any good.

"And broke well thy four hondred pounde
Whiche I lent to the,
And make thy selfe no more so bare,
By the counsell of me."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

525.—ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

When Robin Hood and Little John
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound:
Hey down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can won;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley Hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see;
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room;
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room:
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to begone;
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
"I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree:
And when he came to Kirkley Hall,
He broke locks two or three;

Until he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," quoth Robin Hood,
"Little John, thou begst of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley Hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood,
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave diggèd be.

"Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another under my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily promised him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirkleys.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

526.—PATIENT GRISSELL.

I.

A noble marquess,
As he did ride a hunting,
Hard by a forest side,
A fair and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
His gentle eye espied.

Most fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was she,
Although in simple attire:
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voice melodiously,
Which set the lord's heart on fire.
The more he looked, the more he might;
Beauty bred his heart's delight,
And to this comely damsel
Then he went:—
"God speed," quoth he, "thou famous flower,
Fair mistress of this homely bower,
Where love and virtue
Dwell with sweet content."

With comely gesture,
And modest mild behaviour,
She bid him welcome then;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
And all his gentlemen.

The noble marquess
In's heart felt such a flame,
Which set his senses all at strife:
Quoth he, "Fair maiden,
Show me soon what is thy name:
I mean to make thee my wife."
"Grissell is my name," quoth she,
"Far unfit for your degree,
A silly maiden,
And of parents poor."
"Nay, Grissell, thou art rich," he said,
"A virtuous, fair, and comely maid;
Grant me thy love,
And I will ask no more."

II.

At length she consented,
And being both contented,
They married were with speed;
Her country russet
Was changed to silk and velvet,
As to her state agreed;
And when that she
Was trimly tirèd in the same,
Her beauty shone most bright,
Far staining every
Other fair and princely dame.
That did appear in sight.
Many envied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poor,
And 'twixt her lord and she,
Great strife did raise.
Some said this, and some said that,
And some did call her beggar's brat,
And to her lord
They would her oft dispraise.

"O! noble marquess,"
Quoth they, "why dost thou wrong us,
Thus basely for to wed,
That might have gotten
An honourable lady
Into your princely bed?
Who will not now
Your noble issue still deride,
Which shall hereafter be born,
That are of blood so base,
Born by the mother's side,
The which will bring them in scorn,
Put her, therefore, quite away,
And take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage
May renownèd be."
Thus every day they seemed to prate
That maliced Grissell's good estate;
Who all this while
Took it most patiently.

III.

When that the marquess
Did see that they were bent thus
Against his faithful wife,
Whom he most dearly,
Tenderly, and entirely,
Beloved as his life;



PATIENT GRISSELL.

"'Come,' let me have
The children, then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore;
She wrung her hands and said no more.
My gracious lord
Must have his will obeyed."

[*Poem* 526.

Minding in secret
For to prove her patient heart,
Thereby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to show her
A hard discourteous part,
That men might pity her case,
Great with child this lady was,
And at last it came to pass,
Two goodly children
At one birth she had:
A son and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
And which did make
Their mother's heart full glad

Great royal feasting,
Was at those children's christening,
And princely triumph made;
Six weeks together,
All nobles that came thither,
Were entertained and stayed:
And when all these pleasant
Sportings were quite done,
The marquess a messenger sent
For his young daughter,
And his pretty smiling son;
Declaring his full intent,
How that the babes must murdered be;
For so the marquess did decree.
"Come, let me have
The children," then he said.
With that fair Grissell wept full sore,
She wrung her hands, and said no more,
"My gracious lord
Must have his will obeyed."

IV.

She took the babies,
Even from the nursing ladies,
Between her tender arms;
She often wishes
With many sorrowful kisses,
That she might ease their harms.
"Farewell, farewell,
A thousand times, my children dear,
Never shall I see you again;
'Tis long of me,
Your sad and woeful mother here,
For whose sake both must be slain.
Had I been born of royal race,
You might have lived in happy case;
But you must die
For my unworthiness.
Come, messenger of death," quoth she,
"Take my dearest babes to thee,
And to their father
My complaints express."

He took the children,
And to his noble master,
He bore them thence with speed;
Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble lady,
To be brought up in deed.

Then to fair Grissell,
With a heavy heart he goes,
Where she sat mildly all alone:
A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely look she shows,
As if no grief she had known.
Quoth he, "My children now are slain;
What thinks fair Grissell of the same?
Sweet Grissell, now
Declare thy mind to me."
"Sith you, my lord, are pleased with it,
Poor Grissell thinks the action fit:
Both I and mine
At your command will be."

V.

"My nobles murmur,
Fair Grissell, at thy honour,
And I no joy can have,
Till thou be banished,
Both from the court and presence
As they unjustly crave.
Thou must be stripped
Out of thy stately garments all;
And as thou cam'st to me,
In homely gray,
Instead of bisse and purest pall,
Now all thy clothing must be:
My lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieves me sore.
The poorest life
Must now content thy mind.
A groat to thee I must not give
Thee to maintain while I do live;
Against my Grissell
Such great foes I find."

When gentle Grissell
Did hear these woeful tidings,
The tears stood in her eyes,
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
Did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she stripped off,
Her kirtle of silk with the same:
Her russet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
To bear them herself she did frame.
When she was dressed in this array,
And was ready to part away,
"God send long life
Unto my lord," quoth she;
"Let no offence be found in this,
To give my love a parting kiss."
With watery eyes,
"Farewell, my dear," said he.

VI.

From princely palace
Unto her father's cottage
Poor Grissell now is gone.
Full sixteen winters
She lived there contented;
No wrong she thought upon.

And at that time through
All the land the speeches went,
The marquess should married be
Unto a noble lady great,
Of high descent,
And to the same all parties did agree.
The marquess sent for Grissell fair,
The bride's bed-chamber to prepare
That nothing therein
Might be found awry
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some,
But Grissell took
All this most patiently.

And in the morning,
When as they should be wedded,
Her patience there was tried
Grissell was charged
Herself in friendly manner
For to attire the bride
Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same,
The bride in bravery was dressed,
And presently
The noble marquess thither came
With all his lords at his request.
"O Grissell, I would ask of thee,
If to this match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy looks
Are waxed wondrous coy"
With that they all began to smile,
And Grissell she replied the while,
"God send lord marquess
Many years of joy"

VII

The marquess was moved
To see his best beloved
Thus patient in distress,
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
These words he did express —
"Thou art my bride,
And all the bride I mean to have
These two thy own children be"
The youthful lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
Her brother as well as she
"And you that envied her estate,
Whom I have made my loving mate,
Now blush for shame,
And honour virtuous life
The chronicles of lasting fame
Shall evermore extol the name
Of patient Grissell,
My most constant wife"

Anonymous —Before 1649.

527.—THE TWA SISTERS O' BINNORIE.

There were twa sisters sat in a bow'r;
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
A knight cam' there, a noble wooer,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He courted the eldest wi' glove and ring,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
But he lo'ed the youngest aboon a' thing,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

The eldest she was vexed sair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
And sair envied her sister fair
By the bonny mill dams o Binnorie

Upon a morning fair and clear,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
She cried upon her sister dear,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

"O sister, sister, tak' my hand,"
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
"And let's go down to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o Binnorie"

She's ta'en her by the lily hand,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
And down they went to the river-strand,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnor e

The youngest stood upon a stane,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
The eldest cam' and pushed her in,
By the bonny mill-dams o Binnorie

"O sister, sister, reach your hand!
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
"And ye sall be heir o half my land"—
By the bonny mill dams o' Binnorie

"O sister, reach me but your glove!
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
"And sweet William sall be your love"—
By the bonny mill-dams o Binnorie

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
Till she cam' to the mouth o' yon mill-dam,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

Out then cam' the miller's son
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
And saw the fair maid soummin' in,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

"O father, father, draw your dam!
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
"There's either a mermaid or a swan,"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie

The miller quickly drew the dam,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
And there he found a drown'd woman,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Round about her middle sma',
(Binnorie, O Binnorie')
There went a gouden girdle bra',
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

All amang her yellow hair
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
A string o' pearls was twisted rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

On her fingers lily-white,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
The jewel-rings were shining bright,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And by there cam' a harper fine,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
Harpèd to nobles when they dine,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And when he looked that lady on,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He's ta'en three locks o' her yellow hair,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And wi' them strung his harp sae rare,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

He went into her father's hall,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
And played his harp before them all,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And sune the harp sang loud and clear
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"Fareweel, my father and mither dear!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And neist when the harp began to sing,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
'Twas "Fareweel, sweetheart!" said the string,
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

And then as plain as plain could be,
(Binnorie, O Binnorie!)
"There sits my sister wha drownèd me!"
By the bonny mill-dams o' Binnorie.

Sir W. Scott. Anonymous.—Before 1649.
Rom. 1774; Advt. 1832.

528.—THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

The Percy out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three,
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviot
He said he would kill and carry away;
"By my faith," said the doughty Douglas again,
"I will let that hunting if I may."

Then the Percy out of Bamborough came,
And with him a mighty meyné,
Fifteen hundred archers, of blood and bone,
They were chosen out of shires three.

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviot the hills so hie;
The child may rue it that is unborn;
It was the more pitie.

The drivers thorough the woodès went,
For to raise the deer;
Bowmen bicker'd upon the bent
With their broad arrows clear.

Then the wild thorough the woodès went,
On every side shear;
Greyhounds thorough the groves glent
For to kill their deer.

They began in Cheviot, the hills above,
Early on Monanday;
By that it drew to the hour of noon,
A hundred fat hartès dead there lay.

They blew a mort upon the bent,
They assembled on sides shear;
To the quarry then the Percy went,
To the brittling of the deer.

He said, "It was the Douglas's promise
This day to meet me here:
But I wist he would fail, verament,"—
A great oath the Percy sware.

At last a squire of Northumberland
Looked at his hand full nigh;
He was ware of the doughty Douglas coming,
With him a mighty meyné;

Both with spear, bill, and brand;
It was a mighty sight to see;
Hardier men, both of heart and hand,
Were not in Christiantie.

They were twenty hundred spearmen good,
Withouten any fail;
They were born along by the Water of Tweed,
In the bounds of Tivydale.

"Leave off brittling the deer," he said,
"To your bows look ye take good heed;
For since ye were of your mothers born
Had ye never so mickle need."

The doughty Douglas on a steed
He rode all his men beforne;
His armour glittered as a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me who ye are," he says,
"Or whose men that ye be;
Who gave you leave to hunt in this chace
In the spite of me?"

The first man that ever him answer made,
It was the good Lord Percy;
"We will not tell thee who we are,
Nor whose men that we be;
But we will hunt here in this chace,
In spite of thine and thee."

"The fattest harts in all Cheviot
We have kill'd, and cast to carry away."
"By my troth," said the doughty Douglas again,
"Therefor shall one of us die this day."

Then said the doughty Douglas
Unto the Lord Percy,
"To kill all these guiltless men,
Alas, it were great pitie!

"But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,
And I am earl called in my countrie;
Let all our men apart from us stand,
And do the battle off thee and me."

"Now, curse on his crown," said the Lord Percy,
"Whosoever thereto says nay!—
By my troth, doughty Douglas," he says,
"Thou never shalt see that day.

"Neither in England, Scotland, nor France,
Of woman born there is none,
But, an fortune be my chance,
I dare meet him, one man for one."

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,
Richard Witherington was his name:
"It shall never be told in South-England," he says,
"To King Harry the Fourth, for shame!

"I wot ye bin great lordès two,
I am a poor squire of land;
I'll ne'er see my captain fight on a field,
And a looker-on to stand:
But while I may my weapon wield
I will fail not, heart and hand."

That day, that day, that dreadful day!—
The first fytte here I find.
An ye will hear more of the Hunting of Cheviot,
Yet more there is behind.

THE SECOND FYTTE.

The Englishmen had their bowès bent,
Their hearts were good enow;
The first [flight] of arrows that they shot off,
Seven score spearmen they sloughe.

Yet bides Earl Douglas upon the bent,
A captain good enow,
And that was soon seen, verament,
For he wrought [the English wo].

The Douglas parted his host in three,
Like a chieftain [full] of pride;
With sure spears of mighty tree
They came in on every side.

Thorough our English archery,
And gave many a wound full wide;
Many a doughty they gar'd to die,
Which gained them no [small] pride.

The Englishmen let their bowès be,
And pull'd out brands that were bright;
It was a heavy sight to see
Bright swords on basnets light.

Thorough rich mail and maniple
Stern they struck down straight;
Many a freke that was full free,
There under-foot did light.

At last the Douglas and Percy met,
Like two captains of might and main;
They swapt together till they both swat,
With swords of the fine Milàn.

These worthy frekes for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent
As ever did hail or rain.

"Hold thee, Percy!" said the Douglas,
"And i' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

"Thou shalt have thy ransom free;
I hight thee here this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquerèd in fighting."

"Nay," said the Lord Percy,
"I told it thee beforne,
That I would never yielded be
To no man of a woman born."

With that came an arrow hastily
Forth of a mighty wane;
And it hath stricken the Earl Douglas
In at the breast bane.

Thorough liver and lungs both
The sharp arrow is gone,
That never after in all his life-days
He spake more words but one:
That was, "Fight ye, my merry men, while ye may!
For my life-days be done."

The Percy leanèd on his brand,
And saw the Douglas die;
He took the dead man by the hand,
And said, "Wo is me for thee!

"To have saved thy life, I would have given
My landès for years three;
For a better man, of heart nor of hand,
Was not in the north countrie."

Of all that saw a Scottish knight,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
He saw the Douglas to death was dight;
He spended a spear, a trusty tree;

He rode upon a courser
Through a hundred archery;
He never stinted, nor never blan,
Till he came to good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
A dint that was full sore;
With a sure spear of a mighty tree
Clean thorough his body he bore.

On the other side that a man might see
A large cloth-yard and mair.
Two better captains in Christentie
Were not, than the two slain there.

An archer of Northumberland
Saw slain was the Lord Percy:
He bare a bend-bow in his hand
Was made of trusty tree.

An arrow, that was a cloth-yard long,
To the hard steel haled he;
A dint he set, was both sad and sore,
On Sir Hugh the Montgomerie.

The dint it was both sad and sore
That he on Montgomerie set;
The swan-feathers the arrow bore
With his heart's-blood they were wet.

There was never a freke one foot would flee,
But still in stour did stand,
Hewing on each other, while they might dree,
With many a baleful brand.

This battle began in Cheviot
An hour before the noon,
And still when even-song bell was rung
The battle was not half done.

They took [off] on either hand
By the light of the moon;
Many had no strength for to stand,
In Cheviot the hills aboon.

Of fifteen hundred archers of England,
Went away but fifty and three;
Of twenty hundred spearmen of Scotland,
But even five and fiftie,

That were not slain in Cheviot;
They had no strength to stand on hie.
The child may rue that is unborn:
It was the more pitie.

There was slain with Lord Percy,
Sir John of Agerstone;
Sir Roger, the hyndè Hartley;
Sir William, the bold Heron.

Sir George, the worthy Lovel,
A knight of great renown;
Sir Ralph, the rich Rugby;
With dints were beaten down.

For Witherington my heart was wo,
That ever he slain should be;
For when both his legs were hewn in two,
Yet he kneeled and fought on his knee.

There was slain with the doughty Douglas,
Sir Hugh the Montgomerie;
Sir Davy Liddale, that worthy was,
His sister's son was he;

Sir Charles à Murray in that place,
That never a foot would flee;
Sir Hugh Maxwell, a lord he was,
With the Douglas did he dee.

So on the morrow they made them biers
Of birch and hazel gray;
Many widows with weeping tears
Came to fetch their makès away.

Tivydale may carp of care,
Northumberland make great moan;
For two such captains as there were slain
On the Marches shall never be none.

Word is come to Edinborough,
To Jamie the Scottish King,
Doughty Douglas, lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Cheviot within.

His handès did he weal and wring.
"Alas, and wo is me!
Such another captain in Scotland wide
There is not left," said he.

Word is come to lovely London,
To Harry the Fourth our King,
Lord Percy, lieutenant of the Marches,
Lay slain Cheviot within.

"God have mercy on his soul," said King Harry,
"Good Lord, if Thy will it be!
I've a hundred captains in England," he said,
"As good as ever was he.
But, Percy, an I brook my life,
Thy death well quit shall be."

And now may Heaven amend us all,
And into bliss us bring!
This was the Hunting of the Cheviot:
God send us all good ending!

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

529.—KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was callèd King John;
He ruled over England with main and might,
But he did great wrong, and maintain'd little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;
How for his housekeeping and high renown,
They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

"How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me;
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My Liege," quoth the Abbot, "I would it were known,
I am spending nothing but what is my own;
And I trust your Grace will not put me in fear,
For spending my own true-gotten gear."

"Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die;
And except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

"And first," quo' the King, "as I sit here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among all my liegemen of noble birth,—
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

"Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what do I think?"

"O, these are deep questions for my shallow wit,
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet:
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace."

"Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest thou hast to live;
For unless thou answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me."

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could by his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, with comfort so cold,
And he met his Shepherd, a-going to fold:
"Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;
What news do you bring us from great King John?"

"Sad news, sad news, Shepherd, I must give;
That I have but three days more to live.
I must answer the King his questions three,
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

"The first is to tell him, as he sits there,
With his crown of gold on his head so fair
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,
To within one penny, what he is worth.

"The second to tell him, beyond all doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about;
And at question the third I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly, what does he think?"

"O cheer up, my Lord; did you never hear yet
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"With your pardon, it oft has been told to me
That I'm like your Lordship as ever can be:
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to draw near to our Father the Pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

"And first, as thou seest me sitting here,
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,
Among my liegemen of noble birth,—
Tell to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told;
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;
For, I think, thou art one penny worse than he."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. Bittle,
"I did not think I was worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,
How soon I may ride this world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again;
And then your Grace need never doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think I could do it so soon!
Now from question the third thou must not shrink,
But tell me truly, what do I think?"

"Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry:
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me."

The King he laugh'd, and swore by the mass,
"I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!"
"Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;
For, alas! I can neither write nor read."

"Four nobles a week, then, I'll give to thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown to me;
And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest home,
Thou hast brought him free pardon from King John."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

530.—EDOM O' GORDON.

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld.

"And whatna hauld sall we draw to,
My merry men and me?
We will gae to the house of the Rodes,
To see that fair ladye."

The lady stood on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was aware of a host of men
Came riding towards the town.

"O see ye not, my merry men a',
O see ye not what I see?
Methinks I see a host of men;
I marvel who they be."

She ween'd it had been her lovely lord,
As he cam' riding hame;
It was the traitor, Edom o' Gordon,
Wha reck'd nor sin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersell,
And putten on her gown,
Till Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were round about the town.

They had nae sooner supper set,
Nae sooner said the grace,
But Edom o' Gordon an' his men
Were lighted about the place.

The lady ran up to her tower-head,
As fast as she could hie,
To see if by her fair speeches
She could wi' him agree.

"Come doun to me, ye lady gay,
Come doun, come doun to me;
This night sall ye lig within mine arms,
To-morrow my bride sall be."

"I winna come down, ye fause Gordon,
I winna come down to thee;
I winna forsake my ain dear lord,—
And he is na far frae me."

"Gie owre your house, ye lady fair,
Gie owre your house to me;
Or I sall burn yoursell therein,
But and your babies three."

"I winna gie owre, ye fause Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as thee;
And if ye burn my ain dear babes,
My lord sall mak' ye dree.

"Now reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ye weel my gun;
For, but an I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes, we been undone!"

She stood upon her castle wa',
And let twa bullets flee:
She miss'd that bluidy butcher's heart,
And only razed his knee.

"Set fire to the house!" quo' fause Gordon,
Wud wi' dule and ire:
"Fause ladye, ye sall rue that shot
As ye burn in the fire!"

"Wae worth, wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your fee;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
Lets in the reek to me?

"And e'en wae worth ye, Jock, my man!
I paid ye weel your hire;
Why pu' ye out the grund-wa' stane,
To me lets in the fire?"

"Ye paid me weel my hire, ladye,
Ye paid me weel my fee:
But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,—
Maun either do or dee."

O then bespake her little son,
Sat on the nurse's knee:
Says, "O mither dear, gie owre this house,
For the reek it smothers me."

"I wad gie a' my goud, my bairn,
Sae wad I a' my fee,
For ae blast o' the western wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee."

O then bespake her daughter dear,—
She was baith jimp and sma';
"O row' me in a pair o' sheets,
And tow me o'er the wa'!"

They row'd her in a pair o' sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa';
But on the point o' Gordon's spear
She gat a deadly fa'.

O bonnie, bonnie was her mouth,
And cherry were her cheeks,
And clear, clear was her yellow hair,
Whereon the red blood dreeps.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd her owre;
O gin her face was wan!
He said, "Ye are the first that e'er
I wish'd alive again."

He cam' and lookit again at her;
O gin her skin was white!
"I might hae spared that bonnie face
To hae been some man's delight."

"Busk and boun, my merry men a',
For ill dooms I do guess;—
I cannot look on that bonnie face
As it lies on the grass."

"Wha looks to freits, my master dear,
Its freits will follow them;
Let it ne'er be said that Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame."

But when the ladye saw the fire
Come flaming o'er her head,
She wept, and kiss'd her children twain,
Says, "Bairns, we been but dead."

The Gordon then his bugle blew,
And said, "Awa', awa'!
This house o' the Hodes is a' in a flame;
I hauld it time to ga'."

And this way lookit her ain dear lord,
As he came owre the lea;
He saw his castle a' in a lowe,
Sae far as he could see.

"Put on, put on, my wighty men,
As fast as ye can drie!
For he that's hindmost o' the thrang
Sall ne'er get good o' me."

Then some they rade, and some they ran,
Out-owre the grass and bent;
But ere the foremost could win up,
Baith lady and babes were brent.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
Sae fast as he might drie;
And soon i' the Gordon's foul heart's blude
He's wroken his fair ladye.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

531.—THOMAS THE RHYMER.

True Thomas lay on Huntley bank;
A ferlie spied he wi' his ee;
There he saw a lady bright
Come riding doun by the Eildon Tree.

Her skirt was o' the grass-green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fine;
At ilka tett o' her horse's mane,
Hung fifty siller bells and nine.

True Thomas he pu'd aff his cap,
And louted low doun on his knee;
"Hail to thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven!
For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,
"That name does not belong to me;
I'm but the Queen o' fair Elfland,
That hither have come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said;
"Harp and carp along wi' me;
And if ye dare to kiss my lips,
Sure of your body I shall be."

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunten me."
Syne he has kiss'd her on the lips,
All underneath the Eildon Tree.

"Now ye maun go wi' me," she said,
"Now, Thomas, ye maun go wi' me;
And ye maun serve me seven years,
Through weal or woe as may chance to be."

She's mounted on her milk-white steed,
And she's ta'en Thomas up behind:
And aye, whene'er her bridle rang,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind.

O they rade on, and farther on,
The steed gaed swifter than the wind;
Until they reach'd a desert wide,
And living land was left behind.

"Now, Thomas, light doun, light doun,"
she said,
"And lean your head upon my knee;
Abide ye there a little space,
And I will show you ferlies three.

"O see ye not yon narrow road,
So thick beset wi' thorns and briars?
That is the Path of Righteousness,
Though after it but few enquires.

"And see ye not yon braid, braid road,
That lies across the lily leven?
That is the Path of Wickedness,
Though some call it the road to Heaven.

"And see ye not yon bonny road
That winds about the ferny brae?
That is the road to fair Elfland,
Where thou and I this night maun gae.

"But, Thomas, ye sall haud your tongue,
Whatever ye may hear or see;
For speak ye word in Elfin-land,
Ye'll ne'er win back to your ain countrie."

O they rade on, and further on,
And they waded rivers abune the knee;
And they saw neither sun nor moon,
But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night, there was nae
starlight,
They waded through red blude to the
knee;
For a' the blude that's shed on the earth
Rins through the springs o' that countrie.

Syne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree:
"Take this for thy wages, Thomas," she
said;
"It will give thee the tongue that can
never lee."

"My tongue is my sin," then Thomas he said;
"A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy or sell
At fair or tryst where I might be.

"I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye!"—
"Now haud thy peace, Thomas," she said,
"For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,
And a pair o' shoon of the velvet green;
And till seven years were come and gane,
True Thomas on earth was never seen.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

532.—THE WATER O' WEARIE'S WELL.

There cam' a bird out o' a bush,
On water for to dine;
An' siching sair, says the king's dochter,
"O wae's this heart o' mine."

He's ta'en a harp into his hand,
He's harpit them a' asleip;
Except it was the king's dochter,
Wha ae wink coudna get.

He's loupen on his berry-brown steed,
Ta'en her behin' himsel;
Then baith rade doun to that water
That they ca' Wearie's Well.

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

The first step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the knee;
And, sichin' says this ladye fair,
"This water's nae for me."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the middle;
O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
"I've wat my gowden girdle."

"Wade in, wade in, my ladye fair,
No harm shall thee befall;
Oft times hae I watered my steed
Wi' the water o' Wearie's Well."

The next step that she steppit in,
She steppit to the chin;
O, sichin' says this ladye fair,
"They sud gar twa luves twin."

"Seven king's dochters I've drounèd there,
I' the water o' Wearie's Well;
An' I'll mak' ye the eight o' them,
An' ring the common bell."

"Sin' I am standin' here," she says,
"This dowie death to dee;
One kiss o' your comelie mouth
I'm sure wad comfort me."

He louted him o'er his saddle bow,
To kiss her cheek an' chin;
She's ta'en him in her arms twa,
An' throun him headlong in.

"Sin' seven king's daughters ye've drounèd there,
I' the water o' Wearie's Well,
I'll mak' ye the bridegroom to them a',
An' ring the bell mysell."

An' aye she warslod, and aye she swam,
An' she swam to dry lan';
An' thankit God most cheerfullie,
For the dangers she o'ercam.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

533.—LORD BEICHAN.

Lord Beichan was a noble lord,
A noble lord of high degree;
He shipped himself on board a ship,
He longed strange countries for to see.

He sailèd east, and he sailèd west,
Until he came to proud Turkèy;
Where he was ta'en by a savage Moor,
Who handled him right cruellie.

For he viewed the fashions of that land;
Their way of worship viewèd he;
But to Mahound, or Termagant,
Would Beichan never bend a knee.

So on each shoulder they've putten a bore,
In each bore they've putten a tye;
And they have made him trail the wine
And spices on his fair body.

They've casten him in a donjon deep,
Where he could neither hear nor see;
For seven long year they've kept him there,
Till he for hunger's like to dee.

And in his prison a tree there grew,
So stout and strong there grew a tree,
And unto it was Beichan chained,
Until his life was most weary.

This Turk he had one only daughter—
Fairer creature did eyes ne'er see;
And every day, as she took the air,
Near Beichan's prison passèd she.

And bonny, meek, and mild was she,
Tho' she was come of an ill kin;
And oft she sighed, she knew not why,
For him that lay the donjon in.

O! so it fell upon a day,
She heard young Beichan sadly sing;
And aye and ever in her ears,
The tones of hapless sorrow ring.

"My hounds they all go masterless;
My hawks they flee from tree to tree;
My younger brother will heir my land;
Fair England again I'll never see."

And all night long no rest she got,
Young Beichan's song for thinking on:
She's stown the keys from her father's head,
And to the prison strong is gone.

And she has oped the prison doors,
I wot she opened two or three,
Ere she could come young Beichan at,
He was locked up so curiouslie.

But when she came young Beichan before,
Sore wondered he that maid to see!
He took her for some fair captive,—
"Fair Ladye, I pray of what countrie?"

"Have you got houses? have you got lands?
Or does Northumberland 'long to thee?
What would ye give to the fair young ladye
That out of prison would set you free?"

"I have got houses, I have got lands,
And half Northumberland 'longs to me,—
I'll give them all to the ladye fair,
That out of prison will set me free.

"Near London town I have a hall,
With other castles, two or three;
I'll give them all to the ladye fair,
That out of prison will set me free."

"Give me the troth of your right hand,
The troth of it give unto me;
That for seven years ye'll no lady wed,
Unless it be along with me."

"I'll give thee the troth of my right hand,
The troth of it I'll freely gie;
That for seven years I'll stay unwed,
For kindness thou dost shew to me."

And she has bribed the proud wardèr,
With golden store and white monèy;
She's gotten the keys of the prison strong,
And she has set young Beichan free.

She's gi'en him to eat the good spice cake,
She's gi'en him to drink the blood-red wine;
And every health she drank unto him,—
"I wish, Lord Beichan, that you were mine."
And she's bidden him sometimes think on her,
That so kindly freed him out of pine.

She's broken a ring from her fingèr,
And to Beichan half of it gave she,—
"Keep it to mind you of that love
The lady bore that set you free."

O! she took him to her father's harbour,
And a ship of fame to him gave she;
"Farewell, farewell, to you, Lord Beichan,
Shall I e'er again you see?

"Set your foot on the good ship board,
And haste ye back to your own countrie;
And before seven years have an end,
Come back again, love, and marry me."

Now seven long years are gone and past,
And sore she longed her love to see;
For ever a voice within her breast
Said, "Beichan has broken his vow to thee!"
So she's set her foot on the good ship board,
And turned her back on her own countrie.

She sailèd east, she sailèd west,
Till to fair England's shore came she;
Where a bonny shepherd she espied,
Feeding his sheep upon the lea.

"What news, what news, thou bonnie shepherd?
What news hast thou to tell me?"
"Such news I hear, ladye," he said,
"The like was never in this countrie.

"There is a weddin' in yonder hall,
Has lasted thirty days and three;
But young Lord Beichan won't bed with his bride,
For love of one that's ayond the sea."

She's putten her hand in her pocket,
Gi'en him the gold and white monèy;
"Here, tak' ye that, my bonnie boy,
For the good news thou tell'st to me."

When she came to Lord Beichan's gate,
She tirlèd softly at the pin;
And ready was the proud wardèr
To open and let this ladye in.

When she came to Lord Beichan's castle,
So boldly she rang the bell;
"Who's there? who's there?" cried the proud portèr,
"Who's there? unto me come tell?"

"O! is this Lord Beichan's castle?
Or is that noble lord within?"
"Yea, he is in the hall among them all,
And this is the day of his weddin'."

"And has he wed anither love?—
And has he clean forgotten me?"
And, sighing, said that ladye gay,
"I wish I was in my own countrie."

And she has ta'en her gay gold ring,
That with her love she brake so free,
"Gie him that, ye proud portèr,
And bid the bridegroom speak to me.

"Tell him to send me a slice of bread,
And a cup of blood-red wine,
And not to forget the fair young ladye
That did release him out of pine."

Away, and away went the proud portèr,
Away, and away, and away went he,
Until he came to Lord Beichan's presence,
Down he fell on his bended knee.
"What aileth thee, my proud portèr,
Thou art so full of courtesie?"

"I've been porter at your gates,—
It's thirty long years now, and three,
But there stands a ladye at them now,
The like of her I ne'er did see.

"For on every finger she has a ring,
And on her mid-finger she has three;
And as much gay gold above her brow
As would an earldom buy to me;
And as much gay clothing round about her
As would buy all Northumberlea."

It's out then spak' the bride's mothèr,—
Aye, and an angry woman was she,—
"Ye might have excepted the bonnie bride,
And two or three of our companie."

"O! hold your tongue, ye silly frow,
Of all your folly let me be;
She's ten times fairer than the bride,
And all that's in your companie.

"She asks one sheave of my lord's white bread,
And a cup of his red, red wine;
And to remember the lady's love
That kindly freed him out of pine."

Lord Beichan then in a passion flew,
And broke his sword in splinters three;
"O, well a day!" did Beichan say,
"That I so soon have married thee!
For it can be none but dear Saphia,
That's crossd the deep for love of me!"

And quickly hied he down the stair,
Of fifteen steps he made but three;
He's ta'en his bonnie love in his arms,
And kist, and kist her tenderlie.

"O! have ye taken another bride?
And have ye quite forgotten me?
And have ye quite forgotten one
That gave you life and libertie?"

She lookèd o'er her left shouldèr
To hide the tears stood in her ee;
"Now fare-thee-well, young Beichan," she says,
"I'll try to think no more on thee."

"O! never, never, my Saphia,
For surely this can never be;
Nor ever shall I wed but her
That's done and dreed so much for me."

Then out and spak' the forenoon bride:
"My Lord, your love is changèd soon;
At morning I am made your bride,
And another's chose, ere it be noon!"

"O! sorrow not, thou forenoon bride
Our hearts could ne'er united be;
Ye must return to your own countrie,
A double dower I'll send with thee."

And up and spak' the young bride's mother,
Who never was heard to speak so free,—
"And so you treat my only daughter,
Because Saphia has crossed the sea."

"I own I made a bride of your daughter,
She's ne'er a whit the worse for me,
She came to me with her horse and saddle,
She may go back in her coach and three."

He's ta'en Saphia by the white hand,
And gently led her up and down;
And aye as he kist her rosy lips,
"Ye're welcome, dear one, to your own."

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And led her to yon fountain stane;
Her name he's changèd from Saphia,
And he's called his bonnie love Lady Jane.

Lord Beichan prepared another marriage,
And sang with heart so full of glee,
"I'll range no more in foreign countries,
Now since my love has crossed the sea."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

534.—LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY.

FIRST PART.

Over the mountains,
And under the waves,
Over the fountains,
And under the graves,
Under floods which are deepest,
Which do Neptune obey,
Over rocks which are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie,
Where there is no place
For the receipt of a fly,
Where the gnat dares not venture,
Lest herself fast she lay,
But if Love come he will enter,
And find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child of his force,
Or you may deem him
A coward, which is worse;
But if he whom Love doth honour,
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon him,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,
Which is too unkind,
And some do suppose him,
Poor heart, to be blind;
But if he were hidden,
Do the best you may,
Blind Love, if you so call him,
Will find out the way.

Well may the eagle
Stoop down to the fist,
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the east;
With fear the tiger's moved,
To give over her prey;
But never stop a lover,
He will find out the way.

From Dover to Berwick,
And nations thereabout,
Brave Guy, Earl of Warwick,
That champion so stout,
With his warlike behaviour,
Through the world he did stray,
To win his Phillis' favour,
Love will find out the way.

In order next enters
Bevis so brave,
After adventures
And policy brave,
To see whom he desired,
His Josian so gay,
For whom his heart was fired,
Love will find out the way.

SECOND PART.

The Gordian knot,
Which true lovers knit,
Undo it you cannot,
Nor yet break it;
Make use of your inventions,
Their fancies to betray,
To frustrate their intentions,
Love will find out the way.

From court to the cottage,
In bower and in hall,
From the king unto the beggar,
Love conquers all.
Though ne'er so stout and lordly,
Strive or do what you may,
Yet be you ne'er so hardy,
Love will find out the way.

Love hath power over princes,
And greatest emperors,
In any provinces,
Such is Love's power,
There is no resisting,
But him to obey;
In spite of all contesting,
Love will find out the way.

If that he were hidden,
And all men that are,
Were strictly forbidden
That place to declare;
Winds that have no abidings,
Pitying their delay,
Would come and bring him tidings,
And direct him the way.

If the earth should part him,
He would gallop it o'er;
If the seas should o'erthwart him,
He would swim to the shore.
Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way.

There is no striving
To cross his intent,
There is no contriving
His plots to prevent;
But if once the message greet him,
That his true love doth stay,
If death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

535.—THE CHILDE OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Childe of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Childe of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden-pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Childe of Elle he hied him thence,
I wist he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hil.

"Now Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christe thee save and see!
Oh tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may thy tidings be?"

"My lady she is all wo-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

"And here she sends thee a silken scarf
Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who lovèd thee so dear.

"And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou may'st have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

"For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
For her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

"Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countrey,
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay."

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me,
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will die, or set her free.

"Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know,
This night will I be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe."

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stay'd
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When, kneeling down, he said,

"O lady, I've been with thine own true love,
And he greets thee well by me;
This night will he be at thy bower-window,
And die or set thee free."

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,
All save the lady Emmeline,
Who sate in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true love's voice
Low whispering at the wall;
"Awake, awake, my dear lady,
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

"Awake, awake, my lady dear,
Come, mount this fair palfrey:
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away."

"Now nay, now nay, thou gentle knight,
Now nay, this may not be;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee."

"O lady, thou with a knight so true
May'st safely wend alone;
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one."

"My father he is a baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high;
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly?

"Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meat should do him no good,
Till he had slain thee, Childe of Elle,
And seen thy dear heart's blood."

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro',
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could do.

"O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew:

And thrice he clasp'd her to his breast,
And kiss'd her tenderly:
The tears that fell from her fair eyes,
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey,
And slung his bugle about his neck,
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed wherein she lay;
Quoth she, "My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

"Awake, awake, thou baron bold!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fled with the Childe of Elle,
To do the deed of shame."

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merry men all:
"And come thou forth, Sir John the knight,
Thy lady is carried to thrall."

Fair Emmeline scarce had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down.

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countrey:
"Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor,
Nor carry that lady away.

"For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn."

"Now loud thou liest, Sir John the knight,
Now thou dost lie of me;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore,
So never did none by thee.

"But light now down, my lady fair,
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

"But light now down, my dear lady,
Light down, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force."

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nigh:
Ah! what may lady Emmeline do!
'Twere now no boote to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

"Now hold thy hand, thou bold barón,
I pray thee, hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true love's band.

"Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirk
Hath freely said we may.

"O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair:

"My mother she was an earl's daughtèr,
And a noble knight my sire"—
The baron he frowned, and turned away
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

"Pardon, my lord and father dear,
This fair young knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee.

"Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy."

The baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his head aside
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a little space:
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

"Here, take her, Childe of Elle," he said,
And gave her lily hand;
"Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her half my land:

"Thy father once mine honour wronged
In days of youthful pride;
Do thou the injury repair
In fondness for thy bride.

"And as thou love her, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine:
And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovely Emmeline."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

536.—KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
And blossoms bedeck the tree,
King Edward would a hunting ride,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawk and hound he made him bowne,
With horn, and eke with bow;
To Drayton Basset he took his way,
With all his lords in a row.

And he had ridden o'er dale and down
By eight of clock in the day,
When he was 'ware of a bold tannèr,
Come riding along the way.

A fair russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin;
And under him a good cow-hide,
And mare of four shilling.

"Now stand you still, my good lords all,
Under the greenwood spray;
And I will wend to yonder fellow,
To weet what he will say.

"God speed, God speed thee," said our king,
"Thou art welcome, sir," said he.
"The readiest way to Drayton Basset
I pray thee to show to me."

"To Drayton Basset wouldst thou go,
Fro' the place where thou dost stand?
The next pair of gallows thou comest unto,
Turn in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unready way," said our king,
"Thou dost but jest, I see;
Now show me out the nearest way,
And I pray thee wend with me."

"Away with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner
"I hold thee out of thy wit:
All day have I ridden on Brock my mare,
And I am fasting yet."

"Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties we will spare;
All day shalt thou eat and drink of the best,
And I will pay thy fare."

"Gramercy for nothing," the tanner replied,
"Thou payest no fare of mine
I trow I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," said the king,
"And send them well to prefe"
The tanner would fain have been away,
For he weened he had been a thief

"What art thou," he said, "thou fine fellòw,
Of thee I am in great fear,
For the clothes thou wearest upon thy back,
Might beseem a lord to wear

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the rood"
"Then thou playest as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midst of thy good"

"What tidings hear you," said the king,
As you ride far and near?"
"I hear no tidings, sir, by the mass,
But that cow-hides are dear

"Cow-hides! cow hides! what things are those?
I marvel what they be!"
"What art thou a fool?" the tanner replied,
"I carry one under me"

"What craftsman art thou?" said the king,
"I pray thee tell me true"
"I am a barker, sir, by my trade,
Now tell me what art thou?

"I am a poor courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worn,
And fain I would thy prentice be,
Thy cunning for to learn"

"Marry heaven forfend," the tanner replied,
"That thou my prentice were
Thou wouldst spend more good than I should win
By forty shilling a year"

"Yet one thing would I," said our king,
"If thou wilt not seem strange
Though my horse be better than thy mare,
Yet with thee I fain would change"

"Why if with me thou fain wilt change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou proud fellòw,
I will have some boot of thee"

"That were against reason," said the king,
"I swear, so mote I thee
My horse is better than thy mare,
And that thou well mayst see"

"Yea, sir, but Brock is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unruly and wild, I wiss;
Aye skipping here and there."

"What boot wilt thou have?" our king replied,
"Now tell me in this stound."
"No pence, nor halfpence, by my faith,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twenty groats of white money,
Sith thou wilt have it of me"
"I would have sworn now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one penny.

"But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brock my mare,
Thou gottest not my cow-hide"

"I will not have it," said the king,
"I swear, so mote I thee,
Thy foul cow-hide I would not bear,
If thou wouldst give it to me"

The tanner he took his good cow hide,
That of the cow was hilt,
And threw it upon the king's saddle,
That was so fairly gilt

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòw,
It is time that I were gone
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
She'll say I am a gentleman"

When the tanner he was in the king's saddle,
And his foot in the stirrup was,
He marvelled greatly in his mind,
Whether it were gold or brass

But when his steed saw the cow's tail wag,
And eke the black cow horn,
He stamped, and stared, and away he ran,
As the devil had him borne

The tanner he pulled, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummel fast,
At length the tanner came tumbling down;
His neck he had well-nigh brast

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he said,
"With me he shall not bide"
"My horse would have borne thee well enough,
But he knew not of thy cow-hide

"Yet if again thou fain wouldst change,
As change full well may we,
By the faith of my body, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boot of thee"

"What boot wilt thou have," the tanner replied,
"Now tell me in this stound?"
"No pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faith,
But I will have twenty pound."

"Here's twenty groats out of my purse;
And twenty I have of thine:
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:
And soon came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast riding over the hill.

"Now, out, alas!" the tanner he cried,
"That ever I saw this day!
Thou art a strong thief, yon come thy fellows
Will bear my cow-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replied,
"I swear, so mote I thee:
But they are the lords of the north country,
Here come to hunt with me."

And soon before our king they came,
And knelt down on the ground:
Then might the tanner have been away,
He had lever than twenty pound.

"A collar, a collar, here:" said the king,
"A collar," he loud 'gan cry:
Then would he lever than twenty pound,
He had not been so nigh.

"A collar, a collar," the tanner he said,
"I trow it will breed sorrow:
After a collar cometh a halter,
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrow."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king;
"I tell thee, so mote I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the north country.

"For Plumpton-park I will give thee,
With tenements fair beside:
'Tis worth three hundred marks by the year,
To maintain thy good cow-hide."

"Gramercy, my liege," the tanner replied,
"For the favour thou hast me shown.
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neat's leather shall clout thy shoen."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

537.—THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will begin:
It is of a lord of fair Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heir of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him fro',
And he lov'd keeping company.

To spend the day with merry cheer,
To drink and revel every night,
To card and dice from even to morn,
It was, I ween, his heart's delight.

To ride, to run, to rant, to roar,
To alway spend and never spare,
I know, an' it were the king himself,
Of gold and fee he might be bare.

So fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his lands so broad,
His house, and lands, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrd,
And John o' the Scales was called he:
But John is become a gentleman,
And John has got both gold and fee.

Says, "Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheer;
If thou wilt sell thy lands so broad,
Good store of gold I'll give thee here."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My land now take it unto thee:
Give me the gold, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my land shall be."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;
But for every pound that John agreed,
The land I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
He was right glad his land to win;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now I'll be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land so broad,
Both hill and holt, and moor and fen,
All but a poor and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glen.

For so he to his father hight,
"My son, when I am gone," said he,
"Then thou wilt spend thy land so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

"But swear me now upon the cross,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heir of Linne is full of gold:
"And come with me, my friends," said he,
"Let's drink, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thin;
And then his friends they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heir of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white monèy.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trusty friend have I,
And why should I feel grief or care?
I'll borrow of them all by turns,
So need I not be never bare."

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had paid his gold away;
Another called him thriftless loon,
And bade him sharply wend his way.

"Now well-a-day," said the heir of Linne,
"Now well-a-day, and woe is me;
For when I had my lands so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrily.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a burning shame:
To rob and steal it were a sin:
To work my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now I'll away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world should frown on me,
I there should find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hied the heir of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moor and fen,
Until he came to lonesome lodge,
That stood so low in a lonely glen.

He looked up, he looked down,
In hope some comfort for to win:
But bare and loathly were the walls.
"Here's sorry cheer," quo' the heir of Linne.

The little window dim and dark
Was hung with ivy, brier, and yew;
No shimmering sun here ever shone;
No wholesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair nor table he mote spy,
No cheerful hearth, no welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with running noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written plain to see:
"Ah! graceless wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penury?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:
Let it now shield thy foul disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sore shent was the heir of Linne,
His heart, I wis, was near to burst
With guilt and sorrow, shame and sin.

Never a word spake the heir of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me."

Then round his neck the cord he drew,
And sprang aloft with his body:
When lo! the ceiling burst in twain,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonished lay the heir of Linne,
Nor knew if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and saw a bill,
And in it a key of gold so red.

He took the bill, and looked it on,
Straight good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of beaten gold,
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plain to see:

"Once more, my son, I set thee clear;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it be," said the heir of Linne;
"And let it be, but if I amend:
For here I will make my vow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheer,
Away then went the heir of Linne;
I wis, he neither ceas'd nor blanne,
Till John o' the Scales' house he did win.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked he;
There sat three lords upon a row,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himself sat at the board-head,
Because now lord of Linne was he.
"I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon;
Away, away, this may not be;
For Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"If ever I trust thee one pennie."

Then bespake the heir of Linne,
To John o' the Scales' wife then spake he:
"Madame, some alms on me bestow,
I pray for sweet saint Charity."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loon,
I swear thou gettest no alms of me;
For if we should hang any losel here,
The first we would begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellow,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his board;
Said, "Turn again, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:

"Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And spared'st not thy gold and fee;
Therefore I'll lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be."

"And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy company:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him again:
"Now Christ's curse on my head," he said,
"But I did lose by that bargàin.

"And here I proffer thee, heir of Linne,
Before these lords so fair and free,
Thou shalt have it back again better cheap,
By a hundred marks, than I had it of thee.

"I draw you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," said the heir of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pull'd forth three bags of gold,
And laid them down upon the board:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
So shent he could say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
He told it forth with mickle din.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now again I'm the lord of Linne."

Says, "Have thou here, thou good fellòw,
Forty ponce thou didst lend me:
Now I am again the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"I'll make thee keeper of my forest,
Both of the wild deer and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellow, I were to blame."

"Now well-a-day!" saith Joan o' the Scales:
"Now well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now I'm but John o' the Scales his wife."

"Now fare thee well," said the heir of Linne;
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said he:
"Christ's curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

538—THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

Will you hear a Spanish lady,
How she wooed an English man?
Garments gay and rich as may be,
Decked with jewels she had on.
Of a comely countenance and grace was she,
And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
In his hands her life did lie;
Cupid's bands did tie them faster
By the liking of an eye.
In his courteous company was all her joy,
To favour him in anything she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment
For to set the ladies free,
With their jewels still adornèd,
None to do them injury.
Then said this lady mild, "Full woe is me;
O, let me still sustain this kind captivity!

"Gallant captain, show some pity
To a lady in distress;
Leave me not within this city,
For to die in heaviness.
Thou hast set this present day my body free,
But my heart in prison still remains with thee."

"How shouldst thou, fair lady, love me,
Whom thou know'st thy country's foe?
Thy fair words make me suspect thee:
Serpents lie where flowers grow."
"All the harm I wish to thee, most courteous knight,
God grant the same upon my head may fully light!

"Blessed be the time and season,
That you came on Spanish ground;
If our foes you may be termèd,
Gentle foes we have you found:
With our city, you have won our hearts each one,
Then to your country bear away, that is your own."

"Rest you still, most gallant lady;
Rest you still, and weep no more;
Of fair lovers there is plenty,
Spain doth yield a wondrous store."
"Spaniards fraught with jealousy we often find,
But Englishmen through all the world are counted kind.

"Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
You alone enjoy my heart;
I am lovely, young, and tender,
Love is likewise my desert:
Still to serve thee day and night my mind is pressed,
The wife of every Englishman is counted blessed."

"It would be a shame, fair lady,
For to bear a woman hence;
English soldiers never carry
Any such without offence."
"I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
And like a page I'll follow thee, where'er thou go."

"I have neither gold nor silver
To maintain thee in this case,
And to travel is great charges,
As you know in every place."
"My chains and jewels every one shall be thine own,
And eke five hundred pounds in gold that lies unknown."

"On the sea are many dangers,
Many storms do there arise,
Which will be to ladies dreadful,
And force tears from watery eyes."
"Well, in troth, I shall endure extremity,
For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee."

"Courteous lady, leave this fancy,
Here comes all that breeds this strife;
I in England have already
A sweet woman to my wife:
I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.

"O! how happy is that woman
That enjoys so true a friend!
Many happy days God send her!
Of my suit I make an end:
On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
Which did from love, and true affection first commence.

"Commend me to thy lovely lady.
Bear to her this chain of gold,
And these bracelets for a token;
Grieving that I was so bold
All my jewels in like sort take thou with thee,
For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

"I will spend my days in prayer,
Love and all her laws defy;
In a nunnery will I shroud me,
Far from any company:
But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss.

"Thus farewell, most gallant captain!
Farewell too my heart's content!
Count not Spanish ladies wanton,
Though to thee my love was bent:
Joy and true prosperity go still with thee!"
"The like fall ever to thy share, most fair lady!"

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

539.—THE LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

"O wha will shoe my bonny foot?
And wha will glove my hand?
And wha will lace my middle jimp
Wi' a lang, lang linen band?

"O wha will kame my yellow hair,
With a new-made silver kame?
And wha will father my young son,
Till Lord Gregory come hame?"

"Thy father will shoe thy bonny foot,
Thy mother will glove thy hand,
Thy sister will lace thy middle jimp,
Till Lord Gregory come to land.

"Thy brother will kame thy yellow hair
With a new-made silver kame,
And God will be thy bairn's father
Till Lord Gregory come hame."

"But I will get a bonny boat,
And I will sail the sea;
And I will gang to Lord Gregory,
Since he canna come hame to me."

Syne she's gar'd build a bonny boat,
To sail the salt, salt sea;
The sails were o' the light green silk,
The tows o' taffety.

She hadna sailed but twenty leagues,
But twenty leagues and three,
When she met wi' a rank robber,
And a' his company.

"Now whether are ye the queen herself,
(For so ye weel might be,)
Or are ye the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"O I am neither the queen," she said,
"Nor sic I seem to be,
But I am the Lass of Lochroyan,
Seekin' Lord Gregory."

"O see na thou yon bonny bower,
It's a' covered o'er wi' tin?
When thou hast sailed it round about,
Lord Gregory is within."

And when she saw the stately tower
Shining sae clear and bright,
Whilk stood aboon the jawing wave,
Built on a rock of height;

Says—"Row the boat, my mariners,
And bring me to the land!
For yonder I see my love's castle
Close by the salt-sea strand."

She sailed it round, and sailed it round,
And loud, loud cried she—
"Now break, now break, ye fairy charms,
And set my true love free!"

She's ta'en her young son in her arms,
And to the door she's gane:
And long she knocked, and sair she ca'd,
But answer got she nane.

"O open the door, Lord Gregory!
O open and let me in!
For the wind blows through my yellow hair,
And the rain draps o'er my chin."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Ye're no come here for good!
Ye're but some witch, or wil warlock,
Or mermaid o' the flood."

"I am neither witch, nor wil warlock,
Nor mermaid o' the sea;
But I am Annie of Lochroyan;
O open the door to me!"

"Gin thou be Annie of Lochroyan,
(As I trow thou binna she,)
Now tell me some o' the love tokèns
That past between thee and me."

"O dinna ye mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat at the wine,
We changed the rings frae our fingèrs,
And I can show thee thine?

"O yours was gude, and gude enough,
But aye the best was mine;
For yours was o' the gude red gowd,
But mine o' the diamond fine.

"And has na thou mind, Lord Gregory,
As we sat on the hill,
Thou twined me o' my maidenheid
Right sair against my will?

"Now, open the door, Lord Gregory,
Open the door, I pray!
For thy young son is in my arms,
And will be dead ere day."

"If thou be the Lass o' Lochroyan,
(As I kenna thou be,)
Tell me some mair o' the love tokèns
Past between me and thee."

Fair Annie turned her round about—
"Weel! since that it be sae,
May never a woman that has borne a son,
Hae a heart sae fou o' wae!

"Take down, take down, that mast o' gowd!
Set up a mast o' tree!
It dinna become a forsaken ladỳ
To sail sae royallie."

When the cock had crawn, and the day did dawn,
And the sun began to peep,
Then up and raise him Lord Gregory,
And sair, sair did he weep.

"Oh I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
I wish it may prove true!
That the bonny Lass o' Lochroyan
Was at the gate o'en now.

"O I hae dreamed a dream, mother,
The thought o't gars me greet!
That fair Annie o' Lochroyan
Lay cauld dead at my feet."

"Gin it be for Annie of Lochroyan
That ye make a' this din,
She stood a' last night at your door,
But I true she wad na in."

"O wae betide ye, ill womàn!
An ill deid may ye die!
That wadna open the door to her,
Nor yet wad waken me."

O he's gane down to yon shore side
As fast as he could fare;
He saw fair Annie in the boat,
But the wind it tossed her sair.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie,
O Annie, winna ye bide!"
But aye the mair he cried Annie,
The braider grew the tide.

"And hey, Annie, and how, Annie!
Dear Annie, speak to me!"
But aye the louder he cried Annie,
The louder roared the sea.

The wind blew loud, the sea grew [illegible],
And dashed the boat on shore,
Fair Annie floated through the faem,
But the babie rose no more.

Lord Gregory tore his yellow hair,
And made a heavy moan:
Fair Annie's corpse lay at his feet,
Her bonny young son was gone.

O cherry, cherry was her cheel,
And gowden was her hair,
But clay-cold were her rosy lips—
Nae spark o' life was there.

And first he kissed her cherry cheek,
And syne he kissed her chin,
And syne he kissed her rosy lips—
There was nae breath within.

"O wae betide my cruel mothèr!
An ill death may she die!
She turned my true love frae my door,
Wha came sae far to me.

"O wae betide my cruel mothèr!
An ill death may she die!
She turned fair Annie frae my door,
Wha died for love o' me."

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

THE FOURTH PERIOD,

FROM 1649 TO 1689

"THE forty years comprehended in this period," says Chambers, in his admirable 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' produced some great names; but considering the mighty events which then agitated the country and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the Commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth had even before her death begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society; a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I, a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the civil war and the protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realized his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry descended from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy. Milton produced his long cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast. Butler his immutable burlesque of Hudibras, and Dryden his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In speculative philosophy we have the illustrious name of Locke; in history and polite literature, Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period too Bunyan composed his immutable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life and a miserably defective education. The world has never been for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society, and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages.

Professor Spalding, in reference to this period and a few years afterwards, states that 'whether we have regard to the political, the moral, or the literary state of the nation, England resembled a fine antique garden neglected and falling into decay. A few patriarchal trees still rose green and stately; a few chance-sown flowers began to blossom in the shade; but lawn, and parterre, and alley were matted with noisome weeds, and the stagnant waters breathed out pestilential damps. When, after the Revolution, the attempt was made to re-introduce order and productiveness, many of the wild plants were allowed still to encumber the ground, and there were compartments which, worn out by the rank vegetation they had borne, became, for a time, altogether barren. In a word, the Restoration brought in evils of all kinds, many of which lingered through the age that succeeded, and others were not eradicated for several generations.

"Of all the social mischiefs of the time, none infected literature so deeply as that depravation of morals into which the court and the aristocracy plunged, and into which so many of the people followed them. The lighter kinds of composition mirrored faithfully the surrounding blackness. The drama sank to a frightful grossness: the tone of thinking was lowered also in other walks of poetry. The coarseness of speech survived the close of the century: the cool, selfish, calculating spirit, which had been the more tolerable form of the degradation, survived, though in a mitigated degree, very much longer. This bad morality was in part attributable to a second characteristic of the time, which produced, likewise, other consequences. The reinstated courtiers imported a mania for foreign models, especially French. The favourite literary works, instead of continuing to obey native and natural impulses, were anxiously moulded on the tastes of Paris. This prevalence of exotic predilections endured for more that a century. Amidst all these and other weaknesses and blots, there was not wanting either strength or brightness. The literary career of Dryden covers the whole of our period, and marks a change which contained improvement in several features. Locke was the leader of philosophical speculation; and mathematical and physical science, little dependent on the political or moral state of the times, had its active band of distinguished votaries headed by Newton:—

"'a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of thought, alone.'

That philosophy and science did not even then neglect goodness or despise religion, is proved by the names which we have last read; and in many other quarters there were uttered, though to inattentive ears, stern protests against evil, which have echoed from age to age, till they reached ourselves. Those voices issued from not a few of the high places of the Church; and others were lifted up, sadly but firmly, in the midst of persecution. The Act of Uniformity, by silencing the Puritan clergy, actually gave to the ablest of them a greater power at the time, and a power which, but for this, would not so probably have bequeathed to us any record. The Nonconformists wrote and printed when they were forbidden to speak. A younger generation was growing up among them; and some of the elder race still survived—such as the fiery Baxter, the calm Owen, and the prudent Calamy. Greatest of all, and only now reaching the climax of his strength, Milton sat in the narrow chamber of his neglected old age, bating no jot of hope, yielding no point of honesty, abjuring no word or syllable of faith, but consoling himself for the disappointments which had darkened a weary life, by consecrating its waning years, with redoubled ardour of devotion, to religion, to truth, and to the service of a remote posterity."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

In Aikin's "Select Works of the British Poets," we have the following: "Abraham Cowley, a poet of considerable distinction, was born at London, in 1618. His father, who was a grocer by trade, died before his birth; but his mother, through the interest of her friends, procured his admission into Westminster school, as a king's scholar. He has represented himself so deficient in memory, as to have been unable to retain the common rules of grammar: it is, however, certain that, by some process, he became an elegant and correct classical scholar. He early imbibed a taste for poetry; and so soon did it germinate in his youthful mind, that, while yet at school, in his fifteenth or sixteenth year, he published a collection of verses, under the appropriate title of 'Poetical Blossoms.'

"In 1636 he was elected a scholar of Trinity college, Cambridge. In this favourable situation he obtained much praise for his academical exercises; and he again appeared as an author, in a pastoral comedy, called 'Love's Riddle,' and a Latin comedy, entitled, 'Naufragium Joculare'; the last of which was acted before the university, by the members of Trinity college. He continued to reside at Cambridge till 1643, and was a Master of Arts when he was ejected from the university by the puritanical visitors. He thence removed to Oxford, and fixed himself in St. John's college. It was here that he engaged actively in the royal cause, and was present in several of the king's journeys and expeditions, but in what quality does not appear. He ingratiated himself, however, with the principal persons about the court, and was

particularly honoured with the friendship of Lord Falkland.

"When the events of the war obliged the queen-mother to quit the kingdom, Cowley accompanied her to France, and obtained a settlement at Paris, in the family of the Earl or St. Alban's. During an absence of nearly ten years from his native country, he took various journeys into Jersey, Scotland, Holland, and Flanders; and it was principally through his instrumentality that a correspondence was maintained between the king and his consort. The business of cyphering and decyphering their letters was entrusted to his care, and often occupied his nights, as well as his days. It is no wonder that, after the Restoration, he long complained of the neglect with which he was treated. In 1656, having no longer any affairs to transact abroad, he returned to England; still, it is supposed, engaged in the service of his party, as a medium of secret intelligence. Soon after his arrival, he published an edition of his poems, containing most of those which now appear in his works. In a search for another person, he was apprehended by the messengers of the ruling powers, and committed to custody; from which he was liberated, by that generous and learned physician, Dr. Scarborough, who bailed him in the sum of a thousand pounds. This, however, was possibly the sum at which he was rated as a physician, a character he assumed by virtue of a degree which he obtained, by mandamus, from Oxford, in December, 1657.

"After the death of Cromwell, Cowley returned to France, and resumed his station as an agent in the royal cause, the hopes of which now began to revive. The Restoration reinstated him, with other royalists, in his own country; and he naturally expected a reward for his long services. He had been promised, both by Charles I. and Charles II., the Mastership of the Savoy, but was unsuccessful in both his applications. He had also the misfortune of displeasing his party, by his revived comedy of 'The Cutter of Coleman-street,' which was construed as a satire on the cavaliers. At length, through the interest of the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Alban's, he obtained a lease of a farm at Chertsey, held under the queen, by which his income was raised to about £300 per annum. From early youth a country retirement had been a real or imaginary object of his wishes; and, though a late eminent critic and moralist, who had himself no sensibility to rural pleasures, treats this taste with severity and ridicule, there seems little reason to decry a propensity, nourished by the favourite strains of poets, and natural to a mind long tossed by the anxieties of business, and the vicissitudes of an unsettled condition.

"Cowley took up his abode first at Barnelms, on the banks of the Thames; but this place not agreeing with his health, he removed to Chertsey. Here his life was soon brought to a close. According to his biographer, Dr. Sprat, the fatal disease was an affection of the lungs, the consequence of staying too late in the fields among his labourers. Dr. Warton, however, from the authority of Mr. Spence, gives a different account of the matter. He says, that Cowley, with his friend Sprat, paid a visit on foot to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, in free conviviality, till midnight; and that missing their way on their return, they were obliged to pass the night under a hedge, which gave to the poet a severe cold and fever, which terminated in his death. He died on July 28, 1667, and was interred, with a most honourable attendance of persons of distinction, in Westminster-abbey, near the remains of Chaucer and Spenser. King Charles II. pronounced his eulogy, by declaring, 'that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him in England.'

"At the time of his death, Cowley certainly ranked as the first poet in England: for Milton lay under a cloud, nor was the age qualified to taste him. And although a large portion of Cowley's celebrity has since vanished, there still remains enough to raise him to a considerable rank among the British poets. It may be proper here to add, that as a prose-writer, particularly in the department of essays, there are few who can compare with him in elegant simplicity." See Baxter's Prefatory Address to his "Poetical Fragments"; Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets"; Macaulay's "Miscellanies"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook of English Lit."; Chambers's "Cycl. Eng. Lit."

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

He was by far the greatest writer of the Anglican Church at this period. Shaw thus speaks the unanimous opinion of all scholars and all Christian men and women. "He was of good but decayed family, his father having exercised the humble calling of a barber at Cambridge, where his illustrious son was born in 1613. The boy received a sound education at the Grammar-School founded by Perse, then recently opened in that town, and afterwards studied at Caius College, where his talents and learning soon made him conspicuous. He took holy orders at an unusually early age, and is said to have attracted by his youthful eloquence, and by his 'graceful and pleasant air,' the notice of Archbishop Laud, the celebrated Primate and Minister, to whose narrow-minded bigotry and tyrannical indifference to the state of religious opinion among his countrymen so much of the confusion of those days is to be ascribed.

Laud, who was struck with Taylor's merits at a sermon preached by the latter, made the young priest one of his chaplains, and procured for him a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford. His career during the Civil War bears some resemblance to that of Fuller, but he stood higher in the favour of the Cavaliers and the Court. He served, as chaplain, in the Royalist army, and was taken prisoner in 1644 at the action fought under the walls of Cardigan Castle; but he confesses that on this occasion, as well as on several others when he fell into the power of the triumphant party of the Parliament, he was treated with generosity and indulgence. Such traits of mutual forbearance, during the heat of civil strife, are honourable to both parties and as refreshing as they are rare. Our great national struggle, however, offered many instances of such noble magnanimity. The King's cause growing desperate, Taylor at last retired from it, and Charles, on taking leave of him, made him a present of his watch. Taylor then placed himself under the protection of his friend Lord Carbery, and resided for some time at the seat of Golden Grove, belonging to that nobleman, in Carmarthenshire. Taylor was twice married; first to Phœbe Langdale, who died early, and afterwards to Joanna Bridges, a natural daughter of Charles I., with whom he received some fortune. He was unhappy in his children, his two sons having been notorious for their profligacy, and he had the sorrow of surviving them both. During part of the time which he passed in retirement, Taylor kept a school in Wales, and continued to take an active part in the religious controversies of the day. The opinions he expressed were naturally distasteful to the dominant party, and on at least three occasions subjected him to imprisonment and sequestrations at the hands of the Government. In 1658, for example, he was for a short time incarcerated in the Tower, and on his liberation migrated to Ireland, where he performed the pastoral functions at Lisburn. On the Restoration his services and sacrifices were rewarded with the Bishopric of Down and Connor, and during the short time he held that preferment he exhibited the brightest qualities that can adorn the episcopal dignity. He died at Lisburn of a fever, in 1667, and left behind him a high reputation for courtesy, charity, and zeal—all the virtues of a Christian Bishop.

"Taylor's works are very numerous and varied in subject: I will content myself with mentioning the principal, and then endeavour to give a general appreciation of his genius. In the controversial department his best-known work is the treatise 'On the Liberty of Prophesying,' which must be understood to refer to the general profession of religious principles and the right of all Christians to toleration in the exercise of their worship. This book is the first complete and systematic defence of the great principle of religious toleration; and in it Taylor shows how contrary it is not only to the spirit of Christianity but even to the true interests of government to interfere with the profession and practice of religious sects. Of course the argument, though of universal application, was intended by Taylor to secure indulgence for what had once been the dominant Church of England, but which was now proscribed and persecuted by the rampant violence of the sectarians. An 'Apology for Fixed and Set Forms of Worship,' was an elaborate defence of the noble ritual of the Anglican Church. Among his works of a disciplinary and practical tendency I may mention his 'Life of Christ, the Great Exemplar,' in which the details scattered through the Evangelists and the Fathers are co-ordinated in a continuous narrative. But the most popular of Taylor's writings are the two admirable treatises, 'On the Rule and Exercise of Holy Living,' and 'On the Rule and Exercise of Holy Dying,' which mutually correspond to and complete each other, and which form an Institute of Christian life and conduct, adapted to every conceivable circumstance and relation of human existence. This devotional work has enjoyed in England a popularity somewhat similar to that of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' among Catholics; a popularity it deserves for a similar eloquence and unction. The least admirable of his numerous writings, and his only one in which he derogated from his usual tone of courtesy and fairness, was his 'Ductor Dubitantium,' a treatise of questions of casuistry. His 'Sermons' are very numerous, and are among the most eloquent, learned, and powerful that the whole range of Protestant—nay, the whole range of Christian——literature has produced. As in his character, so in his writings, Taylor is the ideal of an Anglican pastor. Our Church itself being middle term or compromise between the gorgeous formalism of Catholicism and the narrow fanaticism of Calvinistic theology, so our great ecclesiastic writers exhibit the union of consummate learning with practical simplicity and fervour.

"Taylor's style, though occasionally overcharged with erudition and marked by that abuse of quotation which disfigures a great deal of the prose of that age, is uniformly magnificent. The materials are drawn from the whole range of profane as well as sacred literature, and are fused together into a rich and gorgeous unity by the fire of an unequalled imagination. No prose is more melodious than that of this great writer; his periods, though often immeasurably long, and evolving, in a series of subordinate clauses and illustrations, a train of images and comparisons, one springing out of another, roll on with a soft yet mighty swell, which has often something of the enchantment of verse. He has

been called by the critic Jeffrey, 'the most Shaksperian of our great divines'; but it would be more appropriate to compare him with Spenser. He has the same pictorial fancy, the same voluptuous and languishing harmony; but if he can in any respect be likened to Shakspere, it is firstly in the vividness of intellect which leads him to follow, digressively, the numberless secondary ideas that spring up as he writes, and often lead him apparently far away from his point of departure, and, secondly, the preference he shows for drawing his illustrations from the simplest and most familiar objects, from the opening rose, the infant streamlet, 'the little rings and wanton tendrils of the vine,' the morning song of the soaring lark, or the 'fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood.' Like Shakspere, too, he knows how to paint the terrible and the sublime no less than the tender and the affecting; and his description of the horrors of the Judgment-Day is no less powerful than his exquisite portraiture of married love. Nevertheless, with Spenser's sweetness he has occasionally something of the luscious and enervate langnor of Spenser's style. He had studied the Fathers so intensely that he had become infected with something of that lavish and Oriental imagery which many of those great writers exhibited—many of whom, it should be remembered, were Orientals not only in their style, but in their origin. Taking his personal character and his writings together, Jeremy Taylor may be called the English Fénelon; but in venturing to make this parallel, we must not forget that each of these excellent writers and admirable men possessed the characteristic features of his respective country; if Fénelon's productions, like those of Taylor, are distinguished by their sweetness, that sweetness is allied in the former to the neat, clear, precise expression which the French literature derives not only from the classical origin of the language, but from the antique writers who have always been set up as models for French imitation; while Jeremy Taylor, with a sweetness not inferior, owes that quality to the same rich and poetic susceptibility to natural beauty that gives such a matchless colouring to the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

HENRY VAUGHAN.

"Vaughan was born in Wales, on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, in 1614. His father was a gentleman, but, we presume, poor, as his son was bred to a profession. Young Vaughan became first a lawyer, and then a physician; and we suppose, had it not been for his advanced life, he would have become latterly a clergyman, since he grew, when old, exceedingly devout. In life, he was not fortunate, and we find him, like Chamberlayne, complaining bitterly of the poverty of the poetical tribe. In 1651, he published a volume of verse, in which nascent excellence struggles with dim obscurities, like a young moon with heavy clouds. But his 'Silex Scintillans,' or 'Sacred Poems,' produced in later life, attests at once the depth of his devotion, and the truth and originality of his genius. He died in 1695.

"Campbell, always prone to be rather severe on pious poets, and whose taste, too, was finical at times, says of Vaughan—'He is one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit; but he has some few scattered thoughts that meet the eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath.' Surely this is rather 'harsh' judgment. At the same time, it is not a little laughable to find that Campbell has himself appropriated one of these 'wild flowers.' In his beautiful 'Rainbow,' he cries—

> 'How came the world's gray fathers forth
> To mark thy sacred sign!'

Vaughan had said—

> 'How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
> Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry;
> When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abraham, Lot,
> The youthful world's gray fathers in one knot,
> Did with intentive looks watch every hour
> For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!'

Indeed, all Campbell's 'Rainbow' is just a reflection of Vaughan's, and reminds you of those faint, pale shadows of the heavenly bow you sometimes see in the darkened and disarranged skies of spring. To steal from, and then strike down, the victim, is more suitable to robbers than to poets.

"Perhaps the best criticism on Vaughan may be found in the title of his own poems, 'Silex Scintillans.' He had a good deal of the dulness and hardness of the flint about his mind, but the influence of poverty and suffering,—for true it is that

> 'Wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song,'—

and latterly the power of a genuine, though somewhat narrow piety, struck out glorious scintillations from the bare but rich rock. He ranks with Crashaw, Quarles, and Herbert, as one of the best of our early religious poets; like them in their faults, and superior to all

of them in refinement and beauty, if not in strength of genius."—Gilfillan's "Specimens with Memoirs of the Less-known British Poets," vol. ii., pp. 231-2. See R. Aris Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets"; Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."

THOMAS STANLEY.

Thomas Stanley, born 1625, died 1678, the learned editor of Æschylus, and author of the "History of Philosophy." He made poetical versions of considerable neatness from Anacreon, Bion, and Moschus, and the "Kisses" of Secundus. He also translated from Tristan, Marino, Boscan, and Gongora. Campbell's "Spec. Eng. Poets," p. 267.

RICHARD BAXTER.

Richard Baxter, born 1615, died 1691. We cannot do better than give the admirable article on this great and good man, written by the Rev. Dr. Angus in the "Handbook of English Literature."

"Baxter was born in Shropshire, and was educated in the free school of Wroxeter, and afterwards under the care of Mr. Wickstead, of Ludlow. There, a large library was accessible to him—the only advantage he seems to have gained from Mr. Wickstead's tuition. After receiving ordination from the Bishop of Worcester, he obtained employment as schoolmaster at Dudley, and there he preached his first sermon. He was never at college: like Erasmus and Scaliger, and Andrew Fuller and Carey, he was his own teacher: 'my faults,' said he to Anthony Wood, who had written to ask whether he was an Oxonian, 'are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none: weakness and pain helped me to study how to die: that set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts: beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied.' To feeble health and protracted suffering he was indebted for much of his earnestness and wisdom.

"In 1640 he removed to Kidderminster, where he laboured, with a slight interruption caused by the Civil War, for sixteen years. In that town he illustrated by his life his own book, 'The Reformed Pastor,' 'teaching men from house to house,' and warning them day and night with tears: his memory is still fragrant there.

"At the outset of the Civil War he sided on the whole with the parliament: more accurately he may be said to have been the friend of the Constitution, against both the great parties, and, as might have been expected, he was blamed by both. After the battle of Edgehill, during which he was preaching for his friend Samuel Clarke, of Alcester, he accepted the chaplaincy of Colonel Whalley's regiment, and continued to discharge the duties of his office with earnestness and popularity. He soon found it, however, no congenial post: he distrusted Cromwell, and was grieved with the narrow views of some of the leaders. At length his health failed: 'it pleased God to take him from all public employments.' The leisure which his illness secured him he used in collecting and writing down his thoughts of that country upon the borders of which he seemed to stand. How touching is the whole scene! The worn enfeebled man gathers up his feet expecting to die; the din of battle is still in his ears, around him is a suffering country and a distracted Church: he turns his thoughts to the better land. The whole picture is a repetition of the Pilgrim's visit to the Delectable Mountains, where the eye could trace the outlines of the New Jerusalem, and the ear already caught the music of the harping of the many harpers. The sights he saw and the sounds he heard he has recorded in the 'Saint's Everlasting Rest,' one of the most useful and popular of his works.

"Soon after this illness he visited London for medical advice, and preached before the Parliament on the day preceding the vote that was to bring back King Charles. At the Restoration he was offered a bishopric, but felt compelled, on conscientious grounds, to decline it. He preached for some time under the protection of a licence granted by Sheldon, and at length a chapel was built for him in Oxendon Street: there he ministered but once, when the arm of the law closed the place. Under the various Acts of Parliament passed in the reign of Charles II. he was several times imprisoned, his library was sold, and he was driven, a feeble aged man, from place to place, without a home. In 1685 he was, on frivolous grounds, condemned by the infamous Jeffreys for sedition, but by the king's favour the fine inflicted by the sentence was remitted. The last years of his life were spent more peacefully: he died in Charter-house Yard, in 1691, reckoning among his personal friends Barrow, Wilkins, and Hale. A few years after his death there was published 'A Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times,' a highly instructive volume, and a great favourite with Dr. Johnson and with Coleridge, both of whom praise its sincerity and substantial truthfulness.

"Besides the works already mentioned, Baxter is the author of 'A Call to the Unconverted to Turn and Live,' one of the most impressive volumes ever written: twenty

thousand copies are said to have been sold in the first year after it was published.

"Baxter's example is one of the most instructive in our literature. With him activity was a passion. Sometimes the devoted friend, oftener the victim, of the ruling powers, he was at the same time a voluminous writer and a laborious pastor. Three-and-twenty octavo volumes of practical writings, such, Barrow says, as were never mended, forty more of controversy and personal history, attest his diligence in one department; hundreds of visits paid to his parishioners, and prolonged conversations with each of them, attest it in another. He did the work of a city missionary at Kidderminster, and wrote more pages than many students now read.

"And all this was done amid great bodily weakness. He entered the ministry with what would now be called the symptoms of a confirmed consumption. he seemed ever living upon the brink of the grave. Great energy or noble achievement was hardly to be looked for from such a sufferer had he spent his time in telling his ailments, had he even retired from the field to the hospital, it would be easy to find circumstances to excuse, if not to justify, such a course But instead of yielding to selfish complaint or valetudinarian indolence, he manfully held on his way, a cheerful traveller to the very close. 'In deaths oft' he was also 'in labours more abundant.' There is a shorter road to repose amid bodily afflictions than talking of them, and that road Baxter found.

"His books have been warmly praised by Flavel and Usher, by Manton and Doddridge, by Addison and Johnson. Wilberforce deemed them 'a treasury of Christian wisdom,' and the man himself among 'the highest ornaments of the Church of England.' The style is one of the finest specimens of direct masculine English, and is a model for all who wish to talk to people instead of talking at them or before them: every sentence strikes home. His life, written by Orme, has been prefixed to the last collected edition of his practical works, and a genial review of his character and labours may be seen in the 'Essays' of Sir James Stephen."

See an article in Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit." of very great merit, and which places the subject in every point of view. All we know of Baxter redounds to his praise: a more godly man never lived.

GEORGE DIGBY.

George Digby, Earl of Bristol, born 1612, died 1676. His father was first ambassador to Spain, and our poet was born at Madrid. He seems to have published speeches; "Elvira," a comedy, and a few other works. Horace Walpole says of him that he was "a singular person, whose life was a contradiction." See Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors"; "Athen. Oxon."; "Biog. Brit."; Bp. Warburton's "Introduc. to Julian."

HENRY MORE.

Henry More, born 1614, died 1687. "Dr. Henry More was the son of a respectable gentleman at Grantham, in Lincolnshire. He spent the better part of a long and intensely studious life at Cambridge, refusing even the mastership of his college, and several offers of preferment in the Church, for the sake of unbroken leisure and retirement. In 1640 he composed his Psychozoia, or Life of the Soul, which he afterwards republished with other pieces, in a volume entitled 'Philosophical Poems' Before the appearance of the former work he had studied the Platonic writers and mystic divines, till his frame had become emaciated, and his faculties had been strained to such enthusiasm, that he began to talk of holding supernatural communications, and imagined that his body exhaled the perfume of violets. With the exception of these innocent reveries, his life and literary character were highly respectable. He corresponded with Des Cartes, was the friend of Cudworth, and as a divine and moralist was not only popular in his own time, but has been mentioned with admiration both by Addison and Blair. In the heat of rebellion he was spared even by the fanatics, who, though he refused to take the covenant, left him to dream with Plato in his academic bower. As a poet he has woven together a singular texture of Gothic fancy and Greek philosophy, and made the Christiano-Platonic system of metaphysics a ground-work for the fables of the nursery. His versification, though he tells us that he was won to the Muses in his childhood by the melody of Spenser, is but a faint echo of the Spenserian tune. In fancy he is dark and lethargic. Yet his 'Psychozoia' is not a common-place production: a certain solemnity and earnestness in his tone leaves an impression that he 'believed the magic wonders which he sung.' His poetry is not, indeed, like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinths we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 297.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

Sir John Denham, born 1615, died 1668. "He was the son of the Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and a supporter of

Charles I. Though a poet of the secondary order, when regarded in connection with Cowley, one work of his, 'Cooper's Hill,' will always occupy an important place in any account of the English literature of the seventeenth century. This place it owes not only to its specific merits, but also in no mean degree to the circumstance that this poem was the first work in a peculiar department which English writers afterwards cultivated with great success, and which is, I believe, almost exclusively confined to our literature. This department is what may be called local or topographic poetry, and in it the writer chooses some individual scene as the object round which he is to accumulate his descriptive or contemplative passages. Denham selected for this purpose a beautiful spot near Richmond on the Thames, and in the description of the scene itself, as well as in the reflections it suggests, he has risen to a noble elevation. Four lines, indeed, in which he expresses the hope that his own verse may possess the qualities which he attributes to the Thames, will be quoted again and again as one of the finest and most felicitous passages of verse in any language."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 184-5. He was regarded with great esteem by Waller, Prior, Dryden, Watson, and Johnson.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

William Chamberlayne, born 1619, died 1689. He was a native of Dorsetshire, a soldier, physician, and poet. He published "Love's Victory," a tragi-comedy, in 1658. A portion of this appeared on the stage in 1678, under the title of "Wits Led by the Nose, or a Poet's Revenge." In 1659 appeared his "Pharonnida," a heroic poem. Campbell writes of this work—

"His 'Pharonnida,' which Langbaine says has nothing to recommend it, is one of the most interesting stories that was ever told in verse, and contained so much amusing matter as to be made into a prose novel in the reign of Charles II. What Dr. Johnson said unjustly of Milton's Comus, that it was like gold hid under a rock, may unfortunately be applied with too much propriety to 'Pharonnida.' Never, perhaps, was so much beautiful design in poetry marred by infelicity of execution: his ruggedness of versification, abrupt transitions, and a style that is at once slovenly and quaint, perpetually interrupt in enjoying the splendid figures and spirited passions of this romantic tablet, and make us catch them only by glimpses. I am well aware that from a story so closely interwoven a few selected passages, while they may be more than sufficient to exemplify the faults, are not enough to discover the full worth of Chamberlayne. His sketches, already imperfect, must appear still more so in the shape of fragments; we must peruse the narrative itself to appreciate the rich breadth and variety of its scenes, and we must perhaps accustom our vision to the thick medium of its uncouth style to enjoy the power and pathos of his characters and situations. Under all the defects of the poem, the reader will then indeed feel its unfinished hints affect the heart and dilate the imagination. From the fate of Chamberlayne a young poet may learn one important lesson, that he who neglects the subsidiary graces of taste has every chance of being neglected by posterity, and that the pride of genius must not prompt him to disdain the study of harmony and of style."

EDMUND WALLER.

"Edmund Waller, born at Coleshill, Hertfordshire, in March, 1605, was the son of Robert Waller, Esq., a gentleman of an ancient family and good fortune, who married a sister of the celebrated John Hampden. The death of his father during his infancy left him heir to an estate of £3,500 a year, at that period an ample fortune. He was educated first at Eton, whence he was removed to King's College, Cambridge. His election to Parliament was as early as between his sixteenth or seventeenth year; and it was not much later that he made his appearance as a poet: and it is remarkable that a copy of verses which he addressed to Prince Charles, in his eighteenth year, exhibits a style and character of versification as perfectly formed as those of his maturest productions. He again served in Parliament before he was of age; and he continued his services to a later period. Not insensible of the value of wealth, he augmented his paternal fortune by marriage with a rich city heiress. In the long intermissions of Parliament which occurred after 1628, he retired to his mansion of Beaconsfield, where he continued his classical studies, under the direction of his kinsman Morley, afterwards bishop of Winchester; and he obtained admission to a society of able men and polite scholars, of whom Lord Falkland was the connecting medium.

"Waller became a widower at the age of twenty-five; he did not, however, spend much time in mourning, but declared himself the suitor of Lady Dorothea Sydney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he has immortalized under the poetical name of Saccharissa. She is described by him as a majestic and scornful beauty; and he seems to delight more in her contrast, the gentler Amoret, who is supposed to have been a Lady Sophia Murray. Neither of these ladies, how-

ever, was won by his poetic strains; and, like another man, he consoled himself in a second marriage.

"When the king's necessities compelled him, in 1640, once more to apply to the representatives of the people, Waller, who was returned for Agmondesham, decidedly took part with the members who thought that the redress of grievances should precede a vote for supplies; and he made an energetic speech on the occasion. He continued during three years to vote in general with the Opposition in the Long Parliament, but did not enter into all their measures. In particular, he employed much cool argument against the proposal for the abolition of Episcopacy; and he spoke with freedom and severity against some other plans of the House. In fact, he was at length become a zealous loyalist in his inclinations; and his conduct under the difficulties into which this attachment involved him became a source of his indelible disgrace. A short narrative will suffice for the elucidation of this matter.

"Waller had a brother-in-law, named Tomkyns, who was clerk of the queen's council, and possessed great influence in the city among the warm loyalists. On consulting together, they thought it would be possible to raise a powerful party, which might oblige the Parliament to adopt pacific measures, by resisting the payment of the taxes levied for the support of the war. About this time Sir Nicholas Crispe formed a design of more dangerous import, which was that of exciting the king's friends in the city to an open resistance of the authority of Parliament; and for that purpose he obtained a commission of array from his majesty. This plan appears to have been originally unconnected with the other; yet the commission was made known to Waller and Tomkyns, and the whole was compounded into a horrid and dreadful plot. Waller and Tomkyns were apprehended, when the pusillanimity of the former disclosed the whole secret. 'He was so confounded with fear,' (says Lord Clarendon,) 'that he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen, all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person, of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse which he had ever upon any occasion entertained with them.' The conclusion of this business was, that Tomkyns, and Chaloner, another conspirator, were hanged, and that Waller was expelled the House, tried, and condemned; but after a year's imprisonment, and a fine of ten thousand pounds, was suffered to go into exile. He chose Rouen for his first place of foreign exile, where he lived with his wife till his removal to Paris. In that capital he maintained the appearance of a man of fortune, and entertained hospitably, supporting this style of living chiefly by the sale of his wife's jewels. At length, after the lapse of ten years, being reduced to what he called his *rump* jewel, he thought it time to apply for permission to return to his own country. He obtained this licence, and was also restored to his estate, though now diminished to half its former rental. Here he fixed his abode, at a house built by himself, at Beaconsfield; and he renewed his courtly strains by adulation to Cromwell, now Protector, to whom his mother was related. To this usurper the noblest tribute of his muse was paid.

"When Charles II. was restored to the crown, and past character was lightly regarded, the stains of that of Waller were forgotten, and his wit and poetry procured him notice at court, and admission to the highest circles. He had also sufficient interest to obtain a seat in the House of Commons in all the parliaments of that reign. The king's gracious manners emboldened him to ask for the vacant place of provost of Eton College, which was granted him; but Lord Clarendon, then Lord Chancellor, refused to set the seal to the grant, alleging that by the statutes laymen were excluded from that provostship. This was thought the reason why Waller joined the Duke of Buckingham in his hostility against Clarendon.

"On the accession of James II., Waller, then in his 80th year was chosen representative for Saltash. Having now considerably passed the usual limit of human life, he turned his thoughts to devotion, and composed some divine poems, the usual task in which men of gaiety terminate their career. He died at Beaconsfield in October, 1687, in the 83rd year of his age. He left several children by his second wife, of whom the inheritor of his estate, Edmund, after representing Agmondesham in Parliament, became a convert to Quakerism.

"Waller was one of the earliest poets who obtained reputation by the sweetness and sonorousness of his strains; and there are perhaps few masters at the present day who surpass him in this particular." — Aikin's "Select Works of the British Poets," pp. 142-3.

JOHN MILTON.

"John Milton, a poet of the first rank in eminence, was descended from an ancient family, settled at Milton, in Oxfordshire. His father, whose desertion of the Roman Catholic faith was the cause of his disinheritance, settled in London as a scrivener, and marrying a woman of good family, had two sons and a daughter. John, the eldest son, was born in Bread Street, on December 9, 1608. He received the rudiments of learning from a domestic tutor, Thomas Young, afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburg, whose merits are gratefully commemorated by

his pupil in a Latin elegy. At a proper age he was sent to St. Paul's School, and there began to distinguish himself by his intense application to study, as well as by his poetical talents. In his sixteenth year he was removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was admitted a pensioner, under the tuition of Mr. W. Chappel.

"Of his course of studies in the university, little is known, but it appears, from several exercises preserved in his works, that he had acquired extraordinary skill in writing Latin verses, which are of a purer taste than any preceding compositions of the kind by English scholars He took the degrees both of Bachelor and Master of Arts, the latter in 1632, when he left Cambridge He renounced his original intention of entering the Church, for which he has given as a reason, that, 'coming to some maturity of years, he had perceived what tyranny had invaded it', which denotes a man early habituated to think and act for himself

"He now returned to his father, who had retired from business to a residence at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and he there passed five years in the study of the best Roman and Grecian authors, and in the composition of some of his finest miscellaneous poems This was the period of his 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso', his 'Comus' and 'Lycidas' That his learning and talents had at this time attracted considerable notice, appears from an application made to him from the Bridgewater family, which produced his admirable masque of 'Comus,' performed in 1634 at Ludlow Castle, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then Lord President of Wales, and also by his 'Arcades,' part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, by some of her family

"In 1638 he obtained his father's leave to improve himself by foreign travel, and set out for the Continent Passing through France, he proceeded to Italy, and spent a considerable time in that seat of the arts and of literature At Naples he was kindly received by Manso, Marquis of Villa, who had long before deserved the gratitude of poets by his patronage of Tasso, and, in return for a laudatory distich of Manso, Milton addressed to him a Latin poem of great elegance He left Italy by the way of Geneva, where he contracted an acquaintance with two learned divines, John Diodati and Frederic Spanheim, and he returned through France, having been absent about a year and three months

"On his arrival, Milton found the nation agitated by civil and religious disputes, which threatened a crisis, and as he had expressed himself impatient to be present on the theatre of contention, it has been thought extraordinary that he did not immediately place himself in some active station. But his turn was not military; his fortune precluded a seat in Parliament; the pulpit he had declined, and for the bar he had made no preparation. His taste and habits were altogether literary; for the present, therefore, he fixed himself in the metropolis, and undertook the education of his sister's two sons, of the name of Phillips. Soon after, he was applied to by several parents to admit their children to the benefit of his tuition He therefore took a commodious house in Aldersgate Street, and opened an academy. Disapproving the plan of education in the public schools and universities, he deviated from it as widely as possible He put into the hands of his scholars, instead of the common classics, such Greek and Latin authors as treated on the arts and sciences, and on philosophy, thus expecting to instil the knowledge of things with that of words. We are not informed of the result of his plan, but it will appear singular that one who had himself drunk so deeply at the Muses' fount should withhold the draught from others We learn however, that he performed the task of instruction with great assiduity

"Milton did not long suffer himself to lie under the reproach of having neglected the public cause in his private pursuits, and, in 1641, he published four treatises relative to church government, in which he gave the preponderance to the presbyterian form above the episcopalian Resuming the same controversy in the following year, he numbered among his antagonists such men as Bishop Hall and Archbishop Usher His father, who had been disturbed by the king's troops, now came to live with him, and the necessity of a female head of such a house, caused Milton in 1643, to form a connection with the daughter of Richard Powell, Esq, a magistrate of Oxfordshire This was, in several respects, an unhappy marriage, for his father in-law was a zealous royalist, and his wife had accustomed herself to the jovial hospitality of that party She had not, therefore, passed above a month in her husband's house, when, having procured an invitation from her father, she went to pass the summer in his mansion Milton's invitations for her return were treated with contempt, upon which, regarding her conduct as a desertion which broke the nuptial contract, he determined to punish it by repudiation In 1644 he published a work on 'The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce', and, in the next year, it was followed by 'Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief Places in Scripture which treat of Marriage' He further reduced his doctrine into practice, by paying his addresses to a young lady of great accomplishments, but, as he was paying a visit to a neighbour and kinsman, he was surprised with the sudden entrance of his wife, who threw herself at his feet, and implored forgiveness. After a short struggle of resentment, he took her to his bosom; and he sealed the reconciliation by opening his house to her father and brothers, when they had been driven from home by the triumph of the republican arms.

"In the progress of Milton's prose works, it will be right to mention his 'Areopagitica; a Speech of Mr. John Milton, for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing,'—a work published in 1644, written with equal spirit and ability, and which, when reprinted in 1738, was affirmed by the editor to be the best defence that had ever then appeared of that essential article of public liberty. In the following year he took care that his poetical character should not be lost to the world, and published his 'Juvenile Poems,' Latin and English.

"Milton's principles of the origin and end of government carried him to a full approbation of the trial and execution of the king; and, in order to conciliate the minds of the people to that act, he published, early in 1649, a work, entitled, 'The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates; proving that it is lawful, and hath been so held through all ages, for any who have the power, to call to account a tyrant or wicked king; and, after due conviction, to depose and put him to death, if the ordinary magistrate have neglected or denied to do it.' Certainly, it would not be easy to express, in stronger terms, an author's resolution to leave no doubts concerning his opinion on this important topic. His appointment to the Latin Secretaryship to the Council of State was, probably, the consequence of his decision.

"The learned Frenchman, Salmasius, or Saumaise, having been hired by Charles II, while in Holland, to write a work in favour of the royal cause, which he entitled 'Defensio Regia,' Milton was employed to answer it; which he did in 1651, by his celebrated 'Defensio pro Populo Anglicano,' in which he exercised all his powers of Latin rhetoric, both to justify the republican party, and to confound and vilify the famous scholar against whom he took up the pen. By this piece he acquired a high reputation both at home and abroad; and he received a present of a thousand pounds from the English government. His book went through several editions; while, on the other hand, the work of Salmasius was suppressed by the States of Holland, in whose service he lived as a professor at Leyden.

"Milton's intense application to study had, for some years preceding, brought on an affection of the eyes which gradually impaired his sight, and, before he wrote his 'Defensio,' he was warned by his physicians that the effort would probably end in total blindness. This opinion was soon after justified by a gutta serena which seized both his eyes, and subjected the remainder of his life to those privations which he has so feelingly described in some passages of his poems. His intellectual powers, however, suffered no eclipse from this loss of his sensitive faculties; and he pursued without intermission both his official and his controversial occupations. Cromwell, about this time, having assumed the supreme power, with the title of Protector, Milton acted with a subservience towards this usurper which is the part of his conduct that it is the most difficult to justify. It might have been expected, that when the wisest and most conscientious of the republicans had become sensible of his arts, and opposed his ambitious projects, the mind of Milton would neither have been blinded by his hypocrisy, nor overawed by his power. Possibly the real cause of his predilection for Cromwell, was that he saw no refuge from the intolerance of the Presbyterians, but in the moderation of the Protector. And, in fact, the very passage in which he addresses him with the loftiest encomium, contains a free and noble exhortation to him to respect that public liberty, of which he appeared to be the guardian.

"Cromwell at length died; and so zealous and sanguine was Milton, to the very last, that one of his latest political productions was, 'A ready and easy Way to establish a free Commonwealth.' It was in vain, however, to contend, by pamphlets, with the national inclination; and Charles II. returned in triumph. Milton was discharged from his office, and lay for some time concealed in the house of a friend. The House of Commons desired that his Majesty would issue a proclamation to call in Milton's 'Defence of the People,' and 'Iconoclastes,' together with a book of Goodwyn's. The books were accordingly burnt by the common hangman; but the authors were returned as having absconded; nor, in the act of indemnity, did the name of Milton appear among those of the excepted persons.

"He now, in reduced circumstances, and under the discountenance of power, removed to a private habitation near his former residence. He had buried his first wife; and a second, the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, in Hackney, died in childbed. To solace his forlorn condition, he desired his friend, Dr. Paget, to look out a third wife for him, who recommended a relation of his own, named Elizabeth Minshull, of a good family in Cheshire. His powerful mind, now centered in itself, and undisturbed by contentions and temporary topics, opened to those great ideas which were continually filling it, and the result was, 'Paradise Lost.' Much discussion has taken place concerning the original conception of this grand performance; but whatever hint may have suggested the rude outline, it is certain that all the creative powers of a strong imagination, and all the accumulated stores of a life devoted to learning, were expended in its completion. Though he appears, at an early age, to have thought of some subject in the heroic times of English history, as peculiarly calculated for English verse, yet his religious turn, and assiduous study of the Hebrew Scriptures, produced a final preference of a story derived from the Sacred Writings, and giving scope to the introduction of his

theological system It would be superfluous, at this time, to weigh the merits of Milton's great work, which stands so much beyond competition, but it may be affirmed, that whatever his other poems can exhibit of beauty in some parts, or of grandeur in others, may all be referred to 'Paradise Lost' as the most perfect model of both

'Milton, not exhausted by this great effort, followed it in 1670 by 'Paradise Regained,' written upon a suggestion of the Quaker Elwood's, and apparently regarded as the theological completion of the 'Paradise Lost' Although, in point of invention, its inferiority is plainly apparent, yet modern criticism has pronounced that there are passages in it by no means unworthy of the genius of Milton, allowance being made for the small compass of the subject, and his purpose in writing it Together with it appeared his tragedy of 'Samson Agonistes' composed upon the model of antiquity and never intended for the stage

"With this work his poetical account closes and a few pieces in prose can scarcely claim particular notice He sank tranquilly under an exhaustion of the vital powers in November 1674 when he had nearly completed his 66th year His remains were carried from his house in Bunhill Fields to the church of St Giles Cripplegate with numerous and splendid attendance No monument marked the tomb of this great man but his memory was honoured with a tomb in 1737 in Westminster Abbey at the expense of Auditor Benson He only family whom he left were daughters See Aikins 'British Poets' Hunt's 'Book of Eng Lit' by Rev Dr Angus Shaw's 'Hist of Eng Lit' Chambers's 'Cyc Eng Lit' vol i Scrymgeour's 'Poetry and Poets of Britain' Campbell's 'Specs' Professor Spalding's 'Hist Eng Lit' Gilfillan's 'English Poets'

ANDREW MARVELL

"This noble minded patriot and poet the friend of Milton the Abdiel of a dark and corrupt age — faithful found among the faithless faithful only he was born in Hull in 1620 He was sent to Cambridge and is said there to have nearly fallen a victim to the proselytising Jesuits who enticed him to London His father however a clergyman in Hull went in search of and brought him back to his university, where speedily by extensive culture and the vigorous exercise of his powerful faculties he emancipated himself for ever from the dominion and the danger of the dominion, of superstition and bigotry We know little more about the early days of our poet When only twenty, he lost his father in remarkable circumstances In 1640 he had embarked on the Humber, in company with a youthful pair whom he was to marry at Barrow, in Lincolnshire The weather was calm, but Marvell, seized with a sudden presentiment of danger, threw his staff ashore, and cried out, 'Ho for heaven!' A storm came on, and the whole company perished In consequence of this sad event, the gentleman, whose daughter was to have been married, conceiving that the father had sacrificed his life while performing an act of friendship, adopted young Marvell as his son Owing to this, he received a better education and was sent abroad to travel It is said that at Rome he met and formed a friendship with Milton, then engaged on his immortal continental tour We find Marvell next at Constantinople as Secretary to the English Embassy at that Court We then lose sight of him till 1653, when he was engaged by the Protector to superintend the education of a Mr Dutton at Eton For a year and a half after Cromwell's death Marvell assisted Milton as Latin Secretary to the Protector Our readers are all familiar with the print of Cromwell and Milton seated together at the council table—the one the express image of active power and rugged grandeur the other of thoughtful majesty and ethereal grace Marvell might have been added as a third and become the emblem of strong English sense and incorruptible integrity A letter of Milton's was not long since discovered dated February 1652 in which he speaks of Marvell as fitted by his knowledge of Latin and his experience of teaching to be his assistant He was not appointed however till 1657 In 1660 he became member for Hull and was re-elected as long as he lived He was left for however from England for two years until the beginning of the reign in Germany and Holland Afterwards he sought leave from his constituents to act as Ambassador Secretary to Lord Carlisle at the Northern Courts but from the year 1665 to his death his attention to his parliamentary duties was unremitting He constantly corresponded with his constituent and after the longest sittings he used to write out for them use a minute account of public proceedings ere he went to bed or took any refreshment He was one of the last members who received pay from the town he represented (2 a day was probably the sum) and his constituents were wont besides to send him barrels of ale as tokens of their regard Marvell spoke little in the House but his heart and vote were always in the right place Even Prince Rupert continually consulted him, and was sometimes persuaded by him to support the popular side and King Charles, having met him once in private was so delighted with his wit and agreeable manners, that he thought him worth trying to bribe He sent Lord Danby to offer him a mark of his Majesty's consideration Marvell, who was seated in a dingy room up several flights of stairs, declined the proffer, and, it is said,

called his servant to witness that he had dined for three successive days on the same shoulder of mutton, and was not likely, therefore, to care for or need a bribe When the Treasurer was gone, he had to send to a friend to borrow a guinea Although a silent senator, Marvell was a copious and popular writer He attacked Bishop Parker for his slavish principles, in a piece entitled 'The Rehearsal Transposed,' in which he takes occasion to vindicate and panegyrise his old colleague Milton His anonymous 'Account of the Growth of Arbitrary Power and Popery in England' excited a sensation, and a reward was offered for the apprehension of the author and printer Marvell had many of the elements of a first rate political pamphleteer He had wit of a most pungent kind great though coarse fertility of fancy, and a spirit of independence that nothing could subdue or damp He was the undoubted ancestor of the Defoes, Swifts, Steeles Junius's and Burkes in whom this kind of authorship reached its perfection, ceased to be fugitive and assumed classical rank

Marvell had been repeatedly threatened with assassination, and hence when he died suddenly on the 16th of August 1678 it was surmised that he had been removed by poison The Corporation of Hull voted a sum to defray his funeral expenses and for raising a monument to his memory but owing to the interference of the Court through the rector of the parish this votive tablet was not at the time erected He was buried in St Giles in the Fields

Out of the strong came forth sweetness, saith the Hebrew record And so from the sturdy Andrew Marvell have proceeded such soft and lovely strains as 'The Emigrants' 'The Nymph complaining for the death of her Fawn Young Love' &c The statue of Memnon became musical at the dawn and the term patriot whom no bribe could buy and no flattery melt is found sympathising in song with a boatful of banished Englishmen in the remote Bermudas and inditing 'Thoughts in a Garden, from which you might suppose that he had spent his life more with melons than with men, and was better acquainted with the motions of a bee hive than with the contests of Parliament and the distractions of a most distracted age It was said (not with thorough truth) of Milton, that he could cut out a Colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry stones—a task which his assistant may be said to have performed in his stead, in his small but delectable copies of verse —Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets, vol. II, p 174.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

Samuel Butler, born 1612, died 1680 "The particulars of the life of the author of 'Hudibras' are scanty and obscure. He was the son of a farmer in Worcestershire. It is doubtful whether he received a university education; for, though alleged to have resided some years at Cambridge, he is not known to have matriculated at any college He is afterwards found in the family of the Countess of Kent, and enjoying the friendship of the learned Selden He appears again, probably in the capacity of tutor, in the service of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwell's officers, who is considered to be the prototype of Hudibras. The Restoration brought to his fortunes a gleam of hope He obtained employment as secretary to the Earl of Carbery Having lost his wife's fortune through bad securities he became an author and published, in 1663, the first part of his Satire It was received with unbounded popularity, and was made known at court through the kindness of the Earl of Dorset The author however was unrewarded The king is said to have given him £500 but of this there is no proof In the subsequent years he published the second and third parts of his poem and died in indigence in 1680 The neglect of the king is the more criminal, since the Satire must be viewed as a valuable piece of good service to the royalist cause Broad caricature and miraculous feats of wit exert their united strength to hold up the Puritan party to contempt and ridicule The idea of the piece is evidently borrowed from Cervantes But there is no resemblance between the two works Hudibras is thoroughly English The whole poem is a continual sparkle of brilliancy adorned by the richest gems of learning, language, character and manner are moulded at the author's will No rhyme is so complicated that he wants words to form its counterpart no image so remote that his hands cannot compel it into his service The work is unfinished, and from the range of years over which it was published the plan is desultory and incompact The perusal of 'Hudibras' is not so solid, that it should be taken by little at a time It is one of those works which exercise immediate practical wisdom has woven itself into the phraseology of the language The popularity of Hudibras caused forgeries of the author even after his death Genuine remains in prose and verse were published in 1759 by Mr Thyer, from manuscripts left in possession of Butler's friend Mr Longueville —(Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain, pp 222, 223) See Dibdin's Library Companion, Preface to Hudibras, by Rev Dr Nash; Hallam's "Introduct to Lit History', Allibone's "Crit Dict Eng Lit"

CHARLES COTTON.

Charles Cotton, born 1630, died 1687, best known as the friend of Izaak Walton, had

an estate in Derbyshire upon the river Dove, celebrated for its trout. He wrote several humorous poems, and his "Voyage to Ireland," Campbell remarks, seems to anticipate the manner of Anstey in the "Bath Guide." Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 187. See Allibone's "Crit. Dic. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets."

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Earl of Roscommon, born 1634, died 1685, the nephew of the famous Strafford, produced a poetical "Essay on Translated Verse" and a version of the "Art of Poetry" from Horace, which were received by the public and the men of letters with an extravagance of praise attributable to the respect then entertained for any intellectual accomplishment in a nobleman.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Earl of Rochester, born 1647, died 1680, so celebrated for his insane debaucheries and the witty eccentricities which made him one of the most prominent figures in the profligate court of Charles II., produced a number of poems, chiefly songs and fugitive lyrics, which proved how great were the natural talents he had wasted in the most insane extravagance: his deathbed conversion and repentance produced by the arguments of Bishop Burnet, who has left an interesting and edifying account of his penitent's last moments, show that, amid all his vices, Rochester's mind retained the capacity for better things. Many of his productions are unfortunately stained with such profanity and indecency, that they deserve the oblivion into which they are now fallen.

JOHN DRYDEN.

"John Dryden was born, probably in 1631, in the parish of Aldwincle-Allsaints, in Northamptonshire. His father possessed a small estate, acted as a justice of the peace during the usurpation, and seems to have been a Presbyterian. John, at a proper age, was sent to Westminster school, of which Busby was then master; and was thence elected to a scholarship in Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts in the university; but though he had written two short copies of verses about the time of his admission, his name does not occur among the academical poets of this period. By his father's death, in 1654, he succeeded to the estate, and, removing to the metropolis, he made his entrance into public life, under the auspices of his kinsman, Sir Gilbert Pickering, one of Cromwell's council and house of lords, and staunch to the principles then predominant. On the death of Cromwell, Dryden wrote some 'Heroic Stanzas,' strongly marked by the loftiness of expression and variety of imagery which characterised his more mature efforts. They were, however, criticised with some severity.

"At the Restoration, Dryden lost no time in obliterating former stains; and, as far as it was possible, rendered himself peculiarly distinguished for the base servility of his strains. He greeted the king's return by a poem, entitled 'Astræa Redux,' which was followed by 'A Panegyric on the Coronation:' nor did Lord Chancellor Clarendon escape his encomiastic lines. His marriage with Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, is supposed to have taken place in 1665. About this time he first appears as a writer for the stage, in which quality he composed several pieces; and though he did not display himself as a prime favourite of the dramatic muse, his facility of harmonious versification, and his splendour of poetic diction, gained him admirers. In 1667 he published a singular poem, entitled 'Annus Mirabilis,' the subjects of which were, the naval war with the Dutch, and the fire of London. It was written in four-line stanzas, a form which has since gone into disuse in heroic subjects; but the piece abounded in images of genuine poetry, though intermixed with many extravagances.

"At this period of his life Dryden became professionally a writer for the stage, having entered into a contract with the patentees of the King's Theatre, to supply them with three plays in a year, upon the condition of being allowed the profit of one share and a quarter out of twelve shares and three quarters, into which the theatrical stock was divided. Of the plays written upon the above contract, a small proportion only have kept their place on the stage or in the closet. On the death of Sir W. Davenant, in 1668, Dryden obtained the post of poet-laureate, to which was added the sinecure place of historiographer royal; the joint salaries of which amounted to £200.

"The tragedies composed by Dryden were written in his earlier periods in rhyme, which circumstance probably contributed to the poetical rant by which they were too much characterised. For the correction of this fault, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, in conjunction with other wits, wrote the celebrated burlesque drama, entitled 'The Rehearsal,' of which Dryden, under the name of Bayes, was made the hero; and, in order to point the ridicule, his dress, phraseology, and mode of

recitation, were exactly imitated by the actor. It does not, however, appear that his solid reputation as a poet was injured by this attack. He had the candour to acknowledge that several of the strokes were just, and he wisely refrained from making any direct reply.

"In 1681, and, as it is asserted, at the king's express desire, he wrote his famous political poem entitled 'Absolom and Achitophel'; in which the incidents in the life of David were adapted to those of Charles II. in relation to the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Shaftesbury. Its poetry and its severity caused it to be read with great eagerness; and as it raised the author to high favour with the court party, so it involved him in irreconcilable enmity with its opponents. These feelings were rendered more acute by his 'Medal, a Satire on Sedition,' written in the same year, on occasion of a medal struck by the Whigs, when a grand jury returned *Ignoramus* to an indictment preferred against Lord Shaftesbury, for high treason. The rancour of this piece is not easily to be paralleled among party poems. In 1682, he published 'Mac-Flecknoe,' a short piece, throwing ridicule upon his very unequal rival, Shadwell. In the same year, one of his most serious poems, the 'Religio Laici,' made its appearance. Its purpose was to give a compendious view of the arguments for revealed religion, and to ascertain in what the authority of revelation essentially consists.

"Soon after this time he ceased to write for the stage. His dramatic vein was probably exhausted, and his circumstances were distressed. To this period Mr. Malone refers a letter written by him to Hyde, Earl of Rochester, in which, with modest dignity, he pleads merit enough not to deserve to starve, and requests some small employment in the customs or excise, or, at least, the payment of half a year's pension for the supply of his present necessities. He never obtained any of the requested places, and was doomed to find the booksellers his best patrons.

"Charles II. died in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James II., who openly declared his attachment to the religion of Rome. It was not long before Dryden conformed to the same religion. This step has been the cause of much obloquy on one side, and has found much excuse on the other; but if it be considered, from a view of his past life, that, in changing his religious profession, he could have had little difficulty to encounter, it will appear no breach of candour to suppose that his immediate motive was nothing more than personal interest. The reward he obtained from his compliance was an addition to his pension of £100 per annum. Some time after he was engaged in a work which was the longest single piece he ever composed. This was his elaborate controversial poem of 'The Hind and Panther.' When completed, notwithstanding its unpromising subject, and signal absurdity of plan, such was the power of Dryden's verse, that it was read with avidity, and bore every mark of occupying the public attention. The birth of a prince called forth a congratulatory poem from Dryden, entitled 'Britannia Rediviva,' in which he ventured to use a poet's privilege of prophecy, foretelling a commencing era of prosperity to the nation and the church from this auspicious event; but in vain! for the Revolution took place within a few months, and the hopes of the party were blasted for ever.

"Dryden was a severe sufferer from the change: his posts and pensions were taken away, and the poetical laurel was conferred upon his insignificant rival, Shadwell. He was now, in advanced life, to depend upon his own exertions for a security from absolute indigence. His faculties were equal to the emergency; and it will surprise some theorists to be told, that the ten concluding years of his life, in which he wrote for bread, and composed at a certain rate per line, were those of many of the pieces which have most contributed to immortalise his name. They were those of his translation of Juvenal and Persius; of that of Virgil entire, a work which enriches the English language, and has greatly promoted the author's fame; of his celebrated 'Alexander's Feast'; and of his Fables, containing some of the richest and most truly poetical pieces which he ever composed. Of these, several will appear in the subsequent collection of his works. Nor ought his prose writings to be neglected, which, chiefly consisting of the critical essays prefixed to his poems, are performances of extraordinary vigour and comprehension of mind, and afford, perhaps, the best specimens of genuine English.

"Dryden died of a spreading inflammation in one of his toes, on the first of May, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, next to the tomb of Chaucer. No monument marked his grave, till a plain one, with his bust, was erected, at the expense of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He left behind him three sons, all brought up to letters. His own character was cold and reserved, backward in personal advances to the great, and rather heavy in conversation. In fact, he was too much engaged in literature to devote much of his time to society. Few writers of his time delighted so much to approach the verge of profaneness; whence it may be inferred, that though religion was an interesting topic of discussion to him, he had very little of its spirit in his heart."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," pp. 148-9. See Campbell's "Spec."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Sir Walter Scott; Holland's "Introduc. to Lit. Hist."; Dr. Beattie's "Essays"; Dr. Garth's "Pref. to the Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses"; Lord Brougham; Pope's Pref. to his Translation of Homer.

JOHN PHILIPS.

"Brampton in Oxfordshire was the birthplace of this poet. He was born on the 30th of December, 1676. His father, Dr. Stephen Philips, was archdeacon of Salop, as well as minister of Bampton. John, after some preliminary training at home, was sent to Winchester, where he distinguished himself by diligence and good-nature, and enjoyed two great luxuries,—the reading of Milton, and the having his head combed by some one while he sat still and in rapture for hours together. This pleasure he shared with Vossius, and with humbler persons of our acquaintance; the combing of whose hair, they tell us,

'Dissolves them into ecstasies,
And brings all heaven before their eyes.'

"In 1694, he entered Christ Church, Cambridge. His intention was to prosecute the study of medicine, and he took great delight in the cognate pursuits of natural history and botany. His chief friend was Edmund Smith, (Rag Smith, as he was generally called,) a kind of minor Savage, well known in these times as the author of 'Phædra and Hippolytus,' and for his careless dissipation. In 1703, Philips produced 'The Splendid Shilling,' which proved a hit, and seems to have diverted his aspirations from the domains of Æsculapius to those of Apollo. Bolingbroke sought him out, and employed him, after the battle of Blenheim, to sing it in opposition to Addison, the laureate of the Whigs. At the house of the magnificent but unprincipled St John, Philips wrote his 'Blenheim,' which was published in 1705. The year after, his 'Cider,' a poem in two books, appeared, and was received with great applause. Encouraged by this, he projected a poem on the Last Day, which all who are aware of the difficulties of the subject, and the limitations of the author's genius, must rejoice that he never wrote. Consumption and asthma removed him prematurely on the 15th of February, 1708, ere he had completed his thirty-third year. He was buried in Hereford Cathedral, and Sir Simon Harcourt, afterwards Lord Chancellor, erected a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

"Bulwer somewhere records a story of John Martin in his early days. He was, on one occasion, reduced to his last shilling. He had kept it, out of a heap, from a partiality to its appearance. It was very bright. He was compelled, at last, to part with it. He went out to a baker's shop to purchase a loaf with his favourite shilling. He had got the loaf into his hands, when the baker discovered that the shilling was a bad one, and poor Martin had to resign the loaf, and take back his dear, bright, bad shilling once more. Length of time and cold criticism in like manner have reduced John Philips to his solitary 'Splendid Shilling.' But, though bright, it is far from bad. It is one of the cleverest of parodies, and is perpetrated against one of those colossal works which the smiles of a thousand caricatures were unable to injure. No great or good poem was ever hurt by its parody:—'Paradise Lost' was not by 'The Splendid Shilling'; 'The Last Man' of Campbell was not by 'The Last Man' of Hood; nor the 'Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore' by their witty, well-known caricature; and if 'The Vision of Judgment' by Southey was laughed into oblivion by Byron's poem with the same title, it was because Southey's original was neither good nor great. Philips' poem, too, is the first of the kind; and surely we should be thankful to the author of the earliest effort in a style which has created so much innocent amusement. Dr. Johnson speaks as if the pleasure arising from such productions implied a malignant 'momentary triumph over that grandeur which had hitherto held its captives in admiration.' We think, on the contrary, that it springs from our deep interest in the original production, making us alive to the strange resemblance the caricature bears to it. It is our love that provokes our laughter, and hence the admirers of the parodied poem are more delighted than its enemies. At all events, it is by 'The Splendid Shilling' alone—and that principally from its connection with Milton's great work—that Philips is memorable. His 'Cider' has soured with age, and the loud echo of his Blenheim battle-piece has long since died away."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 11-13.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

"Sedley was one of those characters who exert a personal fascination over their own age without leaving any works behind them to perpetuate the charm to posterity. He was the son of Sir John Sedley of Aylesford, in Kent, and was born in 1639. When the Restoration took place he repaired to London, and plunged into all the licence of the time, shedding, however, over the putrid pool the sheen of his wit, manners, and genius. Charles was so delighted with him, that he is said to have asked him whether he had not obtained a patent from Nature to be Apollo's viceroy. He cracked jests, issued lampoons, wrote poems and plays, and, despite some great blunders, was universally admired and loved. When his comedy of 'Bellamira' was acted, the roof fell in, and a few, including the author, were slightly injured. When a parasite told him that the fire of the play had blown up the poet, house, and all, Sedley replied, 'No; the play was so heavy that it broke down the house, and buried the poet in his own rubbish.' Latterly he sobered down, entered parliament, attended closely to public business, and became a determined opponent of the arbitrary measures of James II. To

this he was stimulated by a personal reason. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester. 'For making my daughter a countess,' the father said, 'I have helped to make his daughter' (Mary, Princess of Orange,) 'a queen.' Sedley, thus talking, acting, and writing, lived on till he was sixty-two years of age. He died in 1701.

"He has left nothing that the world can cherish, except some light and graceful songs, sparkling rather with point than with poetry." —Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 1, 2.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

Thomas Flatman, born 1633, died 1672, was a native of London, educated at Oxford, skilled in law, painting, and poetry. In 1674 appeared a collection of his poems and songs. He composed Pindaric Odes on the Earl of Ossory, Prince Rupert, and Charles II. For that on the Earl of Ossory, the Duke of Ormond, his father, presented the author with a diamond ring worth £100. It appears from the following bit of gossip of old Anthony à Wood, who dearly loves a sly joke, that Master Flatman, like many bachelors of modern times, sometimes amused himself with ridiculing the connubial happiness which he afterwards gladly embraced: "This person was in his younger days much against marriage, to the dislike of his father, and made a song describing the cumbrances with it, beginning thus:—

'Like a dog with a bottle tyed close to the tail,
Like a Tory in a bog, or a thief in a jayle,' &c.

But being afterwards smitten with a fair virgin and more with her fortune, (unkind Anthony!) did espouse her, Nov. 26, 1672, whereupon his ingenious comrades did serenade him that night with the said song." Athen. Oxon. Allibone adds, "This is just such a story as we might expect from such a crusty old bachelor as Anthony à Wood." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JOHN QUARLES.

Of Francis Quarles's numerous family, John is alone remembered. He was a member of Exeter College, Oxford; he bore arms for the king in the garrison of the city. He seems to have been indebted for his education to Archbishop Usher, in whose house he resided. Upon the decease of this prelate, whom he loved sincerely, he composed an Elegy beginning with these beautiful lines:—

"Then weep no more: See how his peaceful breast,
Rock'd by the hand of death, takes quiet rest.
Disturb him not; but let him sweetly take
A full repose! he hath been long awake."

The feet of Sion's watchman must have been weary, says the sweet-worded R. Aris Willmott, and his eyes heavy with sleep. He stood by his sovereign till the strength of the royalists was exhausted, when he retired to London in a mean condition, and about 1649 bade farewell to England and went abroad. Upon his return he lived by literature. He died in 1665 of the plague. He wrote much, and by many he was esteemed a good poet, though deficient in the power and originality of his father. But, says Willmott again, if he had less energy he had more grace. See R. A. Willmott's "Lives of the Sacred Poets," vol. i., pp. 240, 241.

JOHN POMFRET.

John Pomfret, born 1667, died 1703, "was a clergyman, and the only work by which he is now remembered is his poem of 'The Choice,' giving a sketch of such a life of rural and literary retirement as has been the *hoc erat in votis* of so many. The images and ideas are of that nature that will always come home to the heart and fancy of the reader; and it is to this naturalness and accordance with universal sympathy, rather than to anything very original either in its conception or its execution, that the poem owes the hold it has so long retained upon the attention." —Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 267, 268.

THOMAS BROWN.

His birth unknown, but died 1704. "Thomas, usually called Tom Brown, was the son of a farmer at Shipnel, in Shropshire, was for some time a schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, but left the ungenial vocation for the life of a wit and author, in London. He was a good linguist, and seems to have rather wasted than wanted talent."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 315. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Johnson's "Life of Dryden."

EARL OF DORSET.

Ear. of Dorset, born 1637, died 1706, "wrote little," says Chambers, "but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he applied his talents rather to books and conversation than to politics. In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and wrote or finished a song (his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior) the night before the naval engagement in which

Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. He was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II., and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's 'Hudibras' to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible; but when a man like Prior writes of them, 'there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age."

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

"He was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the privy council of James II., but acquiesced in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3,000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He was an opponent of the court of George I., and continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an 'Essay on Satire,' which Dryden is reported to have revised. His principal work, however, is his 'Essay on Poetry,' which received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. It is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.' It is of the style of Denham and Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains as little true poetry, or less, than any of Dryden's prose essays."—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," i., 378.

GEORGE STEPNEY.

George Stepney, born 1663, died 1707, "was the youthful friend of Montague, Earl of Halifax, and owed his preferments to that nobleman. It appears, from his verses on the burning of Monmouth's picture, that his first attachment was to the Tory interest, but he left them in sufficient time to be rewarded as a partisan by the Whigs, and was nominated to several foreign embassies. In this capacity he went successively to the Imperial Court, to that of Saxony, Poland, and the States General; and in all his negociations is said to have been successful. Some of his political tracts remain in Lord Somers' collection. As a poet, Dr. Johnson justly characterizes him as equally deficient in the grace of wit and the vigour of nature."—Campbell's "Specimens," 317.

WILLIAM WALSH.

William Walsh, born 1663, died 1709. "He was a knight for his native county, Worcestershire, in several parliaments, and gentleman of the horse to Queen Anne, under the Duke of Somerset. Though a friend to the Revolution, he was kind to Dryden, who praised him, as Pope must have done, merely from the motive of personal gratitude; for except his encouragement of the early genius of Pope, he seems to have no claim to remembrance."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 320.

ROBERT GOULD.

Little is known of this writer beyond his having been a domestic of the Earl of Dorset and afterwards a schoolmaster. He wrote two dramas, "The Rival Sisters," and 'Innocence Distressed."

DR WALTER POPE

His birth-day is unknown. "He was the junior proctor of Oxford in 1658, when a controversy took place respecting the wearing of hoods and caps, which the reigning party considered as the relics of Popery. Our proctor, however, so stoutly opposed the revolutionists on this momentous point, that the venerable caps and hoods continued to be worn till the Restoration. This affair he used to call the most glorious action of his life. Dr Pope was, however, a man of wit and information, and one of the first chosen fellows of the Royal Society. He succeeded Sir Christopher Wren as Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 322.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Thomas Otway, born 1651, died 1685. Shaw correctly states that, "among the

exclusive tragic dramatists of the age of Dryden the first place belongs to Thomas Otway, who died, after a life of wretchedness and irregularity, at the early age of thirty-four. He received a regular education at Winchester School and Oxford, and very early embraced the profession of the actor, for which he had no natural aptitude, but which familiarized him with the technical requirements of theatrical writing. He produced in the earlier part of his career three tragedies, 'Alcibiades,' 'Don Carlos,' and 'Titus and Berenice,' which may be regarded as his first trial-pieces; and about 1677 he served some time in a dragoon regiment in Flanders, to which he had been appointed by the protection of a patron. Dismissed from his post in consequence of irregularities of conduct, he returned to the stage, and in the years extending from 1680 to his death, he wrote four more tragedies, 'Caius Marcius,' the 'Orphan,' the 'Soldier's Fortune,' and 'Venice Preserved.' All these works, with the exception of the 'Orphan' and 'Venice Preserved,' are now nearly forgotten; but the glory of Otway is so firmly established upon these latter, that it will probably endure as long as the language itself. The life of this unfortunate poet was an uninterrupted series of poverty and distress; and his death has frequently been cited as a striking instance of the miseries of a literary career. It is related that, when almost starving, the poet received a guinea from a charitable friend, on which he rushed off to a baker's shop, bought a roll, and was choked while ravenously swallowing the first mouthful. It is not quite certain whether this painful anecdote is strictly true, but it is incontestable that Otway's end, like his life, was miserable. How far his misfortunes were unavoidable, and how far attributable to the poet's own improvidence, it is now impossible to determine. Otway, like Chatterton, like Gilbert, like Tasso, and like Cervantes, is generally adduced as an example of the miserable end of genius, and of the world's ingratitude to its greatest benefactors.

"As a tragic dramatist Otway's most striking merit is his pathos; and he possesses in a high degree the power of uniting pathetic emotion with the expression of the darker and more ferocious passions. The distress in his pieces is carried to that intense and almost hysterical pitch which we see so frequently in Ford and Beaumont and Fletcher, and so rarely in Shakspere. The sufferings of Monimia in the 'Orphan' and the moral agonies inflicted upon Belvidera in 'Venice Preserved,' are carried to the highest pitch, but we see tokens of the essentially second-rate quality of Otway's genius the moment he attempts to delineate madness. Belvidera's ravings are the expression of a disordered fancy, and not, like those of Lear or of Ophelia, the lurid flashes of reason and consciousness lighting up for an instant the tossings of a mind agitated to its profoundest depths. In 'Venice Preserved' Otway has not attempted to preserve historical accuracy, but he has succeeded in producing a very exciting and animated plot, in which the weak and uxorious Jaffier is well contrasted with the darker traits of his friend and fellow-conspirator Pierre, and the inhuman harshness and cruelty of the Senator Priuli with the ruffianly thirst for blood and plunder in Renault. The frequent declamatory scenes, reminding the reader of Dryden, as for instance the quarrels and reconciliation of Pierre and Jaffier, the execution of the two friends, and the despair of Belvidera, are worked up to a high degree of excellence; and Otway, with the true instinct of dramatic fitness, has introduced, as elements of the deep distress into which he has plunged his principal characters, many of those familiar and domestic details from which the high classical dramatist would have shrunk as too ignoble. Otway in many scenes of this play has introduced what may be almost called comic matter, as in the amorous dotage of the impotent old senator and the courtesan Aquilina; but these, though powerfully and naturally delineated, are of too disgusting and odious a nature to be fit subjects for representation. Otway's style is vigorous and racy, the reader will incessantly be reminded of Dryden, though the author of 'Venice Preserved' is far superior to his great master in the quality of pathos; and in reading his best passages we are perpetually struck by a sort of flavour of Ford, Heywood, Beaumont, and other great masters of the Elizabethan era." See Chambers, vol. i., p. 386; Campbell's "Specimens."

NATHANIEL LEE.

"A tragic poet who not only had the honour of assisting Dryden in the composition of several of his pieces, but who, in spite of adverse circumstances, and in particular of several attacks of insanity, one of which necessitated his confinement during four years in Bedlam, possessed and deserved a high reputation for genius. He was educated at Westminster School and Cambridge, and was by profession an actor: he died in extreme poverty in 1692. His original dramatic works consist of eleven tragedies, the most celebrated of which is 'The Rival Queens,' or 'Alexander the Great,' in which the heroic extravagance of the Macedonian conqueror is relieved by amorous complications arising from the attachment of the two strongly-opposed characters of Roxana and Statira. Among his other works may be enumerated 'Theodosius,' 'Mithridates,'

and the pathetic drama of 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' the interest of which turns on the condemnation of the son by the father. In all these plays we find a sort of wild and exaggerated tone of imagery, sometimes reminding us of Marlow; but Lee is far superior in tenderness to the author of Faustus, nay in this respect he surpasses Dryden. In the beautiful but feverish bursts of declamatory eloquence which are frequent in Lee's plays, it is possible to trace something of that violence and exaggeration which are perhaps derived from the tremendous malady of which he was so long a victim."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 262, 263; See Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN CROWNE.

Was patronized by Rochester. He wrote seventeen pieces, two of which, says Chambers, "evince considerable talent."

THOMAS SHADWELL.

A popular rival and enemy of Dryden, who wrote many plays in which he took for his model Ben Jonson. He possessed considerable comic powers. When the revolution was in the ascendant and threw Dryden into the shade, Shadwell received the office of Poet Laureate. See Chambers, "Cycl. Eng. Lit.," vol. i., p. 392.

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.

Sir George Etherege, born 1636, died 1694, wrote a very sprightly comic drama, "Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter." He was a gay libertine, and whilst leaving a festive party one evening at his house in Ratisbon, where he resided as British plenipotentiary, he fell down the stairs and killed himself. See Chambers, vol. i., pp. 392, 393.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY.

"The greatest of the comic dramatists was William Wycherley, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, where his father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had a 'true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies, 'Love in a Wood,' 1672; the 'Gentleman Dancing Master,' 1673; the 'Country Wife,' 1675; and the 'Plain Dealer,' 1677. In 1704 he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which it has been said, 'the style and versification are beneath criticism; the morals are those of Rochester.' In advanced age, Wycherley continued to exhibit the follies and vices of youth. His name, however, stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the 'Country Wife.' Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew; and died ten days afterwards, in December, 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly inurned' in their own corruption and profligacy."—Chambers, "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. i., p. 393.

MRS. APHRA BEHN.

Chambers rightly says in the first volume of his excellent "Cyclopædia," p. 393, that "a female Wycherley appeared in Mrs. Aphra Behn, celebrated in her day under the name of Astræa.

"The comedies of Mrs. Behn are grossly indelicate; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote (besides various novels and poems), not one is now read or remembered. The history of Mrs. Behn is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II., and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham. She died in 1689." Pope, by no means fastidious, yet rebukes Mrs. Behn in a well-known couplet:—

"'The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,'
&c.

The "Biog. Dram." says: "It is no wonder that her wit should gain her the esteem of Mr. Dryden, Mr. Southerne, and other men of genius. Cotton sings:

'But when you write of love, Astræa, then
Love dips his arrows where you wet your pen.
Such charming lines did never paper grace;
Soft as your sex, and smooth as beauty's face.'"

FOURTH PERIOD.

From 1649 *to* 1689.

540.—OF MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill known:
Rumour can ope the grave.
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends
Not on the number, but the choice, of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

Abraham Cowley.—*Born* 1618, *Died* 1667.

541.—THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose,
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audrie;

And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state;
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts:
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

542.—ANACREONTICS,

OR SOME COPIES OF VERSES, TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck-in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair:
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he 'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light:
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all:
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects, I do not know;
This, I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old:
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love.
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendships separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

THE EPICURE.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours: we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love; nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.

Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give:
After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoics in the grave.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing:
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee:
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow:
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy:
Nor does thy luxury destroy:
The shepherd gladly heareth thee.
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire:
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;
But, when thou'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise,
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me:
Who disturbs or seeks-out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day:
A dream, that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

543.—AGAINST HOPE.

Hope! whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike, if it succeed, and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound:
Vain shadow! which does vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

Hope! thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou shouldst but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!
The joys which we entire should wed,
Come deflower'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty custom 's paid to thee.
For joy, like wine, kept close does better taste;
If it take air before, its spirits waste.

Hope! Fortune's cheating lottery!
Where for one prize an hundred blanks there be;
Fond archer, Hope! who tak'st thy aim so far,
That still or short or wide thine arrows are!
Thin, empty cloud, which th' eye deceives
With shapes that our own fancy gives!
A cloud, which gilt and painted now appears,
But must drop presently in tears!
When thy false beams o'er Reason's light prevail,
By ignes fatui for north-stars we sail.

Brother of Fear, more gayly clad!
The merrier fool o' th' two, yet quite as mad:
Sire of Repentance! child of fond Desire!
That blow'st the chymics', and the lovers' fire,
Leading them still insensibly on
By the strange witchcraft of "anon!"
By thee the one does changing Nature, through
Her endless labyrinths pursue;
And th' other chases woman, whilst she goes
More ways and turns than hunted Nature knows.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

544.—FOR HOPE.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's
health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entail'd estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

Hope! thou first-fruits of happiness!
Thou gentle dawning of a bright success!
Thou good preparative, without which our joy
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures,
destroy!
Who out of Fortune's reach dost stand,
And art a blessing still in hand!
Whilst thee, her earnest-money, we retain,
We certain are to gain,
Whether she her bargain break or else fulfil;
Then only good, not worse for ending ill!

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself 's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future's thine, the present his!
Thine's the more hard and noble bliss:
Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

Hope! thou sad lover's only friend!
Thou Way, that mayst dispute it with the
End!
For love, I fear, 's a fruit that does delight
The taste itself less than the smell and sight.
Fruition more deceitful is
Than thou canst be, when thou dost miss;
Men leave thee by obtaining, and straight flee
Some other way again to thee:
And that's a pleasant country, without doubt,
To which all soon return that travel out.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

545.—CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

DE SENE VERONENSI, QUI SUBURBIUM NUNQUAM EGRESSUS EST.

FELIX, qui patriis, &c.

Happy the man, who 'his whole time doth
bound
Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man, whom the same humble place
(Th' hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him
birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortunes set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never danger either saw or fear'd;
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year,
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat, winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers, he
knows
He measures time by land-marks, and has
found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he
sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He 'as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame.
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus' lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age
enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

546.—THE WISH.

Well, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy:
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And, since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair
And good, as guardian-angels are,
Only belov'd, and loving me!

Oh, fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be
made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood;
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs
scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended hither
From Heaven, did always chuse their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die!
She, who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear—
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

547.—FROM THE "HYMN TO LIGHT."

* * *

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy wingèd arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine:
From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine.

* * *

Thou in the Moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey;
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The Sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with those living spangles gild
(O greatness without pride!) the bushes of the field.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
Asham'd, and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm:
At the first opening of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

* * *

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head:
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile, reflected from thy look.

* * *

When, goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head,
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy quire of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

* * *

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin-lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

* * *

Through the soft ways of Heaven, and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

* * *

But the vast ocean of unbounded day,
In th' empyræan Heaven does stay.
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs, below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

548.—FROM THE PINDARIC ODES.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST-BORN, IN THE "PLAGUES OF EGYPT."

XIV.

It was the time when the still moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy sleep, which from night's secret springs arose,

Gently as Nile the land o'erflows;
When, lo, from the high countries of refinèd day,
The golden heaven without allay,—
Whose dross in the creation purged away,
Made up the sun's adulterate ray,—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downward fly,
Swift as the journeys of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his wingèd will cuts through the yielding sky,
He passed thro' many a star, and, as he passed,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopped at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent
To inflict the tardy punishment
"Ah, yet," said he, "yet, stubborn king, repent,
While thus unarmed I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand.
Suffer but yet thyself and thine to live:
Who would, alas, believe,
That it for man,' said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive.'

XV.

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,
Made of the blackest fleece of night,
And close wrought to keep in the powerful light;
Yet wrought so fine, it hindered not his flight,
But thro' the keyholes and the chinks of doors,
And thro' the narrowest walks of crooked pores,
He passed more swift and free
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed Pestilence in his hand:
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly tempered blade:
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked land.
Thro' Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he marched the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare,
None from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purplè heir.

XVI.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes.
They wake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright.
The mixèd sounds of scattered deaths they hear;
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear:
Louder than all, the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confusèd noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguished thro' the day
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound
When the adorèd heifer's drowned,
And no true marked successor to be found.
While health, and strength, and gladness does possess
The festal Hebrew cottages;
The blest destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
That new begins their well reformèd year.
Upon their doors he read and understood
God's protection writ in blood.
Well was he skilled i' th' character divine;
And tho' he passed by it in haste,
He bowed and worshipped as he pass'd,
The mighty mystery thro' its humble sign.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

549.—THE COMPLAINT.

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,
Beneath a bower for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable shade
Of the black yew's unlucky green,
Mix'd with the mourning willow's careful gray,
Where rev'rend Cam cuts out his famous way,
The melancholy Cowley lay;
And, lo! a Muse appear'd to his closed sight
(The Muses oft in lands of vision play,)
Bodied, array'd, and seen by an internal light:
A golden harp with silver strings she bore,
A wondrous hieroglyphic robe she wore,
In which all colours and all figures were
That Nature or that Fancy can create,
That Art can never imitate,
And with loose pride it wanton'd in the air.
In such a dress, in such a well-clothed dream,
She used of old near fair Ismenus' stream
Pindar, her Theban favourite, to meet;
A crown was on her head, and wings were on her feet.

She touch'd him with her harp and raised him from the ground;
The shaken strings melodiously resound.

"Art thou return'd at last," said she,
"To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who didst so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate:
Art thou return'd, here to repent too late?
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And winter marches on so fast?
But when I meant t' adopt thee for my son,
And did as learn'd a portion assign
As ever any of the mighty nine
Had to their dearest children done;
When I resolved t' exalt thy anointed name
Among the spiritual lords of peaceful fame;
Thou changeling! thou, bewitch'd with noise and show,
Wouldst into courts and cities from me go.
Wouldst see the world abroad, and have a share
In all the follies and the tumults there;
Thou wouldst, forsooth, be something in a state,
And business thou wouldst find, and wouldst create:
Business! the frivolous pretence,
Of human lusts, to shake off innocence;
Business! the grave impertinence;
Business! the thing which I of all things hate,
Business! the contradiction of thy fate.

Go, renegado! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me;
The sale of knowledge, fame, and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearn'd apostasy.
Thou thoughtst, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life should sunshine be:
Behold the public storm is spent at last,
The sovereign is toss'd at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore:
But whilst thy fellow-voyagers I see,
All march'd up to possess the promised land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand,
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand.
As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
After a tedious stormy night,
Such was the glorious entry of our king;
Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing:
Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
But then, alas! to thee alone
One of old Gideon's miracles was shown,
For ev'ry tree, and ev'ry hand around,
With pearly dew was crown'd,
And upon all the quicken'd ground
The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
And nothing but the Muse's fleece was dry.
It did all other threats surpass,
When God to his own people said,
(The men whom thro' long wanderings he had led,)
That he would give them even a heaven of brass:
They look'd up to that heaven in vain,
That bounteous heaven! which God did not restrain
Upon the most unjust to shine and rain.

The Rachel, for which twice seven years and more,
Thou didst with faith and labour serve,
And didst (if faith and labour can) deserve,
Though she contracted was to thee,
Given to another, thou didst see,
Given to another, who had store
Of fairer and of richer wives before,
And not a Leah left, thy recompense to be.
Go on, twice seven years more, thy fortune try,
Twice seven years more God in his bounty may
Give thee to fling away
Into the court's deceitful lottery:
But think how likely 'tis that thou,
With the dull work of thy unwieldy plough,
Shouldst in a hard and barren season thrive,
Shouldst even able be to live;
Thou! to whose share so little bread did fall
In the miraculous year, when manna rain'd on all."

Thus spake the Muse, and spake it with a smile,
That seem'd at once to pity and revile:
And to her thus, raising his thoughtful head,
The melancholy Cowley said:
"Ah, wanton foe! dost thou upbraid
The ills which thou thyself hast made?
When in the cradle innocent I lay,
Thou, wicked spirit! stolest me away,
And my abused soul didst bear
Into thy new-found worlds, I know not where,
Thy golden Indies in the air;
And ever since I strive in vain
My ravish'd freedom to regain;
Still I rebel, still thou dost reign;
Lo, still in verse, against thee I complain.
There is a sort of stubborn weeds,
Which, if the earth but once it ever breeds,
No wholesome herb can near them thrive,
No useful plant can keep alive:
The foolish sports I did on thee bestow
Make all my art and labour fruitless now;
Where once such fairies dance, no grass doth ever grow.

When my new mind had no infusion known,
Thou gavest so deep a tincture of thine own,
That ever since I vainly try
To wash away th' inherent dye:
Long work, perhaps, may spoil thy colours quite,
But never will reduce the native white.
To all the ports of honour and of gain
I often steer my course in vain;
Thy gale comes cross, and drives me back again.
Thou slacken'st all my nerves of industry,

By making them so oft to be
The tinkling strings of thy loose minstrelsy.
Whoever this world's happiness would see
Must as entirely cast off thee,
As they who only heaven desire
Do from the world retire.
This was my error, this my gross mistake,
Myself a demi-votary to make.
Thus, with Sapphira and her husband's fate,
(A fault which I, like them, am taught too late,)
For all that I gave up I nothing gain,
And perish for the part which I retain.

Teach me not then, O thou fallacious Muse!
The court and letter king t' accuse;
The heaven under which I live is fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear
Thine, thine is all the barrenness, if thou
Mak'st me sit still and sing when I should plough.
When I but think how many a tedious year
Our patient sovereign did attend
His long misfortunes' fatal end;
How cheerfully, and how exempt from fear,
On the Great Sovereign's will he did depend.
I ought to be accurst if I refuse
To wait on his, O thou fallacious Muse!
Kings have long hands, they say, and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes thou
Should'st not reproach rewards for being small or slow:
Thou! who rewardest but with popular breath,
And that, too, after death!"

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

550.—FROM "FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE."

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay,
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease:
Just as a bird that flies about,
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

551.—THE WAITING-MAID.

Thy maid! Ah! find some nob'ler theme
Whereon thy doubts to place,
Nor by a low suspect blaspheme
The glories of thy face.

Alas! she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee
Maliciously are spent,
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil government.

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The min'st'ring angels none can see;
'Tis not their beauty or their face,
For which by men they worshipp'd be,
But their high office and their place.
Thou art my goddess, my saint she;
I pray to her only to pray to thee.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1681. *Died* 1667

552.—HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There's then, at last, no more to do:
The happy work 's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won:
The fruits of conquest now begin;
Io, triumphe; enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet captulate;
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy.
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men to fright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

553.—OF SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye plebeian underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor Muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he calls in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
Which bless'd remain'd till man did find
Even his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of one;

Thou (though men think thine an unactive part)
Dost break and tame th' unruly heart,
Which else would know no settled pace,
Making it move, well managed by thy art,
With swiftness and with grace.

Thou the faint beams of reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish city!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington will grow,
A solitude almost.

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

554.—EPITAPH ON A LIVING AUTHOR.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps; here lies,
Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth, he asks, survey;
Is he not dead indeed?
"Light lie that earth," good stranger, pray,
"Nor thorn upon it breed!"

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crown'd!

Abraham Cowley.—Born 1618, *Died* 1667.

555.—OF HEAVEN.

O Beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star,
Where Thou preparest a glorious place,
Within the brightness of Thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit
That builds his hopes upon Thy merit,
And loves Thee with a holy charity.
What ravished heart, seraphic tongue, or eyes
Clear as the morning rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity.
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper stone?
There the eye
O' the chrysolite,
And a sky
Of diamonds, rubies, chrysoprase—
And above all, Thy holy face—
Makes an eternal charity.
When Thou Thy jewels up dost bind, that day
Remember us, we pray—
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There Thou mayest appoint us place
Within the brightness of Thy face—
And our soul
In the scroll

Of life and blissfulness enroll,
That we may praise Thee to eternity. Alleluiah!

Bishop Jeremy Taylor.—Born 1613, *Died* 1667.

556.—EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Into their God as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up, prayer should
Dawn with the day, there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers;
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring,
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O, leave thy cares and follies! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine:
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.
Mornings are mysteries the first world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births, the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star—the stone and hidden food.
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

Henry Vaughan—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

557.—THE FEAST.

O come away:
Make no delay—
Come while my heart is clean and steady:
While faith and grace
Adorn the place,
Making dust and ashes ready!

No bliss here lent
Is permanent—
Such triumphs poor flesh cannot merit,
Short sips and sights
Endear delights,
Who seeks for more he would inherit.

Come then, true bread,
Quick'ning the dead,
Whose eater shall not, cannot dye!
Come antedate
On me that state
Which brings poor dust the victory:—

Aye victory!
Which from Thine eye
Breaks as the day doth from the east,
When the spilt dew,
Like tears, doth show
The sad world wept to be releast.

Spring up, O mine!
And springing shine
With some glad message from His heart,
Who did, when slain,
These means ordain
For me to have in Him a part!—

Such a sure part
In His blest heart,
The well where living waters spring,
That, with it fed,
Poor dust, though dead,
Shall rise again, and live, and sing.

O drink and bread,
Which strikes death dead,
The food of man's immortal being;
Under veils here
Thou art my cheer,
Present and sure without my seeing.

How dost Thou fly,
And search and pry
Through all my parts, and, like a quick
And knowing lamp,
Hunt out each damp
Whose shadow makes me sad or sick!

O what high joys!
The turtle's voice
And songs I hear! O quick'ning showers
Of my Lord's blood,
You make rocks bud,
And crown dry hills with wells and flowers!

For this true ease,
This healing peace,
For this brief taste of living glory,
My soul and all,
Kneel down and fall,
And sing His sad victorious story!

O thorny crown,
More soft than down!
O painful cross, my bed of rest!
O spear, the key
Opening the way!
O Thy worst state my only best!

O all Thy griefs
Are my reliefs,
As all my sins Thy sorrows were!
And what can I
To this reply?
What, O God! but a silent tear?

Some toil and sow
That wealth may flow,
And dress this earth for next year's meat
But let me heed
Why thou didsted,
And what in the next world to eat

Henry Vaughan —Born 1621, *Died* 1695

---

558 —THE BEE

From fruitful beds and flowery borders
Parcelled to wasteful ranks and orders,
Where state grasps more than plain truth needs,
And wholesome herbs are starved by weeds,
To the wild woods I will be gone
And the coarse meals of great Saint John

When truth and piety are missed,
Both in the rulers and the priest,
When pity is not cold, but dead,
And the rich eat the poor like bread
While factious heads, with open coil
And force, first made, then share the spoil,
To Horeb then Elias goes,
And in the desert grows the rose
Hail, crystal fountains and fresh shades,
Where no proud look invades,
No busy worldling hunts away
The sad retirer all the day!
Hail, happy, harmless solitude!
Our sanctuary from the rude
And scornful world the calm recess
Of faith, and hope, and holiness!
Here something still like Eden looks—
Honey in woods, juleps in brooks,
And flowers whose rich, unrifled sweets
With a chaste kiss the cool dew greets,
When the toils of the day are done,
And the tired world sets with the sun.
Here flying winds and flowing wells
Are the wise, watchful hermit's bells,
Their busy murmurs all the night
To praise or prayer do invite,
And with an awful sound arrest,
And piously employ his breast

When in the East the dawn doth blush,
Here cool, fresh spirits the air brush,
Herbs straight get up, flowers peep and spread,
Trees whisper praise, and bow the head;
Birds, from the shades of night released
Look round about, then quit the nest,
And with united gladness sing
The glory of the morning's King.

The hermit hears, and with meek voice
Offers his own up, and their joys;
Then prays that all the world might be
Blest with as sweet an unity.

If sudden storms the day invade,
They flock about him to the shade,
Where wisely they expect the end,
Giving the tempest time to spend;
And hard by shelters on some bough
Hilarion's servant, the sage crow
O purer years of light and grace!
Great is the difference, as the space,
'Twixt you and us, who blindly run
After false fires, and leave the sun
Is not fair nature of herself
Much richer than dull paint and pelf?
And are not streams at the spring head
More sweet than in carved stone or lead?
But fancy and some artist's tools
Frame a religion for fools

The truth which once was plainly taught,
With thorns and briars now is fraught
Some part is with bold fables spotted,
Some by strange comments wildly blotted;
And discord, old corruption's crest,
With blood and blame have stained the rest.
So snow, which in its first descents
A whiteness like pure heaven presents,
When touched by man is quickly soiled,
And after trodden down and spoiled

O lead me where I may be free
In truth and spirit to serve Thee!
Where undisturbed I may converse
With Thy great self, and there rehearse
Thy gifts with thanks and from Thy store,
Who art all blessings beg much more
Give me the wisdom of the bee,
And her unwearied industry!
That from the wild gourds of these days,
I may extract health, and Thy praise,
Who canst turn darkness into light,
And in my weakness show Thy might
Suffer me not in any want
To seek refreshment from a plant
Thou didst not set, since all must be
Plucked up whose growth is not from Thee
'Tis not the garden and the bowers,
Nor sense and forms, that give to flowers
Their wholesomeness but Thy good will,
Which truth and purpose purchase still.

Then, since corrupt man hath driven hence
Thy kind and saving influence,
And balm is no more to be had,
In all the coasts of Gilead—
Go with me to the shade and cell
Where Thy best servants once did dwell.
There let me know Thy will, and see
Exiled religion owned by Thee?
For Thou canst turn dark grots to halls,
And make hills blossom like the vales,

Decking their untilled heads with flowers,
And fresh delights for all sad hours;
Till from them, like a laden bee,
I may fly home, and hive with Thee!

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

559.—PEACE.

My soul, there is a country
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged sentry,
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend,
And (O my soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of peace—
The rose that cannot wither—
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

560.—THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove—
Or those faint beams in which this hill is dress't
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose life doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility—
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death—the jewel of the just—
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mask!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

561.—THE TIMBER.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which are now dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

* * *

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

562.—THE RAINBOW.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.



THE TIMBER.

"Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings,
Which are now dead, lodged in thy living towers."

[Page 561.

Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of His eye
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from His glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

* * *

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

563.—THE WREATH.

(TO THE REDEEMER.)

Since I in storms most used to be,
And seldom yielded flowers,
How shall I get a wreath for thee
From those rude barren hours?

The softer dressings of the spring,
Or summer's later store,
I will not for thy temples bring,
Which thorns, not roses, wore:

But a twined wreath of grief and praise,
Praise soil'd with tears, and tears again
Shining with joy, like dewy days,
This day I bring for all thy pain,
Thy causeless pain; and as sad death,
Which sadness breeds in the most vain,
O not in vain! now beg thy breath,
Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears
Through saddest clouds to that glad place,
Where cloudless quires sing without tears,
Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

564.—THE RETREAT.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place,
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white celestial thought —
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back (at that short space)
Could see a glimpse of his bright face.
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour;
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.

Oh, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm Trees.

Henry Vaughan.—Born 1621, *Died* 1695.

565.—THE TOMB.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, *Died* 1678.

566.—CELIA SINGING.

Roses in breathing forth their scent,
Or stars their borrow'd ornament:
Nymphs in their wat'ry sphere that move,
Or angels in their orbs above;
The winged chariot of the light,
Or the slow silent wheels of night;
The shade which from the swifter sun
Doth in a swifter motion run,
Or souls that their eternal rest do keep,
Make far less noise than Celia's breath in sleep.
But if the angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose,
The music of this heavenly sphere
Would steal each soul (in) at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that cherubim would chuse,
And with new powers invert the laws of fate,
Kill those that live, and quick things animate.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, *Died* 1678.

567.—SPEAKING AND KISSING.

The air which thy smooth voice doth break,
  Into my soul like lightning flies;
My life retires while thou dost speak,
  And thy soft breath its room supplies.

Lost in this pleasing ecstacy,
  I join my trembling lips to thine,
And back receive that life from thee
  Which I so gladly did resign.

Forbear, Platonic fools! t' inquire
  What numbers do the soul compose;
No harmony can life inspire,
  But that which from these accents flows.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, *Died* 1678.

568.—LA BELLE CONFIDANTE.

You earthly souls that court a wanton flame
  Whose pale, weak influence
Can rise no higher than the humble name
  And narrow laws of sense,
Learn by our friendship to create
  An immaterial fire,
Whose brightness angels may admire,
  But cannot emulate.
Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
  Or make the lilies fade,
But all the subtle ways that death doth seek
  Cannot my love invade.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, *Died* 1678.

569.—NOTE TO MOSCHUS

Along the mead Europa walks,
  To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
  She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
  The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
  Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
  Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
  The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
  Greedy by dying to decide,
Begs she would her green thread of life,
  As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
  And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
  About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot oppress,
  Doth from that touch enamour'd rise,
But, losing straight what made her blest,
  Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
  Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
  And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies,
  (The meadow's painted rainbow) seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
  And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
  Because neglected, discontent,
The morning furnish'd her with tears;
  Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
  Seems his own beauty to admire;
In water not so clear before,
  As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
  A privilege above the rest,
Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
  To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
  The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives
  In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy rais'd,
  Awak'd by this approaching morn,
And view'd her purple light amaz'd,
  Though his, alas! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
  But for their kind death humbly call,
Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
  By so divine a fate to fall

The royal maid th' applause disdains
  Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
The bashful glory of the plains,
  Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
  Rais'd on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
  A purple robe, a golden crown.

Thomas Stanley.—Born 1625, *Died* 1678.

570.—THE VALEDICTION.

Vain world, what is in thee?
What do poor mortals see
Which should esteemed be
  Worthy their pleasure?
Is it the mother's womb,
Or sorrows which soon come,
Or a dark grave and tomb:
  Which is their treasure?
How dost thou man deceive
  By thy vain glory?
Why do they still believe
  Thy false history?

Is it children's book and rod,
The labourer's heavy load,
Poverty undertrod,
The world desireth?
Is it distracting cares,
Or heart-tormenting fears,
Or pining grief and tears,
Which man requireth?
Or is it youthful rage,
Or childish toying?
Or is decrepit age
Worth man's enjoying?

Is it deceitful wealth,
Got by care, fraud, or stealth,
Or short, uncertain health,
Which thus befool men?
Or do the serpent's lies,
By the world's flatteries
And tempting vanities,
Still overrule them?
Or do they in a dream
Sleep out their season?
Or borne down by lust's stream,
Which conquers reason?

The silly lambs to-day
Pleasantly skip and play,
Whom butchers mean to slay,
Perhaps to-morrow;
In a more brutish sort
Do careless sinners sport,
Or in dead sleep still snort,
As near to sorrow;
Till life, not well begun,
Be sadly ended,
And the web they have spun
Can ne'er be mended.

What is the time that's gone,
And what is that to come?
Is it not now as none?
The present stays not
Time posteth, O how fast!
Unwelcome death makes haste,
None can call back what's past—
Judgment delays not;
Though God bring in the light,
Sinners awake not;—
Because hell's out of sight,
They sin forsake not.

Man walks in a vain show;
They know, yet will not know;
Sit still when they should go—
But run for shadows,
While they might taste and know
The living streams that flow,
And crop the flowers that grow
In Christ's sweet meadows.
Life's better slept away
Than as they use it;
In sin and drunken play
Vain men abuse it.

Malignant world, adieu!
Where no foul vice is new—
Only to Satan true,
God still offended;
Though taught and warned by God,
And His chastising rod,
Keeps still the way that's broad,
Never amended.
Baptismal vows some make,
But ne'er perform them;
If angels from heaven spake,
'Twould not reform them.

They dig for hell beneath,
They labour hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it.
Hell is not had for nought,
Damnation 's dearly bought,
And with great labour sought—
They'll not forsake it.
Their souls are Satan's fee—
He'll not abate it.
Grace is refused that's free—
Mad sinners hate it.

Vile man is so perverse,
It's too rough work for verse
His madness to rehearse,
And show his folly.
He'll die at any rates—
He God and conscience hates,
Yet sin he consecrates,
And calls it holy.
The grace he'll not endure
Which would renew him—
Constant to all, and sure,
Which will undo him.

His head comes first at birth,
And takes root in the earth—
As Nature shooteth forth,
His feet grow highest,
To kick at all above,
And spurn at saving love;
His God is in his grove,
Because it's highest;
He loves this world of strife,
Hates that would mend it;
Loves death that's called life,
Fears what would end it.

All that is good he'd crush,
Blindly on sin doth rush—
A pricking, thorny bush,
Such Christ was crowned with;
Their worship's like to this—
The reed, the Judas kiss:
Such the religion is
That these abound with;
They mock Christ with the knee
Whene'er they bow it—
As if God did not see
The heart and know it.

Of good they choose the least,
Despise that which is best—
The joyful, heavenly feast
Which Christ would give them;
Heaven hath scarce one cold wish;
They live unto the flesh;
Like swine they feed on wash—
Satan doth drive them.
Like weeds they grow in mire,
Which vices nourish—
Where, warmed by Satan's fire,
All sins do flourish.

Is this the world men choose,
For which they heaven refuse,
And Christ and grace abuse,
And not receive it?
Shall I not guilty be
Of this in some degree,
If hence God would me free,
And I'd not leave it?
My soul, from Sodom fly,
Lest wrath there find thee;
Thy refuge—rest is nigh—
Look not behind thee!

There's none of this ado,
None of the hellish crew;
God's promise is most true—
Boldly believe it.
My friends are gone before,
And I am near the shore,
My soul stands at the door—
O Lord, receive it!
It trusts Christ and His merits—
The dead He raises;
Join it with blessed spirits
Who sing Thy praises.

Richard Baxter.—Born 1615, *Died* 1691.

571.—SONG.

See, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,
A new life gives to others' joys;
While that I
Grief-stricken lie,
Nor can moot
With any sweet
But what fast'ning mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind has lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And water's fall
In concert join for others' ear;
While to me,
For harmony,
Every sigh
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear:
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the soul has lost all measures?

Lord Bristol.—Born 1612, *Died* 1676.

572.—THE PHILOSOPHER'S DEVOTION.

Sing aloud! His praise rehearse,
Who hath made the universe.
He the boundless heavens has spread,
All the vital orbs has kned;
He that on Olympus high
Tends His flock with watchful eye;
And this eye has multiplied
Midst each flock for to reside.
Thus, as round about they stray,
Toucheth each with outstretched ray:
Nimbly they hold on their way,
Shaping out their night and day.
Never slack they; none respires,
Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,
Echoes sweet be gently drove
Through heaven's vast hollowness,
Which unto all comers press—
Music, that the heart of Jove
Moves to joy and sportful love,
Fills the listening sailor's ears,
Riding on the wandering spheres.
Neither speech nor language is
Where their voice is not transmiss.

God is good, is wise, is strong—
Witness all the creature throng—
Is confessed by every tongue.
All things back from whence they spring,
As the thankful rivers pay
What they borrowed of the sea.

Now, myself I do resign;
Take me whole, I all am Thine.
Save me, God! from self-desire,
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire;
Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these, Thy praise I'll sing.
Loudly sweep the trembling string.
Bear a part, O wisdom's sons,
Freed from vain religions!
Lo! from far I you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute—
India, Egypt, Araby,
Asia, Greece, and Tartary,
Carmel-tracts and Lebanon,
With the Mountains of the Moon,
From whence muddy Nile doth run;
Or, wherever else you won,
Breathing in one vital air—
One we are though distant far.

Rise at once—let's sacrifice!
Odours sweet perfume the skies.
See how heavenly lightning fires
Hearts inflamed with high aspires;
All the substance of our souls
Up in clouds of incense rolls!
Leave we nothing to ourselves
Save a voice—what need we else?
Or a hand to wear and tire
On the thankful lute or lyre.
Sing aloud! His praise rehearse
Who hath made the universe.

Henry More.—Born 1614, *Died* 1687.

573.—CHARITY AND HUMILITY.

Far have I clambered in my mind,
But naught so great as love I find;
Deep-searching wit, mount-moving might,
Are naught compared to that good spright.
Life of delight, and soul of bliss!
Sure source of lasting happiness!
Higher than heaven, lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayst thou dwell?
My mansion hight Humility,
Heaven's vastest capability—
The further it doth downward tend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost naught,
It shall return with that it sought.
Lord stretch Thy tent in my straight breast—
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
All self-dead souls. My life is gone—
Sad solitude 's my irksome wonne.
Cut off from men and all this world,
In Lethe's lonesome ditch I'm hurled.
Nor might nor sight doth aught me move,
Nor do I care to be above.
O feeble rays of mental light,
That best be seen in this dark night!
What are you? What is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I naught desire
But a new life, or quite t'expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet stars in sky,
Bring down to earth the pale-faced moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon—
Though all things were put in my hand—
As parched, as dry as the Libyan sand
Would be my life, if Charity
Were wanting. But humility
Is more than my poor soul durst crave,
That lies intombed in lowly grave.
But if 'twere lawful up to send
My voice to heaven, this should it rend:
Lord, thrust me deeper into dust
That Thou mayest raise me with the just!

Henry More.—Born 1614, *Died* 1687.

574.—THE SOUL AND BODY.

Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Henry More.—Born 1614, *Died* 1687.

575.—THE PRE-EXISTENCY OF THE SOUL.

Rise then, Aristo's son, assist my Muse;
Let that high sprite, which did enrich thy brains
With choice conceits, some worthy thoughts infuse,
Worthy thy title and the reader's pains.
And thou, O Lycian sage! whose pen contains
Treasures of heavenly light with gentle fire,
Give leave awhile to warm me at thy flames,
That I may also kindle sweet desire
In holy minds that unto highest things aspire.

For I would sing the pre-existency
Of human souls, and live once o'er again,
By recollection and quick memory,
All that is past since first we all began;
But all too shallow be my wits to scan
So deep a point, and mind too dull to clear
So dark a matter. But thou, more than man,
Aread, thou sacred soul of Plotin dear,
Tell me what mortals are—tell what of old they were.

A spark or ray of the divinity,
Clouded with earthy fogs, yclad in clay,
A precious drop sunk from eternity,
Spilt on the ground, or rather slunk away;
For then we fell when we 'gan first t'assay,
By stealth of our own selves, something to been
Uncentering ourselves from our great stay,

Which fondly we new liberty did ween,
And from that prank right jolly wits ourselves
did deem.

* * * *

Show fitly how the pre-existent soul
Enacts and enters bodies here below,
And then entire unhurt can leave this moul,
And thence her airy vehicle can draw,
In which by sense and motion they may know,
Better than we, what things transacted be
Upon the earth, and when they list may show
Themselves to friend or foe, their phantasie
Moulding their airy orb to gross consistency.

* * * *

Wherefore the soul possess'd of matter meet,
If she hath power to operate thereon,
Can eath transform this vehicle to sight,
Dight with due colour figuration,
Can speak, can walk, and then dispear anon,
Spreading herself in the dispersed air,
Then, if she please, recall again what's gone:
Those th' uncouth mysteries of fancy are—
Than thunder far more strong, more quick
than lightning far.

Some heaving toward this strange activity
We may observe ev'n in this mortal state;
Here health and sickness of the phantasie
Often proceed, which working minds create,
And pox and pestilence do malleate,
Their thoughts still beating on those objects ill,
Which doth the master'd blood contaminate,
And with foul poisonous impressions fill,
And last, the precious life with deadly dolour
kill.

* * * *

All these declare the force of phantasie,
Though working here upon this stubborn clay:
But th' airy vehicle yields more easily,
Unto her beck more nimbly doth obey,
Which truth the joint confessions bewray
Of damned hags and masters of bold skill,
Whose hellish mysteries fully to display,
The earth would groan, trees sigh, and horror
all o'erspill.

But he that out of darkness giveth light,
He guide my steps in this so uncouth way;
And ill-done deeds by children of the night
Convert to good, while I shall hence assay
The noble soul's condition ope to lay,
And show her empire on her airy sphere,
By what of sprites and spectres stories say:
For sprites and spectres that by night appear
Be, or all with the soul, or of a nature near.

Up then, renowned wizard, hermit sage,
That twice ten years didst in the desert won,
With sprites conversing in thy hermitage,
Since thou of mortals didst the commerce
shun;
Well seen in these foul deeds that have fore-
done
Many a bold wit. Up, Marcus, tell again
That story to thy Thrax, who has thee won
To Christian faith; the guise and haunts
explain
Of all air-trampling ghosts that in the world
remain.

There be six sorts of sprites: Lelurion
Is the first kind, the next are named from air;
The first aloft, yet far beneath the moon,
The other in this lower region fare;
The third terrestrial, the fourth watery are;
The fifth be subterranean; the last
And worst, light-hating ghosts, more cruel far
Than bear or wolf with hunger hard oppress'd,
But doltish yet, and dull, like an unwieldy
beast.

* * * *

Cameleon-like they thus their colour change,
And size contract, and then dilate again,
Like the soft earth-worm hurt by heedless
chance,
Shrinks in herself to shun or ease her pain.
Nor do they only thus themselves constrain
Into less bulk, but if with courage bold,
And flaming brand, thou strike these shades in
twain
Close quick as cloven air. So sang that wizard
old.

And truth he said, whatever he has told,
As even this present age may verify,
If any lists its stories to unfold,
Of Hugo, of hobgoblins, of incubi,
Abhorred dugs by devils sucken dry;
Of leaping lamps, and of fierce flying stones,
Of living wool and such like witchery;
Or proved by sight or self-confessions,
Which things much credence gain to past tra-
ditions.

Wherefore with boldness we will now relate
Some few in brief: as of th' Astorgan lad
Whose peevish mother, in fell ire and hate,
With execration bold, the devil bad
Take him alive. Which mood the boy n'ote
bear.
But quits the room—walks out with spirit sad,
Into the court, where lo! by night appear
Two giants with grim looks, rough limbs, black
grisly hair.

* * * *

The walking skeleton in Bolonia,
Laden with rattling chains, that show'd his
grave
To the watchful student, who without dismay
Bid tell his wants and speak what he would
have,
Thus cleared he the house by courage brave.
Nor may I pass the fair Cerdinian maid
Whose love a jolly swain did kindly crave,
And oft with mutual solace with her staid,
Yet he no jolly swain, but a deceitful shade.

* * *

In arctic climes an isle that Thulé hight,
Famous for snowy mounts, whose hoary heads
Sure sign of cold; yet from their fiery feet
They strike out burning stones with thunders dread,
And all the land with smoke and ashes spread,
Here wand'ring ghosts themselves have often shown,
As if it were the region of the dead,
And met departed, met with whom they've known,
In seemly sort shake hands, and ancient friendship own

A world of wonders hither might be thrown
Of sprites and spectres, as that frequent noise
Oft heard upon the plain of Marathon,
Of neighing horses and of martial boys,
The Greek the Persian nightly here destroys
In hot assault embroil'd in a long war,
Four hundred years did last those dreadful toys,
As doth by Attic records plain appear
The seeds of hate by death so little slaked are

Henry Moore—Born 1614, Died 1687

576.—COOPER'S HILL

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon, we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those,
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands, if I can be to these
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me
Nor wonder if (advantaged in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye,
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's the late theme of such a Muse, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserved from ruin by the best of kings
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
O! happiness of sweet retired content!
To be at once secure and innocent
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforced ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes,
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace,
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance,
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Canute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth thou should'st be like in fame
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona, who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son, which did the second bring;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)

Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour,
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own
When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr and his arms confined
Within the azure circle he did seem
But to foretel and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd
Which nature for them bound at first design'd
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends,
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill whose top of late
A chapel crown'd till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (May no such storm
Fall on our times where ruin must reform!)
Tell me my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much more,
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor
Who having spent the treasures of his crown
Condemns their luxury to feed his own
And yet this act to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good
Who fears not to do ill yet fears the name
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles,
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends
Their charity destroys, their faith defends
Then did Religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay, but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vales strays
Thames! the most loved of all the Ocean's
By his old sire to his embraces runs
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea
Like mortal life to meet eternity
Though with those streams he no more embrace hold,
Whose form is amber and their gravel gold
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore
Search not his bottom but survey his shore
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay
Like mothers which their infants overlay
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows
First loves to do, then loves the good he does
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
But free and common as the sea or wind
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us and makes both Indies ours
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars, and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight,
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds from discord springs
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty through the universe,
While dryness moisture coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists,
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self enamour'd youth gazed here,
So fatally deceived he had not been,
While he the bottom not his face had seen
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds, his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat
The common fate of all that's high or great
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour,
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a toe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Roused with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends, among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks, the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he ranged alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight errant did proclaim
Combat to all and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam,
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe and ev'ry foe a death
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued at last
All safety in despair of safety placed
Courage he thence resumes, resolved to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before,
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas! they thirst for blood
So t'wards a ship the oar-fitted galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall revenged on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.

So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was placed
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river raised with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolved, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure:
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

Sir John Denham.—*Born* 1615, *Died* 1668.

577.—ON THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forged by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe;
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake,
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker-on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own,
Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise, to live:
Less seem those facts which treason's nickname bore
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative frenzy they repent,
Enacting it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'scaped, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own,
That his last action all the rest might crown.

Sir John Denham.—*Born* 1615, *Died* 1668.

578.—SONG TO MORPHEUS.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake.
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

Sir John Denham.—*Born* 1615, *Died* 1668.

579.—A SUMMER MORNING.

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soil'd the earth's tinsell'd robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamour'd air!
Here nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and emboss'd with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

580.—VIRGIN PURITY.

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kiss'd them into heat.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

581.—ARGALIA CONDEMNED ON FALSE EVIDENCE.

High mounted on an ebon throne on which
Th' embellish'd silver show'd so sadly rich
As if its varied form strove to delight
Those solemn souls which death-pale fear did fright,
In Tyrian purple clad, the princess sate,
Between two sterner ministers of fate.
Impartial judges, whose distinguish'd tasks
Their various habit to the view unmasks.
One, in whose looks, as pity strove to draw
Compassion in the tablets of the law,
Some softness dwelt, in a majestic vest
Of state-like red was clothed; the other, dress'd
In dismal black, whose terrible aspect
Declared his office, served but to detect
Her slow consent, if, when the first forsook
The cause, the law so far as death did look.
Silence proclaim'd, a harsh command calls forth
Th' undaunted prisoner, whose excelling worth
In this low ebb of fortune did appear
Such as we fancy virtues that come near
The excellence of angels—fear had not
Rifled one drop of blood, nor rage begot
More colour in his cheeks—his soul in state,
Throned in the medium, constant virtue sat.

* * * *

Yet, though now depress'd
Even in opinion, which oft proves the best
Support to those whose public virtues we
Adore before their private guilt we see,
His noble soul still wings itself above
Passion's dark fogs; and like that prosperous dove
The world's first pilot, for discovery sent,
When all the floods that bound the firmament
O'erwhelm'd the earth, conscience' calm joys to increase,
Returns, freight with the olive branch of peace,
Thus fortified from all that tyrant fear
O'erawed the guilty with, he doth appear.
* * * Not all
His virtues now protect him, he must fall
A guiltless sacrifice, to expiate
No other crime but their envenom'd hate.
An ominous silence—such as oft precedes
The fatal sentence—while the accuser reads
His charge, possess'd the pitying court in which
Presaging calm Pharonnida, too rich
In mercy, heaven's supreme prerogative,
To stifle tears, did with her passion strive
So long, that what at first assaulted in
Sorrow's black armour, had so often been
For pity cherish'd, that at length her eyes
Found there those spirits that did sympathise
With those that warm'd her blood, and unseen, move
That engine of the world, mysterious love.

* * * *

The beauteous princess, whose free soul had been
Yet guarded in her virgin ice, and now
A stranger is to what she doth allow
Such easy entrance. By those rays that fall
From either's eyes, to make reciprocal
Their yielding passions, brave Argalia felt,
Even in the grasp of death, his functions melt
To flames, which on his heart an onset make
For sadness, such as weary mortals take
Eternal farewells in. Yet in this high
Tide of his blood, in a soft calm to die,
His yielding spirits now prepare to meet
Death, clothed in thoughts white as his winding-sheet.
That fatal doom, which unto heaven affords
The sole appeal, one of the assisting lords
Had now pronounced whose horrid thunder could
Not strike his laurell'd brow; that voice which would
Have petrified a timorous soul, he hears
With calm attention. No disorder'd fears
Ruffled his fancy, nor domestic war
Raged in his breast; his every look so far
From vulgar passions, that, unless amazed
At beauty's majesty he sometime gazed
Wildly on that as emblems of more great
Glories than earth afforded, from the seat
Of resolution his fix'd soul had not
Been stirr'd to passion, which had now begot

Wonder, not fear, within him. No harsh frown
Contracts his brow; nor did his thoughts pull down
One fainting spirit, wrapt in smother'd groans,
To clog his heart. From her most eminent thrones
Of sense, the eyes, the lightning of his soul
Flew, with such vigour forth, it did control
All weaker passions, and at once include
With Roman valour Christian fortitude.'

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

582.—THE FATHER OF PHARONNIDA DISCOVERS HER ATTACHMENT TO ARGALIA.

Silent with passion, which his eyes inflamed,
The prince awhile beholds her ere he blamed
The frailty of affection; but at length,
Through the quick throng of thoughts, arm'd with a strength,
Which crush'd the soft paternal smiles of love,
He thus begins—"And must, O must that prove
My greatest curse on which my hopes ordain'd
To raise my happiness? Have I refrain'd
The pleasures of a nuptial bed, to joy
Alone in thee, nor trembled to destroy
My name, so that advancing thine I might
Live to behold my sceptre take its flight
To a more spacious empire? Have I spent
My youth till, grown in debt to age, she hath sent
Diseases to arrest me that impair
My strength and hopes o'er to enjoy an heir,
Which might preserve our name, which only now
Must in our dusty annals live; whilst thou
Transfer'st the glory of our house on one,
Which had not I warm'd into life, had gone,
A wretch forgotten of the world, to th' earth
From whence he sprung? But tear this monstrous birth
Of fancy from thy soul, quick as thou'dst fly
Descending wrath if visible, or I
Shall blast thee with my anger till thy name
Rot in my memory; not as the same
That once thou wert behold thee, but as some
Dire prodigy, which to foreshow should come
All ills which through the progress of my life
Did chance were sent. I lost a queen and wife,
Thy virtuous mother, who for goodness might
Have here supplied, before she took her flight
To heaven, my better angel's place; have since
Stood storms of strong affliction; still a prince
Over my passions until now, but this
Hath proved me cor'ard. Oh! thou dost amiss
To grieve me thus, fond girl."—With that he shook
His reverend head; beholds her with a look
Composed of grief and anger, which she sees
With melting sorrow; but resolved love frees
Her from more yielding pity—
She falls
Prostrate at's feet; to his remembrance calls
Her dying mother's will, by whose pale dust
She now conjures him not to be unjust
Unto that promise, with which her pure soul
Fled satisfied from earth—as to control
Her freedom of affection.—
She then
Calls to remembrance who relieved him when
Distress'd within Aleythius' walls; the love
His subjects bore Argalia, which might prove
Her choice her happiness; with all, how great
A likelihood, it was but the retreat
Of royalty to a more safe disguise
Had show'd him to their state's deluded eyes
So mean a thing. Love's boundless rhetoric
About to dictate more, he, with a quick
And furious haste, forsakes the room, his rage
Thus boiling o'er—"And must my wretched age
Be thus by thee tormented? but take heed,
Correct thy passions, or their cause must bleed,
Until he quench the flame—"
* * Her soul, oppress'd,
Sinks in a pale swoon, catching at the rest
It must not yet enjoy; swift help lends light,
Though faint and glimmering, to behold what night
Of grief o'ershadow'd her. You that have been
Upon the rack of passion, tortured in
The engines of forbidden love, that have
Shed fruitless tears, spent hopeless sighs, to crave
A rigid parent's fair aspect, conceive
What wild distraction seized her. I must leave
Her passions' volume only to be read
Within the breasts of such whose hearts have bled
At the like dangerous wounds.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

583.—ARGALIA TAKEN PRISONER BY THE TURKS.

* * The Turks had ought
Made desperate onslaughts on the isle, but brought
Nought back but wounds and infamy; but now,
Wearied with toil, they are resolved to bow
Their stubborn resolutions with the strength
Of not-to-be-resisted want: the length
Of the chronical disease extended had
To some few months, since to oppress the sad

But constant islanders, the army lay,
Circling their confines. Whilst this tedious stay
From battle rusts the soldier's valour in
His tainted cabin, there had often been,
With all variety of fortune, fought
Brave single combats, whose success had brought
Honour's unwither'd laurels on the brow
Of either party; but the balance, now
Forced by the hand of a brave Turk, inclined
Wholly to them. Thrice had his valour shined
In victory's refulgent rays, thrice heard
The shouts of conquest; thrice on his lance appear'd
The heads of noble Rhodians, which had struck
A general sorrow 'mongst the knights. All look
Who next the lists should enter; each desires
The task were his, but honour now requires
A spirit more than vulgar, or she dies
The next attempt, their valour's sacrifice;
To prop whose ruins, chosen by the free
Consent of all, Argalia comes to be
Their happy champion. Truce proclaim'd, until
The combat ends, th' expecting people fill
The spacious battlements; the Turks forsake
Their tents, of whom the city ladies take
A dreadful view, till a more noble sight
Diverts their looks; each part behold their knight
With various wishes, whilst in blood and sweat
They toil for victory. The conflict's heat
Raged in their veins, which honour more inflamed
Than burning calentures could do; both blamed
The feeble influence of their stars, that gave
No speedier conquest; each neglects to save
Himself, to seek advantage to offend
His eager foe. * * * *
* * * But now so long
The Turks' proud champion had endured the strong
Assaults of the stout Christian, till his strength
Cool'd, on the ground, with his blood—he fell at length,
Beneath his conquering sword. The barbarous crew
O' the villains that did at a distance view
Their champion's fall, all bands of truce forgot,
Running to succour him, begin a hot
And desperate combat with those knights that stand
To aid Argalia, by whose conquering hand
Whole squadrons of them fall, but here he spent
His mighty spirit in vain, their cannons rent
His scatter'd troops.

* * * *

Argalia lies in chains, ordain'd to die
A sacrifice unto the cruelty
Of the fierce bashaw, whose loved favourite in
The combat late he slew; yet had not been
In that so much unhappy, had not he,
That honour'd then his sword with victory,
Half-brother to Januса been, a bright
But cruel lady, whose refined delight
Her slave (though husband), Ammurat, durst not
Ruffle with discontent; wherefore, to cool that hot
Contention of her blood, which he foresaw
That heavy news would from her anger draw,
To quench with the brave Christian's death, he sent
Him living to her, that her anger, spent
In flaming torments, might not settle in
The dregs of discontent. Staying to win
Some Rhodian castles, all the prisoners were
Sent with a guard into Sardinia, there
To meet their wretched thraldom. From the rest
Argalia sever'd, soon hopes to be blest
With speedy death, though waited on by all
The hell-instructed torments that could fall
Within invention's reach; but he's not yet
Arrived to his period, his unmoved stars sit
Thus in their orbs secured. It was the use
Of th' Turkish pride, which triumphs in th' abuse
Of suffering Christians, once, before they take
The ornaments of nature off, to make
Their prisoners public to the view, that all
Might mock their miseries: this sight did call
Januса to her palace-window, where,
Whilst she beholds them, love resolved to bear
Her ruin on her treacherous eye-beams, till
Her heart infected grew; their orbs did fill,
As the most pleasing object, with the sight
Of him whose sword open'd a way for the flight
Of her loved brother's soul. At the first view
Passion had struck her dumb, but when it grew
Into desire, she speedily did send
To have his name—which known, hate did defend
Her heart; besieged with love, she sighs, and straight
Commands him to a dungeon: but love's bait
Cannot be so cast up, though to efface
His image from her soul she strives. The place
For execution she commands to be
'Gainst the next day prepared; but rest and she
Grow enemies about it: if she steal
A slumber from her thoughts, that doth reveal
Her passions in a dream, sometimes she thought
She saw her brother's pale grim ghost, that brought
His grisly wounds to show her, smear'd in blood,
Standing before her sight; and by that flood
Those red streams wept, implering vengeance, then,
Enraged, she cries, "O, let him die!" But when

Her sleep-imprison'd fancy, wandering in
The shades of darken'd reason, did begin
To draw Argalia's image on her soul,
Love's sovereign power did suddenly controul
The strength of those abortive embryos, sprung
From smother'd anger. The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to night, the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams, ere
Whose early reign Janusa, that could bear
No longer lock'd within her breast so great
An army of rebellious passions, beat
From reason's conquer'd fortress, did unfold
Her thoughts to Manto, a stout wench; whose bold
Wit, join'd with zeal to serve her, had endear'd
Her to her best affections. Having clear'd
All doubts with hopeful promises, her maid,
By whose close wiles this plot must be convey'd,
To secret action of her council makes
Two eunuch pandars, by whose help she takes
Argalia from his keeper's charge, as to
Suffer more torments than the rest should do,
And lodged him in that castle to affright
And soften his great soul with fear. The light,
Which lent its beams into the dismal place
In which he lay, without presents the face
Of horror smear'd in blood; a scaffold built
To be the stage of murder, blush'd with guilt
Of Christian blood, by several torments let
From th' imprisoning veins. This object set
To startle his resolves if good, and make
His future joys more welcome, could not shake
The heaven-built pillars of his soul, that stood
Steady, though in the slippery paths of blood.
The gloomy night now sat enthroned in dead
And silent shadows, midnight curtains spread
The earth in black for what the falling day
Had blush'd in fire, whilst the brave pris'ner lay,
Circled in darkness, yet in those shades spends
The hours with angels, whose assistance lends
Strength to the wings of faith.

* * * *

He beholds
A glimmering light, whose near approach unfolds
The leaves of darkness. While his wonder grows
Big with amazement, the dim taper shows
False Manto enter'd, who, prepared to be
A bawd unto her lustful mistress, came,
Not with persuasive rhetoric to inflame
A heart congeal'd with death's approach.

* * * *

Most blest of men!
Compose thy wonder, and let only joy
Dwell in thy soul: My coming's to destroy,
Not nurse thy trembling fears: be but so wise
To follow thy swift fate, and thou mayst rise
Above the reach of danger. In thy arms
Circle that power whose radiant brightness charms
Fierce Ammurat's anger, when his crescents shine
In a full orb of forces; what was thine
Ere made a prisoner, though the doubtful state
Of her best Christian monarch, will abate
Its splendour; when that daughter of the night,
Thy feeble star, shines in a heaven of light.
If life or liberty, then, bear a shape
Worthy thy courting, swear not to escape
By the attempts of strength, and I will free
The iron bonds of thy captivity.
A solemn oath, by that great power he served,
Took, and believed: his hopes no longer starved
In expectation. From that swarthy seat
Of sad despair, his narrow jail, replete
With lazy damps, she leads him to a room
In whose delights joy's summer seem'd to bloom,
There left him to the brisk society
Of costly baths and Corsic wines, whose high
And sprightly tempers from cool sherbets found
A calm ally; here his harsh thoughts unwound
Themselves in pleasure, as not fearing fate
So much, but that he dares to recreate
His spirit, by unwieldy action tired,
With all that lust into no crime had fired.
By mutes, those silent ministers of sin,
His sullied garments were removed, and in
Their place such various habits laid, as pride
Would clothe her favourites with. *

* * * * *

Unruffled here by the rash wearer, rests
Fair Persian mantles, rich Sclavonian vests

* * * *

Though on this swift variety of fate
He looks with wonder, yet his brave soul sate
Too safe within her guards of reason, to
Be shook with passion: that there's something new
And strange approaching after such a storm,
This gentle calm assures him. *

* * * *

His limbs from wounds but late recover'd, now
Refresh'd with liquid odours, did allow
Their suppled nerves no softer rest, but in
Such robes as wore their ornament within,
Veil'd o'er their beauty. * *

* * * *

His guilty conduct now had brought him near
Janusa's room, the glaring lights appear
Thorough the window's crystal walls, the strong
Perfumes of balmy incense mix'd among
The wandering atoms of the air did fly.
* * The open doors allow

A free access into the room, where come,
Such real forms he saw as would strike dumb
The Alcoran's tales of Paradise, the fair
And sparkling gems i' the gilded roof impair
Their taper's fire, yet both themselves confess
Weak to those flames Janusa's eyes possess
With such a joy as bodies that do long
For souls, shall meet them in the doomsday throng,
She that ruled princes, though not passions, sate
Waiting her lover, on a throne whose state
Epitomized the empire's wealth; her robe,
With costly pride, had robb'd the chequer'd globe
Of its most fair and orient jewels, to
Enhance its value: captive princes who
Had lost their crowns, might there those gems have seen.

* * * *

Placed in a seat near her bright throne, to stir
His settled thoughts she thus begins: "From her
Your sword hath so much injured as to shed
Blood so near kin to mine, that it was fed
By the same milky fountains, and within
One womb warm'd into life, is such a sin
I could not pardon, did not love commit
A rape upon my mercy all the wit
Of man in vain inventions had been lost,
Ere thou redeem'd: which now, although it cost
The price of all my honours, I will do.
Be but so full of gratitude as to
Repay my care with love. Why dost thou thus
Sit dumb to my discourse? it lies in us
To raise or ruin thee, and make my way
Thorough their bloods that our embraces stay.'

* * * *

To charm those sullen spirits that within
The dark cells of his conscience might have been
Yet by religion hid—that gift divine,
The soul's composure, music, did refine
The lazy air, whose polish'd harmony,
Whilst dancing in redoubled echoes, by
A wanton song was answer'd, whose each part
Invites the hearing to betray the heart.
Having with all these choice flowers strew'd the way
That leads to lust, to shun the slow decay
Of his approach, her sickly passions haste
To die in action. "Come," she cries, "we waste
The precious minutes. Now thou know'st for what
Thou'rt sent for hither."
Brave Argalia sits,
With virtue cool'd. * * *
* * "And must my freedom then
At such a rate be purchased? rather, when
My life expires in torments, let my name
Forgotten die, than live in black-mouth'd fame,
A servant to thy lust. Go, tempt thy own
Damn'd infidels to sin, that ne'er had known
The way to virtue: not this cobweb veil
Of beauty, which thou wear'st but as a jail
To a soul pale with guilt, can cover o'er
Thy mind's deformity. * * *

* * * *

Rent from these gilded pleasures, send me to
A dungeon dark as hell, where shadows do
Reign in eternal silence; let these rich
And costly robes, the gaudy trappings which
Thou mean'st to clothe my sin in, be exchanged
For sordid rags. When thy fierce spleen hath ranged
Through all invented torments, choose the worst
To punish my denial; less accurst
I so shall perish, than if by consent
I taught thy guilty thoughts how to augment
Their sin in action, and, by giving ease
To thy blood's fever, took its loath'd disease."
* * * Her look,
Cast like a felon's—— * * *
Was sad; with silent grief the room she leaves.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

584.—THE DEATH OF JANUSA AND AMMURAT.

Placed, by false Manto, in a closet, which,
Silent and sad, had only to enrich
Its roof with light, some few neglected beams
Sent from Janusa's room, which serve as streams
To watch intelligence; here he beheld,
While she who with his absence had expell'd
All thoughtful cares, was with her joy swell'd high,
As captives are when call'd to liberty.
Perfumed and costly, her fair bed was more
Adorn'd than shrines which costly kings adore;
Incense, in smoky curls, climbs to the fair
Roof, whilst choice music rarefies the air;
Each element in more perfection here,
Than in the first creation did appear,
Yet lived in harmony: the wing'd fire lent
Perfumes to the air, that to moist cordials pent
In crystal vials, strength; and those impart
Their vigour to that ball of earth, the heart.
The nice eye here epitomized might see
Rich Persia's wealth, and old Rome's luxury.

But now, like Nature's new-made favourite,
Who, until all created for delight
Was framed, did ne'er see Paradise, comes in
Deceived Argalia, thinking he had been
Call'd thither to behold a penitent.

* * * *

* * With such a high
Heroic scorn as aged saints that die,
Heaven's fav'rites, leave the trivial world—he slights
That gilded pomp; no splendent beam invites
His serious eye to meet their objects in
An amorous glance, reserved as he had been
Before his grave confessor: he beholds
Beauty's bright magic, while its art unfolds
Great love's mysterious riddles, and commands
Captive Janusa to infringe the bands
Of matrimonial modesty. When all
Temptation fails, she leaves her throne to fall,
The scorn of greatness, at his feet: but prayer,
Like flattery; expires in useless air,
Too weak to batter that firm confidence
Their torment's thunder could not shake. From hence
Despair, love's tyrant, had enforced her to
More wild attempts, had not her Ammurat, who,
Unseen, beheld all this, prevented, by
His sight, the death of bleeding modesty.

Made swift with rage, the ruffled curtain flies
His angry touch—he enters—fix'd his eyes,
From whence some drops of rage distil, on her
Whose heart had lent her face its character.
Whilst he stood red with flaming anger, she
Looks pale with fear—passion's disparity
Dwelt in their troubled breasts; his wild eyes stood
Like comets, when attracting storms of blood
Shook with portentous sad, the whilst hers sate
Like the dull earth, when trembling at the fate
Of those ensuing evils—heavy fix'd
Within their orbs. Passions thus strangely mix'd,
No various fever e'er created in
The phrenzied brain, when sleep's sweet calm had been
From her soft throne deposed.

* * * *

So having paused, his dreadful voice thus broke
The dismal silence:—
"Thou curse of my nativity, that more
Affects me than eternal wrath can do—
Spirits condemn'd, some fiends, instruct me to
Heighten revenge to thy desert; but so
I should do more than mortals may, and throw
Thy spotted soul to flames. Yet I will give
Its passport hence; for think not to outlive
This hour, this fatal hour, ordain'd to see
More than an age before of tragedy."

* * * *

* * Fearing tears should win
The victory of anger, Ammurat draws
His scimitar, which had in blood writ laws
For conquer'd provinces, and with a swift
And cruel rage, ere penitence could lift
Her burthen'd soul in a repentant thought
Tow'rds heaven, sheathes the cold steel in her soft
And snowy breast: with a loud groan she falls
Upon the bloody floor, half breathless, calls
For his untimely pity; but perceiving
The fleeting spirits, with her blood, were leaving
Her heart unguarded, she implores that breath
Which yet remain'd, not to bewail her death,
But beg his life that caused it—on her knees,
Struggling to rise. But now calm'd Ammurat frees
Her from disturbing death, in his last great work,
And thus declares some virtue in a Turk.

"I have, brave Christian, by perusing thee
In this great art of honour, learnt to be,
Too late, thy follower: this ring (with that
Gives him his signet) shall, when question'd at
The castle guards, thy safety be. And now
I see her blood's low water doth allow
Me only time to launch my soul's black bark
Into death's rubric sea—for to the dark
And silent region, though we here were by
Passion divorced, fortune shall not deny
Our souls to sail together. From thy eyes
Remove death's load, and see what sacrifice
My love is offering." With that word, a stroke
Pierces his breast, whose speedy pains invoke
Death's opiates to appease them: he sinks down
By's dying wife, who, ere the cold flood drown
Life in the deluge of her wounds, once more
Betrays her eyes to the light; and though they wore
The weight of death upon their lids, did keep
Them so long open, till the icy sleep
Began to seize on him, and then she cries—
"O see, just heaven! see, see my Ammurat dies,
To wander with me in the unknown shade
Of immortality—But I have made
The wounds that murther'd both: his hand that gave
Mine, did but gently let me blood to save
An everlasting fever. Pardon me,
My dear, my dying lord. Eternity
Shall see my soul white-wash'd in tears; but oh!
I now feel time's dear want—they will not flow
Fast as my stream of blood. Christian, farewell!
Whene'er thou dost our tragic story tell,
Do not extenuate my crimes, but let
Them in their own black characters be set,
Near Ammurat's bright virtues, that, read by
Th' unpractised lover, which posterity,
Whilst wanton winds play with our dust, shall raise
On beauties; that the good may justice praise
By his example, and the bad by mine
From vice's throne be scared to virtue's shrine.
* * * This,
She cries, is our last interview"—a kiss

Then joins their bloodless lips—each close the eyes
Of the other, whilst the parting spirit flies.

William Chamberlayne.—Born 1619, *Died* 1689.

585.—ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer,
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

586.—ON LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes,
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief
So ev'ry passion, but fond love
Unto its own redress does move,
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs,
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavours to be prized,
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold,
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill,
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

587.—A PANEGYRIC TO THE LORD PROTECTOR.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign.
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race:
So has your highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state,
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea 's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppress'd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court:
And then your highness, not for our's alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land, that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And every coast may trouble, or relieve
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves
And all that's rare as tribute from the wave

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky,
So, what our Earth, and what our Heaven denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow
Without the worm in Persian silks we shine,
And, without planting, drink of every vine

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs,
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow,
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds,
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanced to be a portion of our state,
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the continent
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terrour and the news,
Our neighbour princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon, willing, and to punish, loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both;
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or errour had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread;
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much power and piety in one.

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again, that well-born men may shine;
The meanest in your nature, mild and good:
The noblest rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling sp'rit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still, as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars,
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose:
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;
Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing:
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head, while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

588.—AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concern'd that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:

Thus he advised me: "On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find."
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

589.—THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

590.—SAY, LOVELY DREAM!

A SONG.

Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert dress'd
With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded, am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream;
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despised love in thy face,
And make it t' appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

591.—GO, LOVELY ROSE!

A SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

592.—OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

593.—TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know,
What you unto Thyrsis owe:
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.
Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains:
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain:
And, those scorching beams to shun
To thy gentle shadow run.
If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection:
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some power above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine.
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly scaled) does know!
Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which, but tasted, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
Sacharissa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madness doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adorèd dame:
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to Heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry:
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-lived than love.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

594.—TO PHYLLIS.

Phyllis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than Time;
Change in love to Heaven does climb.
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherd you have smiled,
Or what nymphs I have beguiled:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

595.—OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora, smiling, bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice
Or power to climb, she made so low a choice:
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note she fetch'd.

So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain th' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muse, like bold Promethens, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.

* * * * *

For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find,
From her large power, and from her larger mind,

That whom ill Fate would ruin, it prefers,
For all the miserable are made hers.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds,
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds, shields:
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

596.—ON MY LADY SYDNEY'S PICTURE.

Such was Philoclea, and such Dorus' flame!
The matchless Sydney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars placed,
Not his high fancy could one pattern, graced
With such extremes of excellence, compose
Wonders so distant in one face disclose!
Such cheerful modesty, such humble state,
Moves certain love, but with as doubtful fate
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amazed we see in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artist took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And, rivals made, th' ensuing story marr'd.
Just Nature, first instructed by his thought,
In his own house thus practised what he taught.
This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

597.—OF MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list'ning deer.
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes;
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

598.—TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

599.—LOVE'S FAREWELL.

Treading the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave,
Resolved my country and my friends
All that remain'd of me should have.

And this resolve no mortal dame,
None but those eyes could have o'erthrown;
The nymph I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like herself alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aspires
Above the fear of private fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm; but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from heaven endure.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

600.—ON LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore,
Snatch'd from myself how far behind
Already I behold the shore!

May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No: 'tis so reckless and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved all with precious things; not torn
From shipwreck'd vessels, but there born.

Sweetness, truth, and every grace,
Which time and use are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach
And read distinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs with colours faint,
And pencil slow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time destroy;
She has a stamp, and prints the boy:
Can with a single look inflame
The coldest breast, the rudest tame.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

601.—THE SELF-BANISHED.

It is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for everything
Which I have known belong to you
Your form does to my fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the spring, from the new sun,
Already has a fever got,
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
Which Phœbus through his veins has shot.

Too late he would the pain assuage,
And to thick shadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may mistrust
The vow I made—to love you too.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

602.—THE NIGHT-PIECE, OR A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
Her speech is graced with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-placed words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright stars and Milky-way,
Show'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays,
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are so keen!)
Wound us unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrive where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow!
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither day nor stars appear.

Edmund Waller.—Born 1605, *Died* 1687.

603.—L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free.
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled Dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweetbrier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin.
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering Morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holiday,
Till the live-long daylight fail:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength:
And crop-full out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

604.—IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:
And add to these retirèd Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure:
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the Heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

605.—LYCIDAS.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude:
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose, at evening bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed."
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft" (quoth he) "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain.
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain,)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer's feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."
Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:

So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing in their glory, move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

606.—HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmèd cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds outbrake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemurs mourn with midnight plaint;
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of Palestine;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

607.—PRAISE OF CHASTITY.

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time;
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freezed her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

608.—THE LADY'S SONG IN "COMUS."

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

609.—THE SPIRIT'S EPILOGUE IN COMUS.

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'd alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb;
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

610.—ON MAY MORNING.

A SONG.

Now the bright morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

611.—SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckow's bill,
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

612.—SONNET ON AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high.
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

613.—SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith, my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

614.—SONNET ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined,
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

615.—SONNET ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forgot not! in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learned thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

616.—SAMSON BEWAILING HIS BLINDNESS AND CAPTIVITY.

A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
Daily in the common prison else enjoin'd me,
Where I a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.—
This day a solemn feast the people hold
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease,
Ease to the body some, none to the mind,
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
But rush upon me thronging, and present
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an angel, who at last in sight
Of both my parents all in flames ascended
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,
As in a fiery column, charioting
His godlike presence, and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
Betray'd, captived, and both my eyes put out,
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
To grind in brazen fetters under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast, debased
Lower than bond slave! Promise was that I
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
Himself in bonds, under Philistian yoke.
* * * *
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eased,
Inferior to the vilest now become
Of man or worm: the vilest here excel me;
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
Within doors or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own;
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first-created Beam, and thou great Word,
"Let there be light, and light was over all;"
Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?
The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon,
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
She all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?
And not as feeling through all parts diffused,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried: but, O yet more miserable!
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By privilege of death and burial,
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs;
But made hereby obnoxious more
To all the miseries of life,
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

617.—TRANSLATION OF HORACE ODES, I. 5.

What slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,
Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
Rough with black winds and storms,
Unwonted, shall admire!—
Who now enjoys thee,—credulous,—all gold,
Who, always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vow'd
Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

618.—ATHENS.

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil,
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades;
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;
High actions and high passions best describing;
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

619.—THE INVOCATION AND INTRODUCTION TO PARADISE LOST.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning, how the Heavens and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or, if Sion hill
Delight the more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd

25*

Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; say first, what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels: by whose aid, aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God,
Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

620.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once—above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurst; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;

Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

621.—ASSEMBLING OF THE FALLEN ANGELS.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found their chief
Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear, and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their visages and stature as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, nam'd with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;

Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

622.—SATAN MEETS SIN AND DEATH.

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As, when far off at sea, a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
Ply stemming nighly toward the pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seem'd woman to the waist and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either: black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd;
And with disdainful look thus first began:
"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof
Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of Heaven."
To whom the goblin full of wrath replied:
"Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons
Conjur'd against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold

More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Level'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; so match'd they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe; and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
Fast by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

* * *

From her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand,
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to cross.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

623.—ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heaven, first-born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure etherial stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while, in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp: but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander, where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget

Those other two, equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

624—THE ANGELIC WORSHIP.

No sooner had the Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels, with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heaven rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
The eternal regions: lowly reverent
Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold;
Immortal amarant, a flower which once
In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
Began to bloom; but soon for man's offence
To Heav'n removed where first it grew, there grows,
And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
And where the river of bliss through midst of Heaven
Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream:
With these that never fade the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams;
Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smil'd.
Then, crown'd again, their golden harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part, such concord is in Heaven.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

625.—PARADISE.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd:
Of which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth: so lovely seem'd
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair; now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils: as when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-west winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

626.—ADAM AND EVE.

Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all:
And worthy seem'd; for in their looks divine

The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd,)
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him:
His fair large front and eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best receiv'd,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceal'd;
Then was not guilty shame: dishonest shame
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish'd from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel; for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair,
That ever since in love's embraces met:
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down: and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than suffic'd
To recommend cool Zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downy bank damask'd with flowers:
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
Fair couple, link'd in happy nuptial league,
Alone as they. About them frisking play'd
All beasts of the Earth, since wild, and of all chase
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gamboll'd before them; the unwieldly elephant,
To make them mirth, us'd all his might, and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly,
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded; others on the grass
Couch'd, and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat,
Or bedward ruminating; for the Sun,
Declin'd, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

627.—EVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head! what thou hast said is just and right.
For we to Him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.
That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade on flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,
Pure as the expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back,
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself:
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?

Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent,
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing, lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

628.—MORNING IN PARADISE.

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was aëry-light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus:
"Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

* * * *

To the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce uprisen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound

His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds
That singing up to Heav'n-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."
So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, 'spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

629.—EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
"My Author and Disposer; what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time:
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train;
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew nor fragrance after showers,

Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"
To whom our general ancestor replied:
"Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator? oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our souls to Heaven."
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r,
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly choirs the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and, O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

630.—THE MESSIAH.

He, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose
From the right hand of glory where he sat;
And the third sacred morn began to shine,
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
The chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels
Of beryl, and careering fires between;
Over their heads a crystal firmament,
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
He, in celestial panoply all arm'd

Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
Ascended; at his right hand Victory
Sat eagle-wing'd, beside hung him his bow
And quiver with three-bolted thunder stor'd;
And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire:
Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
He onward came; far off his coming shone:
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron'd,
Illustrious far and wide.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

631.—TEMPERANCE.

Well observe
The rule of *Not too much;* by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight;
Till many years over thy head return,
So may'st thou live; till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd; for death mature.
This is Old Age; but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To wither'd, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and, for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

632.—EXPULSION FROM PARADISE.

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarrah, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly, from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared:—
"Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy pray'rs are heard, and death
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim:
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."
He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen,
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
"O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?"
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:
"Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd

Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from that happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of Him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary Him with my assiduous cries:
But pray'r against His absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to His great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from His face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where He vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
"On this mount He appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines His voice
I heard, here with Him at this fountain talk'd:"
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstop trace?
For though I fled Him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but His utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off His steps adore."

* * * *

Now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapours as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt; but wip'd them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton.—Born 1608, *Died* 1674.

633.—THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

What wond'rous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, *Died* 1678.

634.—THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDAS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received their song.
"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate's close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by His hand,
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.

Oh let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay."
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, *Died* 1678.

635.—YOUNG LOVE.

Come, little infant, love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty, surely, 'twere to see
By young Love old Time beguiled;
While our sportings are as free
As the nurse's with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move,
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid, does prize,
As the lusty bull or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: Time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good to us she meant,
We that good shall antedate;
Or, if ill, that ill prevent.

Thus do kingdoms, frustrating
Other titles to their crown,
In the cradle crown their king,
So all foreign claims to drown

So to make all rivals vain,
Now I crown thee with my love;
Crown me with thy love again,
And we both shall monarchs prove.

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, *Died* 1678.

636.—THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,

Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: hay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Sylvio soon had me beguiled:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew so every day,
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill:
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Andrew Marvell.—Born 1620, *Died* 1678

---

637. — ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;
That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;
Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for chartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:

Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace
(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water).
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras
(For that 's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write).
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word.

* * * *

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man 's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to show 't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangued, but known his phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

638.—RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;

All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minced pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

639.—PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF HUDIBRAS.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government,
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier;
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn:
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Reviled, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
* * * *

His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers held they were his own;
Though they were lined with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
Th' ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate they pass'd,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal;
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat;
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, it was so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.

In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

640.—HUDIBRAS COMMENCING BATTLE WITH THE RABBLE.

This said, with hasty rage he snatch'd
His gunshot, that in holsters watch'd,
And bending cock, he levell'd full
Against th' outside of Talgol's skull,
Vowing that he should ne'er stir further,
Nor henceforth cow nor bullock murder:
But Pallas came in shape of Rust,
And 'twixt the spring and hammer thrust
Her gorgon shield, which made the cock
Stand stiff, as 'twere transform'd to stock.
Meanwhile fierce Talgol, gathering might,
With rugged truncheon charged the Knight;
But he with petronel upheaved,
Instead of shield, the blow received:
The gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not used to such a kind of fight,
And shrunk from its great master's gripe,
Knock'd down and stunn'd with mortal stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious haste,
Drew out his sword; yet not so fast
But Talgol first, with hardy thwack,
Twice bruised his head, and twice his back;
But when his nut-brown sword was out,
With stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a wound upon
His mortal foe, the truncheon;
The trusty cudgel did oppose
Itself against dead-doing blows,
To guard his leader from fell bane,
And then revenged itself again.
And though the sword (some understood)
In force had much the odds of wood,
'Twas nothing so: both sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'st;
For wood, with honour b'ing engaged,
Is so implacably enraged,
Though iron hew and mangle sore,
Wood wounds and bruises honour more.
And now both knights were out of breath,
Tired in the hot pursuits of death,
Whilst all the rest amazed stood still,
Expecting which should take, or kill.
This Hudibras observed; and fretting,
Conquest should be so long a-getting,
He drew up all his force into
One body, and that into one blow;
But Talgol wisely avoided it
By cunning sleight; for had it hit
The upper part of him, the blow
Had slit as sure as that below.
Meanwhile the incomparable Colon,
To aid his friend, began to fall on;
Him Ralph encounter'd, and straight grew
A dismal combat 'twixt them two;
Th' one arm'd with metal, th' other with wood,
This fit for bruise, and that for blood,
With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crabtree and old iron rang,
While none that saw them could divine
To which side conquest would incline;
Until Magnano, who did envy
That two should with so many men vie,
By subtle stratagem of brain
Perform'd what force could ne'er attain;
For he, by foul hap, having found
Where thistles grew on barren ground,
In haste he drew his weapon out,
And having cropt them from the root,
He clapt them underneath the tail
Of steed, with pricks as sharp as nail:
The angry beast did straight resent
The wrong done to his fundament,
Began to kick, and fling, and wince
As if he'd been beside his sense,
Striving to disengage from thistle,
That gall'd him sorely under his tail;
Instead of which, he threw the pack
Of Squire and baggage from his back;
And blundering still, with smarting rump,
He gave the Knight's steed such a thump
As made him reel. The Knight did stoop,
And sat on further side aslope;
This Talgol viewing, who had now
By flight escaped the fatal blow,
He rallied, and again fell to't;
For catching foe by nearest foot,
He lifted with such might and strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his length,
And dash'd his brains (if any) out;
But Mars, that still protects the stout,
In pudding-time came to his aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whose soft fur-gown
The Knight with all his weight fell down.
The friendly rug preserved the ground,
And headlong Knight, from bruise or wound;
Like featherbed betwixt a wall,
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball.
As Sancho on a blanket fell,
And had no hurt, ours fared as well

In body, though his mighty spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not so well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater fright,
Beat down, and worsted by the Knight;
He roar'd, and raged, and flung about,
To shake off bondage from his snout:
His wrath inflamed, boil'd o'er, and from
His jaws of death he threw the foam;
Fury in stranger postures threw him,
And more than ever herald drew him,
He tore the earth which he had saved
From squelch of Knight, and storm'd and raved,
And vex'd the more, because the harms
He felt were 'gainst the law of arms:
For men he always took to be
His friends, and dogs the enemy;
Who never so much hurt had done him,
As his own side did falling on him:
It grieved him to the guts that they
For whom he'd fought so many a fray,
And served with loss of blood so long,
Should offer such inhuman wrong;
Wrong of unsoldier-like condition,
For which he flung down his commission;
And laid about him till his nose
From thrall of ring and cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarged,
Through thickest of his foes he charged,
And made way through th' amazed crew;
Some he o'erran, and some o'erthrew,
But took none; for by hasty flight
He strove t' escape pursuit of Knight,
From whom he fled with as much haste
And dread as he the rabble chased:
In haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his fear a sev'ral way.
Crowdero only kept the field,
Not stirring from the place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded sore
I' th' Fiddle and a leg that bore
One side of him, not that of bone,
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He spying Hudibras lie strew'd
Upon the ground, like log of wood,
With fright of fall, supposed wound,
And loss of urine, in a swound,
In haste he snatch'd the wooden limb
That, hurt i' th' ancle, lay by him,
And fitting it for sudden fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For getting up on stump and huckle
He with the foe began to buckle,
Vowing to be revenged for breach
Of Crowd and skin, upon the wretch,
Sole author of all detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But Ralpho (who had now begun
T' adventure resurrection
From heavy squelch, and had got up
Upon his legs, with sprained crup),
Looking about, beheld pernicious
Approaching Knight from fell musician;
He snatch'd his whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his steed
(As rats do from a falling house),
To hide itself from rage of blows;
And, wing'd with speed and fury, flew
To rescue Knight from black and blue;
Which ere he could achieve, his sconce
The leg encounter'd twice and once,
And now 't was raised to smite agen,
When Ralpho thrust himself between:
He took the blow upon his arm,
To shield the Knight from further harm,
And joining wrath with force, bestow'd
On th' wooden member such a load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
Crowdero, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And setting conqu'ring foot upon
His trunk, thus spoke: What desp'rate frenzy
Made thee, thou whelp of Sin, to fancy
Thyself, and all that coward rabble,
T' encounter us in battle able?
How durst th', I say, oppose thy Curship
'Gainst arms, authority, and worship,
And Hudibras or me provoke,
Though all thy limbs were heart of oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out blows as that of wood?
Could not the whipping-post prevail,
With all its rhetoric, nor the jail,
To keep from flaying scourge thy skin
And ankle free from iron gin?
Which now thou shalt—but first our care
Must see how Hudibras does fare
This said, he gently raised the Knight,
And set him on his bum upright.
To rouse him from lethargic dump,
He tweak'd his nose, with gentle thump
Knock'd on his breast, as if 't had been
To raise the spirits lodged within;
They, waken'd with the noise, did fly
From inward room to window eye,
And gently op'ning lid, the casement,
Look'd out, but yet with some amazement.
This gladded Ralpho much to see,
Who thus bespoke the Knight. Quoth he,
Tweaking his nose, You are, great Sir,
A self-denying conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the churches yet,
If you will give yourself but leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's victory. The foe, for dread
Of your nine-worthiness, is fled,
All save Crowdero, for whose sake
You did th' espoused cause undertake;
And he lies pris'ner at your feet,
To be disposed as you think meet,
Either for life, or death, or sale,
The gallows, or perpetual jail;
For one wink of your powerful eye
Must sentence him to live or die.
His fiddle is your proper purchase,
Won in the service of the churches;
And by your doom must be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd;
For though success did not confer
Just title on the conqueror;

Though dispensations were not strong
Conclusions, whether right or wrong;
Although Outgoings did confirm,
And Owning were but a mere term;
Yet as the wicked have no right
To th' creature, though usurp'd by might,
The property is in the saint,
From whom th' injuriously detain 't!
Of him they hold their luxuries,
Their dogs, their horses, whores, and dice,
Their riots, revels, masks, delights,
Pimps, buffoons, fiddlers, parasites;
All which the saints have title to,
And ought t' enjoy if they 'ad their due.
What we take from 'em is no more
Than what was ours by right before;
For we are their true landlords still,
And they our tenants but at will.
At this the Knight began to rouse,
And by degrees grow valorous:
He stared about, and seeing none
Of all his foes remain but one,
He snatch'd his weapon, that lay near him,
And from the ground began to rear him,
Vowing to make Crowdero pay
For all the rest that ran away.
But Ralpho now, in colder blood,
His fury mildly thus withstood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty spirit
Is raised too high, this slave does merit
To be the hangman's business, sooner
Than from your hand to have the honour
Of his destruction; I that am
A nothingness in deed and name,
Did scorn to hurt his forfeit carcase,
Or ill entreat his Fiddle or case:
Will you, great Sir, that glory blot
In cold blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conquering sword
To break a Fiddle, and your word?

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

641.—VICARIOUS JUSTICE.

Justice gives sentence many times
On one man for another's crimes;
Our brethren of New England use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead,
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happened: In a town
There lived a cobbler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives, as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In times of peace, an Indian,
Not out of malice, but more zeal,
(Because he was an Infidel,)
The mighty Tottipottymoy
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league, held forth by Brother Patch,
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours,
For which he craved the saints to render
Into his hands, or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that served them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolved to spare him: yet, to do
The Indian Hoghan Moghan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

642.—HUDIBRAS CONSULTING THE LAWYER.

An old dull sot, who toll'd the clock
For many years at Bridewell-dock,
At Westminster, and Hicks's-hall,
And *laicus doctus* play'd in all;
Where in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And used to equal ways of gaining,
By hind'ring justice, or maintaining:
To many a whore gave privilege,
And whipp'd, for want of quarterage,
Cart-loads of bawds to prison sent,
For being behind a fortnight's rent;
And many a trusty pimp and crony
To Puddle-dock, for want of money;
Engaged the constable to seize
All those that would not break the peace;
Nor give him back his own foul words,
Though sometimes commoners, or lords,
And kept 'em prisoners of course,
For being sober at ill hours;
That in the morning he might free
Or bind 'em over for his fee;
Made monsters fine, and puppet-plays,
For leave to practise in their ways;
Farm'd out all cheats, and went a share
With th' headborough and scavenger;
And made the dirt i' th' streets compound
For taking up the public ground;
The kennel and the king's highway,
For being unmolested, pay;
Let out the stocks, and whipping-post,
And cage, to those that gave him most;
Imposed a task on bakers' ears,
And, for false weights, on chandelers;
Made victuallers and vintners fine
For arbitrary ale and wine;
But was a kind and constant friend
To all that regularly offend,
As residentiary bawds,
And brokers that receive stol'n goods;
That cheat in lawful mysteries,
And pay church duties and his fees:
But was implacable and awkward
To all that interloped and hawker'd.
To this brave man the knight repairs
For counsel in his law-affairs,

And found him mounted in his pew,
With books and money placed, for shew,
Like nest-eggs to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely grace,
Put off his hat, to put his case;
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteously strain'd;
And, to assure him 't was not that
He look'd for, bid him put on 's hat.
Quoth he, there is one Sidrophel,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags to 've beaten me—
Better and better still, quoth he.
And vows to stick me to a wall,
Where'er he meets me—Best of all.
'Tis true the knave has taken 's oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in troth.
When he's confess'd he stole my cloak,
And pick'd my fob, and what he took;
Which was the cause that made me bang him,
And take my goods again—Marry, hang him.
Now, whether I should beforehand
Swear he robb'd me?—I understand.
Or bring my action of conversion
And trover for my goods?—Ah, whoreson!
Or, if 't is better to endite,
And bring him to his trial?—Right.
Prevent what he designs to do,
And swear for th' state against him?—True.
Or whether he that is defendant
In this case has the better end on 't;
Who, putting in a new cross-bill,
May traverse th' action?—Better still.
Then there's a lady too—Ay, marry!
That's easily proved accessary;
A widow who by solemn vows
Contracted to me, for my spouse,
Combined with him to break her word,
And has abetted all—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforesaid Sidrophel
To tamper with the dev'l of hell,
Who put m' into a horrid fear,
Fear of my life—Make that appear.
Made an assault with fiends and men
Upon my body—Good agen.
And kept me in a deadly fright,
And false imprisonment, all night.
Meanwhile they robb'd me, and my horse,
And stole my saddle—Worse and worse.
And made me mount upon the bare ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder miscarriage.
Sir, (quoth the lawyer,) got to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart can wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim;
For if they've used you as you say,
Marry, quoth I, God give you joy;
I would it were my case, I'd give
More than I'll say, or you'll believe:
I would so trounce her, and her purse,
I'd make her kneel for better or worse:
For matrimony, and hanging here,
Both go by destiny so clear,
That you as sure may pick and choose,
As cross I win, and pile you lose:
And if I durst, I would advance
As much in ready maintenance,
As upon any case I've known;
But we that practise dare not own:
The law severely contrabands
Our taking bus'ness off men's hands
'Tis common barratry, that bears
Point-blank an action 'gainst our ears,
And crops them till there is not leather
To stick a pin in, left of either;
For which some do the summer-sault,
And o'er the bar, like tumblers, vault:
But you may swear, at any rate,
Things not in nature, for the state;
For in all courts of justice here
A witness is not said to swear,
But make oath; that is, in plain terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
I thank you (quoth the Knight) for that,
Because 'tis to my purpose pat—
For Justice, though she's painted blind,
Is to the weaker side inclined,
Like Charity; else right and wrong
Could never hold it out so long,
And, like blind Fortune, with a sleight,
Conveys men's interest and right
From Stiles's pocket into Nokes's,
As easily as *Hocus Pocus*;
Plays fast and loose, makes men obnoxious,
And clear again like *hiccius doctius*.
Then, whether you would take her life,
Or but recover her for your wife,
Or be content with what she has,
And let all other matters pass,
The bus'ness to the law's alone,
The proof is all it looks upon;
And you can want no witnesses
To swear to anything you please,
That hardly get their mere expenses
By th' labour of their consciences,
Or letting out to hire their ears
To affidavit customers,
At inconsiderable values,
To serve for jurymen, or tallies,
Although retain'd in th' hardest matters
Of trustees and administrators.
For that (quoth he) let me alone;
We 've store of such, and all our own,
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ablest of conscience-stretchers.
That's well, (quoth he,) but I should guess,
By weighing all advantages,
Your surest way is first to pitch
On Bongey for a water-witch;
And when ye 've hang'd the conjurer,
Ye 've time enough to deal with her.
In th' int'rim spare for no trepans
To draw her neck into the bans;
Ply her with love-letters and billets,
And bait 'em well, for quirks and quillets,
With trains t' inveigle and surprise
Her heedless answers and replies;

And if she miss the mouse-trap lines,
They 'll serve for other by-designs;
And make an artist understand
To copy out her seal, or hand;
Or find void places in the paper
To steal in something to entrap her;
Till with her worldly goods, and body,
Spite of her heart, she has endow'd ye:
Retain all sorts of witnesses,
That ply i' th' Temple, under trees,
Or walk the round, with Knights o' th' Posts,
About the cross-legg'd knights, their hosts;
Or wait for customers between
The pillar-rows in Lincoln's Inn;
Where vouchers, forgers, common-bail,
And affidavit-men, ne'er fail
T' expose to sale all sorts of oaths,
According to their ears and clothes,
Their only necessary tools,
Besides the Gospel and their souls:
And when ye're furnish'd with all purveys,
I shall be ready at your service.
I would not give (quoth Hudibras)
A straw to understand a case,
Without the admirable skill
To wind and manage it at will;
To veer, and tack, and steer a cause
Against the weathergage of laws,
And ring the changes upon cases,
As plain as noses upon faces,
As you have well instructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your fee.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

643.—THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A learn'd society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed upon a summer's night,
To search the moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire;
T' observe her country how 'twas planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the prop'rest observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the society should incline
T' attempt so glorious a design.
This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, Strange! then reinforc'd his sight
Against the moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow
As if he meant to gaze her through:
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiller
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Provolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.
With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove and publish in a book,
That men whose nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again!
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cried out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to route and fly.
These silly ranting Prevolvans
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Sclan geese,
I' th' islands of the Orcades,

Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories;
From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd
To be, before the moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Prevolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best gennet-moyles,
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer
The moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece),
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfied us all
Of th' Prevolvans' original.
That elephants are in the moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's hoard,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd;
And if the moon produce by nature
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers),
And that those monstrous creatures there,
Are not such rarities as here.
Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' the fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' elephant his share;
When one, who, for his excellence
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ,
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnified himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:
"Most excellent and virtuous friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains;
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We've gotten ground upon the moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant the artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes:
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do),
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosis
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong:
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboy's breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery's enough
To take all former scandals off;

But since the world 's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In concert tried, or solitary),
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon't."
This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next transaction;
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the elephant advance,
And from the west side of the moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.
While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there, thus began:—
"'Tis strange, I grant, but who can say
What cannot be—what can—and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In ev'ry species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of sev'ral nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
Hence may b' inferr'd that, though I grant
We've seen i' th' moon an elephant,
That elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a diff'rent breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be elephants no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees."
This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said:—"All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there 's another reason for 't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation;
And that is—as the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he'd no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this."
With this they all were satisfied,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosis for their pleasure:
Began to gaze upon the moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he:—"A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye."
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce applied his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:

And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile, the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phenomenon
Confounded all they 'd said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they all were in a tumult straight,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed to have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt.

* * * *

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the mouse, and moon;
But still the narrower they pried,
The more they were unsatisfied,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing;
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no mouse's,
But a true elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' elephant or mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find or make the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the transaction,
And after, explicate the rest
As they should find cause for the best.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all pass'd muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Provolvans.
This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting nets as subtily at her,
To catch and pull her out o' the water.
But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the impostor was,
And saw the mouse that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

644.—MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men used to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above,
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;

So when their glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

645.—TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.
In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

Samuel Butler.—Born 1612, *Died* 1680.

646.—THE NEW YEAR.

Hark! the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself 's not far;
And see, where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reversed face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet:
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, *Died* 1687.

647.—INVITATION TO IZAAK WALTON.

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power pleases
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, *Died* 1687.

648.—THE RETIREMENT.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.
Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd, indústriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
Live but undisturb'd and free!
Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, *Died* 1687.

649.—A VOYAGE TO IRELAND IN BURLESQUE.

CANTO I.

The lives of frail men are compared by the sages
Or unto short journies, or pilgrimages,
As men to their inns do come sooner or later,
That is, to their ends (to be plain in my matter);
From whence, when one dead is, it currently follows,
He has run his race, though his goal be the gallows;
And this 'tis, I fancy, sets folks so a madding,
And makes men and women so eager of gadding;
Truth is, in my youth I was one of these people
Would have gone a great way to have seen an high steeple,
And though I was bred 'mongst the wonders o' th' Peak,
Would have thrown away money, and ventured my neck
To have seen a great hill, a rock, or a cave,
And though there was nothing so pleasant and brave:
But at forty years old you may (if you please)
Think me wiser than run such errands as these;
Or had the same humour still ran in my toes,
A voyage to Ireland I ne'er should have chose;
But to tell you the truth on't, indeed it was neither
Improvement nor pleasure for which I went thither;
I know then you'll presently ask me for what?
Why, faith, it was that makes the old woman trot;
And therefore I think I'm not much to be blamed
If I went to the place whereof Nick was ashamed.
O Coryate! thou traveller famed as Ulysses,
In such a stupendous labour as this is,
Come lend me the aids of thy hands and thy feet,
Though the first be pedantic, the other not sweet,
Yet both are so restless in peregrination,
They'll help both my journey, and eke my relation.
'Twas now the most beautiful time of the year,
The days were now long, and the sky was now clear,
And May, that fair lady of splendid renown,
Had dress'd herself fine, in her flower'd tabby gown,
When about some two hours and a half after noon,
When it grew something late, though I thought it too soon.
With a pitiful voice, and a most heavy heart,
I tuned up my pipes to sing "*loth to depart*;"
The ditty concluded, I call'd for my horse,
And with a good pack did the jument endorse,
Till he groan'd and he f—d under the burden,
For sorrow had made me a cumbersome lurden:
And now farewell Dove, where I've caught such brave dishes
Of over-grown, golden, and silver-scaled fishes;
Thy trout and thy grailing may now feed securely,
I've left none behind me can take 'em so surely;
Feed on then, and breed on, until the next year,
But if I return I expect my arrear.
By pacing and trotting betimes in the even,
Ere the sun had forsaken one half of the Heaven,
We all at fair Congerton took up our inn,
Where the sign of a king kept a king and his queen:
But who do you think came to welcome me there?
No worse a man, marry, than good master mayor,
With his staff of command, yet the man was not lame,
But he needed it more when he went, than he came;
After three or four hours of friendly potation
We took leave each of other in courteous fashion,
When each one, to keep his brains fast in his head,
Put on a good nightcap, and straightway to bed.
Next morn, having paid for boil'd, roasted, and bacon,
And of sovereign hostess our leaves kindly taken,
(For her king (as 'twas rumour'd) by late pouring down,
This morning had got a foul flaw in his crown,)
We mounted again, and full soberly riding,
Three miles we had rid ere we met with a biding;
But there (having over-night plied the tap well)
We now must needs water at place call'd Holmes Chapel:
"A hay!" quoth the foremost, "ho! who keeps the house?"
Which said, out an host comes as brisk as a louse;
His hair comb'd as sleek as a barber he'd been,
A cravat with black ribbon tied under his chin;
Though by what I saw in him, I straight 'gan to fear
That knot would be one day slipp'd under his ear.

Quoth he (with low congé) "What lack you, my lord?"
"The best liquor," quoth I, "that the house will afford."
"You shall straight," quoth he; and then calls out, "Mary,
Come quickly, and bring us a quart of Canary."
"Hold, hold, my spruce host! for 'i th' morning so early
I never drink liquor but what's made of barley."
Which words were scarce out, but, which made me admire,
My lordship was presently turn'd into 'squire:
"Ale, 'squire, you mean?" quoth he nimbly again,
"What, must it be purl'd?"—"No, I love it best plain."
"Why, if you'll drink ale, sir, pray take my advice,
Here's the best ale i' th' land, if you'll go to the price;
Better, I sure am, ne'er blew out a stopple;
But then, in plain truth, it is sixpence a bottle."
"Why, faith," quoth I, "friend, if your liquor be such,
For the best ale in England it is not too much:
Let's have it, and quickly."—"O sir! you may stay;
A pot in your pate is a mile in your way:
Come, bring out a bottle here presently, wife,
Of the best Cheshire hum he e'er drank in his life."
Straight out comes the mistress in waistcoat of silk,
As clear as a milkmaid, as white as her milk,
With visage as oval and sleek as an egg,
As straight as an arrow, as right as my leg:
A curtsey she made, as demure as a sister,
I could not forbear, but alighted and kiss'd her:
Then ducking another with most modest mien,
The first word she said, was, "Will 't please you walk in?"
I thank'd her; but told her, I then could not stay,
For the haste of my bus'ness did call me away.
She said, she was sorry it fell out so odd,
But if, when again I should travel that road,
I would stay there a night, she assured me the nation
Should nowhere afford better accommodation:
Meanwhile my spruce landlord has broken the cork,
And call'd for a bodkin, though he had a fork;
But I show'd him a screw, which I told my brisk gull
A trepan was for bottles had broken their scull;
Which, as it was true, he believed without doubt,
But 'twas I that apply'd it, and pull'd the cork out.
Bounce, quoth the bottle, the work being done,
It roar'd, and it smoked, like a new-fired gun;
But the shot miss'd us all, or else we'd been routed,
Which yet was a wonder, we were so about it.
Mine host pour'd and fill'd, till he could fill no fuller:
"Look here, sir," quoth he, "both for nap and for colour,
Sans bragging, I hate it, nor will I e'er do 't;
I defy Leek, and Lambhith, and Sandwich to boot."
By my troth, he said true, for I speak it with tears,
Though I have been a toss-pot these twenty good years,
And have drank so much liquor as made me a debtor,
In my days, that I know of, I never drank better:
We found it so good, and we drank so profoundly,
That four good round shillings were whipt away roundly;
And then I conceived it was time to be jogging,
For our work had been done, had we stay'd t'other noggin.
From thence we set forth with more mettle and spright,
Our horses were empty, our coxcombs were light;
O'er Dellamore forest we, tantivy, posted,
Till our horses were basted as if they were roasted:
In truth, we pursued might have been by our haste,
And I think Sir George Booth did not gallop so fast,
Till about two o'clock after noon, God be blest,
We came, safe and sound, all to Chester i' th' west.
And now in high time 'twas to call for some meat,
Though drinking does well, yet some time we must eat;
And i' faith we had victuals both plenty and good,
Where we all laid about us as if we were wood:
Go thy ways, mistress Anderton, for a good woman,
Thy guests shall by thee ne'er be turn'd to a common;
And whoever of thy entertainment complains,
Let him lie with a drab, and be pox'd for his pains.
And here I must stop the career of my Muse,
The poor jade is weary, 'las! how should she choose?

And if I should farther here spur on my course,
I should, questionless, tire both my wits and my horse:
To-night let us rest, for 'tis good Sunday's even,
To-morrow to church, and ask pardon of Heaven.
Thus far we our time spent, as here I have penn'd it,
And odd kind of life, and 'tis well if we mend it;
But to-morrow (God willing) we'll have t' other bout,
And better or worse, be't, for murder will out,
Our future adventures we'll lay down before ye,
For my Muse is deep sworn to use truth of the story.

CANTO II.

After seven hours' sleep, to commute for pains taken,
A man of himself, one would think, might awaken;
But riding, and drinking hard, were two such spells,
I doubt I'd slept on, but for jangling of bells,
Which, ringing to matins all over the town,
Made me leap out of bed, and put on my gown,
With intent (so God mend me) I have gone to the choir,
When straight I perceived myself all on a fire;
For the two fore-named things had so heated my blood,
That a little phlebotomy would do me good:
I sent for chirurgion, who came in a trice,
And swift to shed blood, needed not be called twice,
But tilted stiletto quite thorough the vein,
From whence issued out the ill humours amain;
When having twelve ounces, he bound up my arm,
And I gave him two Georges, which did him no harm:
But after my bleeding, I soon understood
It had cool'd my devotion as well as my blood;
For I had no more mind to look on my psalter,
Than (saving your presence) I had to a halter!
But, like a most wicked and obstinate sinner,
Then sat in my chamber till folks came to dinner:
I dined with good stomach, and very good cheer,
With a very fine woman, and good ale and beer;
When myself having stuff'd than a bagpipe more full,
I fell to my smoking until I grew dull;
And, therefore, to take a fine nap thought it best,
For when belly full is, bones would be at rest:
I tumbled me down on my bed like a swad,
Where, O! the delicious dream that I had!
Till the bells, that had been my morning molesters,
Now waked me again, chiming all in to vespers;
With that starting up, for my man I did whistle,
And comb'd out and powder'd my locks that were grizzle;
Had my clothes neatly brush'd, and then put on my sword;
Resolved now to go and attend on the word.
Thus trick'd, and thus trim, to set forth I begin,
Neat and cleanly without, but scarce cleanly within;
For why, Heaven knows it, I long time had been
A most humble obedient servant to sin:
And now in devotion was even so proud,
I scorned (forsooth) to join pray'r with the crowd;
For though courted by all the bells as I went,
I was deaf, and regarded not the compliment,
But to the cathedral still held on my pace,
As 'twere, scorning to kneel but in the best place.
I there made myself sure of good music at least,
But was something deceived, for 'twas none of the best;
But however, I stay'd at the church's commanding
Till we came to the "Peace passes all understanding,"
Which no sooner was ended, but whir and away,
Like boys in a school when they've leave got to play,
All save master mayor, who still gravely stays
Till the rest had left room for his worship and 's mace:
Then he and his brethren in order appear,
I out of my stall, and fell into his rear;
For why, 'tis much safer appearing, no doubt,
In authority's tail, than the head of a rout.
In this rev'rend order we marched from pray'r;
The mace before me borne as well as the may'r;
Who looking behind him, and seeing most plain
A glorious gold belt in the rear of his train,
Made such a low congé, forgetting his place,
I was never so honour'd before in my days:
But then off went my scalp-case, and down went my fist,
Till the pavement, too hard, by my knuckles was kiss'd;

By which, though thick-skull'd, he must understand this,
That I was a most humble servant of his;
Which also so wonderful kindly he took,
(As I well perceived both b' his gesture and look,)
That to have me dogg'd home he straightway appointed,
Resolving, it seems, to be better acquainted.
I was scarce in my quarters, and set down on crupper,
But his man was there too, to invite me to supper:
I start up, and after most respective fashion
Gave his worship much thanks for his kind invitation;
But begg'd his excuse, for my stomach was small,
And I never did eat any supper at all;
But that after supper I would kiss his hands,
And would come to receive his worship's commands,
Sure no one will say, but a patron of slander,
That this was not pretty well for a Moorlander:
And since on such reasons to sup I refused,
I nothing did doubt to be holden excused;
But my quaint repartee had his worship possess'd
With so wonderful good a conceit of the rest,
That with mere impatience he hop'd in his breeches
To see the fine fellow that made such fine speeches:
"Go, sirrah!" quoth he, "get you to him again,
And will and require, in his Majesty's name,
That he come; and tell him, obey he were best, or
I'll teach him to know that he's now in West Chester."
The man, upon this, comes me running again,
But yet minced his message, and was not so plain;
Saying to me only, "Good sir, I am sorry
To tell you my master has sent again for you;
And has such a longing to have you his guest,
That I, with these ears, heard him swear and protest,
He would neither say grace, nor sit down on his bum,
Nor open his napkin, until you do come."
With that I perceived no excuse would avail,
And, seeing there was no defence for a flail,
I said I was ready master may'r to obey,
And therefore desired him to lead me the way.
We went, and ere Malkin could well lick her ear,
(For it but the next door was, forsooth) we were there;
Where lights being brought me, I mounted the stairs,
The worst I e'er saw in my life at a mayor's:
But every thing else must be highly commended.
I there found his worship most nobly attended,
Besides such a supper as well did convince,
A may'r in his province to be a great prince;
As he sat in his chair he did not much vary
In state nor in face from our eighth English Harry;
But whether his face was swell'd up with fat,
Or puff'd up with glory, I cannot tell that.
Being enter'd the chamber half length of a pike,
And cutting of faces exceedingly like
One of those little gentlemen brought from the Indies,
And screwing myself into congés and cringes,
By then I was halfway advanced in the room,
His worship most rev'rendly rose from his bum,
And with the more honour to grace and to greet me,
Advanced a whole step and a half for to meet me;
Where leisurely doffing a hat worth a tester,
He bade me most heartily welcome to Chester.
I thank'd him in language the best I was able,
And so we forthwith sat us all down to table.
Now here you must note, and 'tis worth observation,
That as his chair at one end o' th' table had station,
So sweet mistress may'ress, in just such another,
Like the fair queen of hearts, sat in state at the other;
By which I perceived, though it seemed a riddle,
The lower end of this must be just in the middle:
But perhaps 'tis a rule there, and one that would mind it
Amongst the town-statutes 'tis likely might find it.
But now into th' pottage each deep his spoon claps,
As in truth one might safely for burning one's chaps,
When straight, with the look and the tone of a scold,
Mistress may'ress complain'd that the pottage was cold;
"And all long of your fiddle-faddle," quoth she.
"Why, what then, Goody Two-Shoes, what if it be?
Hold you, if you can, your tittle-tattle," quoth he.
I was glad she was snapp'd thus, and guess'd by th' discourse,
The may'r, not the gray mare, was the better horse,
And yet for all that, there is reason to fear,
She submitted but out of respect to his year:

However, 'twas well she had now so much grace,
Though not to the man, to submit to his place;
For had she proceeded, I verily thought
My turn would the next be, for I was in fault:
But this brush being past, we fell to our diet,
And ev'ry one there fill'd his belly in quiet.
Supper being ended, and things away taken,
Master mayor's curiosity 'gan to awaken;
Wherefore, making me draw something nearer his chair,
He will'd and required me there to declare
My country, my birth, my estate, and my parts,
And whether I was not a master of arts;
And eke what the bus'ness was had brought me thither,
With what I was going about now, and whither:
Giving me caution no lie should escape me,
For if I should trip he should certainly trap me.
I answer'd, my country was famed Staffordshire;
That in deeds, bills, and bonds, I was ever writ squire;
That of land I had both sorts, some good, and some evil,
But that a great part on't was pawn'd to the Devil;
That as for my parts, they were such as he saw;
That, indeed, I had a small smatt'ring of law,
Which I lately had got more by practice than reading,
By sitting o' th' bench whilst others were pleading;
But that arms I had ever more studied than arts,
And was now to a captain raised by my deserts;
That the bus'ness which led me through Palatine ground
Into Ireland was whither now I was bound;
Where his worship's great favour I loud will proclaim,
And in all other places wherever I came.
He said, as to that, I might do what I list,
But that I was welcome, and gave me his fist;
When, having my fingers made crack with his gripes,
He call'd to his man for some bottles and pipes.
To trouble you here with a longer narration
Of the several parts of our confabulation,
Perhaps would be tedious; I'll therefore remit ye
Even to the most rev'rend records of the city,
Where, doubtless, the acts of the may'rs are recorded,
And if not more truly, yet much better worded.
In short, then, we piped and we tippled Canary,
Till my watch pointed one in the circle horary;
When, thinking it now was high time to depart,
His worship I thank'd with a most grateful heart;
And because to great men presents are acceptable,
I presented the may'r, ere I rose from the table,
With a certain fantastical box and a stopper;
And he having kindly accepted my offer,
I took my fair leave, such my visage adorning,
And to bed, for I was to rise early i' th' morning.

CANTO III.

The Sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er the eastern mountains peeping up 's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids that I waked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipp'd to horse, and away.
A guide I had got, who demanded great vails
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet, for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest:
It certainly was the most ugly of jades,
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall:
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
And by these the true colour one can no more know,
Than by mouse-skins above stairs, the merkin below,

Now such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat.
Even such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.
But now with our horses, what sound and what rotten,
Down to the shore, you must know, we were gotten;
And there we were told it concern'd us to ride,
Unless we did mean to encounter the tide;
And then, my guide lab'ring with heels and with hands,
With two up and one down hopp'd over the sands,
Till his horse, finding the labour for three legs too sore,
Fol'd out a new leg, and then he had four:
And now by plain dint of hard spurring and whipping,
Dry shod we came where folks sometimes take shipping;
And where the salt sea, as the Devil were in't,
Came roaring t' have hinder'd our journey to Flint;
But we, by good luck, before him got thither,
He else would have carried us no man knows whither.
And now her in Wales is, saint Taph be her speed,
Gott splutter her taste, some Welsh ale her had need;
For her ride in great haste, and.....* *
For fear of her being catch'd up by the fishes:
But the lord of Flint castle's no lord worth a louse,
For he keeps ne'er a drop of good drink in his house;
But in a small house near unto't there was store
Of such ale as (thank God) I ne'er tasted before;
And surely the Welsh are not wise of their fuddle,
For this had the taste and complexion of puddle.
From thence then we march'd, full as dry as we came,
My guide before prancing, his steed no more lame,
O'er hills and o'er valleys uncouth and uneven,
Until, 'twixt the hours of twelve and eleven.
More hungry and thirsty than tongue can well tell,
We happily came to St. Winifred's well:
I thought it the pool of Bethesda had been.
By the cripples lay there;—but I went to my inn
To speak for some meat, for so stomach did motion,
Before I did farther proceed in devotion:
I went into th' kitchen, where victuals I saw,
Both beef, veal, and mutton, but all on't was raw;
And some on't alive, but soon went to slaughter,
For four chickens were slain by my dame and her daughter;
Of which to saint Win, ere my vows I had paid,
They said I should find a rare fricassée made:
I thank'd them, and straight to the well did repair,
Where some I found cursing, and others at pray'r;
Some dressing, some stripping, some out, and some in,
Some naked, where botches and boils might be seen;
Of which some were fevers of Venus, I'm sure,
And therefore unfit for the virgin to cure:
But the fountain, in truth, is well worth the sight,
The beautiful virgin's own tears not more bright;
Nay, none but she ever shed such a tear,
Her conscience, her name, nor herself were more clear.
In the bottom there lie certain stones that look white,
But streak'd with pure red, as the morning with light,
Which they say is her blood, and so it may be,
But for that, let who shed it look to it for me.
Over the fountain a chapel there stands,
Which I wonder has 'scaped master Oliver's hands;
The floor's not ill paved, and the margin o' th' spring
Is enclosed with a certain octagonal ring;
From each angle of which a pillar does rise,
Of strength and of thickness enough to suffice
To support and uphold from falling to ground
A cupola wherewith the virgin is crown'd.
Now 'twixt the two angles that fork to the north,
And where the cold nymph does her basin pour forth,
Under ground is a place where they bathe, as 'tis said,
And 'tis true, for I heard folks' teeth hack in their head;
For you are to know that the rogues and the.. ...* *
Are not let to pollute the spring-head with their sores.
But one thing I chiefly admired in the place,
That a saint and a virgin endued with such grace,

Should yet be so wonderful kind a well-willer
To that whoring and filching trade of a miller,
As within a few paces to furnish the wheels
Of I cannot tell how many water-mills:
I've studied that point much, you cannot guess why,
But the virgin was, doubtless, more righteous than I.
And now, for my welcome, four, five, or six lasses,
With as many crystalline, liberal glasses,
Did all importune me to drink of the water
Of Saint Winifreda, good Thewith's fair daughter.
A while I was doubtful, and stood in a muse,
Not knowing, amidst all that choice, where to choose.
Till a pair of black eyes, darting full in my sight,
From the rest o' th' fair maidens did carry me quite;
I took the glass from her, and whip, off it went,
I half doubt I fancied a health to the saint:
But he was a great villain committed the slaughter,
For St. Winifred made most delicate water.
I slipp'd a hard shilling into her soft hand,
Which had like to have made me the place have profaned;
And giving two more to the poor that were there,
Did, sharp as a hawk, to my quarters repair.
My dinner was ready, and to it I fell,
I never ate better meat, that I can tell;
When having half dined, there comes in my host,
A catholic good, and a rare drunken toast
This man, by his drinking, inflamed the scot,
And told me strange stories, which I have forgot:
But this I remember, 'twas much on's own life,
And one thing, that he had converted his wife.
But now my guide told me it time was to go,
For that to our beds we must both ride and row;
Wherefore calling to pay, and having accounted,
I soon was down stairs, and as suddenly mounted.
On then we travell'd, our guide still before,
Sometimes on three legs, and sometimes on four,
Coasting the sea, and over hills crawling,
Sometimes on all four, for fear we should fall in;
For, underneath, Neptune lay skulking to watch us,
And, had we but slipp'd once, was ready to catch us.
Thus in places of danger taking more heed,
And in safer travelling mending our speed,
Redland Castle and Abergoney we pass'd,
And o'er against Connoway came at the last:
Just over against a castle there stood,
O' th' right hand the town, and o' th' left hand a wood;
'Twixt the wood and the castle they see at high water
The storm, the place makes it a dangerous matter;
And besides, upon such a steep rock it is founded,
As would break a man's neck, should he 'scape being drowned:
Perhaps though in time one may make them to yield,
But 'tis prettiest Cob-castle o'er I beheld.
The Sun now was going t' unharness his steeds,
When the ferry-boat brasking her sides 'gainst the weeds,
Came in as good time, as good time could be,
To give us a cast o'er an arm of the sea;
And bestowing our horses before and abaft,
O'er god Neptune's wide cod-piece gave us a waft;
Where scurvily landing at foot of the fort,
Within very few paces we enter'd the port,
Where another King's Head invited me down,
For indeed I have ever been true to the crown.

Charles Cotton.—Born 1630, *Died* 1687.

650.—AGAINST FALSE PRIDE.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass.
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.
But few—O few! souls pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envied height.
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call.
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear;
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instructs my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1633, *Died* 1684.

651.—AN AUTHOR SHOULD BE SINCERE.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute the pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares;
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose,
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes;
And panting, Lo, the god, the god! she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling through the ground.
But though we must obey when Heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd:
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These, nervous, bold; those, languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here, a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saone divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force urg'd his impetuous way!

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1633, *Died* 1684.

652.—A QUACK.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame;
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicensed gown, and then
From saving women falls to killing men.
Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand grenadoes flew,
And where they fell, as certainly they slew:
His name struck everywhere as great a damp,
As Archimedes' through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine stared him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconciled,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worried with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail;
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1633, *Died* 1684.

653.—ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.

* * * *

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find.

Earl of Roscommon.—Born 1633, *Died* 1684.

654.—SONG.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
His pleasing, happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move,
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, *Died* 1680.

655.—CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on—will still love on, and die.

When kill'd with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful, tender heart
Can never break—can never break in vain.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, *Died* 1680.

656.—SONG.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, *Died* 1680.

657.—SONG.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Earl of Rochester.—Born 1647, *Died* 1680.

658.—REASON.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

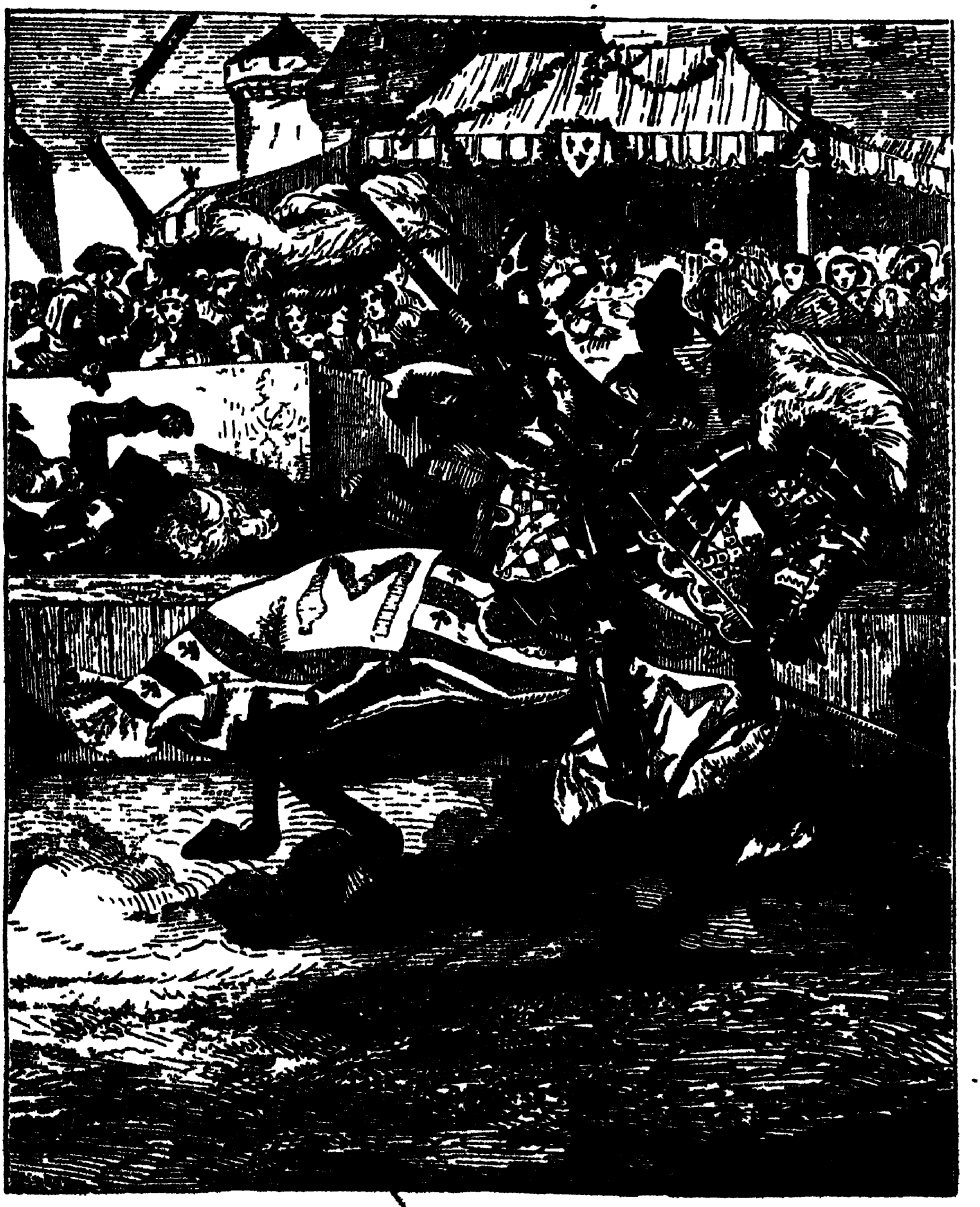
659.—PALAMON AND ARCITE; OR, THE KNIGHT'S TALE.

BOOK I.

In days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief, who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting Sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquered, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beauteous dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride,
With Love to friend, and Fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side.
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight;
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The spousals of Hippolita, the queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies' fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:
The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

And therefore where I left, I will pursue
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mentioned, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th' Athenian town,
When, in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching, he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on high,
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.
"Tell me," said Theseus, "what and whence you are,
And why this funeral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?
Name your request, and I will ease your grief."

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then scarce recover'd spoke: "Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th' afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We, wretched women, sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sovereign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here in hope of thy return we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But reverence thou the power whose name it bears,
Relieve th' oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears,
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen:
At Thebes he fell, curst be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost
Before that town, besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of funeral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie,
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;



THE TILT-YARD.

"Full oft the rivals meet, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows,
Fall thick and heavy when on foot they close."

[*Poem* 659.

No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed."
At this she shriek'd aloud, the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, groveling on the plain,
With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!
The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd, and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before
Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one the suppliant crew,
To comfort each full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore
And whate'er else to chivalry belongs
He would not cease, till he reveng'd their wrongs
That Greece should see performed what he declar'd
And cruel Creon find his just reward
He said no more but, shunning all delay,
Rode on nor enter'd Athens on his way
But left his sister and his queen behind
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind
Where in an argent field the god of war
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car,
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire
Even the ground glitter'd where the standard flew
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur
The soldiers shout around with generous rage,
And in that victory their own presage
He prais'd their ardour, only pleas'd to see
His host the flower of Grecian chivalry
All day he march'd, and all th' ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain
And with what ancient rites they were inter'd,
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd,
I spare the widows' tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husbands' obsequies,
How Theseus at these funerals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dismiss'd.

Thus when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.
There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found beneath a load oppress'd
Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd,
That day in equal arms they fought for fame,
Their swords, their shields their surcoats, were the same
Close by each other laid they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grisly wound,
Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear
The wandering breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart
These two were sisters' sons, and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields with valiant Palamon
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as prisoners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a lingering death to die
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and more renown'd
But in a tower, and never to be loos'd,
The woeful captive kinsmen are enclos'd.
Thus year by year they pass, and day by day,
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flowery green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new,
For with the rosy colour strove her hue,
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th' observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sluggard sleep,
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.

In this remembrance, Emily, ere day,
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array;
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair,
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair;
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind.
Aurora had but newly chas'd the night,
And purpled o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.
At every turn she made a little stand,
And thrust among the thorns her lily hand,
To draw the rose; and every rose she drew,
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flowers of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear:
Ev'n wondering Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome-in the Spring.
The tower, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was enclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning air.
It happen'd Palamon, the prisoner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And with his gaoler's leave desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath:
This granted, to the tower he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day;
Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and, from the castle's height,
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight,
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In Spring's new livery clad of white and green,
Fresh flowers in wide parterres, and shady walks between.
This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He through a little window cast his sight,
Though thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimmering serv'd him to descry
Th' inevitable charms of Emily.
Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden smart,
Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with over-powering light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.
Young Arcite heard, and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wan,
And whence and how his change of cheer began,
Or who had done th' offence? "But if," said he,
"Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of Heaven, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since Fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under Earth
Whate'er betides, by Destiny 'tis done;
And better bear like men than vainly seek to shun."
"Nor of my bonds," said Palamon again,
"Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd me cry,
That moment I was hurt through either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft, I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Actoon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in Heaven, nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape),
O help us captives from our chains t' escape;
But if our doom be past, in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And show compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant power!" While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:
So that if Palamon were wounded sore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more.
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
"The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance,
Poison is in her eyes and death in every glance
O, I must ask, nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love."
Thus Arcite, and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes),
"Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein?"
"Jesting," said Arcite, "suits but ill with pain."

"It suits far worse" (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) "with men who honour weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both:
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the Gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design,
As I am bound by vow to further thine:
Nor canst, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Appeach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain,
For first my love began ere thine was born;
Thou, as my council, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t' assist my eldership of right,
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight."
Thus Palamon: but Arcite, with disdain,
In haughty language, thus reply'd again:
"Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurst
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a power celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above,
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th' important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not no law is made for love?
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's power, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd,
Love throws the fences down, and makes a general waste;
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall:
The sweeping deluge, love, comes on, and covers all.
If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess.
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the Sun, but as he passes o'er."
Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone:
The fruitless fight continued all the day,
A cur came by and snatch'd the prize away.
"As courtiers therefore justle for a grant,
And, when they break their friendship, plead their want,
So thou, if Fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance;
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th' adventure, die."
Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand,
But when they met they made a surly stand,
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that every look might be their last.
It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t' attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man:
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one died, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell.
But to pursue my tale. To welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long since,
And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th' offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed,
And on his promise was the prisoner freed.
Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
"What have I gain'd," he said, "in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And, banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before:
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live?
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heaven is not but where Emily abides,
And where she's absent all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth, was that accurst

Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first.
Had I not known that prince I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen;
For, though I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompense enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th' adventure, thine the victory;
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee.
Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison—no; but blissful Paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night,
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various power) may cease to frown,
And by some ways unknown thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heaven that all creates,
Nor art, nor Nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itself farewell!
"But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of Fortune, Fate, or Providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire.
Some pray for riches, riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain.
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen every day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots about the street we roam;
Well knows the sot he has a certain home,
Yet knows not how to find th' uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers every pace.
Thus all seek happiness; but few can find,
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came, from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily."
Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath—he makes outrageous moan;
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground,
The hollow tower with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat.
"Alas!" he cried, "I wretch in prison pine,
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine:
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair:
Thou mayst, since thou hast youth and courage join'd,
A sweet behaviour, and a solid mind,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th' advantage of the strife is thine,
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine."
The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindled like a burning coal:
Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: "Eternal deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant, on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care,
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless, oft endure;
Or does your justice, power, or prescience fail,
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched Virtue could befall,
If Fate or giddy Fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them to pursue their pleasures you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unaware;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller;
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrids the brake.

This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath, that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus, in a quartile, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love."
Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the Sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd, to prolong the night:
The lengthened night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free:
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains,
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains,
One free, and all his motions uncontroll'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would behold.
Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befell.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears,
For, wanting nourishment, he wanted tears:
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink:
Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and drink:
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man,
That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves:
In solitary groves he makes his moan,
Walks early out, and ever is alone:
Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
But sighs when songs and instruments he hears:
His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound:
Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
Unlike the trim of Love and gay Desire;
But full of museful mopings, which presage
The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
This when he had endur'd a year and more,
Now wholly changed from what he was before,
It happen'd once that, slumbering as he lay,
He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd:
His hat, adorn'd with wings, discloss'd the god,
And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod;
Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
"Arise," he said, "to conquering Athens go,
There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe."
The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start,
Against his bosom bounced his heaving heart;
But soon he said, with scarce recover'd breath,
"And thither will I go, to meet my death,
Sure to be slain, but death is my desire,
Since in Emilia's sight I shall expire."
By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
And gazing there beheld his alter'd look;
Wondering, he saw his features and his hue
So much were chang'd that scarce himself he knew.
A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
"Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
But never penetrate through this disguise.
Thanks to the change which grief and sickness give,
In low estate I may securely live,
And see, unknown, my mistress day by day."
He said, and clothed himself in coarse array:
A labouring hind in show then forth he went,
And to th' Athenian towers his journey bent:
One squire attended in the same disguise,
Made conscious of his master's enterprise.
Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort:
Proffering for hire his service at the gate,
To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
So fair befell him, that for little gain
He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain;
And, watchful all advantages to spy,
Was still at hand, and in his master's eye:
And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong;
But from deep wells with engines water drew,
And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
He pass'd a year at least attending thus
On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
But never was there man of his degree
So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
So gentle of condition was he known,
That through the court his courtesy was blown;
All think him worthy of a greater place,
And recommend him to the royal grace,
That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
Thus by the general voice was Arcite prais'd,
And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd:
Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
And largely entertain'd with sums of gold:
Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
Of his own income, and his annual rent;
This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and fame,
But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.

Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
In arms of honour, and esteem in peace;
To Theseus' person he was ever near;
And Theseus for his virtues held him dear.

BOOK II.

While Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
For six long years immur'd, the captiv'd knight
Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light:
Lost liberty and love at once he bore;
His prison pain'd him much, his passion more.
Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
But when the sixth revolving year was run,
And May within the Twins receiv'd the Sun,
Were it by Chance, or forceful Destiny,
Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
This Palamon from prison took his flight:
A pleasant beverage he prepar'd before
Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
Of opium; to his keeper this he brought,
Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
Short was the night, and careful Palamon
Sought the next covert ere the rising Sun.
A thick-spread forest near the city lay,
To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
(For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
When to his country come, his next design
Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
And war on Theseus, till he lost his life
Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
Thus while his thoughts the lingering day beguile,
To gentle Arcite let us turn our style;
Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
Till treacherous Fortune caught him in the snare.
The morning-lark, the messenger of Day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray;
And soon the Sun arose with beams so bright
That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight;
He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews;
When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
Observance to the month of merry May:
Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod:
At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.
"For thee, sweet month, the groves green liveries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers;
When thy short reign is past, the feverish Sun
The sultry tropic fears, and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wandering feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind."
His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till Fate, or Fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who, flying death, had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal sight:
And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard,
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon,
Who, listening, heard him, while he search'd the grove,
And loudly sung his roundelay of love:
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as Heaven, and then as low as hell;
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well:
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desperate sigh, accusing Heaven and Fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
"Curs'd be the day when first I did appear,
Let it be blotted from the calendar,
Lest it pollute the month, and poison all the year.
Still will the jealous queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was;
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.

This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name:
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of Heaven is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes, his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, the unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But love's a malady without a cure:
Fierce love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart,
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd;
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my sufferings, if you knew my pain."
At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembled every limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart:
No longer staid, but starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and show'd his hostile face:
"False traitor, Arcite; traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found forsworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
For though unarm'd I am, and (freed by chance)
Am here without my sword or pointed lance:
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go,
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe."
Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
"Now by the gods who govern Heaven above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
Know I will serve the fair in thy despite,
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Our arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heaven so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both unknown:
With arms of proof both for myself and thee,
Choose thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me."
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
O Love! thou sternly dost thy power maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honour ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:
Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
Now, at the time and in th' appointed place,
The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
Approach; each other from afar they know,
And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
His course at distance by the bending trees,
And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
And either he must fall in fight, or I:
This while he thinks he lifts aloft his dart;
A generous chillness seizes every part;
The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the heart.
Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
None greets; for none the greeting will return:
But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
His foe profest, as brother of the war:
Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
They lash, they foin, they pass, they strive to bore
Their corslets, and the thinnest parts explore.
Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
And wounded, wound; till both were bath'd in blood;
And not a foot of ground had either got
As if the world depended on the spot.
Fell Arcite like an angry tiger far'd,
And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they wound,
With grunts and groans the forest rings around:

So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
The power that ministers to God's decrees,
And executes on earth what Heaven foresees,
Call'd Providence, or Chance, or Fatal Sway,
Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her way.
Nor kings, nor nations, nor united power,
One moment can retard th' appointed hour.
And some one day, some wondrous chance appears,
Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
Or hope, or fear, depends on powers above;
They move our appetites to good or ill,
And by foresight necessitate the will.
In Theseus this appears: whose youthful joy
Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy.
This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy couch at early day,
And to the wood and wilds pursued his way.
Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
And Emily attir'd in lively green,
With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
The way that Theseus took was to the wood
Where the two knights in cruel battle stood:
The lawn on which they fought th' appointed place
In which th' uncoupled hounds began the chase.
Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay:
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood,
For open fields, and cross the crystal flood.
Approach'd, and looking underneath the Sun,
He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
In mortal battle doubling blow on blow,
Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
And shot a dreadful gleam: so strong they strook,
There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak:
He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
Resolv'd to learn, he spurr'd his fiery steed
With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
The minute ended that began the race,
So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life,
Commands both combatants to cease their strife;
Then with imperious tone pursues his threat:
"What are you? why in arms together met?
How dares your pride presume against my laws,
As in a listed field to fight your cause?
Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
As knightly rites require; nor judge to try?"
Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
Thus hasty spoke: "We both deserve the death,
And both would die; for look the world around,
A pair so wretched is not to be found:
Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
We long to set th' imprison'd soul at large.
Now, as thou art a sovereign judge, decree
The rightful doom of death to him and me,
Let neither find thy grace, for grace is cruelty.
Me first, O kill me first, and cure my woe;
Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
He foremost will receive his due reward.
Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
But first contracted, that, if ever found
By day or night upon th' Athenian ground,
His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
The perjur'd knight, his oath and honour scorn'd;
For this is he, who, with a borrow'd name
And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
Now call'd Philostratus: retain'd by thee,
A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
My part remains: from Thebes my birth I own,
And call myself th' unhappy Palamon.
Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
Can force me to renounce the honour of my race.
Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain.
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I, with this Arcite, am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
More would'st thou know? I love bright Emily,
And for her sake and in her sight will die:
But kill my rival too; for he no less
Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless,
Assur'd that what I lose, he never shall possess."
To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
And sourly smil'd: "In owning your offence
You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed,
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die."
He said: dumb Sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen, above the rest by nature good
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood),
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Through the bright quire th' infectious virtue ran.

All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid,
And thus among themselves they softly said:
"What eyes can suffer this unworthy sight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of Heaven in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither came
For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings for kingdoms, madmen for applause;
But love for love alone, that crowns the lover's cause."
This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous kind,
Such pity wrought in every lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king, implor'd th' offender's grace.
He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th' impression felt
(As softest metals are not slow to melt
And pity soonest runs in softest minds):
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made, or magnify'd th' offence.
"Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The prisoner freed himself by Nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd, but his love excus'd the deed."
Thus pondering, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the women's tears, and heard their cries,
Which mov'd compassion more: he shook his head,
And softly sighing to himself he said:
"Curse on th' unpardoning prince, whom tears can draw
To no remorse; who rules by lions' law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd
Rends all alike; the penitent and proud."
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: "The power of Love,
In Earth, and seas, and air, and Heaven above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-sight to the blind:
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know,
'Tis in my power, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
See how the madmen bleed, behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their pains;
For seven long years, on duty every day,
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay:
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, love is love's reward.
This is not all: the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th' occasion of the war.
But sure a general doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sovereign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the god can human hearts constrain.
To this remembrance, and the prayers of those
Who for th' offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives, on this accord,
To do me homage as their sovereign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right."
This freely sworn, the knights their grace obtain'd,
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd:
"If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known;
But should you combat till you both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to Destiny.
Now hear th' award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love.
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please repair;
But on the day when this returning Sun
To the same point through every sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall bring,
In royal lists to fight before the king;
And then the knight whom Fate or happy Chance
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace.

The charge be mine t' adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And Heaven of me so judge, as I shall judge aright.
If both are satisfied with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword."
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky;
The whole assembled troop was pleas'd as well,
Extol th' award, and on their knees they fell
To bless the gracious king. The knights, with leave
Departing from the place, his last commands receive;
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took:
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their way,
Each to provide his champions for the day.
It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expense.
He first enclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within, an amphitheatre appear'd,
Rais'd in degrees, to sixty paces rear'd;
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.
Eastward was built a gate of marble white:
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was,
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command,
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame,
The master-painters, and the carvers, came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.
Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd, above,
A temple, sacred to the Queen of Love;
An altar stood below; on either hand
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle wand.
The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was enclos'd,
Within the wall, of alabaster white,
And crimson coral, for the Queen of Night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight.
Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, portraitures, and imagery:
Where every figure to the life express'd
The godhead's power to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Prayers, that even spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs, that smok'd along the wall,
Complaints, and hot desires, the lover's hell,
And scalding tears, that wore a channel where they fell;
And all around were nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries.
Beauty, and Youth, and Wealth, and Luxury,
And sprightly Hope, and short-enduring Joy;
And sorceries to raise th' infernal powers,
And sigils, fram'd in planetary hours
Expense, and Afterthought, and idle Care,
And Doubts of motley hue, and dark Despair;
Suspicions, and fantastical Surmise,
And Jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress'd,
Down-look'd, and with a cuckoo on her fist.
Oppos'd to her, on t'other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels and music, poetry and play,
And balls by nights, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more,
With acts and monuments of times before;
And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come;
For there th' Idalian mount, and Citheron,
The court of Venus, was in colours drawn;
Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,
And loose array, sat portress Idleness;
There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;
There Samson was, with wiser Solomon,
And all the mighty names by love undone.
Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youth to beasts.
Here might be seen that beauty, wealth, and wit,
And prowess, to the power of love submit:
The spreading snare for all mankind is laid:
And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.
The goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;
Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought:
From ocean as she first began to rise,
And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies,
She trod the brine, all bare below the breast,
And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;
A lute she held, and on her head was seen
A wreath of roses red and myrtles green;
Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above,
And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,
With wings unfledg'd; his eyes were banded o'er,
His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore,
Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly store.
But in the dome of mighty Mars the red
With different figures all the sides were spread;

This temple, less in form, with equal grace,
Was imitative of the first in Thrace:
For that cold region was the lov'd abode,
And sovereign mansion of the warrior god.
The landscape was a forest wide and bare,
Where neither beast, nor human kind repair;
The fowl, that scent afar, the borders fly,
And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.
A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,
And prickly stubs, instead of trees, are found;
Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and old;
Headless the most, and hideous to behold:
A rattling tempest through the branches went,
That stripp'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.
Heaven froze above, severe, the clouds congeal,
And through the crystal vault appear'd the standing hail.
Such was the face without; a mountain stood
Threatening from high, and overlook'd the wood:
Beneath the lowering brow, and on a bent,
The temple stood of Mars armipotent:
The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare
From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.
A straight long entry to the temple led,
Blind with high walls, and Horrour over head:
Thence issued such a blast, and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In through that door a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had, for windows there were none;
The gate was adamant, eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian quarries came,
The labour of a god; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A tun about was every pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And Treason labouring in the traitor's thought:
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder brought.
There the red Anger dar'd the pallid Fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy, with holy leer,
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down,
But hid the dagger underneath the gown:
Th' assassinating wife, the household fiend,
And, far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood Destruction bare,
Unpunished Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul Disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base:
Till sense was lost in sound, and Silence fled the place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his sudden soul away.
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sate,
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness laughing in his ireful mood,
And arm'd complaint on Theft, and cries of Blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent Death in thousand shapes display'd;
The city to the soldiers' rage resign'd;
Successless wars, and Poverty behind;
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunter strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid,
And the cook caught within the raging fire he made.
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house, that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls;
The whole division that to Mars pertains,
All trades of death, that deal in steel for gains,
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd faulchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet Conquest on a tower was plac'd,
With shouts, and soldiers' acclamations grac'd.
A pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the Capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumvirs, and the wars they move,
And Antony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born,
All copied from the Heavens, and ruling force
Of the red star in his revolving course.
The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the god:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid:
One when direct, and one when retrograde.
Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs around,
Pursued the flying deer, the woods with horns resound:
Calisto there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and, by peculiar grace,
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Acteon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing, dy'd:

His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chase, and their mistaken master slew.
Penelan Daphne too was there to see,
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th' adjoining fane th' assembled Greeks express'd,
And hunting of the Calydonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal power of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murdress mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd, of every kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions of their queen.
Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a wexing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again;
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions, her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of every god,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard;
But few can write, and fewer can reward.
The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

BOOK III.

The day approach'd when Fortune should decide
Th' important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had sought,
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.
The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
And send the flower of war by public voice;
That after, or before, were never known
Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
Beside the champions, all of high degree,
Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
Nor seems it strange; for every noble knight
Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
(An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
To Palamon or Arcite sent his name:
And had the land selected of the best,
Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.
A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name,
Their arms were several, as their nations were,
But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
Some wore coat armour, imitating scale,
And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail;
Some wore a breast-plate and a light juppon,
Their horses cloth'd with rich caparison;
Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
Of folded hides, and others shields of pruce.
One hung a pole-axe at his saddle-bow,
And one a heavy mace to shun the foe.
One for his legs and knees provided well,
With jambeaux arm'd, and double plates of steel.
This on his helmet wore a lady's glove,
And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
With Palamon, above the rest in place,
Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace;
Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
And o'er his eyebrows hung his matted hair:
Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
Broad-shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long,
Four milkwhite bulls (the Thracian use of old)
Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
His ample forehead bore a coronet,
With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set;
Ten brace, and more, of grey hounds, snowy fair,
And tall as stags, ran loose, and cours'd around his chair,
A match for pards in flight, in grapling for the bear;
With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
And collars of the same their necks surround.
Thus through the fields Lycurgus took his way:
His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
On a bay courser, goodly to behold,
The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barbarous gold.
Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great:
His saddle was of gold, with emeralds set.
His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
With rubies thick and sparkling as the fire:
His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run,
With graceful negligence, and shone against the Sun;
His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes,
Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway,
So fierce they flash'd intolerable day.
His age in Nature's youthful prime appear'd,
And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound:
A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd between.
Upon his fist he bore, for his delight,
An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.
His hundred knights attend him to the war,
All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare.
Words and devices blaz'd on every shield,
And pleasing was the terror of the field.
For kings, and dukes, and barons you might see,
Like sparkling stars, though different in degree,
All for th' increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
Before the king tame leopards led the way,
And troops of lions innocently play.
So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
In this array the war of either side
Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
At prime, they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flowers the posts adorn.
The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
So Theseus will'd, in honour of his guests;
Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
No harbinger was needful for a night,
For every house was proud to lodge a knight.
I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champions sate:
Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
Whose voice, whose graceful dance, did most surprise;
Soft amorous sighs, and silent love of eyes.
The rivals call my Muse another way,
To sing their vigils for th' ensuing day.
'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night,
And Phospher, on the confines of the light,
Promis'd the Sun, ere day began to spring;
The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
And, flickering on her nest, made short essays to sing:
When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
Took to the royal lists his early way,
To Venus at her fane, in her own house, to pray.
There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
He thus implor'd with prayers her power divine.
"Creator Venus, genial power of love,
The bliss of men below and gods above!
Beneath the sliding Sun thou runn'st thy race,
Dost fairest shine, and best become thy place.
For thee the winds their eastern blasts forbear,
Thy month reveals the spring, and opens all the year.
Thee, Goddess, thee the storms of winter fly,
Earth smiles with flowers renewing, laughs the sky,
And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes apply.
For thee the lion loaths the taste of blood,
And roaring hunts his female through the wood:
For thee the bulls rebellow through the groves,
And tempt the stream, and snuff their absent loves.
'Tis thine, whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair:
All nature is thy province, life thy care:
Thou mad'st the world, and dost the world repair.
Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the Sun;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, goddess, for thou know'st the smart.
Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.
O goddess, tell thyself what I would say,
Thou know'st it, and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my suit, as I enforce my might,
In love to be thy champion and thy knight;
A servant to thy sex, a slave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chastity.
Nor ask I fame or honour of the field,
Nor choose I more to vanquish than to yield;
In my divine Emilia make me blest,
Let fate, or partial Chance, dispose the rest:
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare,
Possession, more than conquest, is my care.

Mars is the warrior's god; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize;
With smiling aspect you serenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.
The Fates but only spin the coarser clue,
The finest of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one small portion of the twine,
And let the sisters cut below your line:
The rest among the rubbish may they sweep,
Or add it to the yarn of some old miser's heap.
But, if you this ambitious prayer deny
(A wish, I grant, beyond mortality),
Then let me sink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And I, once dead, let him possess her charms."
Thus ended he; then, with observance due,
The sacred incense on her altar threw:
The curling smoke mounts heavy from the fires;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires;
At once the gracious goddess gave the sign,
Her statue shook, and trembled all the shrine:
Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took,
For, since the flames pursu'd the trailing smoke,
He knew his boon was granted; but the day
To distance driven, and joy adjourn'd with long delay.
Now Morn with rosy light had streak'd the sky,
Up rose the Sun, and up rose Emily;
Address'd her early steps to Cynthia's fane,
In state attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vests that holy rites require,
Incense, and odorous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they crown,
Nor wanted aught besides in honour of the Moon.
Now while the temple smok'd with hallow'd steam,
They wash the virgin in a living stream:
The secret ceremonies I conceal,
Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal;
But such they were as pagan use requir'd.
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd,
Whose eyes profane their chaste mysterious rites
Might turn to scandal, or obscene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm; but for the rest,
Things sacred they pervert, and silence is the best.
Her shining hair, uncomb'd, was loosely spread,
A crown of mastless oak adorn'd her head:
When, to the shrine approach'd, the spotless maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were such as were observ'd of old,
By Statius in his Theban story told),
Then kneeling with her hands across her breast,
Thus lowly she preferr'd her chaste request:
"O goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both Heaven and Earth and Seas are seen,
Queen of the nether skies, where half the year
Thy silver beams descend and light the gloomy sphere;
Goddess of maids, and conscious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted issue felt,
When hissing through the skies the feather'd deaths were dealt,
As I desire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votress from my tender years I am,
And love, like thee, the woods and sylvan game.
Like death, thou know'st, I loathe the nuptial state,
And man, the tyrant of our sex, I hate,
A lowly servant, but a lofty mate.
Where love is duty on the female side,
On theirs more sensual gust, and sought with surly pride.
Now by thy triple shape, as thou art seen
In Heaven, Earth, Hell, and everywhere a queen,
Grant this my first desire:—let discord cease,
And make betwixt the rivals lasting peace;
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove
The flame, and turn it on some other love;
Or, if my frowning stars have so decreed,
That one must be rejected, one succeed,
Make him my lord, within whose faithful breast
Is fix'd my image, and who loves me best.
But, oh! ev'n that avert! I choose it not,
But take it as the least unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train;
Oh! let me still that spotless name retain!
Frequent the forests, thy chaste will obey,
And only make the beasts of chase my prey."
The flames ascend on either altar clear,
While thus the blameless maid address'd her prayer.
When, lo! the burning fire that shone so bright
Flew off, all sudden, with extinguish'd light,
And left one altar dark a little space,
Which turn'd self-kindled, and renew'd the blaze;
The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th' extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th' irrevocable light
Forsook the blackening coals, and sunk to night:
At either end it whistled as it flew,
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the dew,
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue.
The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies;
Nor knew what signified the boding sign,
But found the powers displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the temple bright.
The power behold! the power in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began: "Dismiss thy fear,
And Heaven's unchang'd decrees attentive hear:
More powerful gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride;
The two contending knights are weigh'd above;
One Mars protects, and one the queen of love;
But which the man, is in the Thunderer's breast;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foreshows the love allotted to remain.
Farewell!" she said, and vanish'd from the place;
The sheaf of arrows shook and rattled in the case.
Aghast at this the royal virgin stood
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood;
But to the parting goddess thus she pray'd:
"Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid."
Then sighing she return'd; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes, and fears, and joys, with sorrows mixt.
The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of power,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T' adore with pagan rites the power armipotent;
Then prostrate, low before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray:
"Strong god of arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing north and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most:
There most, but everywhere thy power is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own;
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong;
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my prayer,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care;
If to my utmost power with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield,
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field:
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has softened into love:
Now by her blandishments and powerful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
Ev'n by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd:
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When every God that saw thee wish'd thy place!
By those dear pleasures aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right:
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade,
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare;
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with disdain.
For sure I am, unless I win in arms,
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms:
Nor can my strength avail unless by thee
Endued by force I gain the victory;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous heart,
Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart.
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine,
The palm and honour of the conquest thine:
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the business of my life;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among,
High on the burnish'd roof my banner shall be hung,
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th' achievements of my foe;
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood;
Burnt-offerings morn and evening shall be thine,
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guiltless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more; let Fate dispose the rest."
The champion ceas'd; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan, a murmuring wind arose;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung;
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rushed in, and Arcite stood aghast;

The flames were blown aside, yet shone they bright,
Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice:
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With odorous incense Arcite heaps the fire;
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms;
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a sullen sound and feeble cry
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of victory.
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the god,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.
These vows, thus granted, raised a strife above,
Betwixt the god of war, and queen of love.
She, granting first, had right of time to plead:
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife:
Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
And found a way the difference to compose.
Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
He seldom does a good with good intent.
Wayward, but wise, by long experience taught
To please both parties, for ill ends he sought;
For this advantage age from youth has won,
As not to be outridden, though outrun.
By Fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd;
Of him disposing in his own abode,
He sooth'd the goddess while he gull'd the god:
"Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife,
Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife;
And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
Man feels me when I press th' ethereal plains,
My hand is heavy and the wound remains.
Mine is the shipwreck in a watery sign,
And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
Cold, shivering agues, melancholy care,
And bitter, blasting winds, and poison'd air,
Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from despair.
The throtling quinsey 'tis my star appoints,
And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints;
When churls rebel against their native prince,
I arm their hands, and furnish the pretence;
And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
Mine is the privy poisoning; I command
Unkindly seasons and ungrateful land.
By me kings' palaces are push'd to ground,
And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
'Twas I slew Samson when the pillar'd hall
Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
My looking is the fire of pestilence,
That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
Now weep no more, but trust thy grandsire's art,
Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
'Tis ill, though different your complexions are,
The family of Heaven for men should war."
Th' expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right,
Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
The management they left to Chronos' care;
Now turn we to th' effect, and sing the war.
In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
All proper to the spring and sprightly May,
Which every soul inspir'd with such delight,
'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
Heaven smil'd, and gladded was the heart of man;
And Venus had the world as when it first began.
At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
And dreamt the future fight, and early rose.
Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
As at a signal given the streets with clamours ring:
At once the crowd arose; confus'd and high
Ev'n from the Heaven was heard a shouting cry;
For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
The gods came downward to behold the wars,
Sharpening their sights and leaning from their stars.
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,
For battle by the busy groom prepar'd;
Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
Clattering of armour, furbish'd for the field,
Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
Battering the pavement with their coursers' feet;
The greedy sight might there devour the gold
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold;
And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
And crested morions, with their plumy pride.
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.
One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,
A third the shining buckler did advance.
The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for shields provide.

The yeomen guard the streets in seemly bands,
And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in their hands.
The trumpets, next the gate in order plac'd,
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast;
The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
The throng is in the midst; the common crew
Shut out, the hall admits the better few;
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk,
Factious, and favouring this or t' other side,
As their strong fancy or weak reason guide;
Their wagers back their wishes; numbers hold
With the fair freckled king and beard of gold;
So vigorous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
His rising muscles and his brawn commend;
His double-biting axe and beaming spear,
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind,
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divin'd.
Wak'd by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,
The knightly forms of combat to dispose;
And passing through th' obsequious guards, he sate
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state;
There for the two contending knights he sent:
Arm'd cap-a-pee, with reverence low they bent;
He smil'd on both, and with superior look,
Alike their offer'd adoration took.
The people press on every side to see
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
Then, signing to their heralds with his hand,
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
Silence is thrice enjoin'd; then thus aloud
The king-at-arms bespeaks the knights and listening crowd:
"Our sovereign lord has ponder'd in his mind
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind;
And of his grace and inborn clemency,
He modifies his first severe decree,
The keener edge of battle to rebate,
The troops for honour fighting, not for hate.
He wills not death should terminate their strife,
And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life;
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
That slings afar, and poinards hand to hand,
Be banish'd from the field; that none shall dare
With shortened sword to stab in closer war;
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.
The tourney is allow'd but one career,
Of the tough ash with the sharp-grinded spear;
But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
And fight on foot their honour to regain;
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
The chief of either side, bereft of life,
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.
Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and young
Fight each his fill with swords and maces long."
The herald ends. The vaulted firmament
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent:
"Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,
So just, and yet so provident of blood!"
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound,
And warlike symphony is heard around,
The marching troops through Athens take their way,
The great earl-marshal orders their array.
The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
A rain of flowers is from the windows roll'd.
The casements are with golden tissue spread,
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry tread;
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride
In equal rank, and close his either side.
Next after these, there rode the royal wife,
With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
The following cavalcade, by three and three,
Proceed by titles marshall'd in degree.
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,
And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day.
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
And, wheeling east and west, before their many ride.
Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
And after him the queen and Emily:
Next those the kindred of the crown are grac'd
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
Scarce were they seated, when, with clamours loud,
In rushed at once a rude, promiscuous crowd;
The guards, and then each other, overbear,
And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
When at the western gate, on which the car
Is plac'd aloft that bears the god of war,
Proud Arcite entering arm'd before his train,
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.

Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
The bloody colours of his patron god.
At that self moment enters Palamon
The gate of Venus and the rising sun;
Wav'd by the wanton winds his banner flies,
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
From east to west, look all the world around,
Two troops so match'd were never to be found;
Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage;
The nicest eye could no distinction make,
Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.
Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
A silence while they answer'd to their names;
For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
The fraud of musters false, the common bane of war.
The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd,
And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.
At this, the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their vizors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
They vanish from the barrier, spood the race,
And, spurring, see decrease the middle space.
A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
And all at once the combatants are lost.
Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
Coursers with coursers justling, men with men;
As, labouring in eclipse, awhile they stay,
Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
Is chang'd, and war appears, a grizly sight.
Two troops in fair array one moment show'd,
The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd;
Not half the number in their seats are found;
But men and steeds lie groveling on the ground.
The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
The steeds without their riders scour the field.
The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light;
Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a wound,
Out spins the streaming blood, and dyes the ground.
The mighty maces with such haste descend,
They break the bones, and make the solid armour bend.
This thrusts amid the throng with furious force;
Down goes at once the horseman and the horse;
That courser stumbles on the fallen steed,
And, floundering, throws the rider o'er his head.
One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
This halting, this disabled with his wound,
In triumph led, is to the pillar bound;
Where, by the king's award, he must abide,
There goes a captive led on t' other side.
By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
Take breath awhile, and to new fight advance.
Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
The head of this was to the saddle bent,
The other backward to the crupper sent:
Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
So deep their faulchions bite that every stroke
Pierc'd to the quick, and equal wounds they gave and took.
Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
Like adamant and steel they meet again.
So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
A famish'd lion, issuing from the wood,
Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food:
Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear, and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to distance drive.
At length, as Fate foredoom'd, and all things tend
By course of time to their appointed end:
So when the Sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th' unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him down,
And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpower'd, at length, they force him to the ground,
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.
Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bad cease the war; pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal lists the heralds cry'd,
"Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride."
The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief, when Fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquering Mars insults the queen of love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in Heaven prevail'd;
Laugh'd all the powers who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And, weeping, on the lists distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most.
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love is lost.
Till Saturn said, "Fair daughter, now be still,
The blustering fool has satisfy'd his will;
His boon is given; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, th' arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free."
Now while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, Heaven and Earth resound;
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.
Then, spurring at full speed, ran endlong on
Where Theseus sate on his imperial throne;
Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where next the queen was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For women, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow Fortune where she leads the way):
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And bounding, o'er the pummel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and, pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space.
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the ground,
And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noble parts had prest,
All bruis'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd and in a litter laid,
They bore from field and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.
Meantime the king, though inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd.
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd).
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladded all the warrior-train,
Though most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with charms;
Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sovereign draughts of sage.
The king in person visits all around,
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for falling is no shame,
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The venturous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowds and palms the conquering side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor, overpower'd with arms, deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, though foil'd, he does the best he can:
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.
Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts,
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.
At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their several homes retir'd.
Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the leeches' cares;
Swoln is his breast, his inward pains increase;
All means are us'd, and all without success.
The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
Nor breathing veins, nor cupping, will prevail;
All outward remedies and inward fail;
The mold of Nature's fabric is destroy'd,
Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void;
The bellows of his lungs begin to swell,
All out of frame is every secret cell,
Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.

Those breathing organs, thus within oppress't,
With venom soon distend the sinews of his breast.
Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
Nor vomit's upward aid, nor downward laxative.
The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
When Nature cannot work, th' effect of art is void.
For physic can but mend our crazy state,
Patch an old building, not a new create.
Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous bride,
Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
With her, at his desire, came Palamon:
Then, on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:
"No language can express the smallest part
Of what I feel and suffer in my heart,
For you, whom best I love and value most.
But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
Which, from this mortal body when unty'd,
Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side,
Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
But wait officious, and your steps attend:
How I have lov'd, excuse my faltering tongue,
My spirits feeble and my pains are strong:
This I may say, I only grieve to die
Because I lose my charming Emily:
To die, when Heaven had put you in my power,
Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
What greater curse could envious Fortune give,
Than just to die when I began to live!
Vain men; how vanishing a bliss we crave:
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave.
Never—O never more to see the Sun;
Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
This fate is common; but I lose my breath
Near bliss, and yet not bless'd before my death.
Farewell! but take me dying in your arms,
'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
This hand I cannot but in death resign;
Ah, could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
I feel my end approach, and, thus embrac'd,
Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last.
Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
But Love the sense of right and wrong confounds;
Strong Love and proud Ambition have no bounds.
And much I doubt, should Heaven my life prolong,
I should return to justify my wrong:
For while my former flames remain within,
Repentance is but want of power to sin.
With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife:
Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd,
Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
For still our kindred souls had one desire.
He had a moment's right in point of time;
Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right,
Nor holds this Earth a more deserving knight,
For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too, with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot but with life expire:
Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
Then, by my love's inviolable band,
By my long suffering, and my short command,
If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
Have pity on the faithful Palamon."
This was his last; for Death came on amain,
And exercis'd below his iron reign;
Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
Though less and less of Emily he saw;
So, speechless, for a little space he lay,
Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his soul away.
But whither went his soul let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe,
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.
In Palamon a manly grief appears,
Silent he wept, asham'd to show his tears.
Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast:
Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
Far from so sad a sight the swooning fair.
'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate;
Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
When just approaching to the nuptial state:
But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
Matrons and maids, both sexes, every state,
With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair,
The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they tare.
"Why would'st thou go," with one consent they cry,
"When thou had'st gold enough, and Emily?"

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the grief
Of others, wanted now the same relief.
Old Egeus only could revive his son,
Who various changes of the world had known.
And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
Still altering, never in a steady state;
Good after ill, and after pain delight;
Alternate like the scenes of day and night:
"Since every man who lives is born to die,
And none can boast sincere felicity,
With equal mind what happens let us bear,
Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne."
With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd,
And so they would have been had Theseus dy'd.
But he, their king, was labouring in his mind,
A fitting place for funeral pomps to find,
Which were in honour of the dead design'd.
And, after long debate, at last he found
(As Love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
That where he fed his amorous desires
With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
There other flames might waste his earthly part,
And burn his limbs where love had burn'd his heart.
This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
With sounding axes to the grove they go,
Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
Menac'd his countenance; ev'n in death severe.
Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
Groans, cries, and howlings fill the crowded place,
And unaffected sorrow sat on every face.
Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears:
His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
Which to the funeral of his friend he vow'd:
But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
A virgin-widow, and a mourning bride.
And, that the princely obsequies might be
Perform'd according to his high degree,
The steed, that bore him living to the fight,
Was trapp'd with poliah'd steel, all shining bright,
And cover'd with th' achievements of the knight.
The riders rode abreast, and one his shield,
His lance of cornel-wood another held;
The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier,
With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
And through the master-street the corpse convey'd.
The houses to their tops with black were spread,
And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
The right side of the pall old Egeus kept,
And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
Each bore a golden bowl, of work divine,
With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with ruddy wine.
Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain
And after him appear'd the illustrious train,
To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright
With cover'd fire, the funeral pile to light.
With high devotion was the service made,
And all the rites of pagan-honour paid:
So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
With crackling straw beneath in due proportion strow'd.
The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
The mourner yew and builder oak were there:
The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
And laurels, which the gods for conquering chiefs ordain.
How they were rank'd, shall rest untold by me,
With nameless nymphs that liv'd in every tree;
Nor how the Dryads, or the woodland train,
Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly fright
Beheld the sudden Sun, a stranger to the light.
The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd
The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,

And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array,
In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
The stubble fir'd; the smouldering flames arise;
This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
I want the wit in moving words to dress;
But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
While the devouring fire was burning fast,
Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
And some their shields, and some their lances threw,
And gave their warrior's ghost, a warrior's due.
Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
And hissing flames receive, and hungry lick the food.
Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
Hail, and farewell, they shouted thrice amain,
Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd again;
Still as they turn'd, they beat their clattering shields;
The women mix their cries; and Clamour fills the fields,
The warlike wakes continued all the night,
And funeral games were played at new returning light,
Who, naked, wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.
I pass the rest: the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd:
When, by the Grecians' general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament:
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should be freed;
Reserving homage to th' Athenian throne,
To which the sovereign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.
The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd on high,
Commands into the court the beauteous Emily:
So call'd, she came; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming reverence to the royal maid.
And first soft whispers through th' assembly went:
With silent wonder then they watch'd th' event:
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace,
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in his face.
At length, he sigh'd; and, having first prepar'd
Th' attentive audience, thus his will declar'd.
"The Cause and Spring of Motion, from above,
Hung down on Earth the golden chain of love:
Great was th' effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent,
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation crown'd.
The chain still holds; for, though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away:
The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last:
Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd
By that all-seeing and all-making Mind:
Shorten their hours they may; for will is free;
But never pass th' appointed destiny.
So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,
Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.
Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,
On some unalter'd course they sure depend:
Parts of the whole are we; but God the whole:
Who gives us life and animating soul:
For nature cannot from a part derive
That being, which the whole can only give:
He perfect, stable; but imperfect we,
Subject to change, and different in degree;
Plants, beasts, and man; and, as our organs are,
We more or less of his perfection share.
But by a long descent, th' etherial fire
Corrupts; and forms, the mortal part expire
As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass,
And the same matter makes another mass;
This law th' Omniscient power was pleas'd to give,
That every kind should by succession live!
That individuals die, his will ordains,
The propagated species still remains.
The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state, and in three more decays;
So wears the paving pebble in the street,
And towns and towers their fatal periods meet.
So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,
Forsaken of their springs; and leave their channels dry.
So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,
Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat;
Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell;
At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,
And struggles into breath, and cries for aid;
Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.
He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,
Grudges their life, from whence his own began:

Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,
Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne:
First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last;
Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.
Some thus; but thousands more in flower of age:
For few arrive to run the latter stage.
Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,
And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main.
What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,
At whose command we perish, and we spring?
Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,
To make a virtue of necessity.
Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain;
The bad grows better, which we well sustain;
And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for Fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief:
Enjoying while we live the present hour,
And dying in our excellence and flower,
Then round our death-bed every friend should run,
And joyous of our conquest early won:
While the malicious world with envious tears
Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.
Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,
Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,
Or call untimely what the gods decreed?
With grief as just, a friend may be deplor'd,
From a foul prison to free air restor'd.
Ought he to thank his kinsman or his wife,
Could tears recall him into wretched life?
Their sorrow hurt themselves; on him is lost;
And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.
What then remains, but, after past annoy,
To take the good vicissitude of joy?
To thank the gracious gods for what they give,
Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live?
Ordain we then two sorrows to combine,
And in one point th' extremes of grief to join;
That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
Then I propose that Palamon shall be
In marriage joined with beauteous Emily;
For which already I have gain'd th' assent
Of my free people in full parliament.
Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
And well deserv'd, had Fortune done him right:
'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
By Arcite's death from former vows is free
If you, fair sister, ratify th' accord,
And take him for your husband and your lord,
'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
On one descended from a royal race:
And were he less, yet years of service past
From grateful souls exact reward at last:
Pity is Heaven's and yours; nor can she find
A throne so soft as in a woman's mind."
He said: she blush'd; and, as o'craw'd by might,
Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
Then turning to the Theban thus he said:
"Small arguments are needful to persuade
Your temper to comply with my command;"
And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
Obtain the conquest, though he lost the fight;
And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet laborious night.
Eros, and Anteros, on either side,
One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the bride;
And long-attending Hymen, from above,
Shower'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
All of a tenour was their after-life,
No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
Thus Heaven, beyond the compass of his thought,
Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
So may the queen of love long duty bless,
And all true lovers find the same success.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

660.—MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried, 'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.

The text to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty;
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom-blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar;
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy thrashing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time;
Not e'en the feet of thine own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, raised t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight,
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains; * *
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds;
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well-known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Dekker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe;
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun Hill, and distant Watling Street;
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay; * *
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
"Love's Kingdom" to his right he did convey
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung:
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:

"Heav'n bless my son, from Ireland let him reign,
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!"
He paus'd; and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: "My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance,
Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And, when false flowers of rhet'ric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep:
Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart, thou venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute."

He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd;
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind,
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

661.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above
(Such is the power of mighty love).
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung:
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath: he comes, he comes.
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure:
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise:
His glowing cheek, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head!
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair;
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

662.—CHARACTER OF SHAFTESBURY.

Of these the false Achitophel was first,
A name to all succeeding ages curst;
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill
Where none can sin: gainst the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper for the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

663.—CHARACTER OF VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

664.—THEODORE AND HONORIA.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts;
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name:
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said;
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward, and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die;
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow:
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest.
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care:
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld and pitied him in vain:
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd;
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short;
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love;
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night.

There he discharg'd his friends, but not th' expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find.
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent;
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade;
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbru'd;
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side.
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! she ran and cried.
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed, pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey,
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed,
Stood Theodore, surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied!
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget;
My name and story some remember yet.
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.

Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below);
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed;
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue;
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.
Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore;
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food;
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake;
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay;
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care.
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds by timely providence.
This only I require: invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day.
Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast,
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest th' inexorable dame.
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love;
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead;
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,

The fiend's alarm began: the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest;
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid;
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite.
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight;
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back, on your lives! Let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destined way;
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd;
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold.
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back; some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and. piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part;
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high:
They close their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer;
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around;
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground:
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid;
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd.
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which, when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed;
The more dismay'd: for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er, nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None dost arraign the righteous doom she bore;
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more;

The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind;
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came thundering for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast;
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace,
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd;
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope, and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man:
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd;
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd;
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd:
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd.
He took a lowering leave: but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew: and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn: resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die:
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight; a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd;
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd.
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

665.—ENJOYMENT OF THE PRESENT HOUR RECOMMENDED.

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless, gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.

Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

John Dryden.—Born 1631, *Died* 1700.

666.—THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

". . . . Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury surrounds,
And Hunger, sure attendant upon Want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my n agre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers: or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends,
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods,
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains

In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings,
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make; with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights: distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrours of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind: or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendant on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy 's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the Sun's genial rays
Mature, john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea: in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; Death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they sweat, they pray:
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

John Philips.—Born 1676, *Died* 1708.

667.—TO A VERY YOUNG LADY.

Ah, Chloris! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day;
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
Like metals in the mine,
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond Love, as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art,
To make a Beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disorder'd be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, *Died* 1701.

668.—SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falsehood soon appear,
In a more cruel shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sun,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears,
Perhaps, would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, *Died* 1701.

669.—COSMELIA'S CHARMS.

Cosmelia's charms inspire my lays,
Who, fair in Nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like Glastenbury thorn.

Cosmelia 's cruel at threescore;
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life pass guiltless o'er,
But in the fifth she slays.

If e'er, in eager hopes of bliss,
Within her arms you fall,
The plaster'd fair returns the kiss—
Like Thisbe—through a wall.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, *Died* 1701.

670.—SONG.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Sir Charles Sedley.—Born 1639, *Died* 1701.

671.—THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

I sowed the seeds of love, it was all in the spring,
In April, May, and June, likewise, when small birds they do sing;
My garden 's well planted with flowers everywhere.
Yet I had not the liberty to choose for myself the flower that I loved so dear.

My gardener he stood by, I asked him to choose for me,
He chose me the violet, the lily, and pink, but those I refused all three;
The violet I forsook, because it fades so soon,
The lily and the pink I did o'erlook, and I vowed I 'd stay till June.

In June there 's a red rose-bud, and that 's the flower for me!
But often have I plucked at the red rose-bud till I gained the willow-tree;
The willow-tree will twist, and the willow-tree will twine,—
Oh! I wish I was in the dear youth's arms that once had the heart of mine.

My gardener he stood by, he told me to take
great care,
For in the middle of a red rose-bud there
grows a sharp thorn there;
I told him I 'd take no care till I did feel the
smart,
And often I plucked at the red rose-bud till I
pierced it to the heart.

I' ll make me a posy of hyssop,—no other I
can touch,—
That all the world may plainly see I love one
flower too much;
My garden is run wild! where shall I plant
anew—
For my bed, that once was covered with
thyme, is all overrun with rue?

Mrs. Fleetwood Habergham.—About 1689.

672.—FOR THOUGHTS.

Thoughts! what are they?
They are my constant friends;
Who, when harsh fate its dull brow bends,
Uncloud me with a smiling ray,
And in the depth of midnight force a day.

When I retire and flee
The busy throngs of company,
To hug myself in privacy,
O the discourse, the pleasant talk
'Twixt us, my thoughts, along a lonely walk!

You like the stupifying wine,
The dying malefactors sip,
With shivering lip,
T' abate the rigour of their doom
By a less troublous cut to their long home,
Make me slight crosses though they piled up
lie,
All by th' enchantments of an ecstacy.

Do I desire to see
The throne and majesty
Of that proud one,
Brother and uncle to the stars and sun,
Those can conduct me where such joys reside,
And waft me cross the main, sans wind and
tide.

Would I descry
Those radiant mansions 'bove the sky,
Invisible by mortal eye,
My thoughts, my thoughts can lay
A shining track there to,
And nimbly fleeting go:
Through all the eleven orbs can shove away;
These too like Jacob's ladder are,
A most angelic thoroughfare.

The wealth that shines
In the Oriental mines,
Those sparkling gems which nature keeps
Within her cabinet the deeps,
The verdant fields,
The rarities the rich world yields,
Rare structures, whose each gilded spire,
Glimmers like lightning, which while men
admire
They deem the neighb'ring sky on fire:
These can I gaze upon, and glut mine eyes
With myriads of varieties,
As on the front of Pisgah I
Can th' Holy Land through these my optics
spy.

Contemn we then
The peevish rage of men,
Whose violence ne'er can divorce
Our mutual amity,
Or lay so damn'd a curse
As non-addresses 'twixt my thoughts and me;
For though I sigh in irons, they
Use their old freedom, readily obey,
And when my bosom friends desert me stay.

Come then, my darlings, I'll embrace
My privilege: make known
The high prerogative I own
By making all allurements give you place;
Whose sweet society to me
A sanctuary and a shield shall be
'Gainst the full quivers of my destiny.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, *Died* 1688.

673.—DYING.

When on my sick-bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying—
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say—
"Be not fearful, come away!"

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, *Died* 1688.

674.—THE THOUGHT OF DEATH.

Oh! the sad day
When friends shall shake their heads, and
say—
"Oh, miserable me!"
Hark! how he groans; look how he pants for
breath;
See how he struggles with the pangs of
Death!
When they shall say of these poor eyes,
How hollow and how dim they be;
Mark how his breast doth swell and rise
Against his potent enemy!
When some old friend shall slip to my bed-
side,
Touch my chill face, and thence shall gently
slide;

And when his next companions say—
"How doth he do? What hopes?" shall turn away;
Answering only with a lift-up hand—
"Who can his fate withstand?"
Then shall a gasp or two do more
Than e'er my rhetoric could before;
Persuade the peevish world to trouble me no more.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, *Died* 1688.

675.—AN EVENING HYMN.

Sleep, downy sleep, come close my eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Welcome, sweet sleep, that drives away
The toils and follies of the day.

On thy soft bosom will I lie,
Forget the world and learn to die:
O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
Thine angel tents around my bed.

Clouds and thick darkness veil thy throne,
Its awful glories all unknown:
Oh! dart from thence one cheering ray,
And turn my midnight into day.

Thus, when the morn, in crimson drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
My grateful songs of praise shall rise
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

Thomas Flatman.—Born 1635, *Died* 1688.

676.—HYMN TO THE ALMIGHTY.

Great God, whose sceptre rules the earth,
Distil Thy fear into my heart,
That being wrapt with holy mirth,
I may proclaim how good Thou art:
Open my lips, that I may sing
Full praises to my God, my King.

Great God, Thy garden is defaced,
The weeds thrive there, Thy flowers decay;
O call to mind Thy promise past,
Restore Thou them, cut these away:
Till then let not the weeds have power
To starve or stint the poorest flower.

In all extremes, Lord, Thou art still
The mount whereto my hopes do flee;
O make my soul detest all ill,
Because so much abhorred by Thee:
Lord, let Thy gracious trials show
That I am just, or make me so.

Shall mountain, desert, beast, and tree,
Yield to that heavenly voice of Thine;
And shall that voice not startle me,
Nor stir this stone—this heart of mine?
No, Lord, till Thou new bore mine ear,
Thy voice is lost, I cannot hear.

Fountain of Light, and living breath,
Whose mercies never fail nor fade,
Fill me with life that hath no death,
Fill me with life that hath no shade;
Appoint the remnant of my days,
To see Thy power, and sing Thy praise.

Lord, God of Gods, before whose throne
Stand storms and fire, O what shall we
Return to heaven, that is our own,
When all the world belongs to Thee?
We have no offering to impart,
But praises and a wounded heart.

O Thou, that sitt'st in heaven, and see'st
My deeds without, my thoughts within;
Be Thou my prince, be Thou my priest,—
Command my soul, and cure my sin:
How bitter my afflictions be
I care not, so I rise to Thee.

What I possess, or what I crave,
Brings no content, great God, to me,
If what I would, or what I have,
Be not possest and blest in Thee:
What I enjoy, oh, make it mine,
In making me—that have it—Thine.

Where winter fortunes cloud the brows
Of summer friends—when eyes grow strange;
When plighted faith forgets its vows—
When earth and all things in it change:
O Lord, Thy mercies fail me never,—
When once Thou lov'st, Thou lov'st for ever

Great God, whose kingdom hath no end,
Into whose secrets none can dive,
Whose mercy none can apprehend,
Whose justice none can feel, and live:
What my dull heart cannot aspire
To know, Lord, teach me to admire.

John Quarles.—Born ——, *Died* 1665.

677.—CUSTOM.

Custom, the world's great idol, we adore,
And knowing this, we seek to know no more;
What education did at first receive,
Our ripen'd age confirms us to believe.
The careful nurse, and priest, are all we need,
To learn opinions, and our country's creed:
The parent's precepts early are instill'd,
And spoil'd the man, while they instruct the child.
To what hard fate is human kind betray'd,
When thus implicit fate a virtue made;
When education more than truth prevails,
And nought is current but what custom seals!

Thus, from the time we first began to know,
We live and learn, but not the wiser grow.
We seldom use our liberty aright,
Nor judge of things by universal light:
Our prepossessions and affections blind
The soul in chains, and lord it o'er the mind;
And if self-interest be but in the case,
Our unexamined principles may pass!
Good Heavens! that man should thus himself deceive,
To learn on credit, and on trust believe!
Better the mind no notions had retain'd,
But still a fair, unwritten blank remain'd:
For now, who truth from falsehood would discern,
Must first disrobe the mind, and all unlearn.
Errors, contracted in unmindful youth,
When once removed will smooth the way to truth;
To dispossess the child the mortal lives,
But death approaches ere the man arrives.
Those who would learning's glorious kingdom find,
The dear-bought purchase of the trading mind,
From many dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than Scylla and Charybdis meet.
Oh! what an ocean must be voyaged o'er,
To gain a prospect of the shining shore!
Resisting rocks oppose th' inquiring soul,
And adverse waves retard it as they roll.
Does not that foolish deference we pay
To men that lived long since, our passage stay?
What odd, preposterous paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the dead!
First we a blessing from the grave implore,
Worship old urns, and monuments adore!
The reverend sage with vast esteem we prize:
He lived long since, and must be wondrous wise!
Thus are we debtors to the famous dead,
For all those errors which their fancies bred;
Errors, indeed! for real knowledge staid
With those first times, not farther was convey'd:
While light opinions are much lower brought,
For on the waves of ignorance they float:
But solid truth scarce ever gains the shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.
Suppose those many dreadful dangers past,
Will knowledge dawn, and bless the mind at last?
Ah! no, 'tis now environ'd from our eyes,
Hides all its charms, and undiscover'd lies!
Truth, like a single point, escapes the sight,
And claims attention to perceive it right!
But what resemblies truth is soon descried,
Spreads like a surface, and expanded wide!
The first man rarely, very rarely finds
The tedious search of long inquiring minds:
But yet what 's worse, we know not what we err;
What mark does truth, what bright distinction bear?
How do we know that what we know is true?
How shall we falsehood fly, and truth pursue?
Let none then here his certain knowledge boast;
'Tis all but probability at most:
This is the easy purchase of the mind,
The vulgar's treasure, which we soon may find!
The truth lies hid, and ere we can explore
The glittering gem, our fleeting life is o'er.

John Pomfret.—Born 1667, *Died* 1703.

678.—THE WISH.

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend:
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure,
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow;
At th' end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew;
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well;
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend,
A little more sometimes, t'oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;

And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger and the neighbouring poor
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what 's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

John Pomfret.—Born 1667, *Died* 1703.

679.—SONG.

Wine, wine in a morning,
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar,
In the pride of the day;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light:
We imitate him,
When by noon we 're at height;
They steal wine, who take it
When he 's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;
The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

Thomas Brown.—Born ——, *Died*, 1704.

680.—SONG.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write:
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you,
With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind:
Our tears we 'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

The king, with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise,
Than e'er they used of old:
But let him know, it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who 've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who 's our friend, or who 's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away:
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps, permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note;
As if it sigh'd with each man's care,
For being so remote;
Think how often love we 've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we 've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity from your tears;
Let 's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Earl of Dorset.—Born 1637, *Died* 1706.

681.—HOMER AND VIRGIL.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have just a pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth—
Homer and Virgil; with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hope to be instructed, but inspir'd;
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all their mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret know,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it, poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say:
Must above Tasso's lofty heights prevail;
Succeed when Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

Duke of Buckinghamshire.—Born 1649, *Died* 1721.

682.—TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms of Love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauty there,
As much as Pastorella here.
Exert, bright Star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night!
Defranded of her beams, the Moon
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I would not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph I'm forced to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away.

George Stepney.—Born 1663, *Died* 1707.

683.—SONG.

Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are curst;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst.

By partners in each other kind
Afflictions easier grow;
In love alone we hate to find
Companions of our woe.

Sylvia, for all the pangs you see
Are lab'ring in my breast,
I beg not you would favour me,
Would you but slight the rest.

How great soe'er your rigours are,
With them alone I 'll cope;
I can endure my own despair,
But not another's hope.

William Walsh.—Born 1663, *Died* 1709.

684.—SONG.

Fair and soft, and gay and young,
All charm—she play'd, she danced, she sung:
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
"Ah, why," cried I, and dropp'd a tear,
Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone,
"Why was such sweetness made for one?"

But, growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and raised me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess;
"Ay, fool," said I, "what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!"

But long she had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms,
She sunk into another's arms.
But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He, too, will find he is undone,
And that she was not made for one.

Robert Gould.—About 1689.

685.—SONG.

Cælia is cruel: Sylvia, thou,
I must confess, art kind;
But in her cruelty, I vow,
I more repose can find.
For, oh! thy fancy at all games does fly,
Fond of address, and willing to comply.

Thus he that loves must be undone,
Each way on rocks we fall;
Either you will be kind to none,
Or worse, be kind to all.
Vain are our hopes, and endless is our care:
We must be jealous, or we must despair.

Robert Gould.—About 1689.

686.—THE OLD MAN'S WISH.

If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my fate: in a country town,
May I have a warm house, with a stone at the gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passion with an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

Near a shady grove, and a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance, whereon I may look;
With a spacious plain, without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Petrarch, and two or three more
Of the best wits that reign'd in the ages before;
With roast mutton, rather than ven'son or teal,
And clean, though coarse linen, at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, with stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar;
With Monte Fiascone or Burgundy wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say—
"In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
He 's gone, and [has] left not behind him his fellow
For he govern'd his passion with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better, as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay."

Dr. Walter Pope.—About 1689.

687.—A BLESSING.

Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety always hover round her:
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much loved;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, *Died* 1685.

688.—PARTING.

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, *Died* 1685.

689.—PICTURE OF A WITCH.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seemed wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of the way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, *Died* 1685.

690.—SONG.

Come, all ye youths whose hearts o'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride,
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrow knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew;
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That 's very lovely, very kind,
Though bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think on my fate and shun her snares.

Thomas Otway.—Born 1651, *Died* 1685.

691.—DESCRIPTION OF MORNING.

Wish'd Morning 's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Thomas Otway.—About 1689.

692.—SPEECH.

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

693.—LOVE.

I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

694.—SELF-MURDER.

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Nathaniel Lee.—About 1689.

695.—WISHES FOR OBSCURITY.

How miserable a thing is a great man,
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commérce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh, wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

696.—PASSIONS.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

697.—LOVE IN WOMEN.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

698.—INCONSTANCY OF THE MULTITUDE.

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the Adored, revolt at last;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

699.—WARRIORS.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

John Crowne.—About 1665.

700.—INCONSTANCY OF LOVE.

How long must women wish in vain
A constant love to find?
No art can fickle man retain,
Or fix a roving mind.

Yet fondly we ourselves deceive,
And empty hopes pursue:
Though false to others, we believe
They will to us prove true.

But oh! the torment to discern
A perjured lover gone;
And yet by sad experience learn
That we must still love on.

How strangely are we fool'd by fate,
Who tread the maze of love;
When most desirous to retreat,
We know not how to move.

Thomas Shadwell.—Born 1640, *Died* 1692.

701.—SONG.

Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes his chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he does the world subdue;
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.

Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain;
You are not free because you're fair,
The boy did not his mother spare:
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart.

Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, *Died* 1694.

702.—SONG.

See, how fair Corinna lies,
Kindly calling with her eyes:
In the tender minute prove her;
Shepherd, why so dull a lover?
Prithee, why so dull a lover?

In her blushes see your shame,—
Anger they with love proclaim;
You too coldly entertain her:
Lay your pipe a little by;
If no other charms you try,
You will never, never gain her.

While the happy minute is,
Court her, you may get a kiss,
May be, favours that are greater:
Leave your piping; to her fly;
When the nymph for love is nigh,
Is it with a tune you treat her?

Dull Amintor! fie, O! fie:
Now your Shepherdess is nigh
Can you pass your time no better?

Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, *Died* 1694.

703.—SONG.

When Phillis watch'd her harmless sheep,
Not one poor lamb was made a prey;
Yet she had cause enough to weep,
Her silly heart did go astray:
Then flying to the neighbouring grove,
She left the tender flock to rove,
And to the winds did breathe her love.
She sought in vain
To ease her pain;
The heedless winds did fan her fire;
Venting her grief
Gave no relief,
But rather did increase desire.
Then sitting with her arms across,
Her sorrows streaming from each eye;
She fix'd her thoughts upon her loss,
And in despair resolved to die.

Sir Geo. Etherege.—Born 1636, *Died* 1694.

704.—SONG.

A curse upon that faithless maid
Who first her sex's liberty betray'd;
Born free as man to love and range,
Till nobler nature did to custom change;
Custom, that dull excuse for fools,
Who think all virtue to consist in rules.

From love our fetters never sprung,
That smiling god, all wanton, gay, and young,
Shows by his wings he cannot be
Confined to artless slavery,
But here and there at random roves,
Not fix'd to glittering courts or shady groves.

Then she that constancy profess'd
Was but a well dissembler at the best,
And that imaginary sway
She seem'd to give in feigning to obey,
Was but the height of prudent art
To deal with greater liberty her heart.

Aphra Behn.—Born 1630, *Died* 1689.

705.—SONG.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
While thine the victor is, and free.

Aphra Behn.—Born 1630, *Died* 1689.

706.—FROM A POEM ENTITLED "AMANDA."

I have an eye for her that's fair,
An ear for her that sings;
Yet don't I care for golden hair,
I scorn the portion lech'ry brings
To bawdy Beauty. I'm a churl,
And hate, though a melodious girl,
Her that is nought but air.

I have a heart for her that's kind,
A lip for her that smiles;
But if her mind be like the wind,
I'd rather foot it twenty miles.

* * *

Is thy voice mellow, is it smart?
Art Venus for thy beauty?
If kind, and tart, and chaste thou art,
I'm bound to do thee duty.
Though, pretty Mall, or bonny Kate,
Hast thou one hair adulterate,
I'm blind, and deaf, and out of heart.

Amanda, thou art kind, well-bred,
Harmonious, sweetly kind:
If thou wilt wed my virgin bed,
And taste my love, thou'rt to my mind;
Take hands, lips, heart, and eyes,
Are all too mean a sacrifice.

N. Hook.—About 1658.

707.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Why, little charmer of the air,
Dost thou in music spend the morn,
While I thus languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn?
Why dost thou sing and hear me cry?
Tell, wanton songster, tell me why.

* * * *

Great to the ear, though small to sight,
The happy lover's dear delight:
Fly to the bowers where such are laid,
And there bestow thy serenade:
Haste thee from sorrow, haste away,
Alas, there's danger in thy stay,
Lest hearing me so oft complain
Should make thee change thy cheerful strain.

* * * *

Then cease, thou charmer of the air,
No more in music spend the morn
With me that languish in despair,
Oppress'd by Cynthia's hate and scorn;
And do not this poor boon deny,
I ask but silence while I die.

Philip Ayres.—About 1689.

708.—ON THE SIGHT OF HIS MISTRESS'S HOUSE.

To view these walls each night I come alone,
And pay my adoration to the stone;
Whence joy and peace are influenced on me,
For 'tis the temple of my deity.

As nights and days an anxious wretch by stealth
Creeps out to view the place which hoards his wealth,
So to this house, that keeps from me my heart,
I come, look, traverse, weep, and then depart.

Philip Ayres.—About 1689.

709.—THE YOUNG MAN'S WISH.

If I could but attain my wish,
I'd have each day one wholesome dish,
Of plain meat, or fowl, or fish.

A glass of port, with good old beer.
In winter time a fire burnt clear,
Tobacco, pipes, an easy chair.

In some clean town a snug retreat,
A little garden 'fore my gate,
With thousand pounds a year estate.

After my house expense was clear,
Whatever I could have to spare,
The neighbouring poor should freely share.

To keep content and peace through life,
I'd have a prudent cleanly wife,
Stranger to noise, and eke to strife.

Then I, when blest with such estate,
With such a house, and such a mate,
Would envy not the worldly great.

Let them for noisy honours try,
Let them seek worldly praise, while I
Unnoticèd would live and die.

But since dame Fortune's not thought fit
To place me in affluence, yet
I'll be content with what I get.

He's happiest far whose humble mind,
Is unto Providence resigned,
And thinketh Fortune always kind.

Then I will strive to bound my wish,
And take, instead of fowl and fish,
Whate'er is thrown into my dish.

Instead of wealth and fortune great,
Garden and house and loving mate,
I'll rest content in servile state.

I'll from each folly strive to fly,
Each virtue to attain I'll try,
And live as I would wish to die.

Anonymous.—Before 1689

710.—THE MIDNIGHT MESSENGER.

DEATH.

Thou wealthy man of large possessions here,
Amounting to some thousand pounds a year,
Extorted by oppression from the poor,
The time is come that thou shalt be no more;
Thy house therefore in order set with speed,
And call to mind how you your life do lead.
Let true repentance be thy chiefest care,
And for another world now, *now* prepare.
For notwithstanding all your heaps of gold,
Your lands and lofty buildings manifold,
Take notice you must die this very day;
And therefore kiss your bags and come away.

RICH MAN.

(He started straight and turned his head aside,
Where seeing pale-faced Death, aloud he cried),
Lean famished slave! why do you threaten so.
Whence come you, pray, and whither must I go?

DEATH.

I come from ranging round the universe,
Through courts and kingdoms far and near I pass,
Where rich and poor, distressèd, bond and free,
Fall soon or late a sacrifice to me.
From crownèd kings, to captives bound in chains
My power reaches, sir; the longest reigns
That ever were, I put a period to;
And now I'm come in fine to conquer you.

RICH MAN.

I can't nor won't believe that you, pale Death,
Were sent this day to stop my vital breath,
By reason I in perfect health remain,
Free from diseases, sorrow, grief, and pain;
No heavy heart, nor fainting fits have I,
And do you say that I am drawing nigh
The latter minute? sure it cannot be;
Depart, therefore, you are not sent for me!

DEATH.

Yes, yes, I am, for did you never know,
The tender grass and pleasant flowers that grow
Perhaps one minute, are the next cut down?
And so is man, though famed with high renown.
Have you not heard the doleful passing bell
Ring out for those that were alive and well
The other day, in health and pleasure too,
And had as little thoughts of death as you?
For let me tell you, when my warrant's sealed,
The sweetest beauty that the earth doth yield
At my approach shall turn as pale as lead;
'Tis I that lay them on their dying bed.
I kill with dropsy, phthisic, stone, and gout;
But when my raging fevers fly about,
I strike the man, perhaps, but over-night,
Who hardly lives to see the morning light;
I'm sent each hour like to a nimble page,
To infants, hoary heads, and middle age;
Time after time I sweep the world quite through;
Then it's in vain to think I'll favour you.

RICH MAN.

Proud Death, you see what awful sway I bear,
For when I frown none of my servants dare
Approach my presence, but in corners hide
Until I am appeased and pacified.
Nay, men of greater rank I keep in awe
Nor did I ever fear the force of law,
But ever did my enemies subdue,
And must I after all submit to you?

DEATH.

'Tis very true, for why, thy daring soul,
Which never could endure the least control,
I'll thrust thee from this earthly tenement,
And thou shalt to another world be sent.

RICH MAN.

What! must I die and leave a vast estate,
Which, with my gold, I purchased but of late?
Besides what I had many years ago?—
What! must my wealth and I be parted so?
If you your darts and arrows must let fly,
Go search the jails, where mourning debtors lie;
Release them from their sorrow, grief, and woe,
For I am rich and therefore loth to go.

DEATH.

I'll search no jails, but the right mark I'll hit;
And though you are unwilling to submit,
Yet die you must, no other friend can do,—
Prepare yourself to go, I'm come for you.
If you had all the world and ten times more,
Yet die you must,—there's millions gone before;
The greatest kings on earth yield and obey,
And at my feet their crowns and sceptres lay:
If crownèd heads and right renownèd peers
Die in the prime and blossoms of their years,
Can you suppose to gain a longer space?
No! I will send you to another place.

RICH MAN.

Oh! stay thy hand and be not so severe,
I have a hopeful son and daughter dear,
All that I beg is but to let me live
That I may them in lawful marriage give:
They being young when I am laid in the grave,
I fear they will be wronged of what they have:
Although of me you will no pity take,
Yet spare me for my little infants' sake.

DEATH.

If such a vain excuse as this might do,
It would be long ere mortals would go through
The shades of death; for every man would find
Something to say that he might stay behind.
Yet, if ten thousand arguments they'd use,
The destiny of dying to excuse,
They'll find it is in vain with me to strive,
For why, I part the dearest friends alive;
Poor parents die, and leave their children small
With nothing to support them here withal,
But the kind hand of gracious Providence,
Who is their father, friend, and sole defence.
Though I have held you long in disrepute,
Yet after all here with a sharp salute
I'll put a period to your days and years,
Causing your eyes to flow with dying tears.

RICH MAN.

[Then with a groan he made this sad complaint]:
My heart is dying, and my spirits faint;
To my close chamber let me be conveyed;
Farewell, false world, for thou hast me betrayed.
Would I had never wronged the fatherless,
Nor mourning widows when in sad distress;
Would I had ne'er been guilty of that sin,
Would I had never known what gold had been;
For by the same my heart was drawn away
To search for gold: but now this very day
I find it is but like a slender reed,
Which fails me most when most I stand in need;

For, woe is me! the time is come at last,
Now I am on a bed of sorrow cast,
Where in lamenting tears I weeping lie,
Because my sins make me afraid to die:
Oh! Death, be pleased to spare me yet awhile,
That I to God myself may reconcile,
For true repentance some small time allow;
I never feared a future state till now!
My bags of gold and land I'd freely give,
For to obtain the favour here to live,
Until I have a sure foundation laid.
Let me not die before my peace be made!

DEATH.

Thou hast not many minutes here to stay,
Lift up your heart to God without delay,
Implore his pardon now for what is past,
Who knows but He may save your soul at last?

RICH MAN.

I'll water now with tears my dying bed,
Before the Lord my sad complaint I'll spread,
And if He will vouchsafe to pardon me,
To die and leave this world I could be free.
False world! false world, farewell! farewell! adieu!
I find, I find, there is no trust in you!
For when upon a dying bed we lie,
Your gilded baits are naught but misery.
My youthful son and loving daughter dear,
Take warning by your dying father here;
Let not the world deceive you at this rate,
For fear a sad repentance comes too late.
Sweet babes, I little thought the other day,
I should so suddenly be snatched away
By Death, and leave you weeping here behind;
But life 's a most uncertain thing, I find.
When in the grave my head is lain full low,
Pray let not folly prove your overthrow;
Serve ye the Lord, obey his holy will,
That He may have a blessing for you still.
[Having saluted them, he turned aside,
These were the very words before he died]:

A painful life I ready am to leave,
Wherefore, in mercy, Lord, my soul receive.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

711.—SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

PART I.

This Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay;
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such,—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff,
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say,
That to the dust
Return thou must.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

PART II.

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the plant of great renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Doth juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's flower?
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, allays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys,
What virtue flows
From Sharon's rose.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow,
Your pains in outward means are so,
Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Thus smoke, like burning incense, towers,
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies.
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Ralph Erskine.—About 1750.

712.—THE CATHOLICK.

I hold as faith
What *Rome's* church saith
Where the *King 's* head
The flock 's misled

What *England's church* allows
My conscience disavows
That *church* can have no shame
That holds the *Pope* supreme.

Where the *altar's* drest
There's service scarce divine
The people 's blest With table, bread, and wine.
He's but an asse Who the *communion* flies
Who shuns the *masse* Is *catholick* and wise.

Anonymous.—1655.

713.—THE THREE KNIGHTS.

There did three knights come from the west,
With the high and the lily oh!
And these three knights courted one ladye,
As the rose was so sweetly blown.

The first knight came was all in white,
And asked of her if she'd be his delight.

The next knight came was all in green,
And asked of her if she'd be his queen.

The third knight came was all in red,
And asked of her if she would wed.

"Then have you asked of my father dear?
Likewise of her who did me bear?

And have you asked of my brother John?
And also of my sister Anne?"

"Yes, I've asked of your father dear,
Likewise of her who did you bear.

And I've asked of your sister Anne,
But I have not asked of your brother John."

Far on the road as they rode along,
There did they meet with her brother John.

She stoopèd low to kiss him sweet,
He to her heart did a dagger meet.

"Ride on, ride on," cried the servingman,
"Methinks your bride she looks wondrous wan."

"I wish I were on yonder stile,
For there I would sit and bleed awhile.

I wish I were on yonder hill,
There I'd alight and make my will."

"What would you give to your father dear?"
"The gallant steed which doth me bear."

"What would you give to your mother dear?"
"My wedding shift which I do wear;

But she must wash it very clean,
For my heart's blood sticks in every seam."

"What would you give to your sister Anne?"
"My gay gold ring, and my feathered fan."

"What would you give to your brother John?"
"A rope, and a gallows to hang him on."

"What would you give to your brother John's wife?"
"A widow's weeds, and a quiet life."

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

714.—THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BEDNALL GREEN.

PART I.

This song 's of a beggar who long lost his sight,
And had a fair daughter, most pleasant and bright,
And many a gallant brave suitor had she,
And none was so comely as pretty Bessee.

And though she was of complexion most fair,
And seeing she was but a beggar his heir,
Of ancient housekeepers despisèd was she,
Whose sons came as suitors to pretty Bessee.

Wherefore in great sorrow fair Bessee did say:
"Good father and mother, let me now go away,
To seek out my fortune, whatever it be."
This suit then was granted to pretty Bessee.

This Bessee, that was of a beauty most bright,
They clad in grey russet; and late in the night
From father and mother alone parted she,
Who sighèd and sobbèd for pretty Bessee.

She went till she came to Stratford-at-Bow,
Then she knew not whither or which way to go,
With tears she lamented her sad destiny;
So sad and so heavy was pretty Bessee.

She kept on her journey until it was day,
And went unto Rumford, along the highway;
And at the King's Arms entertainèd was she,
So fair and well-favourd was pretty Bessee.

She had not been there one month at an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant that once did her see,
Was straightway in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daily her love they extolled:
Her beauty was blasèd in every degree,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.



THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BEDNALL GREEN.

"Then bespoke the blind beggar, 'Although she is poor,
Rail not against my child at my own door,
Tho' she be not deckèd in velvets and pearl,
Yet will I drop angels with thee for my girl.'"

[From 714.

The young men of Rumford in her had their joy,
She showed herself courteous, but never too coy,
And at their commandment still she would be,
So fair and so comely was pretty Bessee.

Four suitors at once unto her did go,
They crav'd her favour, but still she said no;
"I would not have gentlemen marry with me!"
Yet ever they honour'd pretty Bessee.

Now one of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguised in the night;
The second, a gentleman of high degree,
Who woo'd and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withal;
Her master's own son the fourth man must be,
Who swore he would die for pretty Bessee.

"If that thou wilt marry with me," quoth the knight,
"I'll make thee a lady with joy and delight;
My heart is enthrall'd in thy fair beauty,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee."

The gentleman said, "Come, marry with me,
In silks and in velvet my Bessee shall be;
My heart lies distracted, oh! hear me," quoth he,
"And grant me thy love, my dear pretty Bessee."

"Let me be thy husband," the merchant did say,
"Thou shalt live in London most gallant and gay;
My ships shall bring home rich jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee."

Then Bessee she sigh'd and thus she did say:
"My father and mother I mean to obey;
First get their good will, and be faithful to me,
And you shall enjoy your dear pretty Bessee."

To every one of them that answer she made,
Therefore unto her they joyfully said:
"This thing to fulfil we all now agree,
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?"

"My father," quoth she, "is soon to be seen:
The silly blind beggar of Bednall Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,
He is the kind father of pretty Bessee.

His marks and his token are known full well,
He always is led by a dog and a bell;
A poor silly old man, God knoweth is he,
Yet he's the true father of pretty Bessee."

"Nay, nay," quoth the merchant, "thou art not for me."
"She," quoth the innholder, "my wife shall not be."
"I loathe," said the gentleman, "a beggar's degree,
Therefore, now farewell, my pretty Bessee."

"Why, then," quoth the knight, "hap better or worse,
I weigh not true love by the weight of the purse,
And beauty is beauty in every degree,
Then welcome to me, my dear pretty Bessee."

With thee to thy father forthwith I will go."
"Nay, forbear," quoth his kinsman, "it must not be so;
A poor beggar's daughter a lady shan't be;
Then take thy adieu of thy pretty Bessee."

As soon then as it was break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away;
The young men of Rumford, so sick as may be,
Rode after to fetch again pretty Bessee.

As swift as the wind to ride they were seen,
Until they came near unto Bednall Green,
And as the knight lighted most courteously,
They fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescue came presently over the plain,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slain;
The fray being ended, they straightway did see
His kinsman come railing at pretty Bessee.

Then bespoke the blind beggar, "Although I be poor,
Rail not against my child at my own door,
Though she be not deck'd in velvet and pearl,
Yet I will drop angels with thee for my girl;

And then if my gold should better her birth,
And equal the gold you lay on the earth,
Then neither rail you, nor grudge you to see,
The blind beggar's daughter a lady to be.

But first, I will hear, and have it well known,
The gold that you drop it shall be all your own."
With that they replied, "Contented we be!"
"Then here 's," quoth the beggar, "for pretty Bessee!"

With that an angel he dropped on the ground,
And dropp'd, in angels, full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes it proved most plain,
For the gentleman's one, the beggar dropped twain;

So that the whole place wherein they did sit,
With gold was coverèd every whit.
The gentleman having dropped all his store,
Said, "Beggar! your hand hold, for I have no more."

"Thou hast fulfillèd thy promise aright,
Then marry my girl," quoth he to the knight;
"And then," quoth he, "I will throw you down,
An hundred pounds more to buy her a gown."

The gentlemen all, who his treasure had seen,
Admirèd the beggar of Bednall Green;
And those that had been her suitors before,
Their tender flesh for anger they tore.

Thus was the fair Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a lady in others' despite.
A fairer lady there never was seen
Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bednall Green.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
And what fine lords and ladies there prest,
The second part shall set forth to your sight,
With marvellous pleasure and wished-for delight.

Of a blind beggar's daughter so bright,
That late was betrothed to a young knight,
All the whole discourse therefore you may see:
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

PART II.

It was in a gallant palace most brave,
Adornèd with all the cost they could have,
This wedding it was kept most sumptuously,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.

And all kind of dainties and delicates sweet,
Was brought to their banquet, as it was thought meet,
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

The wedding through England was spread by report,
So that a great number thereto did resort
Of nobles and gentles of every degree,
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then away went this gallant young knight,
His bride followed after, an angel most bright,
With troops of ladies, the like was ne'er seen,
As went with sweet Bessee of Bednall Green.

This wedding being solemnized then,
With music performèd by skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentlemen down at the side,
Each one beholding the beautiful bride.

But after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talk and to reason a number begun,
And of the blind beggar's daughter most bright;
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spoke the nobles, "Much marvel have we
This jolly blind beggar we cannot yet see!"
"My lords," quoth the bride, "my father so base
Is loth with his presence these states to disgrace."

"The praise of a woman in question to bring,
Before her own face is a flattering thing;
But we think thy father's baseness," quoth they,
"Might by thy beauty be clean put away."

They no sooner this pleasant word spoke,
But in comes the beggar in a silken cloak,
A velvet cap and a feather had he,
And now a musician, forsooth, he would be.

And being led in from catching of harm,
He had a dainty lute under his arm,
Said, "Please you to hear any music of me,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee."

With that his lute he twangèd straightway,
And thereon began most sweetly to play,
And after a lesson was played two or three,
He strained out this song most delicately:—

"A beggar's daughter did dwell on a green,
Who for her beauty may well be a queen,
A blithe bonny lass, and dainty was she,
And many one callèd her pretty Bessee.

Her father he had no goods nor no lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands,
And yet for her marriage gave thousands three,
Yet still he hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And here if any one do her disdain,
Her father is ready with might and with main
To prove she is come of noble degree,
Therefore let none flout at my pretty Bessee."

With that the lords and the company round
With a hearty laughter were ready to swound,
At last said the lords, "Full well we may see,
The bride and the bridegroom's beholden to thee."

With that the fair bride all blushing did rise,
With crystal water all in her bright eyes,
"Pardon my father, brave nobles," quoth she,
"That through blind affection thus doats upon me."

"If this be thy father," the nobles did say,
"Well may he be proud of this happy day,
Yet by his countenance well may we see,
His birth with his fortune could never agree;

And therefore, blind beggar, we pray thee bewray,
And look to us then the truth thou dost say,
Thy birth and thy parentage what it may be,
E'en for the love thou bearest pretty Bessee."

"Then give me leave, ye gentles each one,
A song more to sing and then I'll begone,
And if that I do not win good report,
Then do not give me one groat for my sport:—

When first our king his fame did advance,
And sought his title in delicate France,
In many places great perils passed he;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And at those wars went over to fight
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knight,
And with them young Monford of courage so free;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And there did young Monford with a blow on the face
Lose both his eyes in a very short space;
His life had been gone away with his sight,
Had not a young woman gone forth in the night.

Among the said men, her fancy did move,
To search and to seek for her own true love,
Who seeing young Monford there gasping to die,
She savèd his life through her charity.

And then all our victuals in beggar's attire,
At the hands of good people we then did require;
At last into England, as now it is seen,
We came, and remainèd in Bednall Green.

And thus we have livèd in Fortune's despite,
Though poor, yet contented with humble delight,
And in my old years, a comfort to me,
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee.

And thus, ye nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping by the same no man to offend;
Full forty long winters thus I have been
A silly blind beggar of Bednall Green."

Now when the company, every one,
Did hear the strange tale he told in his song,
They were amazèd, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee.

With that the fair bride they all did embrace,
Saying, "You are come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of high degree,
And thou art right worthy a lady to be."

Thus was the feast ended with joy and delight,
A happy bridegroom was made the young knight,
Who lived in great joy and felicity
With his fair lady, dear pretty Bessee.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

715.—LORD DELAWARE.

In the Parliament House, a great rout has been there,
Betwixt our good King and the Lord Delaware:
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
"Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon?"

"What's your boon," says the King, "now let me understand?"
"It's, give me all the poor men we've starving in this land;
And without delay I'll hie me to Lincolnshire,
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed, and hang them all there.

For with hempen cord it's better to stop each poor man's breath,
Than with famine you should see your subjects starve to death."
Up starts a Dutch Lord, who to Delaware did say,
"Thou deserves to be stabbed!" then he turned himself away;

"Thou deserves to be stabbed, and the dogs have thine ears,
For insulting our King in this Parliament of peers."
Up sprang a Welsh Lord, the brave Duke of Devonshire,
"In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight this Dutch Lord, my sire;

For he is in the right, and I'll make it so appear:
Him I dare to single combat, for insulting Delaware."
A stage was soon erected, and to combat they went,
For to kill, or to be killed, it was either's full intent.

But the very first flourish, when the heralds gave command,
The sword of brave Devonshire bent backward on his hand;
In suspense he paused awhile, scanned his foe before he strake,
Then against the King's armour, his ben sword he brake.

Then he sprang from the stage, to a soldier in the ring,
Saying, "Lend your sword, that to an end this tragedy we bring:
Though he's fighting me in armour, while I am fighting bare,
Even more than this I'd venture for young Lord Delaware."

Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler now resounds,
Till he left the Dutch Lord a bleeding in his wounds:

This seeing, cries the King to his guards without delay,
"Call Devonshire down,—take the dead man away!"

"No," says brave Devonshire, "I've fought him as a man,
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have won;
For he fought me in your armour, while I fought him bare,
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear."

God bless the Church of England, may it prosper on each hand,
And also every poor man now starving in this land;
And while I pray success may crown our King upon his throne,
I'll wish that every poor man may long enjoy his own.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

716.—THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth, we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding-day,
A young farmer chosen to give her away;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamèd her heart; "O, my heart!" she did cry.

She turned from the squire, but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
The thought of the farmer soon run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and breeches she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun:
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart she did love him full well:

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she killed,
At length the young farmer came into the field;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

"I thought you had been at the wedding," she cried
"To wait on the squire, and give him his bride."

"No, sir," said the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

"Suppose that the lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival will prove."
"Why, then," says the farmer, "I'll take sword in hand,
By honour I'll gain her when she shall command."

It pleasèd the lady to find him so bold;
She gave him a glove that was flowered with gold,
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

The lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove;
And said, "Who has found it, and brings it to me,
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With heart full of joy to the lady he goes:
"Dear honoured lady, I've picked up your glove,
And hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."

"It's already granted, I will be your bride;
I love the sweet breath of a farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, and milking my cow,
While my jolly brisk farmer is whistling at plough."

And when she was married she told of her fun,
How she went a hunting with her dog and gun:
"And now I've got him so fast in my snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare!"

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

717.—KING JAMES I. AND THE TINKLER.

And now, to be brief, let's pass over the rest,
Who seldom or never were given to jest,
And come to King Jamie, the first of our throne,
A pleasanter monarch sure never was known.

As he was a hunting the swift fallow-deer,
He dropped all his nobles; and when he got clear,
In hope of some pastime away he did ride,
Till he came to an alehouse, hard by a wood-side.

And there with a tinkler he happened to meet,
And him in kind sort he so freely did greet:
"Pray thee, good fellow, what hast in thy jug,
Which under thy arm thou dost lovingly hug?"

"By the mass!" quoth the tinkler, "it's nappy brown ale,
And for to drink to thee, friend, I will not fail;
For although thy jacket looks gallant and fine,
I think that my twopence as good is as thine."

"By my soul! honest fellow, the truth thou hast spoke,"
And straight he sat down with the tinkler to joke;
They drank to the King, and they pledged to each other;
Who'd seen 'em had thought they were brother and brother.

As they were a-drinking the King pleased to say,
"What news, honest fellow? come tell me, I pray."
"There's nothing of news, beyond that I hear
The King's on the border a-chasing the deer.

And truly I wish I so happy may be,
Whilst he is a-hunting, the King I might see;
For although I've travelled the land many ways,
I never have yet seen a King in my days."

The King, with a hearty brisk laughter, replied,
"I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King."

"But he'll be surrounded with nobles so gay,
And how shall we tell him from them, sir, I pray?"
"Thou'lt easily ken him when once thou art there;
The King will be covered, his nobles all bare."

He got up behind him, and likewise his sack,
His budget of leather, and tools at his back;
They rode till they came to the merry greenwood,
His nobles came round him, bareheaded they stood.

The tinkler then seeing so many appear,
He slily did whisper the King in his ear:
Saying, "They're all clothed so gloriously gay,
But which amongst them is the King, sir, I pray?"

The King did with hearty good laughter, reply,
"By my soul! my good fellow, it's thou or it's I!
The rest are bareheaded, uncovered all round."—
With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground,

Like one that was frightened quite out of his wits,
Then on his knees he instantly gets,
Beseeching for mercy; the King to him said,
"Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

Come tell thy name?" "I am John of the Dale,
A mender of kettles, a lover of ale."
"Rise up, Sir John, I will honour thee here,—
I make thee a knight of three thousand a year!"

This was a good thing for the tinkler indeed;
Then unto the court he was sent for with speed,
Where great store of pleasure and pastime was seen,
In the royal presence of King and of Queen.

Sir John of the Dale he has land, he has fee,
At the court of the king who so happy as he?
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinkler's old sack,
And the budget of tools which he bore at his back.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

718.—THE KEACH I' THE CREEL.

A fair young May went up the street,
Some white fish for to buy;
And a bonny clerk's fa'n i' luve wi' her,
And he's followed her by and by, by,
And he's followed her by and by.

"O! where live ye my bonny lass,
I pray thee tell to me;
For gin the nicht were ever sae mirk,
I wad come and visit thee, thee;
I wad come and visit thee."

"O! my father he aye locks the door,
My mither keeps the key;
And gin ye were ever sic a wily wicht,
Ye canna win in to me, me;
Ye canna win in to me."

But the clerk he had se true brother,
And a wily wicht was he;
And he has made a lang ladder,
Was thirty steps and three, three;
Was thirty steps and three.

He has made a cleek but and a creel—
A creel but and a pin;
And he's away to the chimley-top,
And he's letten the bonny clerk in, in;
And he's letten the bonny clerk in

The auld wife, being not asleep,
Tho' late, late was the hour;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man i' our dochter's bower, bower;
There's a man i' our dochter's bower."

The auld man he gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But she's ta'en the bonny clerk in her arms,
And covered him owre wi' blue, blue;
And covered him owre wi' blue.

"O! where are ye gaun now, father?" she says,
"And where are ye gaun sae late?
Ye've disturbed me in my evening prayers,
And O! but they were sweit, sweit;
And O! but they were sweit."

"O! ill betide ye, silly auld wife,
And an ill death may ye dee;
She has the muckle buik in her arms,
And she's prayin' for you and me, me;
And she's prayin' for you and me."

The auld wife being not asleep,
Then something mair was said;
"I'll lay my life," quo' the silly auld wife,
"There's a man by our dochter's bed, bed;
There's a man by our dochter's bed."

The auld wife she gat owre the bed,
To see if the thing was true;
But what the wrack took the auld wife's fit?
For into the creel she flew, flew;
For into the creel she flew.

The man that was at the chimley-top,
Finding the creel was fu',
He wrappit the rape round his left shouther,
And fast to him he drew, drew;
And fast to him he drew.

"O, help! O, help! O, hinny, noo, help!
O, help! O, hinny, do!
For *him* that ye aye wished me at,
He's carryin' me off just noo, noo;
He's carryin' me off just noo."

"O! if the foul thief's gotten ye,
I wish he may keep his haud;
For a' the lee lang winter nicht,
Ye'll never lie in your bed, bed;
Ye'll never lie in your bed."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's towed her through an' through;
"O, Gude! assist," quo' the silly auld wife,
"For I'm just departin' noo, noo;
For I'm just departin' noo."

He's towed her up, he's towed her down,
He's gien her a richt down fa',
Till every rib i' the auld wife's side,
Played nick nack on the wa', wa';
Played nick nack on the wa'.

O! the blue, the bonny, bonny blue,
And I wish the blue may do weel;
And every auld wife that's sae jealous o' her dochter,
May she get a good keach i' the creel, creel;
May she get a good keach i' the creel!

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

719.—SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN.

There came three men out of the West,
Their victory to try;
And they have taken a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and ploughed him in,
And harrowed clods on his head;
And then they took a solemn oath,
Poor Barleycorn was dead.

There he lay sleeping in the ground,
Till rain from the sky did fall:
Then Barleycorn sprung up his head,
And so amazed them all.

There he remained till Midsummer,
And looked both pale and wan;
Then Barleycorn he got a beard,
And so became a man.

Then they sent men with scythes so sharp,
To cut him off at knee;
And then poor little Barleycorn,
They served him barbarously.

Then they sent men with pitchforks strong
To pierce him through the heart;
And like a dreadful tragedy,
They bound him to a cart.

And then they brought him to a barn,
A prisoner to endure;
And so they fetched him out again,
And laid him on the floor.

Then they set men with holly clubs,
To beat the flesh from his bones;
But the miller he served him worse than that,
For he ground him betwixt two stones.

O! Barleycorn is the choicest grain
That ever was sown on land;
It will do more than any grain,
By the turning of your hand.

It will make a boy into a man,
And a man into an ass;
It will change your gold into silver,
And your silver into brass.

It will make the huntsman hunt the fox,
That never wound his horn;
It will bring the tinker to the stocks,
That people may him scorn.

It will put sack into a glass,
And claret in the can;
And it will cause a man to drink
Till he neither can go nor stand.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

720.—THE NOBLEMAN'S GENEROUS KINDNESS.

A nobleman lived in a village of late,
Hard by a poor thrasher, whose charge it was great;
For he had seven children, and most of them small,
And nought but his labour to support them withal.

He never was given to idle and lurk,
For this nobleman saw him go daily to work,
With his flail and his bag, and his bottle of beer,
As cheerful as those that have hundreds a year.

Thus careful, and constant, each morning he went,
Unto his daily labour with joy and content;
So jocular and jolly he'd whistle and sing,
As blithe and as brisk as the birds in the spring.

One morning, this nobleman taking a walk,
He met this poor man, and he freely did talk;
He asked him [at first] many questions at large,
And then began talking concerning his charge.

"Thou hast many children, I very well know,
Thy labour is hard, and thy wages are low,
And yet thou art cheerful; I pray tell me true,
How can you maintain them as well as you do?"

"I carefully carry home what I do earn,
My daily expenses by this I do learn;
And find it is possible, though we be poor,
To still keep the ravenous wolf from the door.

"I reap and I mow, and I harrow and sow,
Sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
No work comes amiss, for I thrash, and I plough,
Thus my bread I do earn by the sweat of my brow.

"My wife she is willing to pull in a yoke,
We live like two lambs, nor each other provoke;
We both of us strive, like the labouring ant,
And do our endeavours to keep us from want.

"And when I come home from my labour at night,
To my wife and my children, in whom I delight;
To see them come round me with prattling noise,—
Now these are the riches a poor man enjoys.

"Though I am as weary as weary may be,
The youngest I commonly dance on my knee;
I find that content is a moderate feast,
I never repine at my lot in the least."

Now the nobleman hearing what he did say,
Was pleased, and invited him home the next day;
His wife and his children he charged him to bring;
In token of favour he gave him a ring.

He thanked his honour, and taking his leave,
He went to his wife, who would hardly believe
But this same story himself he might raise;
Yet seeing the ring she was [lost] in amaze.

Betimes in the morning the good wife she arose,
And made them all fine, in the best of their clothes;
The good man with his good wife, and children small,
They all went to dine at the nobleman's hall.

But when they came there, as truth does report,
All things were prepared in a plentiful sort;
And they at the nobleman's table did dine,
With all kinds of dainties, and plenty of wine.

The feast being over, he soon let them know,
That he then intended on them to bestow
A farm-house, with thirty good acres of land;
And gave them the writings then, with his own hand.

"Because thou art careful, and good to thy wife,
I'll make thy days happy the rest of thy life;
It shall be for ever, for thee and thy heirs,
Because I beheld thy industrious cares."

No tongue then is able in full to express
The depth of their joy, and true thankfulness;
With many a curtsey, and bow to the ground,—
Such noblemen there are but few to be found.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

721.—THE BRAVE EARL BRAND AND THE KING OF ENGLAND'S DAUGHTER.

O did you ever hear of the brave Earl Brand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
He's courted the king's daughter o' fair England,
I' the brave nights so early!

She was scarcely fifteen years that tide,
When sae boldly she came to his bed-side.

"O, Earl Brand, how fain wad I see
A pack of hounds let loose on the lea."

"O, lady fair, I have no steed but one,
But thou shalt ride and I will run."

"O, Earl Brand, but my father has two,
And thou shalt have the best of tho'."

Now they have ridden o'er moss and moor,
And they have met neither rich nor poor;

Till at last they met with old Carl Hood,
He's aye for ill, and never for good.

"Now Earl Brand, an ye love me,
Slay this old Carl and gar him dee."

"O, lady fair, but that would be sair,
To slay an auld Carl that wears grey hair.

My own lady fair, I'll not do that,
I'll pay him his fee . . . . ."

"O, where have ye ridden this lee lang day,
And where have ye stown this fair lady away?"

"I have not ridden this lee lang day,
Nor yet have I stown this lady away;

For she is, I trow, my sick sister,
Whom I have been bringing fra' Winchester."

"If she's been sick, and nigh to dead,
What makes her wear the ribbon so red?

If she's been sick, and like to die,
What makes her wear the gold sae high?"

When came the Carl to the lady's yett,
He rudely, rudely rapped thereat.

"Now where is the lady of this hall?"
"She's out with her maids a playing at the ball."

"Ha, ha, ha! ye are all mista'en,
Ye may count your maidens owre again.

I met her far beyond the lea
With the young Earl Brand his leman to be."

Her father of his best men armed fifteen,
And they're ridden after them bidene.

The lady looked owre her left shoulder then,
Says "O Earl Brand we are both of us ta'en."

"If they come on me one by one,
You may stand by till the fights be done;

But if they come on me one and all,
You may stand by and see me fall."

They came upon him one by one,
Till fourteen battles he has won;

And fourteen men he has them slain,
Each after each upon the plain.

But the fifteenth man behind stole round,
And dealt him a deep and a deadly wound.

Though he was wounded to the deid,
He set his lady on her steed.

They rode till they came to the river Doune,
And there they lighted to wash his wound.

"O, Earl Brand, I see your heart's blood!"
"It's nothing but the glent and my scarlet hood."

They rode till they came to his mother's yett,
So faint and feebly he rapped thereat.

"O, my son 's slain, he is falling to swoon,
And it's all for the sake of an English loon."

"O, say not so, my dearest mother,
But marry her to my youngest brother—

"To a maiden true he'll give his hand,
Hey lillie, ho lillie lallie;
To the king's daughter o' fair England,
To a prize that was won by a slain brother's brand,
I' the brave nights so early!"

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

722.—THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE.

Old Sir Robert Bolton had three sons,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And one of them was Sir Ryalas,
For he was a jovial hunter.

He ranged all round down by the wood side,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter,
Till in a tree-top a gay lady he spied,
For he was a jovial hunter.

"Oh, what dost thee mean, fair lady," said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"The wild boar 's killed my lord, and has thirty men gored,
And thou beest a jovial hunter."

"Oh, what shall I do this wild boar for to see?"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, thee blow a blast and he'll come unto thee,
As thou beest a jovial hunter."

Then he blowed a blast, full north, east, west, and south,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar then heard him full in his den,
As he was a jovial hunter.

Then he made the best of his speed unto him,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
[Swift flew the boar, with his tusks smeared with gore],
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him along,
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

"Oh, what dost thee want of me?" wild boar, said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, I think in my heart I can do enough for thee,
For I am the jovial hunter."

Then they fought four hours in a long summer day,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till the wild boar fain would have got him away
From Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broadsword with might,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly cut the boar's head off quite,
For he was a jovial hunter.

Then out of the wood the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"Oh, my pretty spotted pig thou hast slew,
For thou beest a jovial hunter.

"There are three things, I demand them of thee,"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay lady,
As thou beest a jovial hunter."

"If these three things thou dost ask of me,"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree,
For I am a jovial hunter."

Then into his long locks the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till she thought in her heart to tear him through,
Though he was a jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broadsword again,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly split her head into twain,
For he was a jovial hunter.

In Bromsgrove church, the knight he doth lie,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar's head is pictured thereby,
Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Anonymous.—Before 1649.

723.—LADY ALICE.

Lady Alice was sitting in her bower window,
At midnight mending her quoif;
And there she saw as fine a corpse
As ever she saw in her life.

"What bear ye, what bear ye, ye six men tall?
What bear ye on your shoulders?"
"We bear the corpse of Giles Collins,
An old and true lover of yours."

"O lay him down gently, ye six men tall,
All on the grass so green,
And to-morrow when the sun goes down,
Lady Alice a corpse shall be seen.

"And bury me in Saint Mary's Church,
All for my love so true;
And make me a garland of marjoram,
And of lemon thyme, and rue."

Giles Collins was buried all in the east,
Lady Alice all in the west;
And the roses that grew on Giles Collins's grave,
They reached Lady Alice's breast.

The priest of the parish he chanced to pass,
And he severed those roses in twain.
Sure never were seen such true lovers before,
Nor e'er will there be again.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

724.—THE USEFUL PLOW.

A country life is sweet!
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air, how pleasant and fair!
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow;
To that I say, no courtier may
Compare with they who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plow.

They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark;
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing,
On each green, tender bough.
With what content, and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plow.

The gallant that dresses fine,
And drinks his bottles of wine,
Were he to be tried, his feathers of pride,
Which deck and adorn his back,
Are tailors' and mercers', and other men dressers,

For which they do dun them now.
But Ralph and Will no compters fill
For tailor's bill, or garments still,
But follow the useful plow.

Their hundreds, without remorse,
Some spend to keep dogs and horse,
Who never would give, as long as they live,
Not two-pence to help the poor;
Their wives are neglected, and harlots respected;
This grieves the nation now;
But 'tis not so with us that go
Where pleasures flow, to reap and mow,
And follow the useful plow.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

725.—THE FARMER'S BOY.

The sun had set behind yon hills,
Across yon dreary moor,
Weary and lame, a boy there came
Up to a farmer's door:
"Can you tell me if any there be
That will give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?

"My father is dead, and mother is left
With five children, great and small;
And what is worse for mother still,
I'm the oldest of them all.
Though little, I'll work as hard as a Turk,
If you'll give me employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

"And if that you won't me employ,
One favour I've to ask,—
Will you shelter me till break of day,
From this cold winter's blast?
At break of day, I'll trudge away
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plow and sow, and reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

"Come, try the lad," the mistress said,
"Let him no further seek."
"O, do, dear father!" the daughter cried,
While tears ran down her cheek:
"He'd work if he could, so 'tis hard to want food,
And wander for employ;
Don't turn him away, but let him stay,
And be a farmer's boy."

And when the lad became a man,
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter for his bride.
The lad that was, the farm now has.
Oft smiles and thinks with joy
Of the lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

726.—THE MOW.

Now our work 's done, thus we feast,
After labour comes our rest;
Joy shall reign in every breast,
And right welcome is each guest:
After harvest merrily,
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest that heaps up the mow.

Now the plowman he shall plow,
And shall whistle as he go,
Whether it be fair or blow,
For another barley mow,
O'er the furrow merrily:
Merrily, merrily, will we sing now,
After the harvest, the fruit of the plow.

Toil and plenty, toil and ease,
Still the husbandman he sees;
Whether when the winter freeze,
Or in summer's gentle breeze;
Still he labours merrily,
Merrily, merrily, after the plow,
He looks to the harvest, that gives us the mow.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

727.—THE HITCHIN MAY-DAY SONG.

Remember us poor Mayers all!
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all the night,
And almost all the day;
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands:
It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain;
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light,
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

728.—THE HAYMAKER'S SONG.

In the merry month of June,
In the prime time of the year;
Down in yonder meadows
There runs a river clear:
And many a little fish
Doth in that river play;
And many a lad, and many a lass,
Go abroad a-making hay.

In come the jolly mowers,
To mow the meadows down;
With budget and with bottle
Of ale, both stout and brown.
All labouring men of courage bold
Come here their strength to try;
They sweat and blow, and cut and mow,
For the grass cuts very dry.

Here's nimble Ben and Tom,
With pitchfork, and with rake;
Here's Molly, Liz, and Susan,
Come here their hay to make.
While sweet, jug, jug, jug!
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning unto even-song,
As they are hay-making.

And when that bright day faded,
And the sun was going down,
There was a merry piper
Approached from the town:
He pulled out his pipe and tabor,
So sweetly he did play,
Which made all lay down their rakes,
And leave off making hay.

Then joining in a dance,
They jig it o'er the green;
Though tired with their labour,
No one less was seen.
But sporting like some fairies,
Their dance they did pursue,
In leading up, and casting off,
Till morning was in view.

And when that bright daylight,
The morning it was come,
They lay down and rested
Till the rising of the sun:
Till the rising of the sun,
When the merry larks do sing,
And each lad did rise and take his lass,
And away to hay-making.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

729.—THE GARDEN-GATE.

The day was spent, the moon shone bright,
The village clock struck eight;
Young Mary hastened with delight,
Unto the garden-gate:
But what was there that made her sad?—
The gate was there, but not the lad,
Which made poor Mary say and sigh,
"Was ever poor girl so sad as I?"

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck nine;
Which made poor Mary sigh, and say,
"You shan't, you shan't be mine!
You promised to meet at the gate at eight,
You ne'er shall keep me, nor make me wait,
For I'll let all such creatures see
They ne'er shall make a fool of me!"

She traced the garden here and there,
The village clock struck ten;
Young William caught her in his arms,
No more to part again:
For he'd been to buy the ring that day,
And O! he had been a long, long way;—
Then, how could Mary cruel prove,
To banish the lad she so dearly did love?

Up with the morning sun they rose,
To church they went away,
And all the village joyful were,
Upon their wedding-day:
Now in a cot, by a river side,
William and Mary both reside;
And she blesses the night that she did wait
For her absent swain, at the garden-gate.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

730.—THE NEW-MOWN HAY.

As I walked forth one summer's morn,
Hard by a river's side,
Where yellow cowslips did adorn
The blushing field with pride,
I spied a damsel on the grass,
More blooming than the may;
Her looks the Queen of Love surpassed,
Among the new-mown hay.

I said, "Good morning, pretty maid,
How came you here so soon?"
"To keep my father's sheep," she said,
"The thing that must be done:
While they are feeding 'mong the dew,
To pass the time away,
I sit me down to knit or sew,
Among the new-mown hay."

Delighted with her simple tale,
I sat down by her side;
With vows of love I did prevail
On her to be my bride:
In strains of simple melody,
She sung a rural lay;
The little lambs stood listening by,
Among the new-mown hay.

Then to the church they went with speed,
And Hymen joined them there;
No more her ewes and lambs to feed,
For she's a lady fair:
A lord he was that married her,
To town they came straightway:
She may bless the day he spied her there,
Among the new-mown hay.

Anonymous.—Before 1689

731.—BEGONE DULL CARE.

Begone dull care!
I prithee begone from me:
Begone dull care!
Thou and I can never agree.
Long while thou hast been tarrying here,
And fain thou wouldst me kill;
But i' faith, dull care,
Thou never shalt have thy will.

Too much care
Will make a young man grey;
Too much care
Will turn an old man to clay.
My wife shall dance, and I will sing,
So merrily pass the day;
For I hold it is the wisest thing,
To drive dull care away.

Hence, dull care,
I'll none of thy company;
Hence, dull care,
Thou art no pair for me.
We'll hunt the wild boar through the wold,
So merrily pass the day;
And then at night, o'er a cheerful bow
We'll drive dull care away.

Anonymous.—Before 1689.

732.—WHEN THE KING COMES HOME IN PEACE AGAIN.

Oxford and Cambridge shall agree,
With honour crown'd, and dignity;
For learned men shall then take place,
And bad be silenced with disgrace:
They'll know it to be but a casualty
That hath so long disturb'd their brain;
For I can surely tell that all things will go well
When the King comes home in peace again.

Church government shall settled be,
And then I hope we shall agree
Without their help, whose high-brain'd zeal
Hath long disturb'd the common weal;
Greed out of date, and cobblers that do prate
Of wars that still disturb their brain;
The which you will see, when the time it shall be
That the King comes home in peace again.

Though many now are much in debt,
And many shops are to be let,
A golden time is drawing near,
Men shops shall take to hold their ware;
And then all our trade shall flourishing be made,
To which ere long we shall attain;
For still I can tell all things will be well
When the King comes home in peace again.

Maidens shall enjoy their mates,
And honest men their lost estates;
Women shall have what they do lack,
Their husbands, who are coming back.
When the wars have an end, then I and my friend
All subjects' freedom shall obtain;
By which I can tell all things will be well
When we enjoy sweet peace again.

Though people now walk in great fear
Along the country everywhere,
Thieves shall then tremble at the law,
And justice shall keep them in awe:
The Frenchies shall flee with their treacherie,
And the foes of the King ashamed remain:
The which you shall see, when the time it shall be
That the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be,
That all the world may plainly see
How they do labour still for peace,
That now these bloody wars may cease;
For they will gladly spend their lives to defend
The King in all his right to reign:
So then I can tell all things will be well
When we enjoy sweet peace again.

When all these things to pass shall come
Then farewell musket, pick, and drum:
The lamb shall with the lion feed,
Which were a happy time indeed.
O let us pray we may all see the day
That peace may govern in his name,
For then I can tell all things will be well
When the King comes home in peace again.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

733.—I LOVE MY KING AND COUNTRY WELL.

I love my King and country well,
Religion and the laws:
Which I'm mad at the heart that e'er we did sell
To buy the good old cause.
These unnatural wars
And brotherly jars
Are no delight or joy to me;
But it is my desire
That the wars should expire,
And the King and his realms agree.

I never yet did take up arms,
And yet I dare to dye;
But I'll not be seduced by phanatical charms
Till I know a reason why.
Why the King and the state
Should fall to debate
I ne'er could yet a reason see,
But I find many one
Why the wars should be done,
And the King and his realms agree.

I love the King and the Parliament,
But I love them both together:
And when they by division asunder are rent,
I know 'tis good for neither.
Whichsoe'er of those
Be victorious,
I'm sure for us no good 'twill be,
For our plagues will increase
Unless we have peace,
And the King and his realms agree.

The King without them can't long stand,
Nor they without the King;
'Tis they must advise, and 'tis he must command,
For their power from his must spring.
'Tis a comfortless sway
When none will obey;
If the King han't his right, which way shall we?
They may vote and make laws,
But no good they will cause
Till the King and his realms agree.

A pure religion I would have,
Not mixt with human wit;
And I cannot endure that each ignorant knave
Should dare to meddle with it.
The tricks of the law
I would fain withdraw,
That it may be alike to each degree:
And I fain would have such
As do meddle so much,
When the King and the Church agree.

We have pray'd and pray'd that the wars might cease,
And we be free men made;
I would fight, if my fighting would bring any peace,
But war is become a trade.
Our servants did ride
With swords by their side,
And made their masters footmen be;
But we'll be no more slaves
To the beggars and knaves
Now the King and the realms do agree.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

734.—THE TUB-PREACHER.

With face and fashion to be known,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck awry and snivelling tone,
And handkerchief from nose new-blown,
And loving cant to sister Joan;
'Tis a new teacher about the town,
Oh! the town's new teacher!

With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry sense as man can speak,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
With hums and haws when stuff 's to seek;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With hair cut shorter than the brow,
With little band, as you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no coat I trow,
With surplice none, nor girdle now,
With hands to thump, nor knees to bow;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
By some outlandish institution,
With Calvin's method and conclusion,
To bring all things into confusion,
And far-stretched sighs for mere illusion;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With threats of absolute damnation,
But certainty of some salvation
To his new sect, not every nation,
With election and reprobation,
And with some use of consolation:
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at door
To hear a sermon and no more,
And women follow him good store,
And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes notes, as bar-boys score,
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With double cap to put his head in,
That looks like a black pot tipp'd with tin;
While with antic gestures he doth gape and grin:
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to cheat their husbands think no sin;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual motions,
And many fine whimsical notions,
With blind zeal and large devotions,
With broaching rebellion and raising commotions,
And poisoning the people with Geneva potions;
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

Samuel Butler.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

735.—THE NEW LITANY.

From an extempore prayer and a godly ditty,
From the churlish government of a city,
From the power of a country committee,
Libera nos, Domine.

From the Turk, the Pope, and the Scottish nation,
From being govern'd by proclamation,
And from an old Protestant, quite out of fashion,
Libera, &c.

From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,
From a fighting priest, and a soldier that preaches,
From an ignoramus that writes, and a woman that teaches,
Libera, &c.

From the doctrine of deposing of a king,
From the *Directory*, or any such thing,
From a fine new marriage without a ring,
Libera, &c.

From a city that yields at the first summons,
From plundering goods, either man or woman's,
Or having to do with the House of Commons,
Libera, &c.

From a stumbling horse that tumbles o'er and o'er,
From ushering a lady, or walking before,
From an English-Irish rebel, newly come o'er,
Libera, &c.

From compounding, or hanging in a silken altar,
From oaths and covenants, and being pounded in a mortar,
From contributions, or free-quarter,
Libera, &c.

From mouldy bread, and musty beer,
From a holiday's fast, and a Friday's cheer,
From a brother-hood, and a she-cavalier,
Libera, &c.

From Nick Neuter, for you, and for you,
From Thomas Turn-coat, that will never prove true,
From a reverend Rabbi that's worse than a Jew,
Libera, &c.

From a country justice that still looks big,
From swallowing up the Italian fig,
Or learning of the Scottish jig,
Libera, &c.

From being taken in a disguise,
From believing of the printed lies,
From the Devil and from the Excise,
Libera, &c.

From a broken pate with a pint pot,
From fighting for I know not what,
And from a friend as false as a Scot,
Libera, &c.

From one that speaks no sense, yet talks all that he can,
From an old woman and a Parliament man,
From an Anabaptist and a Presbyter man,
Libera, &c.

From Irish rebels and Welsh hubbub-men,
From Independents and their tub-men,
From sheriffs' bailiffs, and their club-men,
Libera, &c.

From one that cares not what he saith,
From trusting one that never payeth,
From a private preacher and a public faith,
Libera, &c.

From a vapouring horse and a Roundhead in buff,
From roaring Jack Cavee, with money little enough,
From beads and such idolatrous stuff,
Libera, &c.

From holydays, and all that's holy,
From May-poles and fiddlers, and all that's jolly,
From Latin or learning, since that is folly,
Libera, &c.

And now to make an end of all,
I wish the Roundheads had a fall.
Or else were hanged in Goldsmiths' Hall.
Amen. Benedicat Dominus.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

736.—THE OLD PROTESTANT'S LITANY.

That thou wilt be pleased to grant our requests,
And quite destroy all the vipers' nests,
That England and her true religion molests,
Te rogamus, audi nos.

That thou wilt be pleased to censure with pity
The present estate of our once famous city;
Let her still be govern'd by men just and witty,
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleased to consider the Tower,
And all other prisons in the Parliament's power,
Where King Charles his friends find their welcome but sour,
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleased to look on the grief
Of the King's old servants, and send them relief,
Restore to the yeomen o' th' Guard chines of beef,
Te rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleased very quickly to bring
Unto his just rights our so much-wrong'd King,
That he may be happy in everything,
Te rogamus, &c.

That Whitehall may shine in its pristine lustre,
That the Parliament may make a general muster,
That knaves may be punish'd by men who are juster,
Te rogamus, &c.

That now the dog-days are fully expired,
That those cursed curs, which our patience have tired,
May suffer what is by true justice required,
To rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleased to incline conqu'ring Thomas
(Who now hath both city and Tower gotten from us),
That he may be just in performing his promise,
To rogamus, &c.

That our hopeful Prince and our gracious Queen
(Whom we here in England long time have not seen)
May soon be restored to what they have been,
To rogamus, &c.

That the rest of the royal issue may be
From their Parliamentary guardians set free,
And be kept according to their high degree,
To rogamus, &c.

That our ancient Liturgy may be restored,
That the organs (by sectaries so much abhorr'd)
May sound divine praises, according to the word,
To rogamus, &c.

That the ring in marriage, the cross at the font,
Which the Devil and the Roundheads so much affront,
May be used again, as before they were wont,
To rogamus, &c.

That Episcopacy, used in its right kind,
In England once more entertainment may find,
That Scots and lewd factions may go down the wind,
To rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt be pleased again to restore
All things in due order, as they were before,
That the Church and the State may be vex'd no more,
To rogamus, &c.

That all the King's friends may enjoy their estates,
And not be kept, as they have been, at low rates,
That the poor may find comfort again at their gates,
To rogamus, &c.

That thou wilt all our oppressions remove,
And grant us firm faith and hope, join'd with true love,
Convert or confound all which virtue reprove,
To rogamus, &c.

That all peevish sects that would live uncontroll'd,
And will not be govern'd, as all subjects should,
To New England may pack, or live quiet i' th' Old,
To rogamus, &c.

That gracious King Charles, with his children and wife,
Who long time have suffer'd through this civil strife,
May end with high honour their natural life,
To rogamus, &c.

That they who have seized on honest men's treasure,
Only for their loyalty to God and to Cæsar,
May in time convenient find measure for measure,
To rogamus, &c.

That thou all these blessings upon us wilt send,
We are no *Independents*, on Thee we depend,
And as we believe, from all harm us defend;
To rogamus, &c.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

737.—HEY, THEN, UP GO WE.

Know this, my brethren, heaven is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous man shall flourish now,
Good days are coming on.
Then come, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll break the windows which the whore
Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the Popish saints are down
Then Barrow shall be sainted;
There's neither cross nor crucifix
Shall stand for men to see,
Rome's trash and trumpery shall go down,
And hey, then, up go we.

Whate'er the Popish hands have built
Our hammers shall undo;
We'll break their pipes and burn their copes,
And pull down churches too;
We'll exercise within the groves,
And teach beneath a tree;
We'll make a pulpit of a cask,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll put down universities,
Where learning is profest,
Because they practise and maintain
The language of the Beast;
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
And all that learned be;
We'll cry all arts and learning down,
And hey, then, up go we.

We'll down with deans and prebends too,
And I rejoyce to tell yo
We then shall get our fill of pig,
And capons for the belly.
We'll burn the Fathers' weighty tomes,
And make the School-men flee;
We'll down with all that smells of wit,
And hey, then, up go we.

If once the Antichristian crew
Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to stoop,
And keep the gentry down·
Good manners have an ill report,
And turn to pride, we see,
We'll therefore put good manners down,
And hey, then, up go we.

The name of lords shall be abhorr'd,
For every man 's a brother;
No reason why in Church and State
One man should rule another;
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make these wanton sisters stoop,
And hey, then, up go we.

What though the King and Parliament
Do not accord together,
We have more cause to be content,
This is our sunshine weather
For if that reason should take place,
And they should once agree,
Who would be in a Roundhead's case,
For hey, then, up go we.

What should we do then, in this case
Let's put it to a venture,
If that we hold out seven years' space
We'll sue out our indenture.
A time may come to make us rue,
And time may set us free,
Except the gallows claim his due,
And hey, then, up go we.

Francis Quarles.—1642

738.—THE CAMERONIAN CAT.

There was a Cameronian cat
Was hunting for a prey,
And in the house she catch'd a mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day.

The Whig, being offended
At such an act profane,
Lay by his book, the cat he took,
And bound her in a chain.

"Thou damned, thou cursed creature,
This deed so dark with thee,
Think'st thou to bring to hell below
My holy wife and me?

Assure thyself that for the deed
Thou blood for blood shalt pay,
For killing of the Lord's own mouse
Upon the Sabbath-day."

The presbyter laid by the book,
And earnestly he pray'd
That the great sin the cat had done
Might not on him be laid.

And straight to execution
Poor Pussy she was drawn,
And high hang'd up upon a tree—
The preacher sung a psalm.

And when the work was ended,
They thought the cat near dead,
She gave a paw, and then a mew,
And stretched out her head.

"Thy name," said he, "shall certainly
A beacon still remain,
A terror unto evil ones
For evermore, Amen."

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

739.—I THANK YOU TWICE.

The hierarchy is out of date,
Our monarchy was sick of late,
But now 'tis grown an excellent state:
Oh, God a-mercy, Parliament!

The teachers knew not what to say,
The 'prentices have leave to play,
The people have all forgotten to pray:
Still, God a-mercy, Parliament!

The Roundhead and the Cavalier
Have fought it out almost seven year,
And yet, methinks, they are never the near:
Oh, God, &c.

The gentry are sequester'd all;
Our wives you find at Goldsmith Hall,
For there they meet with the devil and all;
Still, God, &c.

The Parliament are grown to that height
They care not a pin what his Majesty saith;
And they pay all their debts with the public faith.
Oh, God, &c.

Though all we have here is brought to nought,
In Ireland we have whole lordships bought,
There we shall one day be rich, 'tis thought:
Still, God, &c.

We must forsake our father and mother,
And for the State undo our own brother,
And never leave murthering one another:
Oh, God, &c.

Now the King is caught and the devil is dead,
Fairfax must be disbanded,
Or else he may chance be Hotham-ed.
Still, God, &c.

They have made King Charles a glorious king,
He was told, long ago, of such a thing;
Now he and his subjects have reason to sing,
Oh, God, &c.

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

740.—THE PURITAN.

With face and fashion to be known,
For one of sure election;
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone,
With harp in 's nose, or he is none:
See a new teacher of the town,
Oh the town, oh the town's new teacher!

With pate cut shorter than the brow,
With little ruff starch'd, you know how,
With cloak like Paul, no cape I trow,
With surplice none; but lately now
With hands to thump, no knees to bow:
See a new teacher, &c.

With coz'ning cough, and hollow cheek,
To get new gatherings every week,
With paltry change of *and* to *eke*,
With some small Hebrew, and no Greek,
To find out words, when stuff 's to seek:
See a new teacher, &c.

With shop-board breeding and intrusion,
With some outlandish institution,
With Ursine's catechism to muse on,
With system's method for confusion,
With grounds strong laid of mere illusion:
See a new teacher, &c.

With rights indifferent all damned,
And made unlawful, if commanded:
Good works of Popery down banded,
And moral laws from him estranged,
Except the sabbath still unchanged:
See a new teacher, &c.

With speech unthought, quick revelation,
With boldness in predestination,
With threats of absolute damnation,
Yet *yea* and *nay* hath some salvation
For his own tribe, not every nation:
See a new teacher, &c.

With after license cast a crown,
When bishop new had put him down;
With tricks call'd repetition,
And doctrine newly brought to town
Of teaching men to hang and drown:
See a new teacher, &c.

With flesh-provision to keep Lent,
With shelves of sweetmeats often spent,
Which new maid bought, old lady sent,
Though, to be saved, a poor present,
Yet legacies assure to event:
See a new teacher, &c.

With troops expecting him at th' door,
That would hear sermons, and no more;
With noting tools, and sighs great store,
With Bibles great to turn them o'or,
While he wrests places by the score:
See a new teacher, &c.

With running text, the name forsaken,
With *for* and *but*, both by sense shaken,
Cheap doctrines forced, wild uses taken,
Both sometimes one by mark mistaken;
With anything to any shapen:
See a new teacher, &c.

With new-wrought caps against the canon,
For taking cold, tho' sure he have none;
A sermon's end, where he began one,
A new hour long, when 's glass had run one,
New use, new points, new notes to stand on:
See a new teacher, &c.

John Cleveland.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

741.—THE ROUNDHEAD.

What creature 's that, with his short hairs,
His little band, and huge long ears,
That this new faith hath founded?
The saints themselves were never such,
The prelates ne'er ruled half so much;
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth the bishops hate,
And counts their calling reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded;
And thinks a zealous cobbler better
Than learned Usher in ev'ry letter?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that doth *high treason* say,
As often as his *yea* and *nay*,
And wish the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
Is fitter for a crown than him?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common Prayer*,
Doth think his conscience wounded;
Will go five miles to preach and pray,
And meet a sister by the way?
Oh! such a rogue 's a Roundhead.

What's he that met a holy sister,
And in a haycock gently kiss'd her?
Oh! then his zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady willow,
Her Bible served her for a pillow,
And there he got a Roundhead.

Samuel Butler.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

742.—PRATTLE YOUR PLEASURE UNDER THE ROSE.

There is an old proverb which all one world knows,
Anything may be spoke, if 't be under the rose:
Then now let us speak, whilst we are in the hint,
Of the state of the land, and th' enormities in't.

Under the rose be it spoke, there is a number of knaves,
More than ever were known in a State before:
But I hope that their mischiefs have digg'd their own graves,
And we'll never trust knaves for their sakes any more.

Under the rose be it spoken, the city 's an ass
So long to the public to let their gold run,
To keep the King out; but 'tis now come to pass,
I am sure they will lose, whosoever has won.

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a company of men,
Trainbands they are called—a plague confound 'em:—
And when they are waiting at Westminster Hall,
May their wives be beguiled and begat with child all!

Under the rose be it spoken, there's a damn'd committee
Sits in hell (Goldsmiths' Hall), in the midst of the city,
Only to sequester the poor Cavaliers—
The devil take their souls, and the hangman their ears.

Under the rose be it spoken, if you do not repent
Of that horrible sin, your pure Parliament,
Pray stay till Sir Thomas doth bring in the King,
Then Derrick may chance have 'em all in a string.

Under the rose be it spoken, let the synod now leave
To wrest the whole Scripture, how souls to deceive:
For all they have spoken or taught will ne'er save 'em,
Unless they will leave that fault, hell 's sure have 'em!

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

743.—THE CAVALIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

Fair Fidelia, tempt no more,
I may no more thy deity adore
Nor offer to thy shrine,
I serve one more divine
And farr more great than you:
I must go,
Lest the foe
Gaine the cause and win the day.
Let's march bravely on,
Charge ym in the van,
Our cause God's is,
Though their odds is
Ten to one.

Tempt no more, I may not yeeld
Altho' thine eyes
A kingdome may surprize:
Leave off thy wanton toiles,
The high-born Prince of Wales
Is mounted in the field,
Where the royall gentry flocke.
Though alone
Nobly borne
Of a ne'er decaying stocke.
Cavaliers, be bold,
Bravely keep your hold,
He that loyters
Is by traytors
Bought and sold.

One kisse more, and then farewell;
Oh no, no more,
I prithee give me o'er,—
Why cloudest thou thy beames?
I see by these extreames
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his owne,
And the Queen
May be seen
With her babes on England's throne,
Rally up your men,
One shall vanquish ten,
Victory, we
Come to try thee
Once agen.

John Adamson.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

744.—THE COBBLER AND THE VICAR OF BRAY.

In Bedfordshire there dwelt a knight,
Sir Samuel by name,
Who by his feats in civil broils
Obtain'd a mighty fame.

Nor was he much less wise and stout,
But fit in both respects
To humble sturdy Cavaliers,
And to support the sects.

This worthy knight was one that swore
He would not cut his beard
Till this ungodly nation was
From kings and bishops clear'd:

Which holy vow he firmly kept,
And most devoutly wore
A grisly meteor on his face
Till they were both no more.

His worship was, in short, a man
Of such exceeding worth,
No pen or pencil can describe,
Or rhyming bard set forth.

Many and mighty things he did
Both sober and in liquor,—
Witness the mortal fray between
The Cobbler and the Vicar;

Which by his wisdom and his power
He wisely did prevent,
And both the combatants at once
In wooden durance pent.

The manner how these two fell out
And quarrell'd in their ale,
I shall attempt at large to show
In the succeeding tale.

A strolling cobbler, who was wont
To trudge from town to town,
Happen'd upon his walk to meet
A vicar in his gown.

And as they forward jogg'd along,
The vicar, growing hot,
First ask'd the cobbler if he knew
Where they might take a pot?

"Yes, marry that I do," quoth he;
"Here is a house hard by,
That far exceeds all Bedfordshire
For ale and landlady."

"Thither let's go," the vicar said;
And when they thither came,
He liked the liquor wondrous well,
But better far the dame.

And she, who, like a cunning jilt,
Knew how to please her guest,
Used all her little tricks and arts
To entertain the priest.

The cobbler, too, who quickly saw
The landlady's design,
Did all that in his power was
To manage the divine.

With smutty jests and merry songs
They charm'd the vicar so,
That he determined for that night
No further he would go.

And being fixt, the cobbler thought
'Twas proper to go try
If he could get a job or two
His charges to supply.

So going out into the street,
He bawls with all his might—
"If any of you tread awry
I'm here to set you right.

I can repair your leaky boots,
And underlay your soles;
Backsliders, I can underprop
And patch up all your holes."

The vicar, who unluckily
The cobbler's outcry heard,
From off the bench on which he sat
With mighty fury rear'd.

Quoth he, "What priest, what holy priest
Can hear this bawling slave,
But must, in justice to his coat,
Chastise the saucy knave?

What has this wretch to do with souls,
Or with backsliders either,
Whose business only is his awls,
His lasts, his thread, and leather?

I lose my patience to be made
This strolling varlet's sport;
Nor could I think this saucy rogue
Could serve me in such sort."

The cobbler, who had no design
The vicar to displease,
Unluckily repeats again—
"I'm come your souls to ease:

The inward and the outward too
I can repair and mend;
And all that my assistance want,
I'll use them like a friend."

The country folk no sooner heard
The honest cobbler's tongue,
But from the village far and near
They round about him throng.

Some bring their boots, and some their shoes,
And some their buskins bring:
The cobbler sits him down to work,
And then begins to sing.

"Death often at the cobbler's stall
Was wont to make a stand,
But found the cobbler singing still,
And on the mending hand;

Until at length he met old Time,
And then they both together
Quite tear the cobbler's aged sole
From off the upper leather.

Even so a while I may old shoes
By care and art maintain,
But when the leather 's rotten grown
All art and care is vain."

And thus the cobbler stitch'd and sung,
Not thinking any harm;
Till out the vicar angry came
With ale and passion warm.

"Dost thou not know, vile slave!" quoth he,
"How impious 'tis to jest
With sacred things, and to profane
The office of a priest?

How dar'st thou, most audacious wretch!
Those vile expressions use,
Which make the souls of men as cheap
As soals of boots and shoes?

Such reprobates as you betray
Our character and gown,
And would, if you had once the power,
The Church itself pull down."

The cobbler, not aware that he
Had done or said amiss,
Reply'd, "I do not understand
What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor cobbler be,
And stroll about for bread,
None better loves the Church than I
That ever wore a head.

But since you are so good at names,
And make so loud a pother,
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid
You're but some cobbling brother.

Come, vicar, tho' you talk so big,
Our trades are near akin;
I patch and cobble outward soals
As you do those within.

And I'll appeal to any man
That understands the nation,
If I han't done more good than you
In my respective station.

Old leather, I must needs confess,
I've sometimes used as now,
And often pared the soal so near
That I have spoil'd the shoe.

You vicars, by a different way,
Have done the very same;
For you have pared your doctrines so
You made religion lame.

Your principles you've quite disown'd,
And old ones changed for new,
That no man can distinguish right
Which are the false or true.

I dare be bold, you're one of those
Have took the Covenant;
With Cavaliers are Cavalier,
And with the saints a saint."

The vicar at this sharp rebuke
Begins to storm and swear;
Quoth he, "Thou vile apostate wretch!
Dost thou with me compare?

I that have care of many souls,
And power to damn or save,
Dar'st thou thyself compare with me,
Thou vile, ungodly knave!

I wish I had thee somewhere else,
I'd quickly make thee know
What 'tis to make comparisons,
And to revile me so.

Thou art an enemy to the State,
Some priest in masquerade,
That, to promote the Pope's designs,
Has learnt the cobbling trade:

Or else some spy to Cavaliers,
And art by them sent out
To carry false intelligence,
And scatter lies about."

But whilst the vicar full of ire
Was railing at this rate,
His worship, good Sir Samuel,
O'erlighted at the gate.

And asking of the landlady
Th' occasion of the stir;
Quoth she, "If you will give me leave,
I will inform you, sir.

This cobbler happening to o'ertake
The vicar in his walk,
In friendly sort they forward march,
And to each other talk.

Until the parson first proposed
To stop and take a whet;
So cheek by jole they hither came
Like travellers well met.

A world of healths and jests went round,
Sometimes a merry tale;
Till they resolved to stay all night,
So well they liked my ale.

Thus all things lovingly went on,
And who so great as they;
Before an ugly accident
Began this mortal fray.

The case I take it to be this,—
The vicar being fixt,
The cobbler chanced to cry his trade,
And in his cry he mixt

Some harmless words, which I suppose
The vicar falsely thought
Might be design'd to banter him,
And scandalize his coat."

"If that be all," quoth he, "go out
And bid them both come in;
A dozen of your nappy ale
Will set 'em right again.

And if the ale should chance to fail,
For so perhaps it may,
I have it in my powers to try
A more effectual way.

These vicars are a wilful tribe,
A restless, stubborn crew;
And if they are not humbled quite,
The State they will undo.

The cobbler is a cunning knave,
That goes about by stealth,
And would, instead of mending shoes,
Repair the Commonwealth.

However, bid 'em both come in,
This fray must have an end;
Such little feuds as these do oft
To greater mischiefs tend."

Without more bidding out she goes
And told them, by her troth,
"There was a magistrate within
That needs must see 'em both.

But, gentlemen, pray distance keep,
And don't too testy be;
Ill words good manners still corrupt
And spoil good company."

To this the vicar first replies.
"I fear no magistrate;
For let 'em make what laws they will,
I'll still obey the State.

Whatever I can say or do,
I'm sure not much avails:
I shall still be Vicar of Bray
Whichever side prevails.

My conscience, thanks to Heaven, is come
To such a happy pass,
That I can take the Covenant
And never hang an ass.

I've took so many oaths before,
That now without remorse
I take all oaths the State can make,
As meerly things of course.

Go therefore, dame, the justice tell
His summons I'll obey:
And further you may let him know
I Vicar am of Bray."

"I find indeed," the cobbler said,
"I am not much mistaken;
This vicar knows the ready way
To save his reverend bacon.

This is a hopeful priest indeed,
And well deserves the rope;
Rather than lose his vicarage
He'd swear to Turk or Pope.

For gain he would his God deny,
His country and his King;
Swear and forswear, recant and lye,
Do any wicked thing."

At this the vicar set his teeth,
And to the cobbler flew;
And with his sacerdotal fist
Gave him a box or two.

The cobbler soon return'd the blows,
And with both head and heel
So manfully behaved himself,
He made the vicar reel.

Great was the outcry that was made,
And in the woman ran
To tell his worship that the fight
Betwixt them was began.

"And is it so indeed?" quoth he;
"I'll make the slaves repent:"
Then up he took his basket hilt,
And out enraged he went.

The country folk no sooner saw
The knight with naked blade,
But for his worship instantly
An open lane was made;

Who with a stern and angry look
Cried out, "What knaves are these
That in the face of justice dare
Disturb the public peace?

Vile rascals! I will make you know
I am a magistrate,
And that as such I bear about
The vengeance of the State.

Go, seize them, Ralph, and bring them in,
That I may know the cause,
That first induced them to this rage,
And thus to break the laws."

Ralph, who was both his squire and clerk,
And constable withal,
I' th' name o' th' Commonwealth aloud
Did for assistance bawl.

The words had hardly pass'd his mouth
But they secure them both;
And Ralph, to show his furious zeal
And hatred to the cloth,

Runs to the vicar through the crowd,
And takes him by the throat:
"How ill," says he, "doth this become
Your character and coat!

Was it for this not long ago
You took the Covenant,
And in most solemn manner swore
That you'd become a saint?"

And here he gave him such a pinch
That made the vicar shout—
"Good people, I shall murder'd be
By this ungodly lout.

He gripes my throat to that degree
I can't his talons bear;
And if you do not hold his hands,
He'll throttle me, I fear."

At this a butcher of the town
Steps up to Ralph in ire,—
"What, will you squeeze his gullet through,
You son of blood and fire?

You are the Devil's instrument
To execute the laws;
What, will you murther the poor man
With your phanatick claws?"

At which the squire quits his hold,
And lugging out his blade,
Full at the sturdy butcher's pate
A furious stroke he made.

A dismal outcry then began
Among the country folk;
Who all conclude the butcher slain
By such a mortal stroke.

But here good fortune, that has still
A friendship for the brave,
I' th' nick misguides the fatal blow,
And does the butcher save.

The knight, who heard the noise within,
Runs out with might and main,
And seeing Ralph amidst the crowd
In danger to be slain,

Without regard to age or sex
Old basket-hilt so ply'd,
That in an instant three or four
Lay bleeding at his side.

And greater mischiefs in his rage
This furious knight had done,
If he had not prevented been
By Dick, the blacksmith's son,

Who catch'd his worship on the hip,
And gave him such a squelch,
That he some moments breathless lay
Ere he was heard to belch.

Nor was the squire in better case,
By sturdy butcher ply'd,
Who from the shoulder to the flank
Had soundly swinged his hide.

Whilst things in this confusion stood,
And knight and squire disarm'd,
Up comes a neighbouring gentleman
The outcry had alarm'd;

Who riding up among the crowd,
The vicar first he spy'd,
With sleeveless gown and bloody band
And hands behind him ty'd.

"Bless me," says he, "what means all this?"
Then turning round his eyes,
In the same plight, or in a worse,
The cobbler bleeding spies.

And looking further round he saw,
Like one in doleful dump,
The knight, amidst a gaping mob,
Sit pensive on his rump.

And by his side lay Ralph his squire,
Whom butcher fell had maul'd;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his fate,
And for a surgeon call'd.

Surprised at first he paused awhile,
And then accosts the knight,—
"What makes you here, Sir Samuel,
In this unhappy plight?"

At this the knight gave 's breast a thump,
And stretching out his hand,—
"If you will pull me up," he cried,
"I'll try if I can stand.

And then I'll let you know the cause;
But first take care of Ralph,
Who in my good or ill success
Doth always stand my half."

In short, he got his worship up
And let him in the door;
Where he at length relates the tale
As I have told before.

When he had heard the story out,
The gentleman replies,—
"It is not in my province, sir,
Your worship to advise.

But were I in your worship's place,
The only thing I'd do,
Was first to reprimand the fools,
And then to let them go.

I think it first advisable
To take them from the rabble,
And let them come and both set forth
The occasion of the squabble.

This is the Vicar, sir, of Bray,
A man of no repute,
The scorn and scandal of his tribe,
A loose, ill-manner'd brute.

The cobbler 's a poor strolling wretch
That mends my servants' shoes;
And often calls as he goes by
To bring me country news."

At this his worship grip'd his beard,
And in an angry mood,
Swore by the laws of chivalry
That blood required blood.

"Besides, I'm by the Commonwealth
Entrusted to chastise
All knaves that straggle up and down
To raise such mutinies.

However, since 'tis your request,
They shall be call'd and heard;
But neither Ralph nor I can grant
Such rascals should be clear'd."

And so, to wind the tale up short,
They were call'd in together:
And by the gentleman were ask'd
What wind 'twas blew them thither.

"Good ale and handsome landladies
You might have nearer home;
And therefore 'tis for something more
That you so far are come."

To which the vicar answer'd first,—
"My living is so small,
That I am forced to stroll about
To try and get a call."

"And," quoth the cobbler, "I am forced
To leave my wife and dwelling,
T' escape the danger of being press'd
To go a colonelling.

There's many an honest jovial lad
Unwarily drawn in,
That I have reason to suspect
Will scarce get out again.

The proverb says, *Harm watch harm catch*,
I'll out of danger keep,
For he that sleeps in a whole skin
Doth most securely sleep.

My business is to mend bad soals
And stitch up broken quarters:
A cobbler's name would look but odd
Among a list of martyrs."

"Faith, cobbler," quoth the gentleman,
"And that shall be my case;
I will neither party join,
Let what will come to pass.

No importunities or threats
My fixt resolve shall rest;
Come here, Sir Samuel, where's his health
That loves old England best

I pity those unhappy fools
Who, ere they were aware,
Designing and ambitious men
Have drawn into a snare.

But, vicar, to come to the case,—
Amidst a senseless crowd,
What urged you to such violence,
And made you talk so loud?

Passion I'm sure does ill become
Your character and cloath,
And, tho' the cause be ne'er so just,
Brings scandal upon both.

Vicar, I speak it with regret,
An inadvertent priest
Renders himself ridiculous,
And everybody's jest."

The vicar to be thus rebuked
A little time stood mute;
But having gulp'd his passion down,
Replies,—"That cobbling brute

Has treated me with such contempt,
Such vile expressions used,
That I no longer could forbear
To hear myself abused.

The rascal had the insolence
To give himself the lie,
And to aver h' had done more good
And saved more soals than I.

Nay, further, sir, this miscreant
To tell me was so bold,
Our trades were very near of kin,
But his was the more old.

Now, sir, I will to you appeal
On such a provocation,
If there was not sufficient cause
To use a little passion?"

"Now," quoth the cobbler, "with your leave
I'll prove it to his face,
All this is mere suggestion,
And foreign to the case.

And since he calls so many names
And talks so very loud,
I will be bound to make it plain
'Twas he that raised the crowd.

Nay, further, I will make 't appear
He and the priests have done
More mischief than the cobblers far
All over Christendom.

All Europe groans beneath their yoke,
And poor Great Britain owes
To them her present miseries,
And dread of future woes.

The priests of all religions are,
And will be still the same,
And all, tho' in a different way,
Are playing the same game."

At this the gentleman stood up,—
"Cobbler, you run too fast;
By thus condemning all the tribe,
You go beyond your last.

Much mischief has by priests been done,
And more is doing still;
But then to censure all alike
Must be exceeding ill.

Too many, I must needs confess,
Are mightily to blame,
Who by their wicked practices
Disgrace the very name.

But, cobbler, still the major part
The minor should conclude;
To argue at another rate 's
Impertinent and rude."

By this time all the neighbours round
Were flock'd about the door,
And some were on the vicar's side,
But on the cobbler's more.

Among the rest a grazier, who
Had lately been at town
To sell his oxen and his sheep,
Brim-full of news came down.

Quoth he, "The priests have preach'd and pray'd,
And made so damn'd a pother,
That all the people are run mad
To murther one another.

By their contrivances and arts
They've play'd their game so long,
That no man knows which side is right,
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've Smithfield market used
For more than twenty year,
But never did such murmurings
And dreadful outcries hear.

Some for a church, and some a tub,
And some for both together;
And some, perhaps the greater part,
Have no regard for either.

Some for a king, and some for none;
And some have hankerings
To mend the Commonwealth, and make
An empire of all kings.

What's worse, old Noll is marching off,
And Dick, his heir-apparent,
Succeeds him in the government,
A very lame vicegerent.

He'll reign but little time, poor fool,
But sink beneath the State,
That will not fail to ride the fool
'Bove common horseman's weight.

And rulers, when they lose the power,
Like horses overweigh'd,
Must either fall and break their knees,
Or else turn perfect jade."

The vicar to be twice rebuked
No longer could contain;
But thus replies,—"To knaves like you
All arguments are vain.

The Church must use her arm of flesh,
The other will not do;
The clergy waste their breath and time
On miscreants like you.

You are so stubborn and so proud,
So dull and prepossest,
That no instructions can prevail
How well soe'er address't.

Who would reform such reprobates,
Must drub them soundly first;
I know no other way but that
To make them wise or just."

"Fie, vicar, fie," his patron said,
"Sure that is not the way;
You should instruct your auditors
To suffer or obey.

Those were the doctrines that of old
The learned fathers taught;
And 'twas by them the Church at first
Was to perfection brought.

Come, vicar, lay your feuds aside,
And calmly take your cup;
And let us try in friendly wise
To make the matter up.

That's certainly the wiser course,
And better too by far;
All men of prudence strive to quench
The sparks of civil war.

By furious heats and ill advice
Our neighbours are undone,
Then let us timely caution take
From their destruction.

If we would turn our heads about,
And look towards forty-one,
We soon should see what little jars
Those cruel wars begun.

A one-eyed cobbler then was one
Of that rebellious crew,
That did in Charles the martyr's blood
Their wicked hands imbrue.

I mention this not to deface
This cobbler's reputation,
Whom I have always honest found,
And useful in his station.

But this I urge to let you see
The danger of a fight
Between a cobbler and a priest,
Though he were ne'er so right.

The vicars are a numerous tribe,
So are the cobblers too;
And if a general quarrel rise,
What must the country do?

Our outward and our inward souls
Must quickly want repair;
And all the neighbourhood around
Would the misfortune share."

"Sir," quoth the grazier, "I believe
Our outward souls indeed
May quickly want the cobbler's help
To be from leakings freed.

But for our inward souls, I think
They're of a worth too great
To be committed to the care
Of any holy cheat,

Who only serves his God for gain,
Religion is his trade;
And 'tis by such as these our Church
So scandalous is made.

Why should I trust my soul with one
That preaches, swears, and prays,
And the next moment contradicts
Himself in all he says?

His solemn oaths he looks upon
As only words of course!
Which like their wives our fathers took
For better or for worse.

But he takes oaths as some take w—s,
Only to serve his ease;
And rogues and w—s, it is well known,
May part whene'er they please."

At this the cobbler bolder grew,
And stoutly thus reply'd,—
"If you're so good at drubbing, sir,
Your manhood shall be try'd.

What I have said I will maintain,
And further prove withal—
I daily do more good than you
In my respective call.

I know your character," quoth he,
"You proud insulting vicar,
Who only huff and domineer
And quarrel in your liquor."

The honest gentleman, who saw
'Twould come again to blows,
Commands the cobbler to forbear,
And to the vicar goes.

"Vicar," says he, "for shame give o'er
And mitigate your rage;
You scandalize your cloth too much
A cobbler to engage.

All people's eyes are on your tribe,
And every little ill
They multiply and aggravate,
And will because they will.

But now let's call another cause.
So let this health go round;
Be peace and plenty, truth and right,
In good old England found."

Quoth Ralph, "All this is empty talk,
And only tends to laughter,
If these two varlets should be spared
Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your worship may do what you please,
But I'll have satisfaction
For drubbing and for damages
In this ungodly action.

I think that you can do no less
Than send them to the stocks;
And I'll assist the constable
In fixing in their hocks.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,
Or scold till they are friends;
Or, what is better much than both,
Till I am made amends."

"Ralph," quoth the knight, "that's well advised,
Let them both hither go,
And you and the sub-magistrate
Take care that it be so.

Let them be lock'd in face to face,
Bare buttocks on the ground;
And let them in that posture sit,
Till they with us compound.

Thus fixt, we'll leave them for a time,
Whilst we with grief relate,
How at a wake this knight and squire
Got each a broken pate."

Anonymous.—Between 1642 *and* 1684.

745.—A COUNTRY SONG, INTITULED THE RESTORATION.

Come, come away
To the temple, and pray,
And sing with a pleasant strain;
The schismatick 's dead,
The liturgy 's read,
And the King enjoyes his own again.

The vicar is glad,
The clerk is not sad,
And the parish cannot refrain
To leap and rejoyce
And lift up their voyce,
That the King enjoyes his own again.

The country doth bow
To old justices now,
That long aside have been lain;
The bishop's restored,
God is rightly adored,
And the King enjoyes his own again.

Committee-men fall,
And majors generall,
No more doe those tyrants reign;
There's no sequestration,
Nor new decimation,
For the King enjoyes the sword again.

The scholar doth look
With joy on his book,
Tom whistles and plows amain;
Soldiers plunder no more
As they did heretofore,
For the King enjoyes the sword again.

The citizens trade,
The merchants do lade,
And send their ships into Spain;
No pirates at sea
To make them a prey,
For the King enjoyes the sword again

The old man and boy,
The clergy and lay,
Their joyes cannot contain.
'Tis better than of late
With the Church and the State,
Now the King enjoyes the sword again

Let's render our praise
For these happy dayes
To God and our soveraign,
Your drinking give o'er,
Swear not as before,
For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Fanaticks, be quiet,
And keep a good diet,
To cure your crazy brain;
Throw off your disguise,
Go to church and be wise,
For the King bears not the sword in vain.

Let faction and pride
Be now laid aside,
That truth and peace may reign;
Let every one mend,
And there is an end,
For the king bears not the sword in vain.

Anonymous.—1661.

746.—THE LOYAL SOLDIER.

When in the field of Mars we lie,
  Amongst those martial wights,
Who, never daunted, are to dye
  For King and countrie's rights;
As on Belona's god I wait,
  And her attendant be,
Yet, being absent from my mate,
  I live in misery.

When lofty winds aloud do blow,
  It snoweth, hail, or rain,
And Charon in his boat doth row,
  Yet steadfast I'll remain;
And for my shelter in some barn creep,
  Or under some hedge lye;
Whilst such as do now strong castles keep
  Knows no such misery.

When down in straw we tumbling lye,
  With Morpheus' charms asleep,
My heavy, sad, and mournful eye
  In security so deep;
Then do I dream within my arms
  With thee I sleeping lye,
Then do I dread or fear no harms,
  Nor feel no misery.

When all my joys are thus compleat
  The cannons loud do play,
The drums alarum straight do beat,
  Trumpet sounds, horse, away!

Awake I then, and nought can find
  But death attending me,
And all my joys are vanisht quite,—
  This is my misery.

When hunger oftentimes I feel,
  And water cold do drink,
Yet from my colours I'll not steal,
  Nor from my King will shrink;
No traytor base shall make me yield,
  But for the cause I'll be:
This is my love, pray Heaven to shield,
  And farewell misery.

Then to our arms we straight do fly,
  And forthwith march away;
Few towns or cities we come nigh
  Good liquor us deny;
In Lethe deep our woes we steep—
  Our loves forgotten be,
Amongst the jovialst we sing,
  Hang up all misery.

Propitious fate, then be more kind,
  Grim death, lend me thy dart,
O sun and moon, and eke the wind,
  Great Jove, take thou our part;
That of these Roundheads and these wars
  An end that we may see,
And thy great name we'll all applaud,
  And hang all misery.

Anonymous.—1686.

THE FIFTH PERIOD,

FROM 1689 TO 1727.

THESE thirty-eight years produced a class of writers in prose and poetry, who, during the whole of the eighteenth century, were deemed the best, or nearly the best, that the country had ever known. The central period of twelve years, which compose the reign of Anne (1702-14), was, indeed, usually styled the "Augustan Era of English Literature," on account of its supposed resemblance in intellectual opulence to the reign of the Emperor Augustus. This opinion has not been followed or confirmed in the present age. The praise due to good sense, and a correct and polished style, is allowed to the prose writers, and that due to a felicity in painting artificial life, is awarded to the poets; but modern critics seem to have agreed to pass over these qualities as of secondary moment, and to hold in greater estimation the writings of the times preceding the Restoration, and of our own day, as being more boldly original, both in style and in thought, more imaginative, and more sentimental. The "Edinburgh Review" appears to state the prevailing sentiment in the following sentences:—"Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos and no enthusiasm, and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but, for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial." The same critic represents it as their chief praise that they corrected the indecency, and polished the pleasantry and sarcasm, of the vicious school introduced at the Restoration. "Writing," he continues, "with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison." While there is general truth in these remarks, it must at the same time be observed, that the age produced several writers, who, each in his own line, may be called extraordinary. Satire, expressed in forcible and copious language, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The poetry of elegant and artificial life was exhibited, in a perfection never since attained, by Pope. The art of describing the manners and discussing the morals of the passing age, was practised for the first time, with unrivalled felicity, by Addison. And with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may be fairly said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and has scarcely in any instance been since.—Chambers' "Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. i., p. 534.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

"Matthew Prior, a distinguished poet, was born in 1664, in London according to one account, according to another, at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire. His father dying when he was young, an uncle, who was a vintner, or tavern-keeper, at Charing Cross, took him under his care, and sent him to Westminster School, of which Dr. Busby was then master. Before he had passed through the school, his uncle took him home, for the purpose of bringing him into his own business; but the Earl of Dorset, a great patron of letters, having found him one day reading Horace, and being pleased with his conversation, determined to

give him an university education. He was accordingly admitted of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1682, proceeded bachelor of arts in 1686, and was soon after elected to a fellowship. After having proved his poetic talents by some college exercises, he was introduced at court by the Earl of Dorset, and was so effectually recommended, that, in 1690, he was appointed secretary to the English plenipotentiaries who attended the congress at the Hague. Being now enlisted in the service of the court, his productions were, for some years, chiefly directed to courtly topics, of which one of the most considerable was an Ode presented to King William in 1695, on the death of Queen Mary. In 1697, he was nominated secretary to the commissioners for the treaty of Ryswick; and, on his return, was made secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He went to France in the following year, as secretary, first to the Earl of Portland, and then to the Earl of Jersey; and being now regarded as one conversant in public affairs, he was summoned by King William to Loo, where he had a confidential audience. In the beginning of 1701 he sat in Parliament for East Grinstead.

"Prior had hitherto been promoted and acted with the Whigs; but the Tories now having become the prevalent party, he turned about, and ever after adhered to them. He even voted for the impeachment of those lords who advised that partition treaty in which he had been officially employed. Like most converts, he embraced his new friends with much zeal, and from that time almost all his social connections were confined within the limits of his party.

"The successes in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign were celebrated by the poets on both sides; and Prior sung the victories of Blenheim and Ramilies: he afterwards, however, joined in the attack of the great general who had been his theme. It will not be worth while here to take notice of all his changes in the political world, except to mention the disgraces which followed the famous congress of Utrecht, in which he was deeply engaged. For the completion of that business he was left in France, with the appointments and authority of an ambassador, though without the title, the proud Duke of Shrewsbury having refused to be joined in commission with a man so meanly born. Prior, however, publicly assumed the character till he was superseded by the Earl of Stair, on the accession of George I. The Whigs being now in power, he was welcomed, on his return, by a warrant from the House of Commons, under which he was committed to the custody of a messenger. He was examined before the Privy Council respecting his share in the peace of Utrecht, was treated with rigour, and Walpole moved an impeachment against him, on a charge of high treason, for holding clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary. His name was excepted from an act of grace passed in 1717; at length, however, he was discharged, without being brought to trial, to end his days in retirement.

"We are now to consider Prior among the poetical characters of the time. In his writings is found that incongruous mixture of light and rather indecent topics with grave, and even religious ones, which was not uncommon at that period. In the faculty of telling a story with ease and vivacity, he yields only to Swift, compared to whom his humour is occasionally strained and quaint. His songs and amatory pieces are generally elegant and classical. The most popular of his serious compositions are, 'Henry and Emma, or the Nut-Brown Maid,' modernized from an antique original; and 'Solomon,' the idea of which is taken from the Book of Ecclesiastes. These are harmonious in their versification, splendid and correct in their diction, and copious in poetical imagery; but they exert no powerful effect on the feelings or the fancy, and are enfeebled by prolixity. His 'Alma,' a piece of philosophical pleasantry, was written to console himself when under confinement, and displays a considerable share of reading. As to his elaborate effusions of loyalty and patriotism, they seem to have sunk into total neglect.

"The life of Prior was cut short by a lingering illness, which closed his days at Wimpole, the seat of Lord Oxford, in September, 1721, in the fifty-eighth year of his age."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 239.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

"Joseph Addison was the son of the Reverend Lancelot Addison, at whose parsonage at Milston, near Ambrosbury, Wiltshire, he was born in 1672. At the age of fifteen he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in classical literature, especially in Latin poetry. He was afterwards elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he took the degrees of bachelor and master of arts. In his twenty-second year he became an author in his own language, publishing a short copy of verses addressed to the veteran poet, Dryden. Other pieces in verse and prose succeeded; and in 1695 he opened the career of his fortune as a literary man, by a complimentary poem on one of the campaigns of King William, addressed to the Lord-keeper Somers. A pension of £300 from the crown, which his patron obtained for him, enabled him to indulge his inclination for travel; and an epistolary poem to Lord Halifax in 1701, with a prose relation of his travels, published on his return, are distinguished by the spirit of liberty which they breathe, and which,

during life, was his ruling passion. The most famous of his political poems, 'The Campaign,' appeared in 1704. It was a task kindly imposed by Lord Halifax, who intimated to him that the writer should not lose his labour. It was accordingly rewarded by an immediate appointment to the post of commissioner of appeals.

"This will be the proper place for considering the merits of Addison in his character of a writer in verse. Though Dryden and Pope had already secured the first places on the British Parnassus, and other rivals for fame were springing to view, it will scarcely be denied that Addison, by a decent mediocrity of poetic language, rising occasionally to superior efforts, has deserved that degree of praise, which, in general estimation, has been allotted to him. It cannot be doubted that playful and humorous wit was the quality in which he obtained almost unrivalled pre-eminence; but the reader of his 'Poem to Sir Godfrey Kneller,' will discover, in the comparison of the painter to Phidias, a very happy and elegant resemblance pointed out in his verse. His celebrated tragedy of 'Cato,' equally remarkable for a correctness of plan, and a sustained elevation of style, then unusual on the English stage, was further distinguished by the glow of its sentiments in favour of political liberty, and was equally applauded by both parties.

"A very short account will suffice for the remainder of his works. His connection with Steele engaged him in occasionally writing in the 'Tatler,' the 'Spectator,' and the 'Guardian,' in which his productions, serious and humorous, conferred upon him immortal honour, and placed him deservedly at the head of his class. Some other periodical papers, decidedly political, were traced to Addison, of which the 'Freeholder' was one of the most conspicuous. In 1716 he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, a connection which is said not to have been remarkably happy. In the following year he was raised to the office of one of the principal secretaries of state; but finding himself ill suited to the post, and in a declining state of health, he resigned it to Mr. Craggs. In reality, his constitution was suffering from an habitual excess in wine; and it is a lamentable circumstance that a person so generally free from moral defects, should have given way to a fondness for the pleasures of a tavern life. Addison died in June, 1719, leaving an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick."—See Spence's "Anecdotes"; Lord Macaulay; Dr. Lockier, Dean of Peterborough; Abbé Philippeaux, of Blois; Lady M. W. Montagu; Dr. Drake; Blair's "Lect. on Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres"; Thackeray's "English Humourists of the Eighteenth Cent."; Professor T. B. Shaw; Dr. Young; Professor C. D. Cleveland; Dr. Hurd; Robert Chambers; Dr. Anderson; Maunder; Professor G. W. Greene. We may say that Baskerville published a splendid edition of Addison's works in 1761, of which the genial Dibdin says: "He who hath the Baskerville edition, hath a good, and even a glorious, performance. It is pleasant, and, of course, profitable, to turn over the pages of these lovely tomes at one's Tusculum, on a day of oppression from heat, or of confinement from rain." Bohn has also published a beautiful edition. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. of Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Spec."; Shaw; Spalding; Angus.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

Jonathan Swift, born 1667, died 1745. "When we come to the name of Swift we feel ourselves again approaching an Alpine region. The air of a stern mountain-summit breathes chill around our temples, and we feel that if we have no amiability to melt, we have altitude at least to measure, and strange profound secrets of nature, like the ravines of lofty hills, to explore. The men of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be compared to Lebanon, or Snowdon, or Benlomond, towering grandly over fertile valleys, on which they smile—Swift to the tremendous Romsdale Horn in Norway, shedding abroad, from a brow of four thousand feet high, what seems a scowl of settled indignation, as if resolved not to rejoice even over the wide-stretching deserts which, and nothing but which, it everlastingly beholds. Mountains all of them, but what a difference between such a mountain as Shakspere and such a mountain as Swift!

"Instead of going minutely over a path so long since trodden to mire as the life of Swift, let us expend a page or two in seeking to form some estimate of his character and genius. It is refreshing to come upon a new thing in the world, even though it be a strange or even a bad thing; and certainly, in any age and country, such a being as Swift must have appeared an anomaly, not for his transcendent goodness, nor for his utter badness, but because the elements of good and evil were mixed in him into a medley so astounding, and in proportions respectively so large, yet unequal, that the analysis of the two seemed to many competent only to the Great Chemist, Death, and that a sense of the disproportion seems to have moved the man himself to inextinguishable laughter,—a laughter which, radiating out of his own singular heart as a centre, swept over the circumference of all beings within his reach, and returned crying, 'Give, give,' as if he were demanding a universal sphere for the exercise of the savage scorn which dwelt within him, and as if he laughed not more 'consumedly' at others than he did at himself.

"Ere speaking of Swift as a man, let us say something about his genius. That, like his character, was intensely peculiar. It was a compound of infinite ingenuity, with very little poetical imagination; of gigantic strength, with a propensity to incessant trifling; of passionate purpose, with the clearest and coldest expression, as though a furnace were fuelled with snow. A Brobdignagian by size, he was for ever toying with Lilliputian slings and small craft. One of the most violent of party men, and often fierce as a demoniac in temper, his favourite motto was *Vive la bagatelle*. The creator of entire new worlds, we doubt if his works contain more than two or three lines of genuine poetry. He may be compared to one of the locusts of the Apocalypse, in that he had a tail like unto a scorpion, and a sting in his tail; but his 'face is not as the face of man, his hair is not as the hair of women, and on his head there is no crown like gold.' All Swift's creations are more or less disgusting. Not one of them is beautiful. His Lilliputians are amazingly life-like, but compare them to Shakspere's fairies, such as Peaseblossom, Cobweb, and Mustard-seed; his Brobdignagians are excrescences like enormous warts; and his Yahoos might have been spawned in the nightmare of a drunken butcher. The same coarseness characterises his poems and his 'Tale of a Tub.' He might well, however, in his old age, exclaim, in reference to the latter, 'Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' It is the wildest, wittiest, wickedest, wealthiest book of its size in the English language. Thoughts and figures swarm in every corner of its pages, till you think of a disturbed nest of angry ants, for all the figures and thoughts are black and bitter. One would have imagined the book to have issued from a mind that had been gathering gall as well as sense in an antenatal state of being.

"Swift, in all his writings—sermons, political tracts, poems, and fictions—is essentially a satirist. He consisted originally of three principal parts,—sense, an intense feeling of the ludicrous, and selfish passion; and these were sure, in certain circumstances, to ferment into a spirit of satire, 'strong as death, and cruel as the grave.' Born with not very much natural benevolence, with little purely poetic feeling, with furious passions and unbounded ambition, he was entirely dependent for his peace of mind upon success. Had he become, as by his talents he was entitled to be, the prime minister of his day, he would have figured as a greater tyrant in the cabinet than even Chatham. But as he was prevented from being the first statesman, he became the first satirist of his time. From vain efforts to grasp supremacy for himself and his party, he retired growling to his Dublin den; and there, as Haman, thought scorn to lay his hand on Mordecai, but extended his murderous purpose to all the people of the Jews,—and as Nero wished that Rome had one neck, that he might destroy it at a blow,—so Swift was stung by his personal disappointment to hurl out scorn at man and suspicion at his Maker. It was not, it must be noticed, the evil which was in man which excited his hatred and contempt; it was man himself. He was not merely, as many are, disgusted with the selfish and malignant elements which are mingled in man's nature and character, and disposed to trace them to any cause save a Divine will, but he believed man to be, as a whole, the work and child of the devil; and he told the imaginary creator and creature to their face, what he thought the truth,—'The devil is an ass.' His was the very madness of Manichæism. That heresy held that the devil was one of two aboriginal creative powers, but Swift seemed to believe at times that he was the only God From a Yahoo man, it was difficult to avoid the inference of a demon deity. It is very laughable to find writers in *Blackwood* and elsewhere striving to prove Swift a Christian, as if, whatever were his professions, and however sincere he might be often in these, the whole tendency of his writings, his perpetual and unlimited abuse of man's body and soul, his denial of every human virtue, the filth he pours upon every phase of human nature, and the doctrines he insinuates—that man has fallen indeed, but fallen, not from the angel, but from the animal, or, rather, is just a bungled brute,—were not enough to show that either his notions were grossly erroneous and perverted, or that he himself deserved, like another Nebuchadnezzar, to be driven from men, and to have a beast's heart given unto him. Sometimes he reminds us of an impure angel, who has surprised man naked and asleep, looked at him with microscopic eyes, ignored all his peculiar marks of fallen dignity and incipient godhood, and in heartless rhymes reported accordingly.

"Swift belonged to the same school as Pope, although the feminine element which was in the latter modified and mellowed his feelings. Pope was a more successful and a happier man than Swift. He was much smaller, too, in soul as well as in body, and his gall-organ was proportionably less. Pope's feeling to humanity was a tiny malice; Swift's became, at length, a black malignity. Pope always reminds us of an injured and pouting hero of Lilliput, 'doing well to be angry' under the gourd of a pocket-flap, or squealing out his griefs from the centre of an empty snuff-box; Swift is a man, nay, monster of misanthropy. In minute and microscopic vision of human infirmities, Pope excels even Swift, but then you always conceive Swift leaning down a giant, though gnarled, stature to behold them, while Pope is on their level, and has only to look straight before him. Pope's wrath is always measured; Swift's, as in the 'Legion-Club,' is a whirlwind of 'black fire and horror,' in the breath of which no flesh can live, and against which

genius and virtue themselves furnish no shield.

"After all, Swift might, perhaps, have put in the plea of Byron—

'All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know.'

There was a black spot of madness in his brain, and another black spot in his heart; and the two at last met, and closed up his destiny in night. Let human nature forgive its most determined and systematic reviler, for the sake of the wretchedness in which he was involved all his life long. He was born (in 1667) a posthumous child; he was brought up an object of charity; he spent much of his youth in dependence; he had to leave his Irish college without a degree; he was flattered with hopes from King William and the Whigs, which were not fulfilled; he was condemned to spend a great part of his life in Ireland, a country he detested; he was involved—partly, no doubt, through his own blame—in a succession of fruitless and miserable intrigues, alike of love and politics; he was soured by want of success in England, and spoiled by enormous popularity in Ireland; he was tried by a kind of religious doubts, which would not go out to prayer or fasting; he was haunted by the fear of the dreadful calamity which at last befell him; his senses and his soul left him one by one; he became first giddy, then deaf, and then mad; his madness was of the most terrible sort—it was a 'silent rage;' for a year or two he lay dumb; and at last, on the 19th of October, 1745,

'Swift expired, a driveller and a show,'

leaving his money to found a lunatic asylum, and his works as a many-volumed legacy of curse to mankind."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," iii. 43-47. See Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

ALEXANDER POPE.

"Alexander Pope, an English poet of great eminence, was born in London in 1688. His father, who appears to have acquired wealth by trade, was a Roman Catholic, and being disaffected to the politics of King William, he retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small house, with some acres of land, and lived frugally upon the fortune he had saved. Alexander, who was from infancy of a delicate habit of body, after learning to read and write at home, was placed about his eighth year under the care of a Romish priest, who taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek. His natural fondness for books was indulged about this period by Ogilby's translation of 'Homer,' and Sandys's of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' which gave him so much delight, that they may be said to have made him a poet. He pursued his studies under different priests, to whom he was consigned. At length he became the director of his own pursuits, the variety of which proved that he was by no means deficient in industry, though his reading was rather excursive than methodical. From his early years poetry was adopted by him as a profession, for his poetical reading was always accompanied with attempts at imitation or translation; and it may be affirmed that he rose at once almost to perfection in this walk. His manners and conversation were equally beyond his years; and it does not appear that he ever cultivated friendship with any one of his own age or condition.

"Pope's 'Pastorals' were first printed in a volume of Tonson's 'Miscellanies' in 1709, and were generally admired for the sweetness of the versification and the lustre of the diction, though they betrayed a want of original observation and an artificial cast of sentiment: in fact, they were anything rather than real pastorals. In the mean time he was exercising himself in compositions of a higher class; and by his 'Essay on Criticism,' published two years afterwards, he obtained a great accession of reputation, merited by the comprehension of thought, the general good sense, and the frequent beauty of illustration which it presents, though it displays many of the inaccuracies of a juvenile author. In 1712, his 'Rape of the Lock,' a mock heroic, made its first appearance, and conferred upon him the best title he possesses to the merit of invention. The machinery of the 'Sylphs' was afterwards added, an exquisite fancy-piece, wrought with unrivalled skill and beauty. The 'Temple of Fame,' altered from Chaucer, though partaking of the embarrassment of the original plan, has many passages which may rank with his happiest efforts.

"In the year 1713, Pope issued proposals for publishing a translation of Homer's 'Iliad,' the success of which soon removed all doubt of its making an accession to his reputation, whilst it afforded an ample remuneration for his labour. This noble work was published in separate volumes, each containing four books; and the produce of the subscription enabled him to take that house at Twickenham which he made so famous by his residence and decorations. He brought hither his father and mother; of whom the first parent died two years afterwards. The second long survived, to be comforted by the truly filial attentions of her son. About this period he probably wrote his 'Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard,' partly founded upon the extant letters of these distinguished persons. He has rendered this one of the most impressive poems of which love is the subject; as it is likewise the most finished of all his works of

equal length, in point of language and versification. The exaggeration, however, which he has given to the most impassioned expressions of Eloisa, and his deviations from the true story, have been pointed out by Mr. Berrington in his 'Lives of the Two Lovers.'

"During the years in which he was chiefly engaged with the 'Iliad,' he published several occasional works, to which he usually prefixed very elegant prefaces; but the desire of farther emolument induced him to extend his translation to the 'Odyssey,' in which task he engaged two inferior hands, whom he paid out of the produce of a new subscription. He himself, however, translated twelve books out of the twenty-four, with a happiness not inferior to his 'Iliad'; and the transaction, conducted in a truly mercantile spirit, was the source of considerable profit to him. After the appearance of the 'Odyssey,' Pope almost solely made himself known as a satirist and moralist. In 1728 he published the three first books of the 'Dunciad,' a kind of mock heroic, the object of which was to overwhelm with indelible ridicule all his antagonists, together with some other authors whom spleen or party led him to rank among the dunces, though they had given him no personal offence. Notwithstanding that the diction and versification of this poem are laboured with the greatest care, we shall borrow nothing from it. Its imagery is often extremely gross and offensive; and irritability, ill-nature, and partiality, are so prominent through the whole, that whatever he gains as a poet, he loses as a man. He has, indeed, a claim to the character of a satirist in this production, but none at all to that of a moralist.

"The other selected pieces, though not entirely free from the same defects, may yet be tolerated; and his noble work, called the 'Essay on Man,' which may stand in the first class of ethical poems, does not deviate from the style proper to its topic. This piece gave an example of the poet's extraordinary power of managing argumentation in verse, and of compressing his thoughts into clauses of the most energetic brevity, as well as of expanding them into passages distinguished by every poetic ornament. The origin of this essay is, however, generally ascribed to Lord Bolingbroke, who was adopted by the author as his 'guide, philosopher, and friend'; and there is little doubt that, with respect to mankind in general, Pope adopted, without always fully understanding, the system of Bolingbroke.

"On his works in prose, among which a collection of letters appears conspicuous, it is unnecessary here to remark. His life was not prolonged to the period of old age; an oppressive asthma indicated an early decline, and accumulated infirmities incapacitated him from pursuing the plan he had formed for new works. After having complied, through the instigation of a Catholic friend, with the ceremonies of that religion, he quietly expired on May 30th, 1744, at the age of fifty-six. He was interred at Twickenham, where a monument was erected to his memory by the commentator and legatee of his writings, Bishop Warburton.

"Regarded as a poet, while it is allowed that Pope was deficient in invention, his other qualifications will scarcely be disputed; and it will generally be admitted that no English writer has carried to a greater degree correctness of versification, strength and splendour of diction, and the truly poetical power of vivifying and adorning every subject that he touched. The popularity of his productions has been proved by their constituting a school of English poetry, which in part continues to the present time."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," pp. 345, 346.

THOMAS TICKELL.

This poet is now "chiefly remembered from his connection with Addison. He was born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle. In April, 1701, he became a member of Queen's College, Oxford. In 1708, he was made M.A., and two years after was chosen Fellow. He held his Fellowship till 1726, when, marrying in Dublin, he necessarily vacated it. He attracted Addison's attention first by some elegant lines in praise of Rosamond, and then by the 'Prospect of Peace,' a poem in which Tickell, although called by Swift Whiggissimus, for once took the Tory side. This poem Addison, in spite of its politics, praised highly in the *Spectator*, which led to a lifelong friendship between them. Tickell commenced contributing to the *Spectator*, among other things publishing there a poem entitled the 'Royal Progress.' Some time after, he produced a translation of the first book of the Iliad, which Addison declared to be superior to Pope's. This led the latter to imagine that it was Addison's own, although it is now, we believe, certain, from the MS., which still exists, that it was a veritable production of Tickell's. When Addison went to Ireland, as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. When Addison became Secretary of State, he made Tickell Under-Secretary: and when he died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with an earnest recommendation to the care of Craggs. Tickell faithfully performed the task, prefixing to them an elegy on his departed friend, which is now his own chief title to fame. In 1725, he was made secretary to the Lords-Justices of Ireland, a place of great trust and honour, and which he retained to his death. This event happened at Bath, in the year 1740.

"His genius was not strong, but elegant and refined, and appears, as we have just stated, to best advantage in his lines on Addison's death, which are warm with genuine love, tremulous with sincere sorrow, and shine with a sober splendour, such as Addison's own exquisite taste would have approved."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 29, 30.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

Sir Samuel Garth, died 1718—1719. He was a native of Yorkshire, educated at Peter House, Cambridge, took the degree of M.D. in 1691, and was admitted fellow, June 26, 1693. In 1687 he commenced a dispute between the physicians and apothecaries; the apothecaries opposing the design of the physicians to furnish the poor with advice gratis, and medicines at prime cost. To hold the apothecaries up to public reprobation and ridicule, Garth published, in 1699, 4to, his satirical poem of the "Dispensary," which pleased the town so much, that it went through three editions in a few months. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets"; Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets."

BISHOP KEN.

Bishop Ken, born 1637, died 1710. He was educated at Winchester School, whence he removed to New College, Oxford, where he was elected fellow. About 1680 he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange, whom he accompanied to Holland. He afterwards went with Lord Dartmouth to Tangiers, and on his return, was made chaplain to Charles II., whom he attended in his last illness, but was hindered from exercising the duties of his function by the Romish priests. The king, who had a great regard for him, nominated him to the bishopric of Bath and Wells, which was confirmed by James II. Ken was one of the seven bishops sent to the Tower for resisting the tyranny of his sovereign. He however refused to take the oaths at the Revolution, for which he was deprived. Queen Anne granted him a pension of £200 per annum, and he was universally esteemed for his amiable manners, childlike simplicity, and unaffected piety. A meeker and a braver man never lived, and by his pure and holy life he has thrown a lustre on the bench of bishops. He published several works of piety, and wrote some exquisite hymns, and also an epic poem, entitled "Edmund." He was born at Berkhampstead, Herts, and died in Wiltshire. See Beeton's "Dict. Univer. Biog."

NAHUM TATE.

Nahum Tate, an Irish poet; he was appointed Laureate in 1692. He wrote "Panacea," a poem on tea; ten dramatic pieces, a number of poems on various subjects, and, in conjunction with Brady, translated the Psalms into metre. Born at Dublin, 1652; died in London, 1715. See Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

Sir Richard Blackmore, born 1658 (?), died 1729. He was a physician, had an extensive practice, knighted by William III., and wrote several epic poems, of which the "Creation" has been admitted into the collections of the British Poets. Johnson remarks, that "Blackmore, by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dulness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved," and he adds that "the poem on 'Creation' wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction." Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Ambrose Philips, born 1675, died 1749. "Educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, was a friend of Addison and Steele, but was violently attacked by Pope. He wrote three tragedies and *some* Pastorals, which were much admired at the time, but are now deservedly forgotten. 'The pieces of Philips that please best,' observes Johnson, 'are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of 'Namby Pamby,' the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole, the 'steerer of the realm,' to Miss Pultney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and sprightly, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not much loaded with thought, yet, if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers.'" —Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," p. 312.

JOHN GAY.

John Gay, born 1688, died 1732. "Gay was the second son of John Gay, Esq., of Frithelstock, near Great Torrington, Devonshire. His parents died during his infancy, and after receiving his education at Barnstaple, the

poet was placed apprentice to a silk-mercer in London. The Duchess of Monmouth in 1712 (by which time Gay had appeared as a poet) made him her private secretary, and he attracted the notice and friendship of Pope and the other leading literary men of the time. 'Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a playfellow rather than as a partner.' His connections with the Tory party excluded him from the patronage of the house of Brunswick; but after the loss of an illusory wealth in the wreck of the South Sea Scheme in 1720, the compelled industry of the luxurious and indolent poet realized for him a tolerable competency. Sheltered in the last years of his life under the hospitable roof of his noble patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, and in the enjoyment of an affectionate correspondence with his friends, Pope and Swift, he suddenly died of fever in 1732. The death of this single-hearted man was deeply lamented.

"Gay is best known by his Fables and his 'Beggar's Opera.' The former bear the first rank in the language of their class of writing; the latter, though the applications of its political satire are obsolete, and its morality not especially commendable, still, by the vigour and liveliness of its portraitures, retains its place on the stage. It banished the affectations of the Italian Opera, as his Pastorals, written in ridicule of those of Ambrose Philips, effectually suppressed the false taste in that species of composition.

"The style of Gay is fluent, lively, and natural. His genius is not of a high order, but is eminently adapted to the subjects it has selected. He may be termed the inventor of the English Ballad Opera. The most popular of his ballads is 'Black-eyed Susan.'" —Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," pp. 296-7. See Campbell's "Spec."; Allibone's "Crit. Dic. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Johnson's "Life of Gay"; Hazlitt's "Lect. Eng. Poets"; "Biog. Brit."; Swift's Works; Pope's Works; Spencer's "Anecdotes"; "Mischief arising from the Beggar's Opera"; "Lon. Gent. Mag.," vol. xliii.; Howitt's "Homes and Haunts of Eminent Brit. Poets"; Thackeray's "Humorists of the Eighteenth Cent."

THOMAS PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, born 1679, died 1717. "An agreeable poet, was descended from an ancient family in Cheshire. His father, who was attached to the cause of the Parliament in the civil wars of Charles I., withdrew to Ireland after the restoration, where he purchased an estate. His eldest son, Thomas, was born at Dublin, in 1679, and received his school education in that city. At an early age he was removed to the college, where he was admitted to the degree of M.A. in 1700, took deacon's orders in the same year, and was ordained priest three years afterwards. In 1705 he was presented to the archdeaconry of Clogher, and about the same time married a lady of great beauty and merit. He now began to make those frequent excursions to England, in which the most desirable part of his life was thenceforth spent. His first connections were principally with the Whigs, at that time in power; and Addison, Congreve, and Steele are named among his chief companions. When, at the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, the Tories were triumphant, Parnell deserted his former friends, and associated with Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Swift introduced him to Lord-Treasurer Harley; and, with the dictatorial air which he was fond of assuming, insisted upon the Treasurer's going with his staff in his hand into the antichamber, where Parnell was waiting to welcome him. It is said of this poet, that every year, as soon as he had collected the rents of his estate, and the revenue of his benefices, he came over to England, and spent some months, living in an elegant style, and rather impairing than improving his fortune. At this time he was an assiduous preacher in the London pulpits, with the intention of rising to notice; but the change of the ministry at Queen Anne's death put an end to his more brilliant prospects in the church. By means, however, of Swift's recommendation to Archbishop King, he obtained a prebend, and the valuable living of Finglass.

"His domestic happiness received a severe shock in 1712, by the death of his beloved wife; and it was the effect on his spirits of this affliction which led him into such a habit of intemperance in wine as shortened his days. This, at least, is the gloss put upon the circumstance by his historian, Goldsmith, who represents him 'as in some measure a martyr to conjugal fidelity.' But it can scarcely be doubted, that this mode of life had already been formed when his very unequal spirits had required the aid of a glass for his support. He died at Chester, on his way to Ireland, in July, 1717, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, and was buried in Trinity Church, in that city.

"Parnell was the author of several pieces, both in prose and verse; but it is only by the latter that he is now known. Of these a collection was published by Pope, with a dedication to the Earl of Oxford. Their characters are ease, sprightliness, fancy, clearness of language, and melody of versification; and though not ranking among the most finished productions of the British muse, they claim a place among the most pleasing. A large addition to these was made in a work printed in Dublin, in 1758, of

which Dr. Johnson says, 'I know not whence they came, nor have ever enquired whither they are going.' "—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 221.

MATTHEW GREEN.

Matthew Green, born 1696, died 1737. "His parents were respectable Dissenters, who brought him up within the limits of the sect. His learning was confined to a little Latin; but, from the frequency of his classical allusions, it may be concluded that what he read when young, he did not forget. The austerity in which he was educated had the effect of inspiring him with settled disgust; and he fled from the gloom of dissenting worship when he was no longer compelled to attend it. Thus set loose from the opinions of his youth, he speculated very freely on religious topics, and at length adopted the system of outward compliance with established forms and inward laxity of belief. He seems at one time to have been much inclined to the principles of Quakerism; but he found that its practice would not agree with one who lived 'by pulling off the hat.' We find that he had obtained a place in the Custom house, the duties of which he is said to have discharged with great diligence and fidelity. It is further attested, that he was a man of great probity and sweetness of disposition, and that his conversation abounded with wit, but of the most inoffensive kind. He seems to have been subject to low spirits, as a relief from which he composed his principal poem, 'The Spleen.'

"The poems of Green, which were not made public till after his death, consist of 'The Spleen'; 'The Grotto'; 'Verses on Barclay's Apology'; 'The Seeker,' and some smaller pieces, all comprised in a small volume. In manner and subject they are some of the most original in our language. They rank among the easy and familiar, but are replete with uncommon thoughts, new and striking images, and those associations of remote ideas by some unexpected similitudes, in which wit principally consists. Few poems will bear more repeated perusals; and, with those who can fully enter into them, they do not fail to become favorites."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 310.

ANNE COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

Anne Countess of Winchelsea, died 1720, was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmonton, in the county of Southampton, maid of honour to the Duchess of York, and wife to Heneage Earl of Winchelsea. A collection of her poems was printed in 1713; several still remain unpublished.

"It is remarkable," says Wordsworth, "that excepting the 'Nocturnal Reverie,' and a passage or two in the 'Windsor Forest,' of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of 'Paradise Lost' and 'The Seasons' does not contain a single new image of external nature."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 705.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

William Somerville, born 1692, died 1742, was descended from an ancient family. He possessed an estate of £1,500 per annum, was amiable and hospitable, and united elegant and refined pursuits with the active amusements which he has so graphically described in his "Chase"; but from deficiency in economy and temperance, was driven, according to Shenstone's account, to drink himself into pains of body in order to get rid of those of the mind. Campbell's "Spec."

ALLAN RAMSAY.

He was born 1686, died 1758. He was of a happy, jovial, and contented humour, and rendered great services to the literature of his country by reviving the taste for the excellent old Scottish poets, and by editing and imitating the incomparable songs and ballads current among the people. He was also the author of an original pastoral poem, the 'Gentle (or Noble) Shepherd,' which grew out of two eclogues he had written, descriptive of the rural life and scenery of Scotland. The complete work appeared in 1725, and consists of a series of dialogues in verse, written in the melodious and picturesque dialect of the country, and interwoven into a simple but interesting love-story. The pictures of nature given in this charming work, equally faithful and ideal, the exact representation of real peasant life and sentiment, which Ramsay, with the true instinct of a poet, knew how to make strictly true to reality without a particle of vulgarity, and the light but firm delineations of character, render this poem far superior in interest, however inferior in romantic ideality, to the 'Pastor Fido,' the 'Galatea,' or the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' The songs he has occasionally interspersed, though they may sometimes be out of place by retarding the march of events, are often eminently beautiful, as are many scattered through Ramsay's voluminous collections, in which he combined the revival of older compositions with imitations and originals of his own. The treasures of tenderness, beautiful description, and sly humour which Ramsay transmitted

from Dunbar, James I., David Lyndsay, and a thousand nameless national bards, were concentrated into one splended focus in the writings of the author of 'Tam O'Shanter.'" —Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 311-2.

ELIJAH FENTON.

Elijah Fenton, born 1683, died 1730. A native of Shelton, Staffordshire, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, is best known as the assistant of Pope in the translation of the "Odyssey." Johnson and Warton state that he translated only the 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books, but the Earl of Orrery asserts that he really translated double the number of books that Pope has owned. "His reward was a trifle, an arrant trifle," writes the Earl in a letter to Mr. Duncombe. He has even told me that he thought Pope feared him more than he loved him. He had no opinion of Pope's heart, and declared him, in the words of Bishop Atterbury, "Mens curva in corpore curvo." He was for some time master of the free Grammar School, Sevenoaks, Kent, and subsequently tutor to Lord Broghill, son of his friend the Earl of Orrery. He published "Poems on Several Occasions," 1717, "Marianne," a tragedy.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Johnson's "Lives of the Eng. Poets"; Bowles' ed. of Pope.

EDWARD WARD.

Edward Ward, born 1667, died 1731. "Edward (familiarly called Ned) Ward was a low-born uneducated man, who followed the trade of a publican. He is said, however, to have attracted many eminent persons to his house by his colloquial powers as a landlord, to have had a general acquaintance among authors, and to have been a great retailer of literary anecdotes. In those times the tavern was a less discreditable haunt than at present, and his literary acquaintance might probably be extensive. Ten thick volumes attest the industry or cacoethes of this facetious publican, who wrote his very will in verse. His favourite measure is the Hudibrastic. His works give a complete picture of the mind of a vulgar but acute cockney. His sentiment is the pleasure of eating and drinking, and his wit and humour are equally gross; but his descriptions are still curious and full of life, and are worth preserving, as delineations of the manners of the times."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 350.

BARTON BOOTH.

Barton Booth, born 1681, died 1733, an eminent English author. He wrote those charming stanzas, "Sweet are the charms of her I love." He left a dramatic piece entitled "The Death of Dido," 1716, 8vo. The memoirs of Booth were published in London, 1733; also by Theop. Cibber, and by Mr. Victor.—Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JOHN OLDMIXON.

John Oldmixon, born 1673, died 1742. "Ridiculed in the Tatler under the name of Omikron, the unborn poet, and one of the heroes of the 'Dunciad,' who mounts the side of a lighter in order to plunge with more effect. His party virulence was rewarded with the place of collector of the customs at the port of Bridgewater."—Campbell's "Specimens."

DR. GEORGE SEWELL.

Dr. George Sewell, died Feb. 8, 1726. He was the author of "Sir Walter Raleigh," a tragedy; several papers in the fifth volume of the Tatler, and ninth of the Spectator; a life of John Philips, and several other things. He was a physician at Hampstead, with very little practice, and chiefly subsisted on the invitations of the neighbouring gentlemen, to whom his amiable character made him acceptable; but at his death not a friend or relative came to commit his remains to the dust. He was buried in the meanest manner, under a hollow tree, that was once part of the boundary of the church-yard of Hampstead. No memorial was placed over his remains.—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 345.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

Thomas Southerne, born in Dublin, 1659, died 1746. "He studied the law in the Temple, but quitted that profession for the army. The close of his life was tranquil and surrounded with competence. Southerne was the author of ten plays, the most conspicuous of which are the tragedies of 'Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage,' and the pathetic drama of 'Oroonoko.' The sufferings of the generous and unhappy African, torn by the slave-trade from his country and his home, and his love for Imoinda, furnish good materials to the pathetic genius of Southerne, who was the first English author to hold up to execration the cruelties of that infernal traffic that so long remained a stain upon our country. The distress in 'Isabella' is also carried to a high degree of intensity, and tenderness and pathos may be asserted to be the primary characteristics of Southerne's dramatic genius."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

NICHOLAS ROWE.

Nicholas Rowe, born 1673, died 1718. "He was descended from an ancient family in Devonshire, was the son of John Rowe, Esquire, a barrister of reputation and extensive practice. Being placed at Westminster School, under Dr. Busby, he pursued the classical studies of that place with credit. At the age of sixteen he was removed from school, and entered a student of the Middle Temple, it being his father's intention to bring him up to his own profession: but the death of this parent, when Nicholas was only nineteen, freed him from what he probably thought a pursuit foreign to his disposition; and he turned his chief studies to poetry and polite literature. At the age of twenty-five he produced his first tragedy, 'The Ambitious Stepmother;' which was afterwards succeeded by 'Tamerlane'; 'The Fair Penitent'; 'Ulysses'; 'The Royal Convert'; 'Jane Shore'; and 'Lady Jane Grey.' Of these, though all have their merits, the third and the two last alone keep possession of the stage; but 'Jane Shore' in particular never fails to be viewed with deep interest. His plays, from which are derived his principal claims upon posterity, are chiefly founded on the model of French tragedy; and in his diction, which is poetical without being bombastic or affected, in his versification, which is singularly sweet; and in tirades of sentiment, given with force and elegance, he has few competitors.

"As a miscellaneous poet, Rowe occupies but an inconsiderable place among his countrymen; but it has been thought proper to give some of his songs or ballads in the pastoral strain; which have a touching simplicity, scarcely excelled by any pieces of the kind. His principal efforts, however, were in poetical translation; and his version of Lucan's Pharsalia has been placed by Dr. Johnson among the greatest productions of English poetry." — Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets," p. 230.

GEORGE LILLO.

George Lillo, born 1693, died 1739, "is in many respects a remarkable and singular literary figure. He was a jeweller in London, and appears to have been a prudent and industrious tradesman, and to have accumulated a fair competence. His dramatic works consist of a peculiar species of what may be called tragedies of domestic life. The principal of them are 'George Barnwell,' the 'Fatal Curiosity,' and 'Arden of Faversham.' Lillo composed sometimes in verse and sometimes in prose; he based his pieces upon remarkable examples of crime, generally in the middle ranks of society, and worked up the interest to a high pitch of intensity. In 'George Barnwell' is traced the career of a London shopman—a real person—who is lured by the artifices of an abandoned woman and the force of his own passion first into embezzlement, and then into the murder of an uncle. The hero of the play, like his prototype in actual life, expiates his offences on the scaffold. The subject of the 'Fatal Curiosity,' Lillo's most powerful work, is far more dramatic in its interests. A couple, reduced by circumstances, and by the absence of their son, to the lowest depths of distress, receive into their house a stranger, who is evidently in possession of a large sum: while he is asleep, they determine to assassinate him for the purpose of plunder, and afterwards discover in their victim their long-lost son. It will be remembered that the tragic story of 'Arden of Faversham,' a tissue of conjugal infidelity and murder, was an event that really took place in the reign of Elizabeth, and had furnished materials for a very popular drama, attributed, but on insufficient evidence, to Shakspere among other playwrights of the time. It was again revived by Lillo, and treated in his characteristic manner—a manner singularly intense in spirit, though prosaic in form. Indeed, the very absence of imagination in this writer may have contributed to the effect he produced, by augmenting the air of reality in his conceptions. He has something of the gloom and sombre directness which we see in Webster or Tourneur, but he is entirely devoid of the wild fantastic fancy which distinguishes that great writer. He is real, but with the reality, not of Walter Scott, but of Defoe."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 265-6.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

Sir John Vanbrugh, born 1666, died 1726, "was the oldest son of Mr. Giles Vanbrugh of London, merchant; he was born in the parish of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 1666. He received a very liberal education, and at the age of nineteen was sent by his father to France, where he continued several years. In 1703 he was appointed Clarencieux king of arms, and in 1706 was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to King George the First, then at Hanover. He was also made comptroller-general of the board of works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. In 1714 he received the order of knighthood, and in 1719 married Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough. Sir John died of a quinsey at his house in Scotland-yard, and is interred in the family vault under

the church of St. Stephen Walbrook. He left only one son, who fell at the battle of Fontenoy."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 345.

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

George Farquhar "was born at Londonderry in Ireland in 1678, and in his personal as well as his literary character he exemplifies the merits and the defects of his nation. He received some education at college, but at the early age of eighteen embraced the profession of an actor. Having accidentally wounded one of his comrades in a fencing-match, he quitted the stage and served for some time in the army, in the Earl of Orrery's regiment. His military experience enabled him to give very lively and faithful representations of gay, rattling officers, and furnished him with materials for one of his pleasantest comedies. His dramatic productions, which were mostly written after his return to his original profession, are more numerous than those of his predecessors, and consist of seven plays: 'Love and a Bottle,' the 'Constant Couple,' the 'Inconstant,' the 'Stage Coach,' the 'Twin Rivals,' the 'Recruiting Officer,' and the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' These were produced in rapid succession, for the literary career of poor Farquhar was compressed into a short space of time—between 1698, when the first of the above pieces was acted, and the author's early death about 1708. The end of this brief course, which terminated at the age of thirty, was clouded by ill health and poverty; for Farquhar was induced to marry a lady who gave out, contrary to truth, that she was possessed of some fortune.

"The works of Farquhar are a faithful reflexion of his gay, loving, vivacious character; and it appears that down to his early death, not only did they go on increasing in joyous animation, but exhibit a constantly augmenting skill and ingenuity in construction, his last works being incomparably his best. Among them it will be unnecessary to dwell minutely on any but the 'Constant Couple' (the intrigue of which is extremely animated), the 'Inconstant,' and chiefly the 'Recruiting Officer' and the 'Beaux' Stratagem.' In Farquhar's pieces we are delighted with the overflow of high animal spirits, generally accompanied, as in nature, by a certain frankness and generosity. We readily pardon the peccadillos of his personages, as we attribute their escapades less to innate depravity than to the heat of blood and the effervescence of youth. His heroes often engage in deceptions and tricks, but there is no trace of the deep and deliberate rascality which we see in Wycherley's intrigues, or of the thorough scoundrelism of Vanbrugh's sharpers. The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is decidedly the best-constructed of our author's plays; and the expedient of the two embarrassed gentlemen, who come down into the country disguised as the master and his servant, though not perhaps very probable, is extremely well conducted, and furnishes a series of lively and amusing adventures. The contrast between Archer and Aimwell and Dick Amlet and Brass in Vanbrugh's 'Confederacy,' shows a higher moral tone in Farquhar, as compared with his predecessor; and the numerous characters with whom they are brought in contact—Boniface the landlord, Cherry, Squire Sullen, and the inimitable Scrub, not to mention Gibbet the highwayman, and Father Foigard the Irish-French Jesuit—are drawn with never-failing vivacity. Passages, expressions, nay, sometimes whole scenes, may be found among the dramas of Farquhar, stamped with that rich humour and oddity which engrave them on the memory. Thus Boniface's laudation of his ale, 'as the saying is,' Squire Sullen's inimitable conversation with Scrub: 'What day of the week is it? Scrub. Sunday, sir. Sul. Sunday? Then bring me a dram!' And Scrub's suspicions: 'I am sure they are talking of me, for they laughed consumedly!' —such traits prove that Farquhar possessed a true comic genius. The scenes in the 'Recruiting Officer,' where Sergeant Kite inveigles the two clowns to enlist, and those in which Captain Plume figures, are also of high merit. In those plays upon which I have not thought it necessary to insist, as the 'Constant Couple' and the 'Inconstant,' the reader will not fail to find scenes worked up to a great brilliancy of comic effect: as, for example, the admirable interview between Sir Harry Wildair and Lady Lurewell, when the envious coquette endeavours to make him jealous of his wife, and he drives her almost to madness by dilating on his conjugal happiness. Throughout Farquhar's plays the predominant quality is a gay geniality, which more than compensates for his less elaborate brilliancy in sparkling repartee. He seems always to write from his heart; and therefore, though we shall in vain seek in his dramas for a very high standard of morality, his writings are free from that inhuman tone of blackguard heartlessness which disgraces the comic literature of the time."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 255-7.

GEORGE GRANVILLE,

Lord Lansdowne, born 1667, died 1735. A noble imitator, in an aristocratic sense, of Waller, and better known "as Granville the polite, than Granville the poet."

FIFTH PERIOD.

From 1689 *to* 1727.

747.—AN ODE.

Man! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet steeled with studied boldness, thou darest try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulf of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned lust!
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
The helm let politic Experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-lived bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
What, though still it farther tend?
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.
With daring pride and insolent delight
Your doubts resolved you boast, your labours crowned;
And "EYPHKA! your god, forsooth is found
Incomprehensible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain searcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition show,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

Say, why should the collected main
Itself within itself contain?
Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the loved bosom of its parent deep?
Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command?
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's submissive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?
Why does the constant sun
With measured steps his radiant journeys run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave earth's other part, and rise on ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bless the night?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

Man does with dangerous curiosity
These unfathomed wonders try:
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains;
And studied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagined sovereignty
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: how long! till some usurper rise,
And he, too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows,
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the Schools;
That he on the other's ruin rears his throne;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise;
Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit:
Yet still inquiring, still mistaking man,
Each hour repulsed, each hour dare onward press;
And like a telling at God his wandering guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war,
Which guids his doubts, and combats his despair)

Laws to his Maker the learned wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, foolish man!
That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every star.

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffered pain,
Almighty languished, and eternal died:
How by her patient victor Death was slain;
And earth profaned, yet blessed with deicide.
Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the sacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise:
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective;
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enlivened soul shall see,
That all the volumes of philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument,
To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was that ladder which old Jacob reared,
When light divine had human darkness cleared;
And his enlarged ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

748.—A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love!
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain!
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast,
Where first my shipwrecked heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

749.—THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis shunned his fellow swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains,
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourished endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sighed, but would not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest;
And she too kind concern expressed,
And asked the reason of his woe;
She asked, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She feared too much to know.

The shepherd raised his mournful head:
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal;
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appeared upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love and I despair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard;
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I feared:
And yet I pardon you, she cried;
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:
He bowed, obeyed, and died!

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

750.—THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Celia and I the other day
Walked o'er the sand-hills to the sea;
The setting sun adorned the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep.

The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair;
Soft fell her words, as flew the air:
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frightened shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry;
When thou art in good humour dressed,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee.
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deformed by winds, and dashed by rain:
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwrecked, in vain to land I make:
While Love and Fate still drive me back;
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vexed when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die!

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

751.—CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In Heaven, one holiday, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so;
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, played all the play.
The god unhappily engaged,
By nature rash, by play enraged,
Complained, and sighed, and cried, and fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted:
In ready-money, all the store
Picked up long since from Danaë's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierced with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle-wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame:
Two table-books in shagreen covers;
Filled with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and ciphered seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power;
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—Come, seven's the main,
Cries Ganymede; the usual trick;
Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick.
Ill news go fast: 'twas quickly known,
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son:
Come hither, sirrah! no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede!
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a blackguard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither;
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favoured less:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, she said
(Her anger by her grief allayed),
Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despised, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on earth be crowned;
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be owned;
When thou, nor man, nor god canst wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you or I undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgraced,
While that bright magazine shall last.
Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

752.—CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river,
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new filled his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too well-guided arrow flew.

I faint! I die! the goddess cried;
O cruel, couldst thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother.

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake;
I took you for your likeness Cloe.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

753.—MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produced his warrant;
Cupid, your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power.
How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said; and you'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngster's repartee.
Come, kinsman (said the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour;
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven,
But you fly fast; and 'tis but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial hector—
He break my dart, or hurt my power!
He, Leda's swan, and Danaë's shower!
Go, bid him his wife's tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give them:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive them.
There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver,
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
Good lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summoned twice a day:
One must find shells, and t'other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be served in state:
The Hours must at her toilet wait:
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast;
No matter though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste;
No matter though this fleet be lost;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar gods!
Phœbus must write him amorous odes:
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose;
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.
Dear coz., said Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's sake, keep your darts! good night.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

754.—THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face;
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day;
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they looked more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undressed at evening when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropped sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; pr'ythee, tell:
That falling tear—What does it mean?

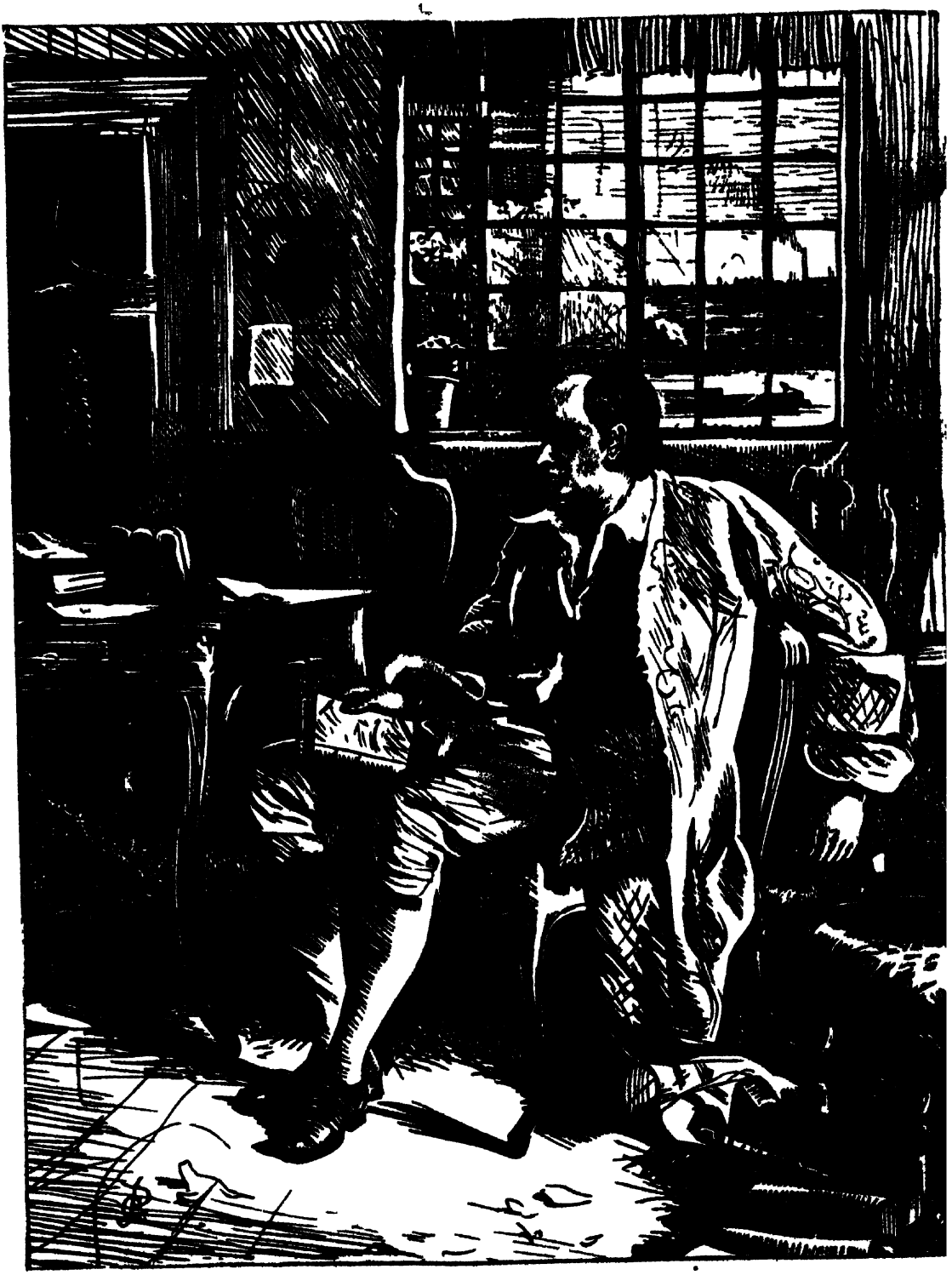
She sighed; she smiled; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;
The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH. *(Fifth Period.)*

755.—HENRY AND EMMA.

TO CLOE.

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow;
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire she shall again be raised;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be praised.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be loved again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feigned, or faith decayed:
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquered love, and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse;
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorned thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banished man to rove.
But oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron lived;
Great gifts bestowed, and great respect received.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharged)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarged
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retired and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely passed;
Nor found they lagged too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir;
They called her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name the indulgent father doubly loved;
For in the child the mother's charms improved.
Yet as, when little, round his knees she played,
He called her oft in sport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirmed what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increased;
Through all the isle her beauty was confessed.
Oh! what perfection must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteemed, where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessened truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came, they saw, they marvelled, and they loved.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each owned the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown;
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes,
In borrowed name and false attire arrayed,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dressed,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;

In his right hand his beechen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears
Still to the glade where she has bent her way
With knowing skill he drives the future prey
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake
And shows the path her steed may safest take
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crowned
And blows her praises in no common sound
A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands
Practised to rise and stoop at her commands
And when superior now the bird has flown
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down
With humble reverence he accosts the fair
And with the honours of the heath he binds her hair
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes
And by his look and sorrow is expressed
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast
A shepherd now along the plain he moves
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng
Or to admire or emulate his song
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays
Not heedful of their envy nor their praise
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain
His notes he raises to a nobler strain
With dutiful respect and studious fear
Lest any careless sound offend her ear
A fraud gipsy now the house he haunts
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals
They tell the secret first which he reveals
Says who shall wed and who shall be beguiled
What groom shall get and squire maintain the child
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye
And in soft accents forms the kind reply
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her
Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmarked by all but beauteous Emma's eyes
Oft had found means alone to see the dame
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear,
That Venus had confirmed her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion blessed,
And with the secret kept, the love increased,
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves
He loves 'tis true and is beloved again
Great are his joys, but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But smiling, will she ever be the same!
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds
And summer seas are turned by sudden winds
Another love may gain her easy youth
Time changes thought and flattery conquers truth
O impotent estate of human life
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife!
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire
And most we question what we most desire
Amongst thy various gifts great Heaven bestow
Our cup of love unmixed forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief for our ill judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste
Or deems it not sincere or fears it cannot last
With wishes mused with jealousies oppressed
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman and the force of love
If scanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind
He'll fix his hope of future joy secure—
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power
But if the fair one as he fears is frail
If poised aright in reason's equal scale
Light fly her merit and her faults prevail
His mind he vows to free from amorous care
The latent mischief from his heart to tear
Resume his azure arms and shine again in war
South of the castle in a verdant glade
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard
Here oft her silence had her heart declared
As active spring awaked her infant buds
And genial life informed the verdant woods
Henry in knots involving Emma's name
Had half expressed and half concealed his flame
Upon this tree, and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year and widened with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address
That, as the wound, the passion might increase
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers
And decked the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,

Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present crowned,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown:
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes,
To the known tree the lovely maid invites;
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturbed his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct, and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note received,
The remnant of the day alone she grieved;
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always blessed her eyes, and owned her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced. The house in sleep were laid;
The nurse experienced, and the prying maid;
And lust that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quickened pace repairing forced delay;
For love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide! is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh;
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fixed regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborned fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love,
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
Broke silence first, the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewailed;
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevailed?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate;
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms;
By Fortune favoured, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandoned exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murther are imbrued,
These trembling feet by justice are pursued;
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away,
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemned in lonely woods, a banished man, to rove

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies,
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feigned,
The flames which long have in my bosom reigned:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let Prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way,
And take good heed, what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook:
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessened fame is ne'er regained,
And virgin honour, once, is always stained:

Timely advised, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love;
And leave a banished man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And malice vanquished heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of censorious Fame.
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow,
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betrayed:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharged, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banished man, condemned in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandished high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame,
And shall not love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touched in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst thou bleed;
To stanch the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk arrayed,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove! can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chilled by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gathered boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate!
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
That gate, for ever barred to thy return:
Wilt thou not then, with [illegible] heart to thy fated love,
And hate a banished man, condemned in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did not only wed,
From its decline determined to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.

And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring;
And, when at night with weary toil oppressed,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropped off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side.
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find;
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew.
By adverse fortune mixed in social ill,
Trained to assault, and disciplined to kill;
Their common loves, a lewd abandoned pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want and prostitute for bread.
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omened stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love;
Or leave a banished man, condemned in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe;
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin;
By her own choice free virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.
Who has assayed no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fixed her seat,
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dressed:
Condemned them, or absolved them by thy test.
In comely figure ranged my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O fine extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be expressed

The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dressed.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandoned mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Even honour dubious, thou prefer'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next shall tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex,
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Called sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame conveyed,
Still blame the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade;
When armed with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow;
When, fired with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why shouldst thou weep? let nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty; I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty; blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object altered, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decayed;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starred love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led;
Is each man perjured, and each nymph betrayed?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely cursed?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect
With virgin honours let my hearse be decked,
And decent emblem, and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touched thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandoned to despair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind she loved but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banished man, condemned in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjured knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou mayst wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl; him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fattened lands;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat:
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet superior love shall mock his power,
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scattered by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! winged with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthened heart.
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care:
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffered grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;

Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcerned return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheered;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor feared;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them played
Angels and sportive loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapped their wings, and low they bowed:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipped with pleasure, and all winged with joy:
And those, they vowed, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of beauty stopped her bridled doves;
Approved the little labour of the loves;
Was proud and pleased the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph called the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Returned, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years designed to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-winged power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquished by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast,
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renowned for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smiled, and bowed: the Cyprian deity
Turned to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

756.—THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER.

Who has e'er been at Paris must needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet;
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on;
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more balked, and their hopes no more crossed.
Derry down, etc.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief has his own;

But my hearers cry out: What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, etc.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness, to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, etc.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seemed not in great haste, that the show should begin:
Now fitted the halter, now traversed the cart;
And often took leave; but was loth to depart.
Derry down, etc.

What frightens you thus, my good son, says the priest:
You murdered, are sorry, and have been confessed.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murdered, but that I was taken.
Derry down, etc.

Pugh! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis;
If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, etc.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid;
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, etc.

To-morrow? our hero replied in a fright:
He that's hanged before noon, ought to think of to-night:
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly trussed up,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, etc.

Alas! quoth the squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu, I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind, as to go in my place.
Derry down, etc.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast, I proposed to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.
Derry down, etc.

Then turning about to the hangman, he said:
Dispatch me I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade:
For thy cord, and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, etc.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

757.—PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote, and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportioned piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fixed their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor cared to pray, nor dared to fight;
Protogenes, historians note,
Lived there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqued by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepared to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings,
His servants follow with the things;
Appears the governante of the house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, sir, says she, with gracious air,
And courtesy low; but just called out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus, for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church: 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus. 'Tis the piece
The most renowned throughout all Greece,
So like the original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home.

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after:
Authors, before they write, should read;
'Tis very true, but we'll proceed:
And, sir, at present would you please
To leave your name? Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true;
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and courtesying, sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self; safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir—at six o'clock.
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line he found,
He has presumed to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he ordered me to say)
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.
She said; and to his hand restored
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles viewed the finished piece.
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have expressed
Who truest drew, or coloured best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round I grant,
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguished part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters, which may proclaim,
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working, took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

758.—ABRA'S LOVE FOR SOLOMON.

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
And laughing, gloss'd that Abra served so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
More I observed peculiar in the maid.
The sun declined had shot his western ray,
When, tired with business of the solemn day,
I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils; she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.
Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care:
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love:
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.
Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls;
Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which, unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,

At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon;
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power:
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams:
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
Ivory, with sapphires interspersed, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed.
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charged, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and oh, unhappy tale! * *
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave,
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserved:
I call'd her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I sought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better dress.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

759.—EPITAPH EXTEMPORE.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

760.—FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Matt, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he.

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows if this may be true

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Matt may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

761.—AN EPITAPH.

Interr'd beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run:
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walk'd and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walk'd and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had, nor brother:
They seem'd just tallied for each other.
Their Moral and Economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither praised nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt,
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never raised themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded,
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married,
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were,
Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laugh'd, nor cried;
And so they lived, and so they died.

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

---

762. — ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MDCCXX.

"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and dies;
"In sure, and certain hopes," the prelate cries:
Of these two learned peers, I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The duke he stands an infidel confessed,
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, though knave, still "brother dear," he cries;
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

Matthew Prior.—Born 1664, *Died* 1721.

763.—A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims,
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee;
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly,
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love;
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended, as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleased and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia.
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepared,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

764.—AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

Prepare the hallow'd strain, my Muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute;
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
"The flute that sweetly can complain,
Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
Panting sympathy impart,
Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

Next, let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all Heaven before our eyes:
"Such as may lift us to the skies;
So far at least till they
Descend with kind surprise,
And meet our pious harmony half-way."
Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound.

The soul o'erpowering with delight,
As, with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
And flashes on the sight.
Let Echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
And in a low expiring strain
Play all the concert o'er again.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspired,
And with religious ardour fired:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
But, by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
And with devotion burn'd.

With ravish'd soul, and looks amazed,
Upon her beauteous face he gazed;
Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
And changed the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings and melting voices.
The tuneful ferment rises high,
And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and languish by degrees,
And at a distance die.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

765.—A LETTER FROM ITALY.

While you, my lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleased to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fired with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalized in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the famed river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source,
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserved in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,

When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base, degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humble sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure toss'd,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty cursed,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

O Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eased of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' prayer.
The Dane and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

The ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fired with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

766.—AN ODE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine:
"The hand that made us is divine."

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

767.—A HYMN.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

768.—AN ODE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore:
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

769.—A HYMN.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When Thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

But Thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

770.—PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps He leads:
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Joseph Addison.—Born 1672, *Died* 1709.

771.—MORNING.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing showed the ruddy morn's approach.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

Jonathan Swift.—Born 1667, *Died* 1745.

772.—DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER.

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower,
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.

On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew,
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

Jonathan Swift.—Born 1667, *Died* 1745.

774.—VERSES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be over-topt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all to me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
For poetry, he's past his prime:
He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men."
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wish he may hold out till spring."

They hug themselves and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, "God be praised, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—the Dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses."
"To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean, in all the nation,
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
"We must confess, his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, "the Dean is dead."
And Lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot:
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then:
But now, as consort of the king,
You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy;
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, "I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die:
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madame, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend?
No, madame, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart:)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean,

On Sundays, after evnòre is miss'd,
He gathers all the id exist.
Points out the pl favourite of Apollo?
Here Baucis, tha his works must follow;
Till once a pa the common fate;
To mend hit wit is out of date.
At which country squire to Lintot goes,
How mes for Swift in verse and prose.
Grew Lintot, "I have heard the name;
Se died a year ago."—"The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past:
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff;
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend:
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your honour please to buy a set?
Here's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition:
'Tis read by every politician:
The country members, when in town,
To all their boroughs send them down;
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart:
Those maids of honour who can read,
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension:
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priest-craft down:
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer:
A shame he had not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill received at court,
Although, ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own."

"Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died."
"Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!"—
"He should have left them for his betters:
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.—
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.—
But why would he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour!
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels;
Not sparing his own clergy cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He spared a hump, or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux.
True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confest,
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridiculed or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knows you, nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face,
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:
******* squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and **** for nought:
The **** **** go joyful back,
To rob the church, their tenants rack;
Go snacks with ***** justices,
And keep the peace to pick up fees;

In every job to have a share,
A gaol or turnpike to repair;
And turn ******* to public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends;
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers; no allies in blood:
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To sell him for six hundred pound.
Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men:
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat:
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenour of his mind,
To merit well of human-kind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story:
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded virtue stand!
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene:
His friends in exile, or the Tower,
Himself within the frown of power;
Pursued by base envenom'd pens,
Far to the land of s—— and fens;
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.
By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution;
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit was to be his foes;
When ev'n his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels.
The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous destructive cheat:
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin;
While they who at the stern stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench:
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends;
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
"Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he liked, much good may 't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For, had we made him timely offers,
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown;
For party he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he's dead.—

What writings has he left behind?"
"I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose—"
"Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite:
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word—
Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear."
"He know an hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was cheerful to his dying day;
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought them;
But this I know, all people bought them,
As with a moral view design'd
To please and to reform mankind:
And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes."

Jonathan Swift.—Born 1667, *Died* 1745.

775.—THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED.

Thus spoke to my lady the knight full of care:
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's bawn, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a barrack or malt-house, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my surloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant!
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on 't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight; thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull Rums;
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be drest,
Cried, "Madam, why surely my master's possest!
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.
And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes:
And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:

And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets;
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived
At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
Now see, when they meet, how their honours behave:
'Noble captain, your servant'—'Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine.'—
'Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine.'
'Pray how does my lady?'—'My wife's at your service.'
'I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
'Good morrow, good captain. I'll wait on you down.'—
'You sha'n't stir a foot.'—'You'll think me a clown:'
'For all the world, captain —'—'Not half an inch farther.'—
'You must be obey'd!'—'Your servant, Sir Arthur!
My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold lace:
O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear creter, it prances and rears;
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:
At last comes the troop by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries, STAND!
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen).
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle:)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt;)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
'Pray, captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.'
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us.
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest ——'
'Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest:
You banter me, madam; the kingdom must grant ——'
'You officers, captain, are so complaisant!'"
"Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming ——"
"No, madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.
To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The Dean and the doctor have humbled their pride,
For the captain's intreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain all in his fine clo'es.
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine-spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;

'And, madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose;
But the Devil's as welcome wherever he goes:
G— d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassoc, and smoothing your band.
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jinny.)
Whenever you see a cassoc and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room;
G— d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
Your Novels, and Bluturcks, and Omurs, and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation:
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife;
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life:
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
So then you look'd scornful, and sniff at the Dean,
As who should say, Now, am I skinny and lean?
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the Dean call, "Will your ladyship walk?"
Her ladyship answers, "I'm just coming down:"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye:
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

Jonathan Swift.—Born 1667, *Died* 1745.

776.—THE MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf: and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

777.—SATIRE.

I've often wished that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat,
By any trick, or any fault;
And if I pray by Reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools:
As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre:
Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plow to find a treasure:

But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits,
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Removed from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use,
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas;
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found.
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplext,
And smiling whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To justle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a duke."
I own, I'm pleased with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw:
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This, humbly offers me his case—
That, begs my int'rest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
Without your help the cause is gone."—
The duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two—
"Put my lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider 'tis my first request."—
Be satisfied, I'll do my best:—
Then presently he falls to tease,
"You may be certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four,)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, "What's o'clock?" And, "How's the wind?"
"Who's chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My lord and me as far as Staines,
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My lord and he are grown so great,
Always together, *tête-à-tête*.
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arrived at court;
I'm stopt by all the fools I meet,
And catechised in every street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
Inform us, will the emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my lord-mayor,
They stand amazed, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book,
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons! and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup served with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleased, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth or our own ends?



TO A LADY.

"Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.
See how the world its veterans rewards—
A youth of frolic, an old age of cards."

[Poem 778.

What good, or better, we may call,
And what, the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely à *propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet loved his friend, and had a soul,
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coûte que coûte*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean);
Pudding that might have pleased a dean;
Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He eat himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat,
But lord, my friend, this savage scene!
For God's sake, come, and live with men:
Consider, mice, like men, must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
(This doctrine, friend, I learnt at court.")
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:
('Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.)
Behold the place where if a poet
Shined in description he might show it;
Tell how the moonbeam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The moon was up, and men a-bed,
The napkins white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sate, *tête-à-tête*.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Goûtez ça!*
That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain!
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite ashamed—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all's so good.
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door"—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!"

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

778.—TO A LADY.

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here in ermined pride,
Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.
Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.
How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail-one's *advocate*, the weak-one's friend.
To her Calista proved her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose,
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.
Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchased, but the fair he sees
All bathed in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"
Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd;

Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes,
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres;
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.
See Sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride,
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fired her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of Taste,
Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.
Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind?
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refined to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate,
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a prayer.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair-ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon Earth:
Shines, in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age
No passion gratified, except her rage,
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you — Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.
Pictures, like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;

Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love, or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or king:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain parson Hale.

But grant, in public, men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full life display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride.
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue, or a vice.

In men, we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind:
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Power all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it, when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths, less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards:
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day:
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys;
Let fops or Fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies, with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.
Be this a woman's fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

779.—THE MAN OF ROSS.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

780.—THE TOILET.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

781.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings: I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

782.—THE QUIET LIFE.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years glide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

783.—MOONLIGHT.

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Pope.—Born 1688, *Died* 1744.

784.—COLIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

"I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone,
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare,
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there

Then bear my corse, my comrades! bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet,
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet!

She spoke: she died. Her corpse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell,
The damps of death bedewed his brow
He shook, he groaned, he fell

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled
When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there

Thomas Tickell.—Born 1686, *Died* 1740

785.—TO THE EARL OF WARWICK, ON THE DEATH OF ADDISON.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd.
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, O judge, my bosom by your own
What mourner ever felt poetic fires!
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave?
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rows of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire,
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by the lawn-robed prelate paid
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend
Oh, gone for ever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace, next thy loved Montague
To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine,
Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan,
And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone
If e'er from me thy loved memorial part,
May shame afflict this alienated heart,
Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
My lyre be broken, and untuned my tongue,
My grief be doubled from thy image free,
And mirth a torment, unchastised by thee!

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below,
Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled,
Chiefs, graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood,
Just men, by whom impartial laws were given
And saints, who taught and led the way to heaven,
Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbodied mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly?
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love, not ill essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?

Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius, lend!
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form, which, so the heavens decree,
Must still be loved and still deplored by me;
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge,) taught us how to die.

Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears?
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd,
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing;
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn.
O! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds,)
The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd,
Great, but ill-omen'd, monument of fame,
Nor he survived to give, nor thou to claim.
Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies.
Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell!
Farewell! whom, joined in fame, in friendship tried,
No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.

Thomas Tickell.—Born 1686, *Died* 1740.

786.—THE DISPENSARY.

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why phy-sicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old Time return'd again.

Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height:
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And, as she disappear'd, their search pursued.
Wrapp'd in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.

Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;

Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice, why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at the Olympic 's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between,
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will.
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descried,
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside,
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd;
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.

First, some to cleave the stubborn flint engage,
Till, urged by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are ranged in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare,
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.

The slumbering god, amazed at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:

How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but cursed, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I withheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How I have kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity 's adored in Spain.
I swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd crape the drudgery of prayer.

Urim was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And soon as the dessert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied, for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engaged in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes proved the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.

Mankind my fond propitious power has tried,
Too oft to own, too much to be denied.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges doze,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his resolves control,
The equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.

But, as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:

'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.
Here have I ruled long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.
But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.

With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find Envy out; some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend;
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs, dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what the event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.

More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

Samuel Garth.—Born ——, *Died* 1718.

787.—CREATION.

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds:
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed;
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains;
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basso-relieve,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared!

But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide?
You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Do not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land.
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

Blackmore.—Born 1676, *Died* 1729.

788.—A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas thus deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Ambrose Philips.—Born 1671, *Died* 1749.

789.—EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow:
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seem'd polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,

His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways
appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

Ambrose Philips.—Born 1671, *Died* 1749.

790.—THE FIRST PASTORAL.

If we, O Dorset! quit the city-throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present; and, O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall
sing
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious
store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent:
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs
He solitary sat, to breathe his vows.
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art;
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.
"Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;
The winds are hushed; the dews distil; and
sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep:
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake: with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their
feet?
And, wearied in the dance, how would they
yearn
Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
But ah! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her
spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless
moan.
Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have proved
more kind.
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungathered, will
decay!
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my
cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer, loose in flow'ry meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me! the tiresome
chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
No cruel purpose in my speed I bear;
'Tis only love; and love why shouldst thou
fear?
What idle fears a maiden breast alarm!
Stay, simple girl; a lover cannot harm!
Two sportive kidlings, both fair-flecked, I rear,
Whose shooting horns like tender buds ap-
pear:
A lambkin, too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
Of ev'ry dewy sweet the morning yields;
From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
And when—but why these unavailing pains?
The gifts alike, and giver, she disdains;
And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll doom
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem;
Yet was she born, like me, of shepherd-sire,
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
How would I wander, every day, to find
The choice of wildings, blushing through the
rind!
For glossy plums how lightsome climb the
tree,
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee.
Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin shalt possess;
And fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bord'ring flowers less beauteous than
they grow?
O come, my love! nor think the employment
mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean;
To drive afield, by morn, the fattening ewes,
Ere the warm sun drink up the coolly dews;
While with my pipe, and with my voice,
I cheer
Each hour, and through the day detain thine
ear.

How would the crook beseem thy lily hand!
How would my younglings round thee gazing stand!
Ah, witless younglings! gaze not on her eye:
Thence all my sorrow; thence the death I die.
Oh, killing beauty! and oh, sore desire!
Must then my suff'rings but with life expire?
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn:
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake."

Now to the waning moon the nightingale,
In slender warblings, tuned her piteous tale.
The love-sick shepherd, list'ning, felt relief,
Pleased with so sweet a partner in his grief,
Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

Ambrose Philips.—Born 1671, *Died* 1749.

791.—TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight;
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please.
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush;
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray;
Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This in time will be forgot;
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughters see,
This picture once resembled thee.

Ambrose Philips.—Born 1671, *Died* 1749.

792.—THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A monkey, to reform the times,
Resolved to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town conveyed,
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet c[illegible]; with mimic play
He twirls her [illegible]not, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refined;
Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watched occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonished at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others gloat
Upon his rich embroidered coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powdered back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
"Hear and improve," he pertly cries;
"I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own words; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I passed my days,
Conversed with men, and learnt their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to everything attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite."
He spoke and bowed. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinned applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

793.—THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted:
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flattered always takes your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restored the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.
His honest pencil touched with truth,
And marked the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice failed;
Truth should not always be revealed;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two busts, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He placed in view; resolved to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appeared; and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter looked, he sketched the piece,
Then dipp'd his pencil, talked of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work." My lord replied:
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me," the artist cried,
"In this, the painters must decide.
The piece even common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My lord examined it anew;
No looking-glass seemed half so true.
A lady came, with borrowed grace
He from his Venus formed her face.
Her lover praised the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Even beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they praised;
His custom grew, his price was raised.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

794.—THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, even with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
A lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in everything but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinned applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good gods! how natural he brays!
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays; the hon starts.
"Puppy, that cursed vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation.
Coxcombs, an ever noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe?" the cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise."
"How weak is pride!" returns the sire;
"All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

795.—THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

Restrain your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says, we sprung from Eve.
As an old hen led forth her train,
And seemed to peck to show the grain;
She raked the chaff, she scratched the ground,
And gleaned the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,

And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.
A cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My son," says she, "I grant your years
Have reached beyond a mother's cares;
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest."
He thanked her care; yet day by day
His bosom burned to disobey;
And every time the well he saw,
Scorned in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And longed to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge?" he cries;
"Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolved, and dare the event."
Thus said. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretched his neck; and from below
With stretching neck advanced a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answered threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew.
But when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drowned:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

796.—THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain, that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd, like fashions.
Excuse me then, if pride, conceit
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I say that these are proud. What then?
I never said they equal men.
A goat (as vain as goat can be)
Affected singularity.
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He rolled upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention stood,
Fixed o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowsy beard," he cries;
"My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loathe this reverend figure."
Resolved to smoothe his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, professed the dapper art;
His pole with pewter basins hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Ranged cups that in the window stood,
Lined with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shaved, drew teeth, and breathed a vein.
The goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek the lather hides:
Light, smooth, and swift the razor glides.
"I hope your custom, sir," says pug.
"Sure never face was half so smug."
The goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws:
The shaggy people grinned and stared.
"Heyday! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robbed your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn:
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Even Muscovites have mowed their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mocked along the way;
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgraced and torn?"
"Were you no more with goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!
Coxcombs, distinguished from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest."

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

797.—THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the man with gasping breath:
"I feel the chilling wound of death:
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made;
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession,
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
It well increased. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs

Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduced a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am numbered with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."
An angel came. "Ah, friend!" he cried,
"No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste?" the sick man whines;
"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still:
That sum and more are in my will."
"Fool," says the vision, "now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope," he cried;
"Then why such haste?" so groaned and died.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

798.—THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarmed his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand
To learn their dying sire's command:
He raised his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah, sons! from evil ways depart:
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murdered geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys here?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
The hungry foxes round them stared,
And for the promised feast prepared.
"Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
"O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our race,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour,
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost, redeem."
"The counsel's good," a fox replies,
"Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath marked our race.
Though we like harmless sheep should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever henroost is decreased,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believed,
A lost good name is ne'er retrieved."
"Nay, then," replies the feeble fox,
"(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good."

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

799.—THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing steed,
Who grazed among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fired the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concerned the state
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whose eye-balls flamed with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addressed:
"Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemned to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we designed for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legged kind!
What force is in our nerves combined!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.

Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famished growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approved the cause,
And all the circle neighed applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A steed advanced before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:
"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by heaven assigned."
The tumult ceased. The colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

800.—THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery 's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends.
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing as the muse inspired:
"Go, rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy withering head reclined
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons," replied
An angry rose, who grew beside.
"Of all mankind, you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us!
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

801.—THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appeared in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship every burden's light."
The horse replied—"Poor honest puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately bull implored;
And thus replied the mighty lord—
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow:
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.

To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the goat is just behind."
The goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
"My back," says she, "may do you harm;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage;
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For see the hounds are just in view."

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732

802.—SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

803.—A BALLAD.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She casts a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair:
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

804.—THE COUNTRY BALLAD SINGER.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
* * * * *
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed with smacking lip the snoring lout
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering strains with stammering speech bespoke:
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids, I've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling, sweet, and loud;
No parish-clerk, who calls the psalms so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds and various cheats.
Then sad he sung "The Children in the Wood"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stained with infant blood!)
How blackberries they plucked in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smiled;
Their little corpse the robin-redbreasts found,
And strewed with pious bill the leaves around.

(Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)
For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he raised his voice, to tell
What woful wars in "Chevy Chase" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!"
Ah, Witherington! more years thy life had crowned,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wailed in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Essex" next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of "Taffy Welsh" and "Sawney Scot,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman" or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon," slain by valiant Moore,
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "grass now grows where Troy town stood"?
His carols ceased: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose, and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

805.—WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned;
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.

Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's, assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane:
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced danger sings!

John Gay.—Born 1688, *Died* 1732.

806.—DESCRIPTION OF A HARE HUNT.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning studdles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed:
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind Power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet placed, shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cowed by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks,
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play:
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.
Huntsman, lead on! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey:
Spare not the straggling cur, that wildly roves;
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return

And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.
Here on this verdant spot, where nature kind,
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The breaks, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
The harmonious concert breaks; till more assured
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah! there she lies; how close! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seized. The withered grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betrayed.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hushed,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct
To her known mews she flies! Here, huntsman, bring
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spurred on by fear.
The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and woods
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripped for the chase, give all your souls to joy!
See how their coursers, than the mountain roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce print
The grass unbruised; with emulation fired
They strain to lead the field, top the barred gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge: the riders bend
O'er their arched necks; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.
Huntsman! her gait observe; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exiled wretch
The frighted chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.
Hark! from yon covert, where those towering oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
Upon our ravished ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-opening load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near: afflictive birch
No more the schoolboy dreads, his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill; the ploughman leaves
The unfinished furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys, and girls
Desert the unpeopled village; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stained
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue

The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagems inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how to escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew,
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud,
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tossed;
Oblivion to be wished. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied, up they climb,
And ardent we pursue; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit gained,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrivalled speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reproved;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fired, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance graze,
Have haply soiled the turf. See! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills; as bells
Silenced a while at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage
Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once more
They're checked—hold back with speed.—on either hand
They flourish round—even yet persist—'Tis right,
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduced.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once she ranged secure,
With love and plenty blessed. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs the obstructed pores, scarce leaves
A languid scent. And now in open view
See, see, she flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round inclosed
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctan dies.
So when the furious Bacchanals assailed
Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Returned their clamorous rage; distressed he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpowered, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

William Somerville.—Born 1682, *Died* 1742.

807.—PRAISE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet these the meanest of us may behold;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not graced with power.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
The ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrowed day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.

See, there he comes, the exalted idol comes!
The circle 's formed, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To soothe his tortured mind; all, all are fled.
For though they basked in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile, as we smile; open and unreserved.
We speak our inmost souls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smoothe every brow, and glow on every cheek.
O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure?
Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
The expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confined, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing; unskilled to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view, with piercing eyes, the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who veiled in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmoved, unchanged himself; yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad the horizon round.

William Somerville.—Born 1682, *Died* 1742.

808.—A FAIRY TALE.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danced the maze,
Lived Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Though badly shaped he'd been.

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above:
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dared to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion paced along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolved, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachèd near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay,
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cried:
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art control,
Advanced in open sight:
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner daunce,
Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen:
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire,
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof:
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile:
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers dye;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a daunceing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, sir Topaz moved,
The youth of Edith erst approved,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seized the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near,
A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Entreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

"Ah, losel vile," at once they roar:
"And little skill'd of fairie lore,
Thy cause to come, we know:
Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
And fairies, since a lye you tell,
Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the whispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The caitiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise, in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er;
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His scely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,
And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
By fortune seem design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind."

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

809.—THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That Vice should triumph, Virtue, Vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken Sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the Sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern Sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair.
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried,
"And hail, my son," the reverend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the Sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the Moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;

So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the Sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal fagot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Broad of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pondering hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
"And why should such," within himself he cried,
"Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?"
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face;
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The Sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now Night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh,
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappled Morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.
Horrour of horrours! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done;
Not Hell, though Hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.

The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
"Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high,
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
"What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust!
"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to Earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left to view;
The prophet gazed, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun
"Lord! as in Heaven, on Earth thy will be done:"
Then gladly turning sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

810.—HYMN TO CONTENTMENT.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind,
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!

Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.
The bold adventurer ploughs his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude 's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last, for knowledge, rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whispor as they waved:
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace.
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow:
Then every grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy;
Raised as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise and prayer,
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and bless'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight;
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear, and court my song:
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And thee, great Source of nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

811.—SONG.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as bless'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increased their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales! ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes! breezy winds!,
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Assist the dear design;
Oh teach a young unpractised heart
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

812.—MORNING HYMN.

See the star that leads the day,
Rising, shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early, with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night.

From a heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat, to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run!
Rise before or with the sun:

Lift thy hands, and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,—
That, as the light, serenely fair,
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The sacred Spirit so may rest
With quick'ning beams upon thy breast;
And kindly clear it all within
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.

See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care:
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings.
Prepare to meet them in a mind
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.

And whether with a small repast
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business with industrious feet:—
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.

Oh! giver of eternal bliss,
Grant, heavenly Father! grant me this!
Grant it to all, as well as me,
All those whose hearts are fix'd on thee,—
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy sacred Spirit love.

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

813.—NOONTIDE HYMN.

The sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky!
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.

Father! also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me!
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade!

Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes!
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky!

Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there!
And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light!

Thus while here I'm forced to be,
I daily wish to live with thee,
And feel that union, which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.

From my soul I send my prayer,—
Great Creator, bow thine ear!
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And show'd its beauties in the sun.

With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would with good affection, too,
Good affection, sweetly free,
Loose from them and move to thee:
O! teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live!
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

814.—EVENING HYMN.

The beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies.
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.

Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the God of glory now
To fill thy breast; or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And, whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes,
Which make the weary members bless'd,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;

Or whether spirits, in the brain,
Dispel their soft embrace again,
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too!

But still, as day concludes in night,
To break again the new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree—
Grace from God, and love from me:
Grace that will from heaven inspire,
Love that seals it in desire;
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.

Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star;
Thou, that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice, and make me bless'd,
By kindly granting its request!

If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy,
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore!

Thomas Parnell.—Born 1679, *Died* 1717.

815.—CONTENTMENT.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchemy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care.
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here Nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser Nymphs on side of hills
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life:
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressèd to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age.
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe.
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.

His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctured glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw;
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought;
But conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.

In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know.
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate:
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepared to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end),
Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

Matthew Green.—Born 1696, *Died* 1737.

816.—THE SEEKER.

When I first came to London,* I rambled about
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went out.

If thoughts o in divinity bachelor, tried
My darkness to obtrude a Levitical bride;
Till thou ng their various opinions, intended
And par e me wed systems which they recommended.

The
a loch'rous old friar, skulking near Lincoln's Inn
(Whose trade 's to absolve, but whose pastime 's to sin;
Who, spider-like, seizes weak Protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies):
"Ah! pity your soul, for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The Bible you boast is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation."

Said a formal non-con (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward exposed in shop-window of face):
"Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect;
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
Being Christ's little flock everywhere spoke against."

Said a jolly church parson (devoted to ease
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece):
"If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver;
That ours is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely in medio tutissimus ibis."

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band
(Who, while he talk'd gravely, would hold forth his hand):
"Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then, pr'ythee be wise, go the quakers' by-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes; so nothing to pay."

Matthew Green.—Born 1696, *Died* 1737.

817.—A NOCTURNAL REVERIE.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glowworms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea, Born——,
Died 1720.

818.—LIFE'S PROGRESS.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend,
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime
And all its sweetness end.

The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care 's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear 's a winter storm,
And every look 's a frown.

Anne, Countess of Winchelsea.—Born ——, *Died* 1720.

819.—MORNING HYMN.

Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time misspent redeem;
Each precious day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noontide clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

Wake, and lift thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to the eternal King.

I wake! I wake!—ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will—
Oh, may I never more do ill!

Had I your wings, to heaven I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, wing'd with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Were not Thou there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Bishop Ken.—Born 1637, *Died* 1711.

820.—EVENING HYMN.

All praise to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings!

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

Oh! may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Dull sleep!—of sense me to deprive;
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved
To lie so long of Thee bereaved.

But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it a hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
Oh, may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Oh! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing, and never tire?

Oh, may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
Oh, never, then, from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.—Born 1637, *Died* 1711.

821.—MIDNIGHT HYMN.

My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Blest angels! while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the Ever-blest
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine:
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will intrust:
Oh, make me Thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat:
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

Oh, may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made;
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun, in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in Thy sight:
My soul, oh, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name!

Blest Jesu! Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.

My soul! how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord; new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart:
One ray of Thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night!

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Ken.—Born 1637, *Died* 1711.

822.—THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:—

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Goodwill henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease!"

Nahum Tate.—Born 1652, *Died* 1715.

823.—FROM PSALM CIV.

Bless God, my soul!—Thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour Thou art crown'd, Thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

With light Thou dost Thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds His chariot are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which He flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill;
All have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

The various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on Thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from Thee.

They gather what Thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide:
Thou open'st Thine hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

Thou for a moment hidest Thy face—
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou takest their breath—all nature's race
Forthwith to mother Earth return.

Again Thou send'st Thy spirit forth
To inspire the mass with vital seed—
Nature's restored, and parent Earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

Thus through successive ages stands,
Firm fix'd, Thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of Thy own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.

Nahum Tate.—Born 1652, *Died* 1715.

824.—SONG.

Farewell to Lochaber, farewell to my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day been:
To Lochaber no more, to Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And not for the dangers attending on weir;
Though borne on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more!

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
No tempest can equal the storm in my mind:
Though loudest of thunders on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,
But by case that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd:
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave;
And I maun deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse,
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee;
And losing thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And, if I should chance to come glorious hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

Allan Ramsay.—Born 1686, *Died* 1757.

825.—THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

The last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kiss'd and promised time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.

I pitied all beneath the skies,
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there 's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Allan Ramsay.—Born 1686, *Died* 1757.

826.—ODE FROM HORACE.

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fowk wysing ajee
The biast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin stoup it hands but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, "Be quiet,"
The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute 's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth 's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say;
"Ye'll worry me, you greedy rook;"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide herself in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

Allan Ramsay.—Born 1686, *Died* 1757.

827.—SONG.

Pursuing beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
Still richer in variety
The treasures of the land of love.

We women, like weak Indians, stand
Inviting from our golden coast
The wand'ring rovers to our land:
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart;
But by possession settled in,
They quickly play another part.

For beads and baubles we resign,
In ignorance, our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery:
When that is made, the pleasure 's done.

Thomas Southerne.—Born 1659, *Died* 1746.

828.—COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died:
She talk'd, and I bless'd her dear tongue;
When she smiled, 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town;
To think that a beauty so gay
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go clad, like our maidens, in grey,
Or live in a cottage on love!

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

All you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of or seen,
Unless when, beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

Nicholas Rowe.—Born 1673, *Died* 1718.

829.—THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I loved,
As her fancy moved,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she pass'd by
With a scornful glance of her eye,
"What a shame," quoth she,
"For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to die!

"And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our God has decreed;
What a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed!

"There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

"Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine."

"Alas! my love," he cried,
"What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart
What is all the world beside?

"To me thou art more gay,
In this homely russet grey,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen;
Or the brightest queen of May.

"What though my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade,
And a shepherd all thy own."

Nicholas Rowe.—Born 1673, *Died* 1718.

830.—SONG.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow, willow,
Poor Colin sat weeping, and told them his pain;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

Sweet stream, he cried sadly, I'll teach thee to flow.
Ah willow, &c.
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
Ah willow, &c.

All restless and painful poor Amoret lies,
Ah willow, &c.
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
Ah willow, &c.

To the nymph my heart loves, ye soft slumbers repair:
Ah willow, &c.
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care.
Ah willow, &c.

Dear brook, were thy chance near her pillow to creep,
Ah willow, &c.
Perhaps thy soft murmurs might lull her to sleep.
Ah willow, &c.

Let me be kept waking, my eyes never close,
Ah willow, &c.
So the sleep that I lose brings my fair one repose,
Ah willow, &c.

But if I am doomed to be wretched indeed;
Ah willow, &c
If the loss of my dear one, my love is decreed;
Ah willow, &c.

If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheered;
Ah willow, &c.
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard:
Ah willow, &c.

Believe me, thou fair one;, thou dear one believe,
Ah willow, &c.
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give.
Ah willow, &c.

One fate to thy Colin and thee shall be tied,
Ah willow, &c.
And soon lay the cold shepherd close by thy cold side.
Ah willow, &c.

Then run, gentle brook; and to lose thyself, haste;
Ah willow, &c.
Fade thou too, my willow, this verse is my last;
Ah willow, willow; ah willow, willow.

Nicholas Rowe.—Born 1673, *Died* 1718.

831.—FROM FATAL CURIOSITY.

Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand—
His confidence amazes me—Perhaps
It is not what he says—I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see—No, let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into th' affairs of others,
Who have t' employ my thoughts, so many cares
And sorrows of my own?—With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of these fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty, and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world——Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
—A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought—I saw and touched

The bright temptation, and I see it yet——
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession——
——Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want?——
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?——
Retain it then——But how? there is a way——
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity suggests the thought.

George Lillo.—Born 1693, *Died* 1743.

832.—VERSES.

Why, Damon, with the forward day,
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Pursue the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noon-tide walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail,
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet,
Exhaling with an evening blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past.

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green,
(For vanity's in little seen)
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow,
But rosemary will with thee go.

Dr. Geo. Sewell.—Died 1726.

833.—FABLE, RELATED BY A BEAU TO ESOP.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band, in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her, if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be.

The Bob, he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry;
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wigs, and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing (mend his soul!)
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one, who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, sir, from behind the skreen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Look you, old gentleman,—in short
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport.

It proved such sunshine weather
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together.

Sir John Vanbrugh.—Born 1666, *Died* 1726.

834.—AN ODE TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD GOWER.

O'er winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn;
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awaked, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblamed t' approach your blest retreat:
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string;
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invoked, where Thames's fruitful tides,
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus q'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day;

Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs, repair
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So with aspiring ardours warm'd
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the Pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon this miscreant Moony host
Before the Victor-Cross shall fly.

But here, no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train,)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caused his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Coltic plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell,
He with the Nais wont to dwell:
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow
He gave the mantling vine to grow,
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her beauties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows:
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
The past is all by death possest;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live To-Day.

O Gower! through all the destined space,
What breath the Powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race,
United and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith!
Pursue th' unbeaten Patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume:
Loud Pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse, the temple grace;
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

Elijah Fenton.—Born 1683, *Died* 1730.

835.—SONG.

O give me, kind Bacchus, thou God of the vine,
Not a pipe or a tun, but an ocean of wine;
And a ship that's well-mann'd with such rare merry fe'lows,
That ne'er forsook tavern for porterly ale-house.
May her bottom be leaky to let in the tipple,
And no pump on board her to save ship or people;
So that each jolly lad may suck heartily round,
And be always obliged to drink or be drown'd!
Let a fleet from Virginia, well laden with weed,
And a cargo of pipes, that we nothing may need,
Attend at our stern to supply us with guns,
And to weigh us our funk, not by pounds, but by tuns.
When thus fitted out we would sail cross the line,
And swim round the world in a sea of good wine;
Steer safe in the middle, and vow never more
To renounce such a life for the pleasures on shore.
Look cheerfully round us and comfort our eyes
With a deluge of claret inclosed by the skies;
A sight that would mend a pale mortal's complexion,
And make him blush more than the sun by reflection.
No zealous contentions should ever perplex us,
No politic jars should divide us or vex us;
No presbyter Jack should reform us or ride us,
The stars and our whimsical noddles should guide us.
No blustering storms should possess us with fears,
Or hurry us, like cowards, from drinking to prayers,
But still with full bowls we'd for Bacchus maintain
The most glorious dominion o'er the clarety main;
And tipple all round till our eyes shone as bright
As the sun does by day, or the moon does by night.

Thus would I live free from all care or design,
And when death should arrive I'd be pickled in wine:
That is, toss'd over-board, have the sea for my grave,
And lie nobly entomb'd in a blood-colour'd wave;
That, living or dead, both my body and spirit
Should float round the globe in an ocean of claret,
The truest of friends and the best of all juices,
Worth both the rich metals that India produces:
For all men we find from the young to the old,
Will exchange for the bottle their silver and gold,
Except rich fanatics—a pox on their pictures!
That make themselves slaves to their prayers and their lectures;
And think that on earth there is nothing divine,
But a canting old fool and a bag full of coin.
What though the dull saint make his standard and sterling
His refuge, his glory, his god, and his darling;
The mortal that drinks is the only brave fellow,
Though never so poor, he 's a king when he 's mellow;
Grows richer than Crœsus with whimsical thinking,
And never knows care whilst he follows his drinking.

Edward Ward.—Born 1667, *Died* 1731.

836.—SONG.

Sweet are the charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask rose,
Soft as the down of turtle dove,
Gentle as air when Zephyr blows,
Refreshing as descending rains
To sun-burnt climes, and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun;
Constant as gliding waters roll,
Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
From every other charmer free,
My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flowery thyme devours,
The dam the tender kid pursues;
Sweet Philomel, in shady bowers
Of verdant spring her note renews;
All follow what they most admire,
As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
And vary as the seasons rise;
As winter to the spring gives place,
Summer th' approach of autumn flies:
No change on love the seasons bring,
Love only knows perpetual spring.

Devouring time, with stealing pace,
Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
And marble towers, and gates of brass,
In his rude march he levels low:
But time, destroying far and wide,
Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death only, with his cruel dart,
The gentle godhead can remove;
And drive him from the bleeding heart
To mingle with the bless'd above,
Where, known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love, and his sister fair, the Soul,
Twin-born, from heaven together came:
Love will the universe control,
When dying seasons lose their name;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When time and death shall be no more.

Barton Booth.—Born 1681, *Died* 1733.

837.—SONG.

Love is by fancy led about
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt:
Whom we now an angel call,
Divinely graced in every feature,
Straight 's a deform'd, a perjured creature;
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover 's blest, or dies:
Visions of mighty pain, or pleasure,
Imagined want, imagined treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.—Born 1667, *Died* 1735.

838.—SONG.

I lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
That I no more would court
The joys that seem when they are past
As dull as they are short.

I oft to hate my mistress swear,
But soon my weakness find;
I make my oaths when she 's severe,
But break them when she 's kind.

John Oldmixon.—Born 1673, *Died* 1742.

839.—THE CHURCH-BUILDER.

A wretch had committed all manner of evil,
And was justly afraid of death and the devil;
Being touch'd with remorse, he sent for a priest,
He was wondrous godly, he pray'd and confess'd:
But the father, unmoved with the marks of contrition,
Before absolution, imposed this condition:

"You must build and endow, at your own proper charge,
A church," quoth the parson, "convenient and large,
Where souls to the tune of four thousand and odd,
Without any crowding, may sit and serve God."

"I'll do't," cried the penitent, "father, ne'er fear it;
My estate is encumber'd, but if I once clear it,
The beneficed clerks should be sweetly increased—
Instead of one church, I'd build fifty at least."

But ah! what is man? I speak it with sorrow,
His fit of religion was gone by to-morrow;
He then huff'd the doctor, and call'd him to naught,
There were churches to spare, and he'd not give a groat.
When he mention'd his vow, he cried, "D—n me, I'm sober,
But all yesterday I was drunk with October."

Sir Robert Ayton.—About 1711.

THE SIXTH PERIOD,

FROM 1727 TO 1780.

DURING this period Great Britain produced some of the greatest names in the world's muster roll of men of genius. We have, among poets, Edward Young, with his solemn and often grand "Night Thoughts"; Thomson with his graphic descriptions of Winter in its gloom and storm; Spring in its clear sunshine and fitful showers, its peeping flowers and its cheery feelings; Summer in its gay voluptuousness; and Autumn in its falling leaves, quiet decay, and melancholy fancies. We have John Dyer with his exquisite "Grongar Hill," and Shenstone with his exquisite "Garden," and Gray with his "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," which the world will never let die; and dear, generous, genial, loving, and beloved Oliver Goldsmith, and Chatterton, the wondrous boy whose monument at that grand old church at Bristol awakens thoughts "too deep for tears." We have Logan and Bruce, the poetical Wartons, Beattie with his "Minstrel," Alexander Ross with his "Wee'd and Married and A';" Christopher Smart with his ill-fated story belongs to this period, and Lady Ann Barnard, who has thrown a lustre even on the illustrious family of the Lindsays. We have as Novelists: Samuel Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, the great and noble Samuel Johnson, the delicious author of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which touches the heart in youth and old age, and Henry Mackenzie.

Among Historians we have David Hume, Dr. William Robertson, William Tytler, Edward Gibbon. In Divinity there shine the names of Butler, Bishop Warburton, Bishop Lowth, Dr. C. Middleton, Dr. Isaac Watts, so simple and so great, this testimony, in passing from an Episcopalian, but from one who loves all good men. We have Hurd, Jortin, the Evangelist John Wesley and his brother Charles, who between them produced some of the most exquisite Hymns in the English language; Nathaniel Lardner, Leland, Blair, Campbell, add to the list of great and much loved names. We have also the magnificent Edmund Burke. Never shall we forget his generous kindness to poor deserving George Crabbe. All night Crabbe walked on Westminster Bridge after leaving his letter at the great man's house; little did Burke know that! but all night he walked in suspense; but when he called next day the helping hand was stretched out, and nobly did Crabbe repay. We have Junius, and Adam Smith, and Sir William Blackstone, and the great Earl of Chatham. It was a glorious period, and Englishmen may well be proud of it.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

"Richard Savage, born 1696, died 1743, so well known for Johnson's account of him, was the bastard child of Richard Savage, Earl Rivers, and the Countess of Macclesfield. He led a dissipated and erratic life, the victim of circumstances and of his own passions. In his miscellaneous poems the best are 'The Wanderer' and 'The Bastard.'"—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit." p. 312.

ROBERT BLAIR.

"Robert Blair, born 1699, died 1746, was minister of the parish of Athelstaneford, in East Lothian. His son, who died not many years ago, was a very high legal character in Scotland. The eighteenth century has produced few specimens of blank verse of so powerful and simple a character as that of 'The Grave.' It is a popular poem, not merely because it is religious, but because its language and imagery

are free, natural, and picturesque. The latest editor of the poets has, with singularly bad taste, noted some of this author's most nervous and expressive phrases as vulgarisms, among which he reckons that of friendship 'the solder of society.' Blair may be a homely and even a gloomy poet in the eye of fastidious criticism; but there is a masculine and pronounced character even in his gloom and homeliness that keeps it most distinctly apart from either dullness or vulgarity. His style pleases us like the powerful expression of a countenance without regular beauty. Blair was a great favourite with Burns, who quotes from 'The Grave' very frequently in his letters." — Campbell's "Specimens." See Gilfillan's Ed. of Blair's "Grave"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

ISAAC WATTS.

"This admirable person was born at Southampton on the 17th of July, 1674. His father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, and was a man of intelligence and piety. Isaac was the eldest of nine children, and began early to display precocity of genius. At four he commenced to study Latin at home, and afterwards, under one Pinhorn, a clergyman, who kept the free-school at Southampton, he learned Latin, Hebrew, and Greek. A subscription was proposed for sending him to one of the great universities, but he preferred casting in his lot with the Dissenters. He repaired accordingly, in 1690, to an academy kept by the Rev. Thomas Rowe, whose son, we believe, became the husband of the celebrated Elizabeth Rowe, the once popular author of 'Letters from the Dead to the Living.' The Rowes belonged to the Independent body. At this academy Watts began to write poetry, chiefly in the Latin language, and in the then popular Pindaric measure. At the age of twenty, he returned to his father's house, and spent two quiet years in devotion, meditation, and study. He became next a tutor in the family of Sir John Hartopp for five years. He was afterwards chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, and, after the Doctor's death, became his successor. His health, however, failed, and, after getting an assistant for a while, he was compelled to resign. In 1712, Sir Thomas Abney, a benevolent gentleman of the neighbourhood, received Watts into his house, where he continued during the rest of his life—all his wants attended to, and his feeble frame so tenderly cared for that he lived to the age of seventy-five. Sir Thomas died eight years after Dr. Watts entered his establishment, but the widow and daughters continued unwearied in their attentions. Abney House was a mansion surrounded by fine gardens and pleasure-grounds, where the Doctor became thoroughly at home, and was wont to refresh his body and mind in the intervals of study. He preached regularly to a congregation, and in the pulpit, although his stature was low, not exceeding five feet, the excellence of his matter, the easy flow of his language, and the propriety of his pronunciation, rendered him very popular. In private he was exceedingly kind to the poor and to children, giving to the former a third part of his small income of £100 a-year, and writing for the other his inimitable hymns. Besides these, he published a well-known 'Treatise on Logic,' another on 'The Improvement of the Mind,' besides various theological productions, amongst which his 'World to Come' has been pre-eminently popular. In 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma of Doctor of Divinity. As age advanced, he found himself unable to discharge his ministerial duties, and offered to remit his salary, but his congregation refused to accept his demission. On the 25th November, 1748, quite worn out, but without suffering, this able and worthy man expired.

"If to be eminently useful is to fulfil the highest purpose of humanity, it was certainly fulfilled by Isaac Watts. His logical and other treatises have served to brace the intellects, methodise the studies, and concentrate the activities of thousands—we had nearly said of millions—of minds. This has given him an enviable distinction, but he shone still more in that other province he so felicitously chose and so successfullly occupied—that of the hearts of the young. One of his detractors called him 'Mother Watts.' He might have taken up this epithet, and bound it as a crown unto him. We have heard of a pious foreigner possessed of imperfect English, who, in an agony of supplication to God for some sick friend, said, 'O Fader, hear me! O Mudder, hear me!' It struck us as one of the finest of stories, and containing one of the most beautiful tributes to the Deity we ever heard, recognising in Him a pity which not even a father, which only a mother can feel. Like a tender mother does good Watts bend over the little children, and secure that their first words of song shall be those of simple, heartfelt trust in God, and of faith in their Elder Brother. To create a little heaven in the nursery by hymns, and these not mawkish or twaddling, but beautifully natural and exquisitely simple breathings of piety and praise, was the high task to which Watts consecrated, and by which he has immortalised, his genius." —Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 91-93.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

"Philip Doddridge, born 1702, died 1751, one of the most distinguished Nonconformist

divines. He was born in London, was educated among the Dissenters, became minister at Northampton, and died at Lisbon, whither he had departed for the benefit of his health. Doddridge was a man of learning and earnest piety. He was beloved and admired by all the religious bodies of the country. His style is plain, simple, and forcible. He was a critic of some acumen, and a preacher of great distinction. But his name lives from his practical works and expository writings, the chief of which are—'Discourses on Regeneration,' 1741; 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' 1745; and his greatest and most extensive work, 'The Family Expositor,' one of the most widely-circulated works of its class." —Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Kippis, in "Biog. Brit."; Dr. Ralph Wardlaw; Bishop Warburton; Dr. E. Williams; T. H. Horne; Dr. Dibdin; Barrington, Bishop of Durham; Robert Hall's "Letters"; Dr. Francis Hunt; Morell; "London Evangel. Mag."; Bishop Jebb.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Edward Young, born 1681, died 1765. "I now come," says Shaw, in his 'Hist. Eng. Lit.,' "to Edward Young, the most powerful of the secondary poets of the epoch. He began his career in the unsuccessful pursuit of fortune in the public and diplomatic service of the country. Disappointed in his hopes and somewhat soured in his temper he entered the Church, and serious domestic losses still further intensified a natural tendency to morbid and melancholy reflection. He obtained his first literary fame by his satire entitled the 'Love of Fame, the Universal Passion,' written before he had abandoned a secular career. It is in rhyme and bears considerable resemblance to the manner of Pope, though it is deficient in that exquisite grace and neatness which distinguish the latter. In referring the vices and follies of mankind chiefly to vanity and the foolish desire of applause, Young exhibits a false and narrow view of human motives; but there are many passages in the three epistles, which compose this satire, that exhibit strong powers of observation and description, and a keen and vigorous expression which, though sometimes degenerating into that tendency to paradox and epigram which are the prevailing defect of Young's genius, are not unworthy of his great model. The Second Epistle, describing the character of women, may be compared, without altogether losing in the parallel, to Pope's admirable work on the same subject. But Young's place in the history of English poetry—a place long a very high one, and which is likely to remain a far from unenviable one—is due to his striking and original poem 'The Night Thoughts.' This work, consisting of nine nights or meditations, is in blank verse, and consists of reflections on Life, Death, Immortality, and all the most solemn subjects that can engage the attention of the Christian and the philosopher. The general tone of the work is sombre and gloomy, perhaps in some degree affectedly so, for though the author perpetually parades the melancholy personal circumstances under which he wrote, overwhelmed by the rapidly-succeeding losses of many who were dearest to him, the reader can never get rid of the idea that the grief and desolation were purposely exaggerated for effect. In spite of this, however, the grandeur of Nature and the sublimity of the Divine attributes are so forcibly and eloquently depicted, the arguments against sin and infidelity are so concisely and powerfully urged, and the contrast between the nothingness of man's earthly aims and the immensity of his immortal aspirations is so pointedly set before us, that the poem will always make deep impression on the religious reader. The prevailing defects of Young's mind were an irresistible tendency to antithesis and epigrammatic contrast, and a want of discrimination that often leaves him utterly unable to distinguish between an idea really just and striking, and one which is only superficially so; and this want of taste frequently leads him into illustrations and comparisons rather puerile than ingenious, as when he compares the stars to diamonds in a seal-ring upon the finger of the Almighty. He is also remarkable for a deficiency in continuous elevation, advancing so to say by jerks and starts of pathos and sublimity. The march of his verse is generally solemn and majestic, though it possesses little of the rolling thundrous melody of Milton; and Young is fond of introducing familiar images and expressions, often with great effect, amid his most lofty bursts of declamation. The epigrammatic nature of some of his most striking images is best testified by the large number of expressions which have passed from his writings into the colloquial language of society, such as 'procrastination is the thief of time,' 'all men think all men mortal but themselves,' and a multitude of others. A sort of quaint solemnity, like the ornamentation upon a Gothic tomb, is the impression which the 'Night Thoughts' are calculated to make upon the reader in the present time; and it is a strong proof of the essential greatness of his genius, that the quaintness is not able to extinguish the solemnity." — Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's Ed. of "Young's Poems"; Campbell's "Specimens."

JAMES THOMSON.

"James Thomson, a distinguished British poet, born at Ednam, near Kelso, in

Scotland, in 1700, was one of the nine children of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, minister of that place. James was sent to the school of Jedburgh, where he attracted the notice of a neighbouring minister by his propensity to poetry, who encouraged his early attempts, and corrected his performances. On his removal from school, he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he chiefly attended to the cultivation of his poetical faculty; but the death of his father, during his second session, having brought his mother to Edinburgh for the purpose of educating her children, James complied with the advice of his friends, and entered upon a course of divinity. Here, we are told, that the explanation of a psalm having been required from him as a probationary exercise, he performed it in language so splendid, that he was reproved by his professor for employing a diction which it was not likely that any one of his future audience could comprehend. This admonition completed the disgust which he felt for the profession chosen for him; and having connected himself with some young men in the university who were aspirants after literary eminence, he readily listened to the advice of a lady, the friend of his mother, and determined to try his fortune in the great metropolis, London.

"In 1725 Thomson came by sea to the capital, where he soon found out his college acquaintance, Mallet, to whom he showed his poem of 'Winter,' then composed in detached passages of the descriptive kind. Mallet advised him to form them into a connected piece, and immediately to print it. It was purchased for a small sum, and appeared in 1726, dedicated to Sir Spencer Compton. Its merits, however, were little understood by the public; till Mr. Whateley, a person of acknowledged taste, happening to cast an eye upon it, was struck with its beauties, and gave it vogue. His dedicatee, who had hitherto neglected him, made him a present of twenty guineas, and he was introduced to Pope, Bishop Rundle, and Lord-Chancellor Talbot. In 1727, he published another of his seasons, 'Summer,' dedicated to Mr. Doddington, for it was still the custom for poets to pay this tribute to men in power. In the same year he gave to the public his 'Poem, sacred to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton,' and his 'Britannia.' His 'Spring' was published in 1728, addressed to the Countess of Hertford; and the 'Seasons' were completed by the addition of 'Autumn,' dedicated to Mr. Onslow, in 1730, when they were published collectively.

"As nothing was more tempting to the cupidity of an author than dramatic composition, Thomson resolved to become a competitor for that laurel also, and in 1728 he had the influence to bring upon the stage of Drury-lane his tragedy of 'Sophonisba.' It was succeeded by 'Agamemnon;' 'Edward and Eleonora;' and 'Tancred and Sigismunda;' but although these pieces were not without their merits, the moral strain was too prevalent for the public taste, and they have long ceased to occupy the theatre. Through the recommendation of Dr. Rundle, he was, about 1729, selected as the travelling associate of the Hon. Mr. Talbot, eldest son of the Chancellor, with whom he visited most of the courts of the European continent. During this tour, the idea of a poem on 'Liberty' suggested itself, and after his return, he employed two years in its completion. The place of secretary of the briefs, which was nearly a sinecure, repaid him for his attendance on Mr. Talbot. 'Liberty' at length appeared, and was dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who, in opposition to the court, affected the patronage of letters, as well as of liberal sentiments in politics. He granted Thomson a pension, to remunerate him for the loss of his place by the death of Lord Chancellor Talbot. In 1746 appeared his poem, called 'The Castle of Indolence,' which had been several years under his polishing hand, and by many is considered as his principal performance. He was now in tolerably affluent circumstances, a place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, given him by Mr. Lyttleton, bringing him in, after paying a deputy, about £300 a year. He did not, however, long enjoy this state of comfort; for returning one evening from London to Kew-lane, he was attacked by a fever, which proved fatal in August, 1748, the 48th year of his age. He was interred without any memorial in Richmond Church; but a monument was erected to his memory, in Westminster Abbey, in 1762, with the profits arising from an edition of his works published by Mr. Millar.

"Thomson in person was large and ungainly, with a heavy, unanimated countenance, and having nothing in his appearance in mixed society indicating the man of genius or refinement. He was, however, easy and cheerful with select friends, by whom he was singularly beloved for the kindness of his heart, and his freedom from all the malignant passions which too often debase the literary character. His temper was much inclined to indolence, and he was fond of indulgence of every kind; in particular he was more attached to the pleasures of sense, than the sentimental delicacy of his writings would induce a reader to suppose. For the moral tendency of his works, no author has deserved more praise; and no one can rise from the perusal of his pages, without being sensible of a melioration of his principles or feelings.

"The poetical merits of Thomson undoubtedly stand most conspicuous in his 'Seasons,' the first long composition, perhaps, of which natural description was made the staple, and certainly the most fertile of grand and beautiful delineations, in great measure deduced from the author's own observation.

Its diction is somewhat cumbrous and laboured, but energetic and expressive. Its versification does not denote a practised ear, but is seldom unpleasantly harsh. Upon the whole, no poem has been more, and more deservedly, popular; and it has exerted a powerful influence upon public taste, not only in this country, but throughout Europe. Any addition to his fame has principally arisen from his 'Castle of Indolence,' an allegorical composition in the manner and stanza of Spenser, and among the imitators of this poet Thomson may deserve the preference, on account of the application of his fable, and the moral and descriptive beauties by which it is filled up. This piece is entirely free from the stiffness of language perceptible in the author's blank verse, which is also the case with many of his songs, and other rhymed poems."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets." See Gilfillan's Ed. of "Thomson's Poems"; Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain"; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

JOHN DYER.

"John Dyer, an agreeable poet, was the son of a solicitor at Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, where he was born in 1700. He was brought up at Westminster School, and was designed by his father for his own profession; but being at liberty, in consequence of his father's death, to follow his own inclination, he indulged what he took for a natural taste in painting, and entered as pupil to Mr. Richardson. After wandering for some time about South Wales and the adjacent counties as an itinerant artist, he appeared convinced that he should not attain to eminence in that profession. In 1727 he first made himself known as a poet, by the publication of his 'Grongar Hill,' descriptive of a scene afforded by his native country, which became one of the most popular pieces of its class, and has been admitted into numerous collections. Dyer then travelled to Italy, still in pursuit of professional improvement; and if he did not acquire this in any considerable degree, he improved his poetical taste, and laid in a store of new images. These he displayed in a poem of some length, published in 1740, which he entitled 'The Ruins of Rome,' that capital having been the principal object of his journeyings. Of this work it may be said, that it contains many passages of real poetry, and that the strain of moral and political reflection denotes a benevolent and enlightened mind.

"His health being now in a delicate state, he was advised by his friends to take orders; and he was accordingly ordained by Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln; and entering into the married state, he sat down on a small living in Leicestershire. This he exchanged for one in Lincolnshire; but the fenny country in which he was placed did not agree with his health, and he complained of the want of books and company. In 1757 he published his largest work, 'The Fleece,' a didactic poem, in four books, of which the first part is pastoral, the second mechanical, and the third and fourth historical and geographical. This poem has never been very popular, many of its topics not being well adapted to poetry; yet the opinions of critics have varied concerning it. It is certain that there are many pleasing, and some grand and impressive passages in the work; but, upon the whole, the general feeling is, that the length of the performance necessarily imposed upon it a degree of tediousness.

"Dyer did not long survive the completion of his book. He died of a gradual decline in 1758, leaving behind him, besides the reputation of an ingenious poet, the character of an honest, humane, and worthy person."—Aikin's "Select Poets of Brit." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Life of Dyer," by Dr. Samuel Johnson; Drake's "Literary Hours," vol. i, p. 160, et seq.; vol. ii., p. 35. A collective edition of Dyer's Works was published in 1761, 8vo.; Gilfillan's Ed. of "Dyer's Poems"; Campbell's "Specimens."

WILLIAM HAMILTON.

"William Hamilton, of Bangour, was born in Ayrshire in 1704. He was of an ancient family, and mingled from the first in the most fashionable circles. Ere he was twenty he wrote verses in Ramsay's 'Tea-Table Miscellany.' In 1745, to the surprise of many, he joined the standard of Prince Charles, and wrote a poem on the battle of Gladsmuir, or Prestonpans. When the reverse of his party came, after many wanderings and hair's-breadth escapes in the Highlands, he found refuge in France. As he was a general favourite, and as much allowance was made for his poetical temperament, a pardon was soon procured for him by his friends, and he returned to his native country. His health, however, originally delicate, had suffered by his Highland privations, and he was compelled to seek the milder clime of Lyons, where he died in 1754.

"Hamilton was what is called a ladies'-man, but his attachments were not deep, and he rather flirted than loved. A Scotch lady, who was annoyed at his addresses, asked John Home how she could get rid of them. He, knowing Hamilton well, advised her to appear to favour him. She acted on the advice, and he immediately withdrew his suit. And yet his best poem is a tale of love, and a tale, too, told with great simplicity and pathos. We

refer to his 'Braes of Yarrow,' the beauty of which we never felt fully till we saw some time ago that lovely region, with its 'dowie dens,'—its clear living stream,—Newark Castle, with its woods and memories,—and the green wildernesses of silent hills which stretch on all sides around; saw it, too, in that aspect of which Wordsworth sung in the words—

'The grace of forest charms decayed
And pastoral melancholy.'

It is the highest praise we can bestow upon Hamilton's ballad that it ranks in merit near Wordsworth's fine trinity of poems, 'Yarrow Unvisited,' 'Yarrow Visited,' and 'Yarrow Revisited.'"—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 102, 103. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Lord Woodhouselee's "Life of Lord Kames"; Professor Richardson; Boswell's "Life of Johnson"; Anderson's "Brit. Poets"; "The Lounger"; "Transac. of Scot. Antiq."; Chambers's and Thompson's "Biog. Dict. of Eminent Scotsmen."

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"Dr. Samuel Johnson, a learned English critic, lexicographer, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a bookseller at Lichfield. His education was commenced at the free school of Lichfield, and in 1728 he was admitted of Pembroke College, Oxford; but being too poor to remain at the university, he, in 1731, quitted it without a degree. He soon afterwards lost his father, who left him in such poor circumstances that he sought the post of usher of a school at Market-Bosworth, Leicestershire, where, however, he did not continue long. He next resided with a printer at Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's account of Abyssinia. In 1735 he married Mrs. Porter, a widow lady of that town, who was possessed of the sum of £800; and with this capital he the same year opened a school at Edial, near Lichfield; but he obtained only three scholars, one of whom was David Garrick. About this time he began his tragedy of 'Irene.' In 1737 he set out for the metropolis, accompanied by Garrick. On fixing his residence in London, he formed a connection with Cave, the publisher of the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for which work he wrote during several years, his principal employment being an account of the parliamentary debates. At this period he contracted an intimacy with Richard Savage, whose name he has immortalised by one of the finest pieces of biography ever written. In 1749 appeared his 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' an imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire. Two years previously, he had printed proposals for an edition of Shakspere, and the plan of his English dictionary addressed to Lord Chesterfield. The price agreed upon between himself and the booksellers for the last work was £1,575. In 1749 Garrick produced his friend's tragedy upon the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, but it was unsuccessful. In 1750 he commenced his 'Rambler,' a periodical paper, which was continued till 1752. In this work only five papers were the production of other writers. About the period of his relinquishing the 'Rambler' he lost his wife, a circumstance which greatly affected him, as appears from his 'Meditations,' and the sermon which he wrote on her death. In 1754 he visited Oxford. The next year appeared his dictionary, which, instead of three, had occupied eight years. Lord Chesterfield endeavoured to assist it by writing two papers in its favour in the 'World;' but, as he had hitherto neglected the author, Johnson treated him with contempt. The publication of his great work did not relieve him from his embarrassments, for the price of his labour had been consumed in the progress of its compilation, and the year following we find him under an arrest for five guineas, from which he was released by Richardson, the printer. In 1758 he began the 'Idler,' which was published in a weekly newspaper. On the death of his mother, in 1759, he wrote the romance of 'Rasselas,' to defray the expenses of her funeral, and to pay her debts. In 1762, George III. granted him a pension of £300 per annum. In 1763, Boswell, his future biographer, was introduced to him, a circumstance to which we owe the most minute account of a man's life and character that has ever been written. Boswell, though a very ordinary mortal, has immortalized himself by this performance. In his book everything about Johnson is supplied to us; in Lord Macaulay's words, we have 'his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked the approbation of his dinner; his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums; his inextinguishable thirst for tea; his trick of touching the posts as he walked; his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel; his morning slumbers; his midnight disputations; his contortions; his mutterings; his gruntings; his puffings; his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence; his sarcastic wit; his vehemence; his insolence; his fits of tempestuous rage; his queer inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the negro Frank—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood.' Johnson had the honour of a conversation with the king in the royal library, in 1765, when his Majesty asked if he intended to publish any more works. To this he answered, that he thought he had written enough; on which the king said, 'So should I too, if you had not written so well.' About

this time he instituted the Literary Club, consisting of some of the most celebrated men of the age. In 1773 he went on a tour with Boswell to the western islands of Scotland, of which journey he shortly afterwards published an account, which occasioned a controversy between him and Macpherson, relative to the poems of Ossian. In 1775 the university of Oxford sent him the degree of LL.D., which diploma, ten years before, had been conferred on him by the university of Dublin. In 1779 he began his 'Lives of the English Poets,' which was the last of his literary labours. After a long illness, during part of which he had fearful apprehensions of death, his mind became calm, composed, and resigned, and he died full of that faith which he had so vigorously defended and inculcated in his writings. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, and a statue, with an appropriate inscription, has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. A complete list of his works is prefixed to Boswell's 'Life.' As a writer, few have done such essential service to his country, by fixing its language and regulating its morality. In his person he was large, robust, and unwieldy; in his dress he was singular and slovenly; in conversation positive, and impatient of contradiction. But with all his singularities he had an excellent heart, full of tenderness and compassion, and his actions were the result of principle. He was a stout advocate for truth, and a zealous champion for the Christian religion as professed in the Church of England. In politics he was a Tory, and at one period of his life a friend to the house of Stuart. He had a noble independence of mind, and would never stoop to any man, however exalted, or disguise his sentiments to flatter another. Born at Lichfield, 1709; died in London, 1784."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Gilfillan's Ed. of "Johnson's Poems"; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Lord Brougham's "Lives of Men of Letters," &c.; Cumberland's "Memoirs"; Orme; Hazlitt, "On the Periodical Essayists"; Christopher North.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

"William Collins, born 1721, died 1759. His career was brief and unhappy. He exhibited from very early years the strong poetical powers of a genius which, ripened by practice and experience, would have made him the first lyrical writer of his age; but his ambition was rather feverish than sustained; he led a life of projects and dissipation; and the first shock of literary disappointment drove him to despondency, despondency to indulgence, and indulgence to insanity. This gifted being died at 38, after suffering the cruelest affliction and humiliation that can oppress humanity. He was educated at Winchester School, and afterwards at Magdalen College, Oxford, and entered upon the career of professional literature, full of golden dreams, and meditating vast projects. His first publication was a series of Eclogues, transferring the usual sentiments of pastoral to the scenery and manners of the East. Oriental, or Persian, incidents were for the first time made the subjects of compositions, retaining in their form and general cast of thought and language the worn-out type of pastoral. Thus the lamentation of the shepherd expelled from his native fields is replaced by a camel-driver bewailing the dangers and solitude of his desert journey; and the dialogues so frequent in the bucolics of Virgil or Theocritus are transformed into the amœbæan complaints of two Circassian exiles. The national character and sentiments of the East, though every effort is made by the poet to give local colouring and appropriate costume and scenery, are in no sense more true to nature than in the majority of pictures representing the fabulous Arcadia of the poets, and though these Eclogues exhibit traces of vivid imagery and melodious verse, the real genius of Collins must be looked for in his 'Odes.' Judged by these latter, though they are but few in number, he will be found entitled to a very high place: for true warmth of colouring, power of personification, and dreamy sweetness of harmony, no English poet had till then appeared that could be compared to Collins. His most commonly quoted lyric is the ode entitled 'The Passions,' in which Fear, Rage, Pity, Joy, Hope, Melancholy, and other abstract qualities are successively introduced trying their skill on different musical instruments. Their respective choice of these, and the manner in which each Passion acquits itself, is very ingeniously conceived. Nevertheless, many of the less popular odes, as that addressed to 'Fear,' to 'Pity,' to 'Simplicity,' and that 'On the Poetical Character,' contain happy strokes, sometimes expressed in wonderfully laconic language, and singularly vivid portraiture. Collins possessed to an unusual degree the power of giving life and personality to an abstract conception, and that this power is exceedingly rare may be seen by the predominant coldness and pedantry which generally prevail in modern lyric poetry, where personification has been abused till it has become a mere mechanical artifice. In Collins the prosopopœia is always fresh and vivid. In the unfinished 'Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands,' there are many fine touches of fancy and description; but the reader cannot divest himself of a consciousness that the pictures are rather transcripts from books than vivid reflection from personal knowledge. Collins writes of the Highlands and their inhabitants not like a native, but like an English hunter after the picturesque. Some of the

smaller and less ambitious lyrics, as the 'Verses to the Memory of Thomson,' the 'Dirge in Cymbeline,' and the exquisite verses 'How sleep the Brave,' are perhaps destined to a more certain immortality: for a tender, luxuriant richness of reverie, perhaps there is nothing in the English language that surpasses them. All the qualities of Collins's finest thought and expression will be found united in the lovely little 'Ode to Evening,' consisting of but a few stanzas in blank verse, but so subtly harmonized that they may be read a thousand times without observing the absence of rhyme, and exhibiting such a sweet, soothing, and yet picturesque series of images, all appropriate to the subject, that the sights and sounds of evening seem to be reproduced with a magical fidelity: the whole poem seems dropping with dew and breathing the fragrance of the hour. It resembles a melody of Schubert."

JOHN BYROM.

"John Byrom, born at Manchester, 1691, died 1763, educated at Cambridge, inventor of a patented system of shorthand, and at last a private gentleman in his native place, is best known for a pastoral which first appeared in the 'Spectator,'—'My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.' He wrote several other small poems, which have lately been published by a local society in Manchester. His writings exhibit ease and fancy."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

"William Shenstone, born 1714, died 1763, a poet, whose popularity, once considerable, has now given place to oblivion; but whose pleasing and original poem 'The School-mistress' will deserve to retain a place in every collection of English verse. He is still more remarkable as having been one of the first to cultivate that picturesque mode of laying out gardens, and developing by well-concealed art the natural beauties of scenery, which, under the name of the English style, has supplanted the majestic but formal manner of Italy, France, and Holland. In the former, Nature is followed and humoured, in the latter she is forced. The 'School-mistress' is in the Spenserian stanza and antique diction, and, with a delightful mixture of quaint playfulness and tender description, paints the dwelling, the character, and the pursuits of an old village dame who keeps a rustic day-school. The Pastoral ballads of Shenstone are melodious, but the thin current of natural feeling which pervades them cannot make the reader forget the improbability of the Arcadian manners, such as never existed in any age or country, or the querulous and childish tone of thought."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit"

Dr. Angus speaks more generously and kindly:—"Nature and description flourish again in Shenstone and Goldsmith. William Shenstone (1714-1763) was born at the Leasowes, in Shropshire, a small estate which he made by his taste 'the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful.' He was first taught at a dame-school, and has immortalized his teacher in the 'School-mistress.' In 1732, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, and, on the Leasowes coming into his own hand, he retired to that place, and there remained most of his life, influenced therein partly by his fondness for gardening, and partly by disappointed love and disappointed ambition. Here he wrote his Pastorals and his Elegies—works which, if not remarkable for genius, are certainly among the best of the class to which they belong. They abound in simplicity and pathos, though they are wanting in force and variety. Campbell thinks, and probably with justice, that if he had gone more into living nature for subjects, and had described their realities with the same fond and naive touches which give so much delightfulness to his 'School-mistress,' he would have increased his fame.

"His 'Schoolmistress' was published in 1742, though it was written at college. The poem is a descriptive sketch in imitation of Spenser's style, 'so quaint and ludicrous, yet so true to nature,' that it reminds the reader of the paintings of Wilkie or of Webster His 'Pastoral Ballad' is a happy specimen of that kind of composition, and, it may be added, one of the latest; the Arcadianisms in which it indulges having given place to the real-life descriptions which are found in Burns and Hogg. The whole is written in the well-known metre:—

> 'She gazed as I slowly withdrew,
> My path I could hardly discern;
> So sweetly she bade me adieu,
> I thought that she bade me return.'

"His prose essays and letters occupy two volumes of the three of his works as published by Dodsley; the former are good specimens of English style; without the learning of Cowley, but with a good deal of his ease and elegance."

DAVID MALLETT.

"David Mallett was the son of a small innkeeper in Crieff, Perthshire, where he was born in the year 1700. Crieff, as many of our readers know, is situated on the western side of a hill, and commands a most varied and beautiful prospect, including Drummond

Castle, with its solemn shadowy woods, and the Ochils, on the south,—Ochtertyre, one of the loveliest spots in Scotland, and the gorge of Glenturrett, on the north,—and the bold dark hills which surround the romantic village of Comrie, on the west. Crieff is now a place of considerable note, and forms a centre of summer attraction to multitudes; but at the commencement of the eighteenth century it must have been a miserable hamlet. Malloch was originally the name of the poet, and the name is still common in that part of Perthshire. David attended the college of Aberdeen, and became, afterwards, an unsalaried tutor in the family of Mr. Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. We find him next in the Duke of Montrose's family, with a salary of £30 per annum. In 1723 he accompanied his pupils to London, and changed his name to Mallett, as more euphonious. Next year he produced his pretty ballad of 'William and Margaret,' and published it in Aaron Hill's 'Plain Dealer.' This served as an introduction to the literary society of the metropolis, including such names as Young and Pope. In 1733 he disgraced himself by a satire on the greatest man then living — the venerable Richard Bentley. Mallett was one of those mean creatures who always worship a rising, and turn their backs on a setting sun. By his very considerable talents, his management, and his address, he soon rose in the world. He was appointed under-secretary to the Prince of Wales, with a salary of £200 a year. In conjunction with Thomson, to whom he was really kind, he wrote, in 1740, 'The Masque of Alfred,' in honour of the birthday of the Princess Augusta. His first wife, of whom nothing is recorded, having died, he married the daughter of Lord Carlisle's steward, who brought him a fortune of £10,000. Both she and Mallett gave themselves out as Deists. This was partly owing to his intimacy with Bolingbroke, to gratify whom he heaped abuse upon Pope in a preface to 'The Patriot-King,' and was rewarded by Bolingbroke leaving him the whole of his works and MSS. These he afterwards published, and exposed himself to the vengeful sarcasm of Johnson, who said that Bolingbroke was a scoundrel and a coward —a scoundrel, to charge a blunderbuss against Christianity; and a coward, because he durst not fire it himself, but left a shilling to a beggarly Scotsman to draw the trigger after his death. Mallett ranked himself among the calumniators and, as it proved, murderers of Admiral Byng. He wrote a Life of Lord Bacon, in which, it was said, he forgot that Bacon was a philosopher, and would, probably, when he came to write the Life of Marlborough, forget that he was a general. This Life of Bacon is now utterly forgotten. We happened to read it in our early days, and thought it a very contemptible performance. The Duchess of Marlborough left £1,000 in her will between Glover and Mallett to write a Life of her husband. Glover threw up his share of the work, and Mallett engaged to perform the whole, to which, besides, he was stimulated by a pension from the second Duke of Marlborough. He got the money, but when he died it was found that he had not written a line of the work. In his latter days he held the lucrative office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for the port of London. He died on the 21st of April, 1765.

"Mallett is, on the whole, no credit to Scotland. He was a bad, mean, insincere, and unprincipled man, whose success was procured by despicable and dastardly arts. He had doubtless some genius, and his 'Birks of Invermay' and 'William and Margaret' shall preserve his name after his clumsy imitation of Thomson, called 'The Excursion,' and his long, rambling 'Amyntor and Theodora,' have been forgotten."—See Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 130-132.

MARK AKENSIDE.

"Mark Akenside, born 1721, died 1770, was the son of a butcher, and was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. An accident in his early years caused by the fall of his father's cleaver on his foot, lamed him for life, and perpetuated the memory of his lowly birth. He received his education at the grammar-school of that town, where Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell, and Lord Collingwood also received the rudiments of learning. he afterwards graduated at the universities of Edinburgh and Leyden. On his return to England he settled for a short time at Northampton, then at Hampstead, and finally in London. Here he gained ultimately the highest honours of his profession, and when he died was physician to the queen. His chief poem, on 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' he completed before he left Leyden On reaching London it was sent to Dodsley, who, by Pope's advice, purchased and published it. The sum he gave was £120, then deemed a large amount for such a work. It immediately gained a measure of celebrity which it has scarcely maintained. In later life Akenside altered it in parts without improving it: he made it, indeed, only more dry and scholastic, and is said to have remodelled some of the passages which in their primitive state are still most admired and popular. He also published a collection of 'Odes,' and in 1746 he engaged to write in the 'Museum,' a periodical then issued by Dodsley's house.

"Akenside's genius was decidedly classical: he had extensive learning, lofty conceptions, and a true love and knowledge of nature. His Puritan origin and tastes gave an earnestness to his moral views which pervades all his writing. His ear, though not equal to Gray's,

was correct, and his blank verse is free and beautifully modulated, deserving to be studied by all who would excel in that truly English metre. His philosophical ideas are taken chiefly from Plato, Shaftesbury, and Hutcheson. He adopted Addison's threefold division of the sources of the pleasures of imagination, though in his later edition he substituted another. The poem is seldom read continuously, but it contains many passages of great force and beauty; those, for example, where he speaks of the death of Cæsar, where he compares nature and art, where he describes the final causes of the emotion of taste, and in a fragment of a fourth book, where he sketches the landscape on the banks of his native Tyne, and notes the feelings of his own boyhood. His 'Hymn to the Naiads' has the true classic ring, and has caught the manner and the feeling of Callimachus. His inscriptions—those, for example, on Chaucer and Shakspere—are reckoned among our best, and have been imitated by both Southey and Wordsworth. His odes are his least successful productions; his 'Ode to the Earl of Huntingdon' having received most favour. Yet withal, his popularity was greater in his own day than it is likely to be in ours—popularity attributable to the influence of the writings of Gray, and especially to the revived study of Milton and other classic models through the notes and writings of Warton.

"It may be added that, upon the question sometimes discussed, whether the progress of science is favourable to poetry, Akenside differs from Campbell. The latter speaks of poetic feelings that yield 'to cold material laws,' the former holds that the 'rainbow's tinctured hues' shine the more brightly when science has investigated and explained them."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit.," pp. 216, 217. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

GEORGE, LORD LYTTELTON.

"George, Lord Lyttelton, born at Hagley, in Jan., 1708-9, was the eldest son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Bart., of the same place. He received his early education at Eton, whence he was sent to Christchurch College, Oxford. In both of those places he was distinguished for classical literature, and some of his poems which we have borrowed were the fruits of his juvenile studies. In his nineteenth year he set out on a tour to the Continent; and some of the letters which he wrote during this absence to his father are pleasing proofs of his sound principles, and his unreserved confidence in a venerated parent. He also wrote a poetical epistle to Dr. Ayscough, his Oxford tutor, which is one of the best of his works. On his return from abroad he was chosen representative in Parliament for the borough of Oakhampton; and being warmed with that patriotic ardour which rarely fails to inspire the bosom of an ingenuous youth, he became a distinguished partisan of opposition politics, whilst his father was a supporter of the ministry, then ranged under the banners of Walpole. When Frederic Prince of Wales, having quarrelled with the court, formed a separate court of his own, in 1737, Lyttelton was appointed secretary to the Prince, with an advanced salary. At this time Pope bestowed his praise upon our patriot in an animated couplet:

> Free as young Lyttelton her course pursue,
> Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.

"In 1741 he married Lucy, the daughter of Hugh Fortescue, Esq., a lady for whom he entertained the purest affection, and with whom he lived in unabated conjugal harmony. Her death in childbed, in 1747, was lamented by him in a 'Monody,' which stands prominent among his poetical works, and displays much natural feeling, amidst the more elaborate strains of a poet's imagination. So much may suffice respecting his productions of this class, which are distinguished by the correctness of their versification, the elegance of their diction, and the delicacy of their sentiments. His miscellaneous pieces, and his history of Henry II., the last, the work of his age, have each their appropriate merits, but may here be omitted.

"The death of his father, in 1751, produced his succession to the title and a large estate; and his taste for rural ornament rendered Hagley one of the most delightful residences in the kingdom. At the dissolution of the ministry, of which he composed a part, in 1759, he was rewarded with elevation to the peerage, by the style of Baron Lyttelton, of Frankley, in the county of Worcester. He died of a lingering disorder, which he bore with pious resignation, in August, 1773, in the 64th year of his age."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets." See Gilfillan's Ed. of "Brit. Poets."

THOMAS GRAY.

Thomas Gray, born 1716, died 1771, "was a man of vast and varied acquirements, and whose life was devoted to the cultivation of letters. He was the son of a respectable London money-scrivener, but his father was a man of violent and arbitrary character, and the poet was early left to the tender care of an excellent mother, who had been obliged to separate from her tyrannical husband. He received his education at Eton, and afterwards settled in learned retirement at Cambridge, where he passed nearly the whole of his life. He travelled in France and Italy as tutor to Horace Walpole, but quarrelling with his

pupil, he returned home alone. Fixing himself at Cambridge, he soon acquired a high poetical reputation by his beautiful 'Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,' published in 1747, which was followed, at pretty frequent intervals, by his other imposing and highly-finished works, the 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,' the 'Pindaric Odes,' and the far from numerous but splendid productions which make up his works. His quiet and studious retirement was only broken by occasional excursions to the North of England, and other holiday journeys, of which he has given in his letters so vivid and animated a description. His correspondence with his friends, and particularly with the poet Mason, is remarkable for interesting details, descriptions, and reflections, and is indeed, like that of Cowley, among the most delightful records of a thoughtful and literary life. Gray refused the offer of the Laureateship, which was proposed to him on the death of Cibber, but accepted the appointment of Professor of Modern History in the University, though he never performed the functions of that chair, his fastidious temper and indolent self-indulgence keeping him perpetually engaged in forming vast literary projects which he never executed. He appears not to have been popular among his colleagues; his haughty, retiring, and somewhat effeminate character prevented him from sympathizing with the tastes and studies that prevailed there; and he was at little pains to conceal his contempt for academical society. His industry was untiring, and his acquirements undoubtedly immense; for he had pushed his researches far beyond the usual limits of ancient classical philology, and was not only deeply versed in the romance literature of the Middle Ages, in modern French and Italian, but had studied the then almost unknown departments of Scandinavian and Celtic poetry. Constant traces may be found in all his works of the degree to which he had assimilated the spirit not only of the Greek lyric poetry, but the finest perfume of the great Italian writers: many passages of his works are a kind of mosaic of thought and imagery borrowed from Pindar, from the choral portions of the Attic tragedy, and from the majestic lyrics of the Italian poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: but though the substance of these mosaics may be borrowed from a multitude of sources, the fragments are, so to say, fused into one solid body by the intense flame of a powerful and fervent imagination. His finest lyric compositions are the Odes entitled 'The Bard,' that on the 'Progress of Poetry,' the 'Installation Ode' on the Duke of Grafton's election to the Chancellorship of the University, and the short but truly noble 'Ode to Adversity,' which breathes the severe and lofty spirit of the highest Greek lyric inspiration. The 'Elegy written in a Country Churchyard' is a masterpiece from beginning to end. The thoughts indeed are obvious enough, but the dignity with which they are expressed, the immense range of allusion and description with which they are illustrated, and the finished grace of the language and versification in which they are embodied, give to this work something of that inimitable perfection of design and execution which we see in an antique statue or a sculptured gem. In the 'Bard,' starting from the picturesque idea of a Welsh poet and patriot contemplating the victorious invasion of his country by Edward I., he passes in prophetic review the whole panorama of English History, and gives a series of most animated events and personages from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century. It is true that he is occasionally turgid, but the general march of the poem has a rush and a glow worthy of Pindar himself. The phantoms of the great and the illustrious flit before us like the shadowy kings in the weird procession of Macbeth: and the unity of sentiment is maintained first by the gratified vengeance with which the prophet foresees the crimes and sufferings of the oppressors of his country and their descendants, and by the triumphant prediction of the glorious reign of the Tudor race in Britain. In the odes entitled 'The Fatal Sisters' and 'The Descent of Odin,' Gray borrowed his materials from the Scandinavian legends. The tone of the Norse poetry is not perhaps very faithfully reproduced, but the fiery and gigantic imagery of the ancient Scalds was for the first time imitated in English; and though the chants retain some echoes of the sentiment and versification of more modern and polished literature, these attempts to revive the rude and archaic grandeur of the mythological traditions of the Eddas deserve no niggardly meed of approbation. In general Gray may be said to over-colour his language, and to indulge occasionally in an excess of ornament and personification; he will nevertheless be always regarded as a lyric poet of a very high order, and as one who brought an immense store of varied and picturesque erudition to feed the fire of a rich and powerful fancy."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 388. 389; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Beeton's "Dict. Univer. Biog."; Gilfillan's Ed. of "Gray's Poems."

WILLIAM MASON.

"William Mason, a poet of some distinction, born in 1725, was the son of a clergyman, who held the living of Hull. He was admitted first of St. John's College, and afterwards of Pembroke College, Cambridge, of the latter of which he was elected Fellow in 1747. He entered into holy orders in 1754, and, by the favour of the Earl of Holderness, was pre-

sented to the valuable rectory of Aston, Yorkshire, and became chaplain to His Majesty. Some poems which he printed gave him reputation, which received a great accession from his dramatic poem of 'Elfrida.' By this piece, and his 'Caractacus,' which followed, it was his aim to attempt the restoration of the ancient Greek chorus in tragedy; but this is so evidently an appendage of the infant and imperfect state of the drama, that a pedantic attachment to the ancients could alone suggest its revival. In 1756 he published a small collection of 'Odes,' which were generally considered as displaying more of the artificial mechanism of poetry, than of its genuine spirit. This was not the case with his 'Elegies,' published in 1763, which, abating some superfluity of ornament, are in general marked with the simplicity of language proper to this species of composition, and breathe noble sentiments of freedom and virtue. A collection of all his poems which he thought worthy of preserving, was published in 1764, and afterwards went through several editions. He had married an amiable lady, who died of a consumption in 1767, and was buried in the cathedral of Bristol, under a monument, on which are inscribed some very tender and beautiful lines, by her husband.

"In 1772, the first book of Mason's 'English Garden,' a didactic and descriptive poem, in blank verse, made its appearance, of which the fourth and concluding book was printed in 1781. Its purpose was to recommend the modern system of natural or landscape gardening, to which the author adheres with the rigour of exclusive taste. The versification is formed upon the best models, and the description, in many parts, is rich and vivid; but a general air of stiffness prevented it from attaining any considerable share of popularity. Some of his following poetic pieces express his liberal sentiments on political subjects; and when the late Mr. Pitt came into power, being then the friend of a free constitution, Mason addressed him in an 'Ode,' containing many patriotic and manly ideas. But being struck with alarm at the unhappy events of the French Revolution, one of his latest pieces was a 'Palinody to Liberty.' He likewise revived, in an improved form, and published, Du Fresnoy's Latin poem on the Art of Painting, enriching it with additions furnished by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and with a metrical version. Few have been better executed than this, which unites to great beauties of language a correct representation of the original. His tribute to the memory of Gray, being an edition of his poems, with some additions, and 'Memoirs of his Life and Writings,' was favourably received by the public.

"Mason died in April, 1797, at the age of seventy-two, in consequence of a mortification produced by a hurt in his leg. A tablet has been placed to his memory in Poets' Corner, in Westminster Abbey. His character in private life was exemplary for worth and active benevolence, though not without a degree of stateliness and assumed superiority of manner."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets." See Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets"; Campbell's "Specimens."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oliver Goldsmith, born 1728, died 1774. "The most charming and versatile, and certainly one of the greatest writers of the eighteenth century, whose works, whether in prose or verse, bear a peculiar stamp of gentle grace and elegance. He was born at the village of Pallas, in the county of Longford, Ireland. His father was a poor curate of English extraction, struggling, with the aid of farming and a miserable stipend, to bring up a large family. By the assistance of a benevolent uncle, Mr. Contarine, Oliver was enabled to enter the University of Dublin in the humble quality of sizar. He however neglected the opportunities for study which the place offered him, and became notorious for his irregularities, his disobedience to authority, and above all for a degree of improvidence carried to the extreme, though excused by a tenderness and charity almost morbid. The earlier part of his life is an obscure and monotonous narrative of ineffectual struggles to subsist, and of wanderings which enabled him to traverse almost the whole of Europe. Having been for a short time tutor in a family in Ireland, he determined to study medicine; and after nominally attending lectures in Edinburgh, he began those travels—for the most part on foot, and subsisting by the aid of his flute and the charity given to a poor scholar—which successively led him to Leyden, through Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, and even to Pavia, where he boasted, though the assertion is hardly capable of proof, that he received a medical degree. His professional as well as his general knowledge was of the most superficial and inaccurate character. It was while wandering in the guise of a beggar in Switzerland that he sketched out the plan of his poem of the 'Traveller,' which afterwards formed the commencement of his fame. In 1756 he found his way back to his native country; and his career during about eight years was a succession of desultory struggles with famine, sometimes as a chemist's shopman in London; sometimes as an usher in boarding-schools, the drudge of his employers and the butt and laughing-stock of the pupils; sometimes as a practitioner of medicine among the poorest and most squalid population—'the

beggars in Axe Lane,' as he expressed it himself; and more generally as a miserable and scantily-paid bookseller's hack. More than once, under the pressure of intolerable distress, he exchanged the bondage of the school for the severer slavery of the corrector's table in a printing-office, and was driven back again to the bondage of the school. The grace and readiness of his pen would probably have afforded him a decent subsistence, even from the hardly-earned wages of a drudge-writer, but for his extreme improvidence, his almost childish generosity, his passion for pleasure and fine clothes, and above all his propensity for gambling. At one time, during this wretched period of his career, he failed to pass the examination qualifying him for the humble medical post of a hospital mate; and, under the pressure of want and improvidence, committed the dishonourable action of pawning a suit of clothes lent him by his employer, Griffiths, for the purpose of appearing with decency before the Board. His literary apprenticeship was passed in this severe school —writing to order, and at a moment's notice, schoolbooks, tales for children, prefaces, indexes, and reviews of books; and contributing to the 'Monthly,' 'Critical,' and 'Lady's Review,' the 'British Magazine,' and other periodicals. His chief employer in this way appears to have been Griffiths, and he is said to have been at one time engaged as a corrector of the press in Richardson's service. In this period of obscure drudgery he composed some of his most charming works, or at least formed that inimitable style which makes him the rival, and perhaps more than the rival, of Addison. He produced the 'Chinese Letters,' the plan of which is imitated from Montesquieu's 'Lettres Persanes,' giving a description of English life and manners in the assumed character of a Chinese traveller, and containing some of those little sketches and humorous characters in which he was unequalled; a 'Life of Beau Nash;' and a short and gracefully-narrated 'History of England,' in the form of 'Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' the authorship of which was ascribed to Lyttelton. It was in 1764 that the publication of his beautiful poem of the 'Traveller' caused him to emerge from the slough of obscure literary drudgery in which he had hitherto been crawling. The universal judgment of the public pronounced that nothing so harmonious and so original had appeared since the time of Pope; and from this period Goldsmith's career was one of uninterrupted literary success, though his folly and improvidence kept him plunged in debt which even his large earnings could not enable him to avoid, and from which indeed no amount of fortune would have saved him. In 1766 appeared the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' that masterpiece of gentle humour and delicate tenderness; in the following year his first comedy, the 'Goodnatured Man,' which failed upon the stage in some measure from its very merits, some of its comic scenes shocking the perverted taste of an audience which admired the whining, preaching, sentimental pieces that were then in fashion. In 1768 Goldsmith composed, as taskwork for the booksellers—though taskwork for which his now rapidly rising popularity secured good payment—the 'History of Rome,' distinguished by its extreme superficiality of information and want of research no less than by enchanting grace of style and vivacity of narration. In 1770 he published the 'Deserted Village,' the companion poem to the 'Traveller,' written in some measure in the same manner, and not less touching and perfect; and in 1773 was acted his comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer,' one of the gayest, pleasantest, and most amusing pieces that the English stage can boast. Goldsmith had long risen from the obscurity to which he had been condemned: he was one of the most admired and popular authors of his time; his society was courted by the wits, artists, statesmen, and writers who formed a brilliant circle round Johnson and Reynolds—Burke, Garrick, Beauclerk, Percy, Gibbon, Boswell—and he became a member of that famous Club which is so intimately associated with the intellectual history of that time. Goldsmith was one of those men whom it is impossible not to love, and equally impossible not to despise and laugh at; his vanity, his childish though not malignant envy, his more than Irish aptitude for blunders, his eagerness to shine in conversation, for which he was peculiarly unfitted, his weaknesses and genius combined, made him the pet and the laughing-stock of the company. He was now in the receipt of an income which for that time and for the profession of letters might have been accounted splendid; but his improvidence kept him plunged in debt, and he was always anticipating his receipts, so that he continued to be the slave of booksellers, who obliged him to waste his exquisite talent on works hastily thrown off, and for which he neither possessed the requisite knowledge nor could make the necessary researches: thus he successively put forth as taskwork the 'History of England,' the 'History of Greece,' and the 'History of Animated Nature,' the two former works being mere compilations of second-hand facts, and the last an epitomized translation of Buffon. In these books we see how Goldsmith's never-failing charm of style and easy grace of narration compensates for total ignorance and a complete absence of independent knowledge of the subject. In 1774 this brilliant and feverish career was terminated. Goldsmith was suffering from a painful and dangerous disease, aggravated by disquietude of mind arising from the disorder in his affairs; and relying upon his knowledge of medicine he imprudently persisted in employing a

violent remedy, against the advice of his physicians. He died at the age of forty-six, deeply mourned by the brilliant circle of friends to which his very weaknesses had endeared him no less than his admirable genius, and surrounded by the tears and blessings of many wretches whom his inexhaustible benevolence had relieved. He was buried in the Temple Churchyard, and a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, for which Johnson wrote a Latin inscription, one passage of which gracefully alludes to the versatility of his genius: 'qui nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.'

"In everything Goldsmith wrote, prose or verse, serious or comic, there is a peculiar delicacy and purity of sentiment, tinging, of course, the language and diction as well as the thought. It seems as if his genius, though in its earlier career surrounded with squalid distress, was incapable of being sullied by any stain of coarseness or vulgarity. Though of English descent he had in an eminent degree the defects as well as the virtues of the Irish character; and no quality in his writings is more striking than the union of grotesque humour with a sort of pensive tenderness which gives to his verse a peculiar character of gliding melody and grace. He had seen much, and reproduced with singular vivacity quaint strokes of nature, as in his sketch of Beau Tibbs and innumerable passages in the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The two poems of the 'Traveller' and the 'Deserted Village' will ever be regarded as masterpieces of sentiment and description. The light yet rapid touch with which, in the former, he has traced the scenery and the natural peculiarities of various countries will be admired long after the reader has learned to neglect the false social theories embodied in his deductions; and in spite of the inconsistency pointed out by Macaulay, between the pictures of the village in its pristine beauty and happiness, and the same village when ruined and depopulated by the forced emigration of its inhabitants, the reader lingers over the delicious details of human as well as inanimate nature which the poet has combined into the lovely pastoral picture of 'sweet Auburn.' The touches of tender personal feeling which he has interwoven with his description, as the fond hope with which he dwelt on the project of returning to pass his age among the scenes of innocence which had cradled his boyhood, the comparison of himself to a hare returning to die where it was kindled, the deserted garden, the village alehouse, the school, and the evening landscape, are all touched with the pensive grace of a Claude; while, when the occasion demands, Goldsmith rises with easy wing to the height of lofty and even sublime elevation, as in the image of the storm-girded yet sunshine-crowned peak to which he compares the good pastor.

"The 'Vicar of Wakefield,' in spite of the extreme absurdity and inconsistency of its plot, an inconsistency which grows more perceptible in the latter part of the story, will ever remain one of those rare gems which no lapse of time can tarnish. The gentle and quiet humour embodied in the simple Dr. Primrose, the delicate yet vigorous contrasts of character in the other personages, the atmosphere of purity, cheerfulness, and gaiety which envelops all the scenes and incidents, will contribute, no less than the transparency and grace of the style, to make this story a classic for all time. Goldsmith's two comedies are written in two different manners, the 'Goodnatured Man' being a comedy of character, and 'She Stoops to Conquer' a comedy of intrigue. In the first the excessive easiness and generosity of the hero is not a quality sufficiently reprehensible to make him a favourable subject for that satire which is the essential element of this kind of theatrical painting; and the merit of the piece chiefly consists in the truly laughable personage of Croaker, and in the excellent scene where the disguised bailiffs are passed off on Miss Richland as the friends of Honeywood, whose house and person they have seized. But in 'She Stoops to Conquer' we have a first-rate specimen of the comedy of intrigue, where the interest mainly depends upon a tissue of lively and farcical incidents, and where the characters, though lightly sketched, form a gallery of eccentric pictures. The best proof of Goldsmith's success in this piece is the constancy with which it has always kept possession of the stage; and the peals of laughter which never fail to greet the lively bustle of its scenes and the pleasant absurdities of Young Marlow, Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, and above all the admirable Tony Lumpkin, a conception worthy of Vanbrugh himself.

"Some of Goldsmith's lighter fugitive poems are incomparable for their peculiar humour. The 'Haunch of Venison' is a model of easy narrative and accurate sketching of commonplace society; and in 'Retaliation' we have a series of slight yet delicate portraits of some of the most distinguished literary friends of the poet, thrown off with a hand at once refined and vigorous. In how masterly a manner, and yet in how few strokes, has Goldsmith placed before us Garrick, Burke, and Reynolds; and how deeply do we regret that he should not have given us similar portraits of Johnson, Gibbon, and Boswell. Several of the songs and ballads scattered through his works are remarkable for their tenderness and harmony, though the 'Edwin and Angelina,' which has been so often lauded, has always appeared to me mawkish, affected, and devoid of the true spirit of the mediæval ballad." — Shaw's "Hist. of Eng. Lit.," pp. 350—354. See Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."; Griffillan's

Edit. of "Goldsmith's Poems"; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Maunder's "Biog. Dict."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

"Tobias Smollett, well known in his time for the variety and multiplicity of his publications, was born in 1720, at Dalquhurn, in the county of Dumbarton. He was educated under a surgeon in Glasgow, where he also attended the medical lectures of the University; and at this early period he gave some specimens of a talent for writing verses. As it is on this ground that he has obtained a place in the present collection, we shall pass over his various characters of surgeon's mate, physician, historiographer, politician, miscellaneous writer, and especially novelist, and consider his claims as a minor poet of no mean rank. He will be found, in this collection, as the author of 'The Tears of Scotland,' the 'Ode to Leven-Water,' and some other short pieces, which are polished, tender, and picturesque; and, especially, of an 'Ode to Independence,' which aims at a loftier flight, and perhaps has few superiors in the lyric style.

"Smollett married a lady of Jamaica: he was, unfortunately, of an irritable disposition, which involved him in frequent quarrels, and finally shortened his life. He died in the neighbourhood of Leghorn, in October, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age."—Aikin's "Select Brit. Poets." See Gilfillan's Edit. of "Smollett's Poems."

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

"John Armstrong, a Scotch poet and physician, who, in 1732, took his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh. In 1744 he published the 'Art of Preserving Health,' one of the best didactic poems in our language, and shortly afterwards received the appointment of physician to the military hospital. In 1760 he was appointed physician to the army in Germany, and the next year wrote a poem called 'Day, an Epistle to John Wilkes, of Aylesbury, Esq.' In this letter he threw out a reflection upon Churchill, which drew on him the resentment of that satirist. He published several other works of a miscellaneous character. Born at Castleton, Roxburghshire, 1709; died at London, 1779."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's Edit. of "Armstrong's Poems."

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

"William Julius Mickle was born at Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, in 1734. His father, who was a clergyman of the Scottish church, had lived for some time in London, and had preached in the dissenting meeting-house of the celebrated Dr. Watts. He returned to Scotland, on being presented to the living of Langholm, the duties of which he fulfilled for many years; and, in consideration of his long services, was permitted to retain the stipend after he had removed to Edinburgh, for the better education of his children. His brother-in-law was a brewer in Edinburgh, on whose death the old clergyman unfortunately embarked his property, in order to continue his business, under the name of his eldest son. William, who was a younger son, was taken from the High-School of Edinburgh, and placed as a clerk in the concern; and, on coming of age, took the whole responsibility of it upon himself. When it is mentioned, that Mickle had, from his boyish years, been an enthusiastic reader of Spenser, and that, before he was twenty, he had composed two tragedies and half an epic poem, which were in due time consigned to the flames, it may be easily conceived that his habits of mind were not peculiarly fitted for close and minute attention to a trade which required incessant superintendence. He was, besides, unfortunate, in becoming security for an insolvent acquaintance. In the year 1763 he became a bankrupt; and, being apprehensive of the severity of one of his creditors, he repaired to London, feeling the misery of his own circumstances aggravated by those of the relations whom he had left behind him.

"Before leaving Scotland, he had corresponded with Lord Lyttelton, to whom he had submitted some of his poems in MS., and one, entitled 'Providence,' which he had printed in 1762. Lord Lyttelton patronized his Muse rather than his fortune. He undertook (to use his lordship's own phrase) to be his 'schoolmaster in poetry;' but his fastidious blottings could be of no service to any man who had a particle of genius: and the only personal benefit which he attempted to render him was to write to his brother, the governor of Jamaica, in Mickle's behalf, when our poet had thoughts of going out to that island. Mickle, however, always spoke with becoming liberality of this connexion. He was pleased with the suavity of Lord Lyttelton's manners, and knew that his means of patronage were very slender. In the mean time, he lived nearly two years in London, upon remittances from his friends in Scotland, and by writing for the daily papers.

"After having fluctuated between several schemes for subsistence, he at length accepted of the situation of corrector to the Clarendon press, at Oxford. Whilst he retained that office, he published a poem, which he at first

named The Concubine;' but on finding that the title alarmed delicate ears, and suggested a false idea of its spirit and contents, he changed it to 'Syr Martyn.' At Oxford he also engaged in polemical divinity, and published some severe animadversions on Dr. Harwood's recent translation of the New Testament. He also showed his fidelity to the cause of religion in a tract, entitled 'Voltaire in the Shades; or, Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy.'

"His greatest poetical undertaking was the translation of 'The Lusiad,' which he began in 1770, and finished in five years. For the sake of leisure and retirement, he gave up his situation at the Clarendon press, and resided at the house of a Mr. Tomkins, a farmer, at Forest Hill, near Oxford. The English Lusiad was dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Buccleuch; but his Grace returned not the slightest notice or kindness to his ingenious countryman. Whatever might be the duke's reasons, good or bad, for this neglect, he was a man fully capable of acting on his own judgment; and there was no necessity for making any other person responsible for his conduct. But Mickle, or his friends, suspected that Adam Smith and David Hume had maliciously stood between him and the Buccleuch patronage. This was a mere suspicion, which our author and his friends ought either to have proved or suppressed. Mickle was indeed the declared antagonist of Hume; he had written against him, and could not hear his name mentioned with temper: but there is not the slightest evidence that the hatred was mutual. That Adam Smith should have done him a mean injury, no one will believe probable, who is acquainted with the traditional private character of that philosopher. But Mickle was also the antagonist of Smith's doctrines on political economy, as may be seen in his 'Dissertation on the Charter of the East India Company.' The author of the 'Wealth of Nations,' forsooth, was jealous of his opinions on monopolies! Even this paltry supposition is contradicted by dates, for Mickle's tract upon the subject of Monopolies was published several years after the preface to the Lusiad. Upon the whole, the suspicion of his philosophical enemies having poisoned the ear of the Duke of Buccleuch seems to have proceeded from the same irritable vanity which made him threaten to celebrate Garrick as the hero of a second Dunciad when he refused to accept of his tragedy, 'The Siege of Marseilles.'

"Though the Lusiad had a tolerable sale, his circumstances still made his friends solicitous that he should obtain some settled provision. Dr. Lowth offered to provide for him in the Church. He refused the offer with honourable delicacy, lest his former writings in favour of religion should be attributed to the prospect of reward. At length the friendship of his kinsman, Commodore Johnstone, relieved him from unsettled prospects. Being appointed to the command of a squadron destined for the coast of Portugal, he took out the translator of Camoens as his private secretary. Mickle was received with distinguished honours at Lisbon. The Duke of Braganza, in admitting him a member of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, presented him with his own picture.

"He returned to England in 1780, with a considerable acquisition of prize-money, and was appointed an agent for the distribution of the prize profits of the cruise. His fortune now enabled him to discharge the debts of his early and mercantile life. He married the daughter of Mr. Tomkins, with whom he had resided while translating the Lusiad; and, with every prospect of spending the remainder of his life in affluence and tranquillity, purchased a house, and settled at Wheatley, near Oxford. So far his circumstances have almost the agreeable air of a concluding novel; but the failure of a banker with whom he was connected as prize agent, and a chancery suit in which he was involved, greatly diminished his finances, and disturbed the peace of his latter years. He died at Forest Hill, after a short illness.

"His reputation principally rests upon the translation of the Lusiad, which no Englishman had attempted before him, except Sir Richard Fanshawe. Sir Richard's version is quaint, flat, and harsh; and he has interwoven many ridiculously conceited expressions which are foreign both to the spirit and style of his original; but in general it is closer than the modern translation to the literal meaning of Camoens. Altogether, Fanshawe's representation of the Portuguese poem may be compared to the wrong side of the tapestry. Mickle, on the other hand, is free, flowery, and periphrastical; he is incomparably more spirited than Fanshawe; but still he departs from the majestic simplicity of Camoens' diction as widely as Pope has done from that of Homer. The sonorous and simple language of the Lusitanian epic is like the sound of a trumpet; and Mickle's imitation like the shakes and flourishes of the flute.

"Although he was not responsible for the faults of the original, he has taken abundance of pains to defend them in his notes and preface. In this he has not been successful. The long lecture on geography and Portuguese history, which Gama delivers to the King of Melinda, is a wearisome interruption to the narrative; and the use of Pagan mythology is a radical and unanswerable defect. Mickle informs us as an apology for the latter circumstance, that all this Pagan machinery was allegorical, and that the gods and goddesses of Homer were allegorical also; an assertion which would require to be proved, before it can be admitted. Camoens himself has said something about his concealment of a moral

meaning under his Pagan deities; but if he has any such morality, it is so well hidden that it is impossible to discover it. The Venus of the Lusiad, we are told, is Divine Love; and how is this Divine Love employed? For no other end than to give the poet an opportunity of displaying a scene of sensual gratification. an island is purposely raised up in the ocean; Venus conducts De Gama and his followers to this blessed spot, where a bevy of the nymphs of Venus are very good-naturedly prepared to treat them to their favours; not as a trial, but as a reward for their virtues! Voltaire was certainly justified in pronouncing this episode a piece of gratuitous indecency. In the same allegorical spirit no doubt, Bacchus, who opposes the Portuguese discoverers in the councils of Heaven, disguises himself as a Popish priest, and celebrates the rites of the Catholic religion. The imagination is somewhat puzzled to discover why Bacchus should be an enemy to the natives of a country the soil of which is so productive of his beverage; and a friend to the Mahometans who forbid the use of it: although there is something amusing in the idea of the jolly god officiating as a Romish clergyman.

"Mickle's story of Syr Martyn is the most pleasing of his original pieces. The object of the narrative is to exhibit the degrading effects of concubinage in the history of an amiable man, who is reduced to despondency and sottishness, under the dominion of a beldam and a slattern. The defect of the moral is, that the same evils might have happened to Syr Martyn in a state of matrimony. The simplicity of the tale is also, unhappily, overlaid by a weight of allegory, and of obsolete phraseology, which it has not importance to sustain. Such a style applied to the history of a man and his housekeeper, is like building a diminutive dwelling in all the pomp of Gothic architecture."—Campbell's "Specimens," pp. 609—611.

JOHN LANGHORNE.

"This poetical divine was born in 1735, at Kirkby Steven, in Westmoreland. Left fatherless at four years old, his mother fulfilled her double charge of duty with great tenderness and assiduity. He was educated at Appleby, and subsequently became assistant at the Free-school of Wakefield, took deacon's orders, and gave promise, although very young, of becoming a popular preacher. After various vicissitudes of life and fortune, and publishing a number of works in prose and verse, Langhorne repaired to London, and obtained, in 1764, the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Clerkenwell. He soon afterwards became assistant-preacher in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, where he had a very intellectual audience to address, and bore a somewhat trying ordeal with complete success. He continued for a number of years in London, maintaining his reputation both as a preacher and writer. His most popular works were the 'Letters of Theodosius and Constantia,' and a translation of Plutarch's Lives, which Wrangham afterwards corrected and improved, and which is still standard. He was twice married, and survived both his wives. He obtained the living of Blagden in Somersetshire, and in addition to it, in 1777, a prebend in the Cathedral of Wells. He died in 1779, aged only forty-four; his death, it is supposed, being accelerated by intemperance, although it does not seem to have been of a gross or aggravated description.

"Langhorne, an amiable man, and highly popular as well as warmly beloved in his day, survives now in memory chiefly through his Plutarch's Lives, and through a few lines in his 'Country Justice,' which are immortalised by the well-known story of Scott's interview with Burns. Campbell puts in a plea besides for his 'Owen of Carron,' but the plea, being founded on early reading, is partial, and has not been responded to by the public." — Gilfillan's "Less-Known Brit. Poets," pp. 220, 221.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

"Sir William Blackstone, a learned English judge, who, in 1738, was entered at Pembroke College, Oxford, and at the age of twenty composed a treatise on the elements of architecture. He also cultivated poetry, and obtained Mr. Benson's prize medal for the best verses on Milton. These pursuits, however, were abandoned for the study of the law, when he composed his well known effusion called 'The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse.' In 1740 he was entered at the Middle Temple, and in 1744 chosen fellow of All Souls College. In 1749 he was appointed recorder of Wallingford, in Berkshire, and in the following year became LL.D., and published an 'Essay on Collateral Consanguinity,' occasioned by the exclusive claim to fellowships made by the founder's kindred at All Souls. In 1758 he printed 'Considerations on Copyholders;' and the same year was appointed Vinerian professor of the common law, his lectures in which capacity gave rise to his celebrated 'Commentaries.' In 1759 he published 'Reflections on the Opinions of Messrs. Pratt, Moreton, and Wilbraham,' relating to Lord Lichfield's disqualification; his lordship being then candidate for the chancellorship. The same year appeared his edition of 'The Great Charter, and Charter of the Forest.' Of this work it has been said that there is not a

sentence in the composition that is not necessary to the whole, and that should not be perused. In 1761 he was made king's counsel, and chosen member of parliament for Hindon, in Wilts. The same year he vacated his fellowship by marriage, and was appointed principal of New-inn Hall. In 1763 he was appointed solicitor-general to the Queen, and bencher of the Middle Temple. In the next year appeared the first volume of his 'Commentaries,' which was followed by three others. It is upon these that his fame now principally rests; and, although opinion is divided as to the correctness and depth of the matter they contain, the beauty, precision, and elegance of their style have called forth universal admiration. In 1766 he resigned his places at Oxford; and in 1768 was chosen member for Westbury, in Wiltshire. In 1770 he became one of the judges in the court of King's Bench, whence he removed to the Common Pleas. He now fixed his residence in London, and attended to the duties of his office with great application, until overtaken by death. Born in London, 1723; died 1780. —The fundamental error in the 'Commentaries' is thus pointed out by Jeremy Bentham. 'There are two characters,' says he, 'one or other of which every man who finds anything to say on the subject of law may be said to take upon him,—that of the expositor, and that of the censor. To the province of the expositor it belongs to explain to us what he supposes the law is; to that of the censor, to observe to us what he thinks it ought to be. Of these two perfectly distinguishable functions, the former alone is that which it fell necessarily within our author's province to discharge.' Blackstone, however, makes use of both these functions throughout his work, and hence the confusion. His productions have found several translators on the Continent."—Beeton's 'Dict. Univ. Biog." See Maunder's "Dict. Biog."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

BISHOP PERCY.

"Bishop Percy, born 1728 died 1811. The great revolution in taste, substituting romantic for classical sentiment and subjects, which culminated in the poems and novels of Walter Scott, is traceable to the labours of Bishop Percy. The friend of Johnson, and one of the most accomplished members of that circle in which Johnson was supreme, Percy was strongly impressed with the vast stores of the beautiful, though rude poetry which lay buried in obscure collections of ballads and legendary compositions, and he devoted himself to the task of explaining and popularising the then neglected beauties of these old rhapsodists with the ardour of an antiquary, and with the taste of a true poet. His publication in 1765, under the title of 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' of a collection of such ballads, many of which had been preserved only in manuscript, while others, having originally been printed in the rudest manner on flying sheets for circulation among the lower orders of the people, had owed their preservation only to the care of collectors, must be considered as a critical epoch in the history of our literature. Many authors before him, as, for example, Addison and Sir Philip Sydney, had expressed the admiration which a cultivated taste must ever feel for the rough but inimitable graces of our old ballad-poets; but Percy was the first who undertook an examination, at once systematic and popular, of those neglected treasures. His 'Essay on the Ancient Minstrels,' prefixed to the pieces he selected, exhibits considerable research, and is written in a pleasing and attractive manner; and the extracts are made with great taste, and with a particular view of exciting the public sympathy in favour of a class of compositions, the merits of which were then new and unfamiliar to the general reader. It is true that he did not always adhere with scrupulous fidelity to the ancient texts, and where the poems were in a fragmentary and imperfect condition, he did not hesitate, any more than Scott after him in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' to fill up the rents of time with matter of his own invention. This, however, at a period when his chief object was to excite among general readers an interest in the e fine old monuments of mediæval genius, was no unpardonable offence, and gave him the opportunity of exhibiting his own poetical powers, which were far from contemptible, and his skill in imitating, with more or less success, the language and manner of the ancient Border poets. Percy found, in collecting these old compositions, that the majority of those most curious from their antiquity and most interesting from their merit were distinctly traceable, both as regards their subjects and the dialect in which they were written, to the North Countrée; that is, to the frontier region between England and Scotland, which, during the long wars that had raged almost without intermission between the Borderers on both sides of the Debateable Land, had necessarily been the scene of the most frequent and striking incidents of predatory warfare, such as those recorded in the noble ballads of 'Chevy Chase,' and the 'Battle of Otterburn.' The language in the Northern marches of England, and in the Scottish frontier-region bordering upon them, was one and the same dialect; something between the Lowland Scotch and the speech of Cumberland or Westmoreland: and it is curious to find the ballad-singer modifying the incidents of his legend so as to suit the prejudices and flatter the national pride of his listeners according as they were inhabitants

of the Northern or Southern district. In various independent copies or versions of the same legend, we find the victory given to the one side or to the other, and the English or Scottish hero alternately playing the nobler and more romantic part. Besides a very large number of these purely heroic ballads, Percy gave specimens of an immense series of songs and lyrics extending down to a comparatively late period of English history, embracing even the Civil War and the Restoration: but the chief interest of his collection, and the chief service he rendered to literature by his publication, is concentrated on the earlier portion. It is impossible to exaggerate the influence exerted by Percy's 'Reliques;' this book has been devoured with the most intense interest by generation after generation of English poets, and has undoubtedly contributed to give a first direction to the youthful genius of many of our most illustrious writers. The boyish enthusiasm of Walter Scott was stirred, 'as with the sound of a trumpet,' by the vivid recitals of the old Border rhapsodists; and but for Percy it is possible that we should have had neither the 'Lady of the Lake' nor 'Waverley.' Nor was it upon the genius of Scott alone that is impressed the stamp of this ballad imitation: Wordsworth, Coleridge, even Tennyson himself have been deeply modified, in the form and colouring of their productions, by the same cause: and perhaps the influence of the 'Reliques,' whether direct or indirect, near or remote, will be perceptible to distant ages in English poetry and fiction."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 412—414.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

"James Macpherson, born 1738, died 1796, a Scotch poet, whose first work, and that which brought him mostly into notice, was a translation of poems attributed by him to Ossian. These poems possess great beauty: but their authenticity was disputed by Dr. Johnson and other writers, and as zealously maintained by the editor and Dr. Blair; it is now, however, generally admitted that Ossian's poems are a forgery. In 1773 Macpherson published a translation of the 'Iliad' into heroic prose, a work of little value. He was also the author of an 'Introduction to the History of Great Britain and Ireland,' a 'History of Great Britain, from 1660 to the Accession of the House of Hanover,' and of some political pamphlets in defence of Lord North's administration, for which he obtained a place and a seat in the House of Commons."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"No name in our literature affords an example of earlier precocity or of a sadder career than that of the 'marvellous boy who perished in his pride,' Thomas Chatterton. He was born at Bristol in 1752, was son of a sexton and parish schoolmaster, and died by suicide before he had completed his eighteenth year. Yet in that brief interval he gave proof of power unsurpassed in one so young, and executed a number of forgeries almost without parallel for ingenuity and variety. The writings which he passed off as originals he professes to have discovered in 'Canynge's Coffre,' a chest preserved in the muniment-room of the old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. These he produced gradually, generally taking advantage of some public occurrence likely to give them an interest. In October, 1768, a new bridge across the Avon was opened, and forthwith he sent an account of the ceremonies that took place on the opening of the old bridge—processions, tournaments, and religious solemnities. Mr. Burgum, who was fond of heraldic honours, he supplies with a pedigree reaching back to William the Conqueror. To another citizen he presents the 'Romaunt of the Cnyghté,' written by one of his ancestors between four and five hundred years before. To a religious citizen he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Holy Spirit, wroten by Thomas Rowley in the fifteenth century. To another with antiquarian tastes he gives an account of the churches of the city three hundred years before. And to Horace Walpole, who was busy writing the 'History of British Painters,' he gives a record of Carvellors and Peynctors who once flourished in Bristol. Besides all these forgeries he sent to the 'Town and Country Magazine' a number of poems which occasioned a sharp controversy. Gray and Mason at once pronounced them spurious imitations, but many maintained their genuineness. Meanwhile, Chatterton had obtained a release from the attorney's office where he had served for the last three years, and had come to London. Here he wrote for magazines and newspapers, gaining thereby a very precarious subsistence. At last he grew despondent, took to drinking, which aggravated his constitutional tendencies, and after being reduced to actual want, tore up his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Shoe Lane Workhouse, and the citizens of Bristol afterwards erected, in their city, a monument to his memory. His poems, published under the name of Rowley, consist of the tragedy of 'Ella,' the 'Ode to Ella,' a ballad entitled the 'Bristow Tragedy, or the Death of Sir Charles Bowdin,' some pastoral poems, and other minor pieces. The 'Ode to Ella' has all the air of a modern poem, except spelling and phraseology. Most of the others

have allusions and a style more or less appropriate to the time in which they profess to have been written; but they are none of them likely to deceive a competent scholar. Chatterton displays occasionally great power of satire, and generally a luxuriance of fancy and richness of invention which, considering his youth, were not unworthy of Spenser. His avowed compositions are very inferior to the forgeries—a fact that Scott explains by supposing that in the forgeries all his powers must have been taxed to the utmost to support the deception."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook Eng. Lit." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's ed. "Chatterton's Poems."

WILLIAM FALCONER.

"William Falconer, born 1730, died 1769, was the son of a barber in Edinburgh, and went to sea at an early age in a merchant vessel of Leith. He was afterwards mate of a ship that was wrecked in the Levant, and was one of only three out of her crew that were saved, a catastrophe which formed the subject of his future poem. He was for some time in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of 'Lexiphanes,' when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation, and when the latter distinguished himself as a poet, used to boast that he had been his scholar. What he learned from Campbell it is not very easy to ascertain. His education, as he often assured Governor Hunter, had been confined to reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, though in the course of his life he picked up some acquaintance with the French, Spanish, and Italian languages. In these his countryman was not likely to have much assisted him; but he might have lent him books, and possibly instructed him in the use of figures. Falconer published his 'Shipwreck' in 1762, and by the favour of the Duke of York, to whom it was dedicated, obtained the appointment of a midshipman in the 'Royal George,' and afterwards that of purser in the 'Glory' frigate. He soon afterwards married a Miss Hicks, an accomplished and beautiful woman, the daughter of the surgeon of Sheerness-yard. At the peace of 1763 he was on the point of being reduced to distressed circumstances by his ship being laid up in ordinary at Chatham, when, by the friendship of Commissioner Hanway, who ordered the cabin of the 'Glory' to be fitted up for his residence, he enjoyed for some time a retreat for study without expense or embarrassment. Here he employed himself in compiling his 'Marine Dictionary,' which appeared in 1769, and has been always highly spoken of by those who are capable of estimating its merits. He embarked also in the politics of the day, as a poetical antagonist to Churchill, but with little advantage to his memory. Before the publication of his 'Marine Dictionary,' he had left his retreat at Chatham for a less comfortable abode in the metropolis, and appears to have struggled with considerable difficulties, in the midst of which he received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to join him in the business which he had newly established. The cause of his refusing this offer was, in all probability, the appointment which he received to the pursership of the 'Aurora,' East Indiaman. In that ship he embarked for India, in September, 1769, but the 'Aurora' was never heard of after she passed the Cape, and was thought to have foundered in the Channel of Mozambique; so that the poet of the 'Shipwreck' may be supposed to have perished by the same species of calamity which he had rehearsed.

"The subject of the 'Shipwreck,' and the fate of its author, bespeak an uncommon partiality in its favour. If we pay respect to the ingenious scholar who can produce agreeable verses amidst the shades of retirement, or the shelves of his library, how much more interest must we take in the 'ship-boy on the high and giddy mast,' cherishing refined visions of fancy at the hour which he may casually snatch from fatigue and danger. Nor did Falconer neglect the proper acquirements of seamanship in cultivating poetry, but evinced considerable knowledge of his profession, both in his 'Marine Dictionary' and in the nautical precepts of the 'Shipwreck.' In that poem he may be said to have added a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the language; at least, we had no previous poem of any length of which the characters and catastrophe were purely naval.

"The scene of the catastrophe (though he followed only the fact of his own history) was poetically laid amidst seas and shores where the mind easily gathers romantic associations, and where it supposes the most picturesque vicissitudes of scenery and climate. The spectacle of a majestic British ship on the shores of Greece brings as strong a reminiscence to the mind as can well be imagined, of the changes which time has wrought in transplanting the empire of arts and civilization. Falconer's characters are few; but the calm, sagacious commander, and the rough, obstinate Redmond, are well contrasted. Some part of the love-story of 'Palemon' is rather swainish and protracted, yet the effect of his being involved in the calamity leaves a deeper sympathy in the mind for the daughter of Albert, when we conceive her at once deprived both of a father and a lover. The incidents of the 'Shipwreck,' like those of a well-wrought tragedy, gradually deepen, while they yet leave a suspense of hope and fear to the imagination. In the final scene there is something that deeply touches our compassion in

the picture of the unfortunate man who is struck blind by a flash of lightning at the helm. I remember, by the way, to have met with an affecting account of the identical calamity befalling the steersman of a forlorn vessel in a similar moment, given in a prose and veracious history of the loss of a vessel on the coast of America. Falconer skilfully heightens this trait by showing its effect on the commiseration of Rodmond, the roughest of his characters, who guides the victim of misfortune to lay hold of a sail.

'A flash, quick glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gazed upon the blind;
And, while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the shroud,
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries:
Thy only succour on the mast relies!'

"The effect of some of his sea phrases is to give a definite and authentic character to his descriptions; but that of most of them, to a landsman's ear, resembles slang, and produces obscurity. His diction, too, generally abounds with common-place expletives and feeble lines. His scholarship on the shores of Greece is only what we should accept of from a seaman: but his poem has the sensible charm of appearing a transcript of reality, and leaves an impression of truth and nature on the mind."—Campbell's "Specimens," 480, 481. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii.

ROBERT LLOYD.

"Robert Lloyd was born in London in 1733. He was the son of one of the under-masters of Westminster School. He went to Cambridge, where he became distinguished for his talents and notorious for his dissipation. He became an usher under his father, but soon tired of the drudgery, and commenced professional author. He published a poem called 'The Actor,' which attracted attention, and was the precursor of the 'Rosciad.' He wrote for periodicals, produced some theatrical pieces of no great merit, and edited the 'St. James's Magazine.' This failed, and Lloyd, involved in pecuniary distresses, was cast into the Fleet. Here he was deserted by all his boon companions except Churchill, to whose sister he was attached, and who allowed him a guinea a-week and a servant, besides promoting a subscription for his benefit. When the news of Churchill's death arrived, Lloyd was seated at dinner; he became instantly sick, cried out 'Poor Charles! I shall follow him soon,' and died in a few weeks. Churchill's sister, a woman of excellent abilities, waited on Lloyd during his illness, and died soon after him of a broken heart. This was in 1764.

"Lloyd was a minor Churchill. He had not his brawny force, but he had more than his liveliness of wit, and was a much better-conditioned man, and more temperate in his satire. Cowper knew, loved, and admired, and in some of his verses imitated, Robert Lloyd."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," 126, 127.

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

"Charles Churchill, born 1731, died 1764. He was the son of a respectable clergyman, who was curate and lecturer of St. John's, Westminster. He was educated at Westminster School, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but not being disposed

'O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
Or cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,'

he left the university abruptly, and coming to London made a clandestine marriage in the Fleet. His father, though much displeased at the proceeding, became reconciled to what could not be remedied, and received the imprudent couple for about a year under his roof. After this young Churchill went for some time to study theology at Sunderland, in the north of England, and having taken orders, officiated at Cadbury, in Somersetshire, and at Rainham, a living of his father's in Essex, till upon the death of his father he succeeded, in 1758, to the curacy and lectureship of St. John's, Westminster. Here he conducted himself for some time with a decorum suitable to his profession, and increased his narrow income by undertaking private tuition. He got into debt, it is true; and Dr. Lloyd, of Westminster, the father of his friend the poet, was obliged to mediate with his creditors for their acceptance of a composition; but when fortune put it into his power Churchill honourably discharged all his obligations. His 'Rosciad' appeared at first anonymously, in 1761, and was ascribed to one or other of half the wits in town; but his acknowledgement of it, and his poetical 'Apology,' in which he retaliated upon the critical reviewers of his poem (not fearing to affront even Fielding and Smollett), made him at once famous and formidable. The players, at least, felt him to be so. Garrick himself, who, though extolled in the 'Rosciad,' was

sarcastically alluded to in the 'Apology,' courted him like a suppliant; and his satire had the effect of driving poor Tom Davies, the biographer of Garrick, though he was a tolerable performer, from the stage. A letter from another actor, of the name of Davis, who seems rather to have dreaded than experienced his severity, is preserved in Nichols's 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' in which the poor comedian deprecates the poet's censure in an expected publication, as likely to deprive him of bread. What was mean in Garrick might have been an object of compassion in this humble man; but Churchill answered him with surly contempt, and holding to the plea of justice, treated his fears with the apparent satisfaction of a hangman. His moral character, in the meantime, did not keep pace with his literary reputation. As he got above neglect he seems to have thought himself above censure. His superior, the Dean of Westminster, having had occasion to rebuke him for some irregularities, he threw aside at once the clerical habit and profession, and arrayed his ungainly form in the splendour of fashion. Amidst the remarks of his enemies, and what he pronounces the still more insulting advice of his prudent friends upon his irregular life, he published his epistle to Lloyd, entitled 'Night,' a sort of manifesto of the impulses, for they could not be called principles, by which he professed his conduct to be influenced. The leading maxims of this epistle are, that prudence and hypocrisy in these times are the same thing! that good hours are but fine words; and that it is better to avow faults than to conceal them. Speaking of his convivial enjoyments, he says—

'Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day.'

In the same description he somewhat awkwardly introduces

'Wine's gay God, with TEMPERANCE by his side,
——Whilst HEALTH attends.'

How would Churchill have belaboured any fool or hypocrite who had pretended to boast of health and temperance in the midst of orgies that turned night into day!

"By his connection with Wilkes he added political to personal causes of animosity, and did not diminish the number of unfavourable eyes that were turned upon his private character. He had certainly, with all his faults, some strong and good qualities of the heart; but the particular proofs of these were not likely to be sedulously collected as materials of his biography, for he had now placed himself in that light of reputation when a man's likeness is taken by its shadow and darkness. Accordingly, the most prominent circumstances that we afterwards learn respecting him are, that he separated from his wife, and seduced the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster. At the end of a fortnight, either from his satiety or repentance, he advised this unfortunate woman to return to her friends; but took her back again upon her finding her home made intolerable by the reproaches of a sister. His reputation for inebriety also received some public acknowledgments. Hogarth gave as much celebrity as he could to his love of porter, by representing him in the act of drinking a mug of that liquor in the shape of a bear; but the painter had no great reason to congratulate himself ultimately on the effects of his caricature. Our poet was included in the general warrant that was issued for apprehending Wilkes. He hid himself, however, and avoided imprisonment. In the autumn of 1764 he paid a visit to Mr. Wilkes at Boulogne, where he caught a military fever, and expired in his thirty-third year.

"Churchill may be ranked as a satirist immediately after Pope and Dryden, with perhaps a greater share of humour than either. He has the bitterness of Pope, with less wit to atone for it; but no mean share of the free manner and energetic plainness of Dryden. After the 'Rosciad' and 'Apology' he began his poem of the 'Ghost' (founded on the well-known story of Cock-lane), many parts of which tradition reports him to have composed when scarce recovered from his fits of drunkenness. It is certainly a rambling and scandalous production, with a few such original gleams as might have crossed the brain of genius amidst the bile and lassitude of dissipation. The novelty of political warfare seems to have given a new impulse to his powers in the 'Prophecy of Famine,' a satire on Scotland, which even to Scotchmen must seem to sheath its sting in its laughable extravagance. His poetical 'Epistle to Hogarth' is remarkable, amidst its savage ferocity, for one of the best panegyrics that was ever bestowed on that painter's works. He scalps indeed even barbarously the infirmities of the man, but, on the whole, spares the laurels of the artist. The following is his description of Hogarth's powers:—

'In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,

Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.'

"There are two peculiarly interesting passages in his 'Conference.' One of them, expressive of remorse for his crime of seduction, has been often quoted. The other is a touching description of a man of independent spirit reduced by despair and poverty to accept of the means of sustaining life on humiliating terms.

'What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.
Once,—at this hour whose wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
* * * *
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan;
Once, awed by fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith.'

"But without enumerating similar passages, which may form an exception to the remark, the general tenor of his later works fell beneath his first reputation. His 'Duellist' is positively dull; and his 'Gotham,' the imaginary realm of which he feigns himself the sovereign, is calculated to remind us of the proverbial wisdom of its sages. It was justly complained that he became too much an echo of himself, and that before his short literary career was closed, his originality appeared to be exhausted."—Campbell's "Specimens," pp. 454-456. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's Ed. of "Churchill's Poems."

MICHAEL BRUCE.

"We refer our readers to Dr. Mackelvie's well-known and very able 'Life of poor Bruce' for his full story, and for the evidence on which his claim to the 'Cuckoo' is rested. Apart from external evidence, we think that poem more characteristic of Bruce's genius than of Logan's, and have therefore ranked it under Bruce's name.

"Bruce was born on the 27th of March, 1746, at Kinnesswood, parish of Portmoak, county of Kinross. His father was a weaver, and Michael was the fifth of a family of eight children. Poor as his parents were, they were intelligent, religious, and most conscientious in the discharge of their duties to their children. In the summer months Michael was sent out to herd cattle; and one loves to imagine the young poet wrapt in his plaid, under a whin-bush, while the storm was blowing,—or gazing at the rainbow from the summit of a fence,—or admiring at Lochleven and its old ruined castle,—or weaving around the form of some little maiden, herding in a neighbouring field—some 'Jeanie Morrison'—one of those webs of romantic early love which are beautiful and evanescent as the gossamer, but how exquisitely relished while they last! Say not, with one of his biographers, that his 'education was retarded by this employment;' he was receiving in these solitary fields a kind of education which no school and no college could furnish; nay, who knows but, as he saw the cuckoo winging her way from one deep woodland recess to another, or heard her dull, divine monotone coming from the heart of the forest, the germ of that exquisite strain, 'least in the kingdom' of the heaven of poetry in size, but immortal in its smallness, was sown in his mind? In winter he went to school, and profited there so much, that at fifteen (not a very early period, after all, for a Scotch student beginning his curriculum—in our day twelve was not an uncommon age) he was judged fit for going to college. And just in time a windfall came across the path of our poet, the mention of which may make many of our readers smile. This was a legacy which was left his father by a relative, amounting to 200 marks, or £11. 2*s*. 6*d*. With this munificent sum in his pocket, Bruce was sent to study at Edinburgh College. Here he became distinguished by his attainments, and particularly his taste and poetic powers; and here, too, he became acquainted with John Logan, afterwards his biographer. After spending three sessions at college, supported by his parents and other friends, he returned to the country, and taught a school at Gairney Bridge (a place famous for the first meeting of the first presbytery of the Seceders), for £11 of salary. Thence he removed to Foresthill, near Alloa, where a damp school-room, poverty, and hard labour in teaching, united to injure his health and

depress his spirits. At Foresthill he wrote his poem 'Lochleven,' which discovers no small descriptive power. Consumption began now to make its appearance, and he returned to the cottage of his parents, where he wrote his 'Elegy on Spring,' in which he refers with dignified pathos to his approaching dissolution. On the 5th of July, 1767, this remarkable youth died, aged twenty-one years and three months. His Bible was found on his pillow, marked at the words, Jer. xxii. 10, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep sore for him that goeth away: for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.'

"Lord Craig wrote some time afterwards an affecting paper in the 'Mirror,' recording the fate, and commending the genius of Bruce. John Logan, in 1770, published his poems. In the year 1807, the kind-hearted Principal Baird published an edition of the poems for the behoof of Bruce's mother, then an aged widow. And in 1837, Dr. William Mackelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire, published what may be considered the standard Life of this poet, along with a complete edition of his Works.

"It is impossible from so small a segment of a circle as Bruce's life describes to infer with any certainty the whole. So far as we can judge from the fragments left, his power was rather in the beautiful, than in the sublime or in the strong. The lines on Spring, from the words 'Now spring returns' to the close, form a continuous stream of pensive loveliness. How sweetly he sings in the shadow of death! Nor let us too severely blame his allusion to the old Pagan mythology, in the words—

> 'I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe,
> I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;'

remembering that he was still a mere student, and not recovered from that fine intoxication in which classical literature drenches a young imaginative soul, and that at last we find him 'resting in the hopes of an eternal day.' 'Lochleven' is the spent echo of the 'Seasons,' although, as we said before, its descriptions possess considerable merit. His 'Last Day' is more ambitious than successful. If we grant the 'Cuckoo' to be his, as we are inclined decidedly to do, it is a sure title to fame, being one of the sweetest little poems in any language. Shakspere would have been proud of the verse—

> 'Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
> Thy sky is ever clear;
> Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No winter in thy year.'

Bruce has not, however, it has always appeared to us, caught so well as Wordsworth the differentia of the cuckoo,—its invisible, shadowy, shifting, supernatural character—heard, but seldom seen—its note so limited and almost unearthly:—

> O Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,
> Or but a wandering voice?'

How fine this conception of a separated voice—'The viewless spirit of a lonely sound,' plaining in the woods as if seeking for some incarnation it cannot find, and saddening the spring groves by a note so contradictory to the genius of the season. In reference to the note of the cuckoo we find the following remarks among the fragments from the commonplace book of Dr. Thomas Brown, printed by Dr. Welsh:—'The name of the cuckoo has generally been considered as a very pure instance of imitative harmony. But in giving that name, we have most unjustly defrauded the poor bird of a portion of its very small variety of sound. The second syllable is not a mere echo of the first; it is the sound reversed, like the reading of a sotadic line; and to preserve the strictness of the imitation we should give it the name of Ook-koo.' This is the prose of the cuckoo after its poetry." Such is Gilfillan's eloquent tribute to the genius of Bruce; we must, however, give the authorship of the "Cuckoo" to Logan.—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 143-146. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

JOHN LOGAN.

"John Logan was born in the year 1748. He was the son of a farmer at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, Mid-Lothian. He was educated for the church at Edinburgh, where he became intimate with Robertson, afterwards the historian. So, at least, Campbell asserts; but he strangely calls him a student of the same standing, whereas, in fact, Robertson saw light in 1721, and had been a settled minister five years before Logan was born. After finishing his studies he became tutor in the family of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster, and the late well-known Sir John Sinclair was one of his pupils. When licensed to preach, Logan became popular, and was in his twenty-fifth year appointed one of the ministers of South Leith. In 1781 he read, in Edinburgh, a course of lectures on the Philosophy of History, and in 1782 he printed one of them, on the Government of Asia. In the same year he published a volume of poems, which were well received. In 1783 he wrote a tragedy called 'Runnymede,' which was, owing to some imagined incendiary matter, prohibited from being acted on the London boards, but

which was produced on the Edinburgh stage, and afterwards published. This, along with some alleged irregularities of conduct on the part of Logan, tended to alienate his flock, and he was induced to retire on a small annuity. He betook himself to London, where, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Thomson—who had left the parish of Monzievaird, in Perthshire, owing to a scandal—he wrote for the 'English Review,' and was employed to defend Warren Hastings. This he did in an able manner, although a well-known story describes him as listening to Sheridan, on the Oude case, with intense interest, and exclaiming, after the first hour, 'This is mere declamation without proof'—after the next two, 'This is a man of extraordinary powers'—and ere the close of the matchless oration, 'Of all the monsters in history, Warren Hastings is the vilest.' Logan died in the year 1788, in his lodgings, Marlborough Street. His sermons were published shortly after his death, and if parts of them are, as is alleged, pilfered from a Swiss divine (George Joachim Zollikofer), they have not remained exclusively with the thief, since no sermons have been so often reproduced in Scottish pulpits as the elegant orations issued under the name of Logan.

"We have already declined to enter on the controversy about 'The Cuckoo,' intimating, however, our belief, founded partly upon Logan's unscrupulous character and partly on internal evidence, that it was originally written by Bruce, but probably polished to its present perfection by Logan, whose other writings give us rather the impression of a man of varied accomplishments and excellent taste, than of deep feeling or original genius. If Logan were not the author of 'The Cuckoo,' there was a special baseness connected with the fact, that when Burke sought him out in Edinburgh, solely from his admiration of that poem, he owned the soft and false impeachment, and rolled as a sweet morsel praise from the greatest man of the age, which he knew was the rightful due of another."—Gilfillan's "Less-kn own Brit. Poets," pp. 266-268.

THOMAS WARTON.

"Thomas Warton, born 1728, died 1790, was descended from an ancient family, whose residence was at Beverley, in Yorkshire. One of his ancestors was knighted in the civil wars, for his adherence to Charles I.; but by the failure of the same cause, the estate of the family was confiscated, and they were unable to maintain the rank of gentry. The Toryism of the historian of English poetry was, therefore, hereditary. His father was fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; professor of poetry in that university; and vicar of Basingstoke, in Hants, and of Cobham, in Surrey. At the age of sixteen our author was admitted a commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, of which he continued a member, and an ornament, for forty-seven years. His first poetical appearance in print has been traced to five 'Eclogues' in blank verse; the scenes of which are laid among the shepherds, oppressed by the wars in Germany. They appeared in Pearch's 'Supplement to Dodsley's Collection of Fugitive Pieces.' Warton disavowed those 'Eclogues' in his riper years. They are not discreditable to him as the verses of a boy; but it was a superfluous offering to the public, to subjoin them to his other works, in Mr. Chalmers's edition of the British Poets. His poem, 'The Pleasures of Melancholy,' was written not long after. As the composition of a youth, it is entitled to a very indulgent consideration; and perhaps it gives promise of a sensibility, which his subsequent poetry did not fulfil. It was professedly written in his seventeenth, but published in his nineteenth year, so that it must be considered as testifying the state of his genius at the latter period; for until his work had passed through the press, he would continue to improve it. In the year 1749 he published his 'Triumph of Isis,' in answer to Mason's poetical attack on the loyalty of Oxford. The best passage in this piece, beginning with the line—

> 'Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
> Ye towers, that wear the mossy vest of time,'

discovers that fondness for the beauties of architecture, which was an absolute passion in the breast of Warton. Joseph Warton relates that, at an early period of their youth, his brother and he were taken by their father to see Windsor Castle. Old Dr. Warton complained, that whilst the rest of the party expressed delight at the magnificent spectacle, Thomas made no remarks; but Joseph Warton justly observes, that the silence of his brother was only a proof of the depth of his pleasure; that he was really absorbed in the enjoyment of the sight; and that his subsequent fondness for 'castle imagery,' he believed, might be traced to the impression which he then received from Windsor Castle.

"In 1750 he took the degree of a master of arts; and in the following year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1754 he published his 'Observations on Spenser's Faery Queen,' in a single volume, which he afterwards expanded into two volumes, in the edition of 1762. In this work he minutely analyses the Classic and Romantic sources of Spenser's fiction; and so far enables us to estimate the power of the poet's genius, that we can compare the scattered ore of his fanciful materials with their transmuted appearance in the 'Faëry Queen.' This work, probably, contributed to his appointment to the professorship of poetry, in

the university, in 1757, which he held, according to custom, for ten years. While possessed of that chair, he delivered a course of lectures on poetry, in which he introduced his translations from the Greek Anthology, as well as the substance of his remarks on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, which were afterwards published in his edition of Theocritus. In 1758 he assisted Dr. Johnson in the 'Idler,' with Nos. 33, 93, and 96. About the same time he published, without name or date, 'A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester;' and a humorous account of Oxford, intended to burlesque the popular description of that place, entitled, 'A Companion to the Guide, or a Guide to the Companion.' He also published anonymously, in 1758, 'A Selection of Latin Metrical Inscriptions.'

"Warton's clerical profession forms no very prominent part of his history. He had an indistinct and hurried articulation, which was peculiarly unfavourable to his pulpit oratory. His ambition was directed to other objects, than preferment in the church, and he was above solicitation. After having served the curacy of Woodstock for nine years, as well as his avocations would permit, he was appointed, in 1774, to the small living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire; and, in 1785, to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, by his own college.

"The great work to which the studies of his life were subservient, was his 'History of English Poetry,' an undertaking which had been successively projected by Pope and Gray. Those writers had suggested the imposing plan of arranging the British poets, not by their chronological succession, but by their different schools. Warton deliberately relinquished this scheme; because he felt that it was impracticable, except in a very vague and general manner. Poetry is of too spiritual a nature to admit of its authors being exactly grouped, by a Linnæan system of classification. Striking resemblances and distinctions will, no doubt, be found among poets; but the shades of variety and gradation are so infinite, that to bring every composer within a given line of resemblance, would require a new language in the philosophy of taste. Warton, therefore, adopted the simpler idea of tracing our poetry by its chronological progress. The work is certainly provokingly digressive, in many places, and those who have subsequently examined the same subject have often complained of its inaccuracies; but the chief cause of those inaccuracies was that boldness and extent of research, which makes the work so useful and entertaining. Those who detected his mistakes have been, in no small degree, indebted to him for their power of detecting them. The first volume of his 'History' appeared in 1774; the second in 1778; and the third in 1781. Of the fourth volume only a few sheets were printed; and the account of our poetry, which he meant to have extended to the last century, was continued only to the reign of Elizabeth.

"In the year 1785 he was appointed to the Camden Professorship of History, in which situation he delivered only one inaugural dissertation. In the same year, upon the death of Whitehead, he received the laureateship. His odes were subjected to the ridicule of the Rolliad; but his head filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for a hundred years.

"In his sixty-second year, after a life of uninterrupted good health, he was attacked by the gout; went to Bath for a cure, and returned, as he imagined, perfectly recovered; but his appearance betrayed that his constitution had received a fatal shock. At the close of an evening, which he had spent with more than ordinary cheerfulness, in the common-hall of his college, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and expired on the following day.

"Some amusing eccentricities of his character are mentioned by the writer of his life (Dr. Mant), which the last editor of the 'British Poets' blames that biographer for introducing. I am far from joining in this censure. It is a miserable system of biography, that would never allow us to smile at the foibles and peculiarities of its subject. The historian of English poetry would sometimes forget his own dignity, so far as to drink ale, and smoke tobacco with men of vulgar condition; either wishing, as some have gravely alleged, to study undisguised and unlettered human nature, or, which is more probable, to enjoy a heartier laugh, and broader humour than could be found in polite society. He was also passionately fond (not of critical, but) of military reviews, and delighted in martial music. The same strength of association which made him enjoy the sound of 'the spirit-stirring drum,' led him to be a constant and curious explorer of the architectural monuments of chivalrous times; and, during his summer excursions into the country, he always committed to paper the remarks which he had made on ancient buildings. During his visits to his brother, Dr. J. Warton, the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the schoolboys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the Doctor, who had taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults as would disguise the assistance.

"Every Englishman who values the literature of his country must feel himself obliged to Warton as a poetical antiquary. As a poet, he is ranked by his brother Joseph in the school of Spenser and Milton; but this classi-

fication can only be admitted with a full understanding of the immense distance between him and his great masters. He had, indeed, 'spelt the fabled rhyme;' he abounds in allusions to the romantic subjects of Spenser, and he is a sedulous imitator of the rich lyrical manner of Milton: but of the tenderness and peculiar harmony of Spenser he has caught nothing; and in his resemblance to Milton, he is the heir of his phraseology more than his spirit. His imitation of manner, however, is not confined to Milton. His style often exhibits a very composite order of poetical architecture. In his verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance, he blends the point and succinctness of Pope with the richness of the elder and more fanciful school. It is one of his happiest compositions; and, in this case, the intermixture of styles has no unpleasing effect. In others, he often tastelessly and elaborately unites his affectation of antiquity, with the case-hardened graces of modern polish.

"If we judge of him by the character of the majority of his pieces, I believe that fifty out of sixty of them are such, that we should not be anxious to give them a second perusal. From that proportion of his works, I conceive that an unprejudiced reader would pronounce him a florid, unaffecting describer, whose images are plentifully scattered, but without selection or relief. To confine our view, however, to some seven or eight of his happier pieces, we shall find, in these, a considerable degree of graphic power, of fancy, and animation. His 'Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds' are splendid and spirited. There is also a softness and sweetness in his ode entitled 'The Hamlet,' which is the more welcome, for being rare in his productions; and his 'Crusade' and 'Grave of Arthur' have a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm. Those pieces exhibit, to the best advantage, the most striking feature of his poetical character, which was a fondness for the recollections of chivalry, and a minute intimacy of imagination with its gorgeous residences, and imposing spectacles. The spirit of chivalry, he may indeed be said to have revived in the poetry of modern times. His memory was richly stored with all the materials for description that can be got from books; and he seems not to have been without an original enthusiasm for those objects which excite strong associations of regard and wonder. Whether he would have ever looked with interest on a shepherd's cottage, if he had not found it described by Virgil or Theocritus, may be fairly doubted; but objects of terror, splendour, and magnificence, are evidently congenial to his fancy. He is very impressive in sketching the appearance of an ancient Gothic castle, in the following lines:

'High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight seen,
No more the windows, ranged in long array,
(Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray.'

His memory was stored with an uncommon portion of that knowledge which supplies materials for picturesque description; and his universal acquaintance with our poets supplied him with expression, so as to answer the full demand of his original ideas. Of his poetic invention, in the fair sense of the word, of his depth of sensibility, or of his powers of reflection, it is not so easy to say anything favourable."—Campbell's "Specimens," pp. 618-620. See Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets."

JOSEPH WARTON.

"Joseph Warton, born 1722, died 1800, son to the vicar of Basingstoke, and elder brother to the historian of English poetry, was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey. He was chiefly educated at home by his father, Dr. Warton, till his fourteenth year, when he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester College. He was there the schoolfellow and intimate of Collins, the poet; and, in conjunction with him and another youth, whose name was Tomkyns, he sent to the 'Gentleman's Magazine' three pieces of poetry, which were highly commended in that miscellany. In 1740, being superannuated, he left Winchester School, and having missed a presentation to New College, Oxford, was entered a commoner at that of Oriel. At the university he composed his two poems, 'The Enthusiast,' and 'The Dying Indian,' and a satirical prose sketch, in imitation of Le Sage, entitled 'Ranelagh,' which his editor, Mr. Wooll, has inserted in the volume that contains his life, letters, and poems. Having taken the degree of bachelor of arts at Oxford, in 1744, he was ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. At the end of two years, he removed from thence to do duty at Chelsea, where he caught the small-pox. Having left that place, for change of air, he did not return to it, on account of some disagreement with the parishioners, but officiated for a few months at Chawton and Droxford, and then resumed his residence at Basingstoke. In the same year, 1746, he published a volume of his 'Odes,' in the preface to which he expressed a hope that they would be regarded as a fair attempt to bring poetry back from the moralizing and didactic taste of the age to the truer channels of fancy and description. Collins, our author's immortal contemporary, also published his 'Odes' in the same month of the same year. He realized, with the hand of genius, that idea of highly

personified and picturesque composition, which Warton contemplated with the eye of taste. But Collins's works were ushered in with no manifesto of a design to regenerate the taste of the age, with no pretensions of erecting a new or recovered standard of excellence.

"In 1748 our author was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, when he immediately married a lady of that neighbourhood, Miss Daman, to whom he had been for some time attached. He had not been long settled in his living, when he was invited by his patron to accompany him to the south of France. The Duchess of Bolton was then in a confirmed dropsy, and his Grace, anticipating her death, wished to have a Protestant clergyman with him on the Continent, who might marry him, on the first intelligence of his consort's death, to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known by the name of Polly Peachum. Dr. Warton complied with this proposal, to which (as his circumstances were narrow) it must be hoped that his poverty consented rather than his will. 'To those' (says Mr. Wooll) 'who have enjoyed the rich and varied treasures of Dr. Warton's conversation, who have been dazzled by the brilliancy of his wit, and instructed by the acuteness of his understanding, I need not suggest how truly enviable was the journey which his fellow-travellers accomplished through the French provinces to Montauban.' It may be doubted, however, if the French provinces were exactly the scene, where his fellow-travellers were most likely to be instructed by the acuteness of Dr. Warton's observations; as he was unable to speak the language of the country, and could have no information from foreigners, except what he could now and then extort from the barbarous Latin of some Irish friar. He was himself so far from being delighted or edified by his pilgrimage, that for private reasons (as his biographer states), and from impatience of being restored to his family, he returned home, without having accomplished the object for which the Duke had taken him abroad. He set out for Bordeaux in a courier's cart; but being dreadfully jolted in that vehicle, he quitted it, and, having joined some carriers in Brittany, came home by way of St. Malo. A month after his return to England, the Duchess of Bolton died; and our author, imagining that his patron would, possibly, have the decency to remain a widower for a few weeks, wrote to his Grace, offering to join him immediately. But the Duke had no mind to delay his nuptials; he was joined to Polly by a Protestant clergyman, who was found upon the spot; and our author thus missed the reward of the only action of his life which can be said to throw a blemish on his respectable memory.

"In the year 1748-9 he had begun, and in 1753 he finished and published, an edition of Virgil in English and Latin. To this work Warburton contributed a dissertation on the sixth book of the Æneid; Atterbury furnished a commentary on the character of Iapis; and the laureate Whitehead, another on the shield of Æneas. Many of the notes were taken from the best commentators on Virgil, particularly Catrou and Segrais: some were supplied by Mr. Spence; and others, relating to the soil, climate, and customs of Italy, by Mr. Holdsworth, who had resided for many years in that country. For the English of the Æneid, he adopted the translation by Pitt. The life of Virgil, with three essays on pastoral, didactic, and epic poetry, and a poetical version of the Eclogues and Georgics, constituted his own part of the work. This translation may, in many instances, be found more faithful and concise than Dryden's; but it wants that elastic and idiomatic freedom, by which Dryden reconciles us to his faults; and exhibits rather the diligence of a scholar than the spirit of a poet. Dr. Harewood, in his view of the classics, accuses the Latin text of incorrectness. Shortly after the appearance of his Virgil, he took a share in the periodical paper 'The Adventurer,' and contributed twenty-four numbers, which have been generally esteemed the most valuable in the work.

"In 1754 he was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jervoise family; and in 1755 was elected second master of Winchester School, with the management and advantage of a boarding-house. In the following year Lord Lyttelton, who had submitted a part of his 'History of Henry II.' to his revisal, bestowed a scarf upon him. He found leisure, at this period, to commence his 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope,' which he dedicated to Young, without subscribing his name. But he was soon, and it would appear with his own tacit permission, generally pronounced to be its author. Twenty-six years, however, elapsed before he ventured to complete it. Dr. Johnson said, that this was owing to his not having been able to bring the public to be of his opinion as to Pope. Another reason has been assigned for his inactivity. Warburton, the guardian of Pope's fame, was still alive; and he was the zealous and useful friend of our author's brother. The prelate died in 1779, and in 1782 Dr. Warton published his extended and finished Essay. If the supposition that he abstained from embroiling himself by the question about Pope with Warburton be true, it will at least impress us with an idea of his patience; for it was no secret that Ruffhead was supplied by Warburton with materials for a life of Pope, in which he attacked Dr. Warton with abundant severity; but in which he entangled himself, more than his adversary, in the coarse-spun robes of his special pleading. The Essay, for a time, raised up to him another enemy, to whom his conduct has even an air

and correspondence with Burns are too well known to require to be noticed at length here. He published a paper of no small merit in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on Blindness, and is the author of a work entitled 'Paraclesis; or, Consolations of Religion,'—which surely none require more than the blind. He died of a nervous fever on the 7th of July, 1791, so far fortunate that he did not live to see the ruin of his immortal protégé.

"Blacklock was a most amiable, genial, and benevolent being. He was sometimes subject to melancholy—unlike many of the blind, and one especially, whom we name not, but who, still living, bears a striking resemblance to Blacklock in fineness of mind, warmth of heart, and high-toned piety, but who is cheerful as the day. As to his poetry, it is undoubtedly wonderful, considering the circumstances of its production, if not per se. Dr. Johnson says to Boswell,—'As Blacklock had the misfortune to be blind, we may be absolutely sure that the passages in his poems descriptive of visible objects are combinations of what he remembered of the works of other writers who could see. That foolish fellow Spence has laboured to explain philosophically how Blacklock may have done, by his own faculties, what it is impossible he should do. The solution, as I have given it, is plain. Suppose I know a man to be so lame that he is absolutely incapable to move himself, and I find him in a different room from that in which I left him, shall I puzzle myself with idle conjectures that perhaps his nerves have, by some unknown change, all at once become effective? No, sir; it is clear how he got into a different room —he was CARRIED.'

"Perhaps there is a fallacy in this somewhat dogmatic statement. Perhaps the blind are not so utterly dark but they may have certain dim simulacra of external objects before their eyes and minds. Apart from this, however, Blacklock's poetry endures only from its connection with the author's misfortune, and from the fact that through the gloom he groped greatly to find and give the burning hand of the peasant poet the squeeze of a kindred spirit,—kindred, we mean, in feeling and heart, although very far removed in strength of intellect and genius."—Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets," vol. iii., pp. 279, 280. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.", Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

"William Hayward Roberts, born 1745, died 1791. He was educated at Eton, and from thence was elected to King's College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, and of doctor in divinity. From being an under master at Eton he finally rose to be provost of the college, in the year 1781. He was also chaplain to the king, and rector of Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. In 1771 he published, in three parts, 'A Poetical Essay on the Attributes and Providence of the Deity.' Two years afterwards, 'A Poetical Epistle to Christopher Anstey, on the English Poets, chiefly those who had written in blank verse;' and in 1774, his poem of 'Judah Restored,' a work of no common merit."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 628.

THOMAS PENROSE.

"Thomas Penrose, born 1743, died 1779. The history of Penrose displays a dash of warlike adventure, which has seldom enlivened the biography of our poets. He was not led to the profession of arms, like Gascoigne, by his poverty, or like Quarles, Davenant, and Waller, by political circumstances; but, in a mere fit of juvenile ardour, gave up his studies at Oxford, where he was preparing to become a clergyman, and left the banners of the church for those of the battle. This was in the summer of 1762, when the unfortunate expedition against Buenos Ayres sailed under the command of Captain Macnamara. It consisted of three ships: the 'Lord Clive,' of 64 guns; the 'Ambuscade,' of 40, on board of which Penrose acted as lieutenant of marines; the 'Gloria,' of 38; and some inferior vessels. Preparatory to an attack on Buenos Ayres, it was deemed necessary to begin with the capture of Nova Colonia, and the ships approached closely to the fortress of that settlement. The men were in high spirits; military music sounded on board; while the new uniforms and polished arms of the marines gave a splendid appearance to the scene. Penrose, the night before, had written and despatched to his mistress in England a poetical address, which evinced at once the affection and serenity of his heart, on the eve of danger. The gay preparative was followed by a heavy fire of several hours, at the end of which, when the Spanish batteries were almost silenced, and our countrymen in immediate expectation of seeing the enemy strike his colours, the Lord Clive was found to be on fire; and the same moment which discovered the flames showed the impossibility of extinguishing them. A dreadful spectacle was then exhibited. Men who had the instant before assured themselves of wealth and conquest, were seen crowding to the sides of the ship, with the dreadful alternative of perishing by fire or water. The enemy's fire was redoubled at the sight of their calamity. Out of Macnamara's crew, of 340 men, only 78 were saved. Penrose escaped with his life on board the 'Ambuscade,' but received a wound in the action; and the subsequent hardships which

he underwent, in a prize-sloop, in which he was stationed, ruined the strength of his constitution. He returned to England; resumed his studies at Oxford; and having taken orders, accepted of the curacy of Newbury, in Berkshire, of which his father was the rector. He resided there for nine years, having married the lady already alluded to, whose name was Mary Slocock. A friend at last rescued him from this obscure situation, by presenting him with the rectory of Beckington and Standerwick, in Somersetshire, worth about £500 a year. But he came to his preferment too late to enjoy it. His health having never recovered from the shock of his American service, obliged him, as a last remedy, to try the hot wells at Bristol, at which place he expired, in his thirty-sixth year."—Campbell's "Specimens," p. 561.

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE.

"Sir John Moore, Bart., born 1756, died 1780. This interesting and promising young man died of a decline in his twenty-fourth year."—Campbell's "Specimens."

RICHARD JAGO.

"Richard Jago, born 1715, died 1781, the author of 'Edge-Hill,' a descriptive poem, was vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford-on-Avon. Shenstone, who knew him at Oxford, where Jago was a sizar, used to visit him privately, it being thought beneath the dignity of a commoner to be intimate with a student of that rank, and continued his friendship for him through life." — Campbell's "Specimens."

COLLEY CIBBER.

"Colley Cibber, born in London 1671, died 1757, an English poet and play-writer, the son of Gabriel Cibber, the sculptor, served in the army of the prince of Orange at the Revolution, and afterwards went on the stage; but not attaining to eminence as an actor, turned his attention to dramatic writing. His first play was 'Love's Last Shift,' which was performed in 1695, and met with great applause: after which he wrote a number of others. His best work is considered to be the 'Careless Husband,' performed in 1704; but the 'Nonjuror' brought him the most fame and profit. George I., to whom it was dedicated, presented him with £200, and appointed him to the office of Poet-laureate. His comedies are light, airy, and pleasant, but his royal odes possess many faults. He wrote an 'Apology' for his own life, which is very amusing, as it depicts many of his own foibles and peculiarities with considerable candour.—His son Theophilus followed, for a short time, the theatrical profession, and wrote a ballad opera called 'Pattie and Peggy.' Born 1703, died on his passage to Ireland, 1758."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JAMES BEATTIE.

"James Beattie was born in 1735 in the parish of Lawrence Kirk, in Kincardineshire, Scotland. His father, who rented a small farm in Lawrence Kirk, died when the poet was only seven years old; but the loss of a protector was happily supplied to him by his elder brother, who kept him at school till he obtained a bursary at the Marischal College, Aberdeen. At that university he took the degree of master of arts; and, at nineteen, he entered on the study of divinity, supporting himself in the mean time by teaching a school in the neighbouring parish. Whilst he was in this obscure situation, some pieces of verse, which he transmitted to the Scottish Magazine, gained him a little local celebrity. Mr. Garden, an eminent Scottish lawyer, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, encouraged him as an ingenious young man, and introduced him to the tables of the neighbouring gentry; an honour not usually extended to a parochial schoolmaster. In 1757, he stood candidate for the place of usher in the high-school of Aberdeen. He was foiled by a competitor who surpassed him in the minutiæ of Latin grammar; but his character as a scholar suffered so little by the disappointment, that at the next vacancy he was called to the place without a trial. He had not been long at this school, when, in 1761, he published a volume of Original Poems and Translations which (it speaks much for the critical clemency of the times) were favourably received, and highly commended in the English Reviews. So little satisfied was the author himself with those early effusions, that, excepting four, which he admitted to a subsequent edition of his works, he was anxious to have them consigned to oblivion; and he destroyed every copy of the volume which he could procure. About the age of twenty-six, he obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in the Marischal College of Aberdeen, a promotion which he must have owed to his general reputation in literature; but it is singular, that the friend who first proposed to solicit the High Constable of Scotland to obtain this appointment, should have grounded the proposal on the merit of Beattie's poetry. In the volume already

mentioned there can scarcely be said to be a budding promise of genius.

"Upon his appointment to this professorship, which he held for forty years, he immediately prepared a course of lectures for the students; and gradually compiled materials for those prose works, on which his name would rest with considerable reputation, if he were not known as a poet. It is true, that he is not a first-rate metaphysician; and the Scotch, in undervaluing his powers of abstract and close reasoning, have been disposed to give him less credit than he deserves, as an elegant and amusing writer. But the English, who must be best able to judge of his style, admire it for an ease, familiarity, and an Anglicism that is not to be found even in the correct and polished diction of Blair. His mode of illustrating abstract questions is fanciful and interesting.

"In 1765, he published a poem entitled 'The Judgment of Paris,' which his biographer, Sir William Forbes, did not think fit to rank among his works. For more obvious reasons Sir William excluded his lines, written in the subsequent year, on the proposal for erecting a monument to Churchill in Westminster Abbey—lines which have no beauty or dignity to redeem their bitter expression of hatred. On particular subjects, Beattie's virtuous indignation was apt to be hysterical. Dr. Reid and Dr. Campbell hated the principles of David Hume as sincerely as the author of the Essay on Truth; but they never betrayed more than philosophical hostility, while Beattie used to speak of the propriety of excluding Hume from civil society.

"His reception of Gray, when that poet visited Scotland in 1765, shows the enthusiasm of his literary character in a finer light. Gray's mind was not in poetry only, but in many other respects, peculiarly congenial with his own; and nothing could exceed the cordial and reverential welcome which Beattie gave to his illustrious visitant. In 1770, he published his 'Essay on Truth,' which had a rapid sale, and extensive popularity; and within a twelvemonth after, the first part of his 'Minstrel.' The poem appeared at first anonymously; but its beauties were immediately and justly appreciated. The second part was not published till 1774. When Gray criticised the 'Minstrel' he objected to its author, that, after many stanzas, the description went on and the narrative stopped. Beattie very justly answered to this criticism, that he meant the poem for description, not for incident. But he seems to have forgotten this proper apology, when he mentions in one of his letters his intention of producing Edwin, in some subsequent books, in the character of a warlike bard inspiring his countrymen to battle, and contributing to repel their invaders. This intention, if he ever seriously entertained it, might have produced some new kind of poem, but would have formed an incongruous counterpart to the piece as it now stands, which, as a picture of still life, and a vehicle of contemplative morality, has a charm that is inconsistent with the bold evolutions of heroic narrative. After having portrayed his young enthusiast with such advantage in a state of visionary quiet, it would have been too violent a transition to have begun in a new book to surround him with dates of time and names of places. The interest which we attach to Edwin's character, would have been lost in a more ambitious effort to make him a greater or more important, or a more locally defined being. It is the solitary growth of his genius, and his isolated and mystic abstraction from mankind, that fix our attention on the romantic features of that genius. The simplicity of his fate does not divert us from his mind to his circumstances. A more unworldly air is given to his character, that instead of being tacked to the fate of kings, he was one 'Who envied not, who never thought of kings;' and that, instead of mingling with the troubles which deface the creation, he only existed to make his thoughts the mirror of its beauty and magnificence. Another English critic has blamed Edwin's vision of the fairies as too splendid and artificial for a simple youth; but there is nothing in the situation ascribed to Edwin, as he lived in minstrel days, that necessarily excluded such materials from his fancy. Had he beheld steam-engines or dock-yards in his sleep, the vision might have been pronounced to be too artificial; but he might have heard of fairies and their dances, and even of tapers, gold, and gems, from the ballads of his native country. In the second book of the poem there are some fine stanzas; but he has taken Edwin out of the school of nature, and placed him in his own, that of moral philosophy; and hence a degree of languor is experienced by the reader.

"Soon after the publication of the 'Essay on Truth,' and of the first part of the 'Minstrel,' he paid his first visit to London. His reception, in the highest literary and polite circles, was distinguished and flattering. The university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws, and the sovereign himself, besides honouring him with a personal conference, bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year.

"On his return to Scotland, there was a proposal for transferring him to the university of Edinburgh, which he expressed his wish to decline, from a fear of those personal enemies whom he had excited by his Essay on Truth. This motive, if it was his real one, must have been connected with that weakness and irritability on polemical subjects which have been already alluded to. His metaphysical fame perhaps stood higher in Aberdeen than in Edinburgh; but to have dreaded personal hostility in the capital of a religious country,

amidst thousands of individuals as pious as himself, was a weakness unbecoming the professed champion of truth. For reasons of delicacy, more creditable to his memory, he declined a living in the church of England which was offered to him by his friend Dr. Portous.

"After this, there is not much incident in his life. He published a volume of his Essays in 1776, and another in 1783; and the outline of his academical lectures in 1790. In the same year, he edited, at Edinburgh, Addison's papers in 'The Spectator,' and wrote a preface for the edition. He was very unfortunate in his family. The mental disorder of his wife, for a long time before it assumed the shape of a decided derangement, broke out in caprices of temper, which disturbed his domestic peace, and almost precluded him from having visitors in his family. The loss of his son, James Hay Beattie, a young man of highly promising talents, who had been conjoined with him in his professorship, was the greatest though not the last calamity of his life. He made an attempt to revive his spirits after that melancholy event, by another journey to England, and some of his letters from thence bespeak a temporary composure and cheerfulness; but the wound was never healed. Even music, of which he had always been fond, ceased to be agreeable to him, from the lively recollections which it excited of the hours which he had been accustomed to spend in that recreation with his favourite boy. He published the poems of this youth, with a partial eulogy upon his genius, such as might be well excused from a father so situated. At the end of six years more, his other son, Montague Beattie, was also cut off in the flower of his youth. This misfortune crushed his spirits even to temporary alienation of mind. With his wife in a madhouse, his sons dead, and his own health broken, he might be pardoned for saying, as he looked on the corpse of his last child, 'I have done with this world.' Indeed he acted as if he felt so; for though he performed the duties of his professorship till within a short time of his death, he applied to no study, enjoyed no society, and answered but few letters of his friends. Yet, amidst the depth of his melancholy, he would sometimes acquiesce in his childless fate, and exclaim, 'How could I have borne to see their elegant minds mangled with madness?' He was struck with a palsy in 1799, by repeated attacks of which his life terminated in 1803."—Campbell's "Specimens," pp. 687-9. See Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's edit. of "Beattie's Poems."

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

"We hear of 'Single-speech Hamilton.' We have now to say something of 'Single-poem Smart,' the author of one of the grandest bursts of devotional and poetical feeling in the English language—the 'Song to David.' This poor unfortunate was born at Shipbourne, Kent, in 1722. His father was steward to Lord Barnard, who after his death continued his patronage to the son, who was then eleven years of age. The Duchess of Cleveland, through Lord Barnard's influence, bestowed on Christopher an allowance of £40 a-year. With this he went to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, in 1739; was in 1745 elected a Fellow of Pembroke, and in 1747 took his degree of M.A. At college, Smart began to display that reckless dissipation which led afterwards to such melancholy consequences. He studied hard, however, at intervals; wrote poetry both in Latin and English; produced a comedy called a 'Trip to Cambridge; or, The Grateful Fair,' which was acted in the hall of Pembroke College; and, in spite of his vices and follies, was popular on account of his agreeable manners and amiable dispositions. Having become acquainted with Newberry, the benevolent, red-nosed bookseller commemorated in 'The Vicar of Wakefield,'—for whom he wrote some trifles,—he married his step-daughter, Miss Carnan, in the year 1753. He now removed to London, and became an author to trade. He wrote a clever satire, entitled 'The Hilliad,' against Sir John Hill, who had attacked him in an underhand manner. He translated the fables of Phædrus into verse,—Horace into prose ('Smart's Horace' used to be a great favourite, under the rose, with schoolboys); made an indifferent version of the Psalms and Paraphrases, and a good one, at a former period, of Pope's 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,' with which that poet professed himself highly pleased. He was employed on a monthly publication called 'The Universal Visitor.' We find Johnson giving the following account of this matter in Boswell's Life:—Old Gardner, the bookseller, employed Rolt and Smart to write a monthly miscellany called 'The Universal Visitor.' There was a formal written contract. They were bound to write nothing else,—they were to have, I think, a third of the profits of the sixpenny pamphlet, and the contract was for ninety-nine years. I wrote for some months in 'The Universal Visitor' for poor Smart, while he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in 'The Universal Visitor' no longer.

"Smart at last was called to pay the penalty of his blended labour and dissipation. In 1763 he was shut up in a madhouse. His derangement had exhibited itself in a religious

way: he insisted upon people kneeling down along with him in the street and praying. During his confinement, writing materials were denied him, and he used to write his poetical pieces with a key on the wainscot. Thus 'scrabbling,' like his own hero, on the wall, he produced his immortal 'Song to David.' He became by and by sane; but, returning to his old habits, got into debt, and died in the King's Bench prison, after a short illness, in 1770.

"The 'Song to David' has been well called one of the greatest curiosities of literature. It ranks in this point with the tragedies written by Lee and the sermons and prayers uttered by Hall in a similar melancholy state of mind. In these cases, as well as in Smart's, the thin partition between genius and madness was broken down in thunder.—the thunder of a higher poetry than perhaps they were capable of even conceiving in their saner moments. Lee produced in that state—which was, indeed, nearly his normal one—some glorious extravagancies. Hall's sermons, monologised and overheard in the madhouse, are said to have transcended all that he preached in his healthier moods. And, assuredly, the other poems by Smart scarcely furnish a point of comparison with the towering and sustained loftiness of some parts of the 'Song to David.' Nor is it loftiness alone.—although the last three stanzas are absolute inspiration, and you see the waters of Castalia tossed by a heavenly wind to the very summit of Parnassus,—but there are innumerable exquisite beauties and subtleties, dropt as if by the hand of rich haste, in every corner of the poem. Witness his description of David's music, as a

'Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.'

The account of David's object—

'To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calmed the world.'

Of David's Sabbath—

''Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.'

One of David's themes—

'The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.'

And, not to multiply instances to repletion, this stanza about gems—

'Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
Among the mines beneath.'

"Incoherence and extravagance we find here and there; but it is not the flutter of weakness, it is the fury of power: from the very stumble of the rushing steed, sparks are kindled. And, even as Baretti, when he read the 'Rambler' in Italy, thought within himself, If such are the lighter productions of the English mind, what must be the grander and sterner efforts of its genius? and formed, consequently, a strong desire to visit that country; so might he have reasoned, If such poems as 'David' issue from England's very madhouses, what must be the writings of its saner and nobler poetic souls? and thus might he, from the parallax of a Smart, have been able to rise toward the ideal altitudes of a Shakspere or a Milton. Indeed, there are portions of the 'Song to David,' which a Milton or a Shakspere has never surpassed. The blaze of the meteor often eclipses the light of

'The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'"

—Gilfillan's "Less-Known Brit. Poets," vol. iii., pp. 151–3.

RICHARD GLOVER.

"Richard Glover, born 1712, died 1785, was the son of a Hamburgh merchant in London, and was born in St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street. He was educated at the school of Cheam, in Surrey; but being intended for trade, was never sent to the university. This circumstance did not prevent him from applying assiduously to classical learning; and he was in the competent opinion of Dr. Warton, one of the best Greek scholars of his time. This fact is worth mentioning, as it exhibits how far a determined mind may connect the pursuits, and even distinctions of literature, with an active employment. His first poetical effort was a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which was written at the age of sixteen; and which his friend, Dr. Pemberton, thought fit to prefix to a 'View of the Newtonian Philosophy,' which he published. Dr. Pemberton, who was a man of more science than taste, on this and on some other occasions addressed the public with critical eulogies on the genius of Glover, written with an excess of admiration, which could be pardoned only for its sincerity. It gives us a higher idea of the youthful promises of his mind, to find that the intelligent poet Green had the same prepossession in his favour. Green says of him in the 'Spleen':—

'But there's a youth, that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame;
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain.'

"At the age of twenty-five he published

nine books of his 'Leonidas.' The poem was immediately taken up with ardour by Lord Cobham, to whom it was inscribed, and by all the readers of verse, and leaders of politics, who professed the strongest attachment to liberty. It ran rapidly through three editions, and was publicly extolled by the pen of Fielding, and by the lips of Chatham. Even Swift, in one of his letters from Ireland, drily inquires of Pope, 'Who is this Mr. Glover, who writ "Leonidas," which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue?' Overrated as 'Leonidas' might be, Glover stands acquitted of all attempts or artifice to promote its popularity by false means. He betrayed no irritation in the disputes which were raised about its merit; and his personal character appears as respectable in the ebb as in the flow of his poetical reputation.

"In the year 1739 he published his poem 'London; or the Progress of Commerce,' in which, instead of selecting some of those interesting views of the progress of social life and civilization which the subject might have afforded, he confined himself to exciting the national spirit against the Spaniards. This purpose was better effected by his nearly contemporary ballad of 'Hosier's Ghost.'

"His talents and politics introduced him to the notice and favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, whilst he maintained an intimate friendship with the chiefs of the opposition. In the mean time, he pursued the business of a merchant in the city, and was an able auxiliary to his party, by his eloquence at public meetings, and by his influence with the mercantile body. Such was the confidence in his knowledge and talents, that in 1743 the merchants of London deputed him to plead, in behalf of their neglected rights, at the bar of the House of Commons, a duty which he fulfilled with great ability. In 1744, he was offered an employment of a very different kind, being left a bequest of £500 by the Duchess of Marlborough, on condition of his writing the duke's life, in conjunction with Mallet. He renounced this legacy, while Mallet accepted it, but never fulfilled the terms. Glover's rejection of the offer was the more honourable, as it came at a time when his own affairs were so embarrassed as to oblige him to retire from business for several years, and to lead a life of the strictest economy. During his distresses, he is said to have received from the Prince of Wales a present of £500. In the year 1751, his friends in the city made an attempt to obtain for him the office of city chamberlain; but he was unfortunately not named as a candidate till the majority of votes had been engaged to Sir Thomas Harrison. The speech which he made to the livery on this occasion did him much honour, both for the liberality with which he spoke of his successful opponent, and for the manly but unassuming manner in which he expressed the consciousness of his own integrity, amidst his private misfortunes, and asserted the merit of his public conduct as a citizen. The name of Guildhall is certainly not apt to inspire us with high ideas either of oratory or of personal sympathy; yet there is something in the history of this transaction which increases our respect, not only for Glover, but for the scene itself, in which his eloquence is said to have warmly touched his audience with a feeling of his worth as an individual, of his spirit as a politician, and of his powers as an accomplished speaker. He carried the sentiments and endowments of a polished scholar into the most popular meeting of trading life, and showed that they could be welcomed there. Such men elevate the character of a mercantile country.

"During his retirement from business, he finished his tragedy of 'Boadicea,' which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1753, and was acted for nine nights, it is said 'successfully,' perhaps a misprint for successively. Boadicea is certainly not a contemptible drama: it has some scenes of tender interest between Vennisa and Dumnorix; but the defectiveness of its incidents, and the frenzied character of the British queen, render it upon the whole unpleasing. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play on the same subject, have left Boadicea, with all her rashness and revengeful disposition, still a heroine; but Glover makes her a beldam and a fury, whom we could scarcely condemn the Romans for having carted. The disgusting novelty of this impression is at variance with the traditionary regard for her name, from which the mind is unwilling to part. It is told of an eminent portrait-painter, that the picture of each individual which he took had some resemblance to the last sitter: when he painted a comic actress, she resembled a doctor of divinity, because his imagination had not yet been delivered of the doctor. The converse of this seems to have happened to Glover. He anticipated the hideous traits of Medea, when he produced the British queen. With a singular degree of poetical injustice, he leans to the side of compassion in delineating Medea, a monster of infanticide, and prepossesses us against a high-spirited woman, who avenged the wrongs of her country, and the violation of her daughters. His tragedy of 'Medea' appeared in 1761; and the spirited acting of Mrs. Yates gave it considerable effect.

"In his later years, his circumstances were greatly improved, though we are not informed from what causes. He returned again to public life; was elected to parliament; and there distinguished himself, whenever mercantile prosperity was concerned, by his knowledge of commerce, and his attention to its interests. In 1770 he enlarged his 'Leonidas' from nine to twelve books, and afterwards wrote its sequel, the 'Athenaid,' and a sequel to 'Medea.' The latter was never acted, and the former seldom read. The close of his

life was spent in retirement from business, but amidst the intimacy of the most eminent scholars of his time.

"Some contemporary writers, calling themselves critics, preferred 'Leonidas' in its day to 'Paradise Lost,' because it had smoother versification, and fewer hard words of learning. The re-action of popular opinion against a work that has been once over-rated is apt to depress it beneath its just estimation. It is due to 'Leonidas' to say, that its narrative, descriptions, and imagery, have a general and chaste congruity with the Grecism of its subject. It is far, indeed, from being a vivid or arresting picture of antiquity; but it has an air of classical taste and propriety in its design; and it sometimes places the religion and manners of Greece in a pleasing and impressive light. The poet's description of Dithyrambus making his way from the cave of Œta, by a secret ascent, to the temple of the Muses, and bursting, unexpectedly, into the hallowed presence of their priestess Melissa, is a passage fraught with a considerable degree of the fanciful and beautiful in superstition. The abode of Oileus is also traced with a suavity of local description, which is not unusual to Glover; and the speech of Melissa, when she first receives the tidings of her venerable father's death, supports a fine consistency with the august and poetical character which is ascribed to her.

'A sigh
Broke from her heart, these accents from her lips.
The full of days and honours through the gate
Of painless slumber is retired. His tomb
Shall stand among his fathers, in the shade
Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
Which flow'd through blessings. As a river pure,
Whose sides are flow'ry, and whose meadows fair;
Meets in his course a subterranean void,
There dips his silver head, again to rise,
And, rising, glide through flowers and meadows new;
So shall Oileus in those happier fields,
Where never gloom of trouble shades the mind.'

"The undeniable fault of the entire poem is, that it wants impetuosity of progress, and that its characters are without warm and interesting individuality. What a great genius might have made of the subject, it may be difficult to pronounce by supposition; for it is the very character of genius to produce effects which cannot be calculated. But imposing as the names of Leonidas and Thermopylæ may appear, the subject which they formed for an epic poem was such, that we cannot wonder at its baffling the powers of Glover. A poet, with such a theme, was furnished indeed with a grand outline of actions and sentiments; but how difficult was it, after all that books could teach him, to give the close and veracious appearance of life to characters and manners beheld so remotely on the verge of the horizon of history! What difficulty to avoid coldness and generality on the one hand, if he delineated his human beings only with the manners which history could authenticate; and to shun grotesqueness and inconsistency on the other, if he filled up the vague outline of the antique with the particular and familiar traits of modern life! Neither Fenelon, with all his genius, nor Barthelemy, with all his learning, have kept entirely free of this latter fault of incongruity, in modernising the aspect of ancient manners. The characters of Barthelemy, in particular, often remind us of statues in modern clothes. Glover has not fallen into this impurity; but his purity is cold: his heroes are like outlines of Grecian faces, with no distinct or minute physiognomy. They are not so much poetical characters as historical recollections. There are, indeed, some touches of spirit in Artemisia's character, and of pathos in the episode of Teribazus; but Leonidas is too good a Spartan, and Xerxes too bad a Persian, to be pitied; and most of the subordinate agents, that fall or triumph in battle, only load our memories with their names. The local descriptions of 'Leonidas,' however, its pure sentiments, and the classical images which it recalls, render it interesting as the monument of an accomplished and amiable mind."—Campbell's "Specimens," pp. 588-590. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Maunder's "Biog. Dict."; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ROBERT DODSLEY.

"Robert Dodsley, born 1703, died 1764. It is creditable to the memory of Pope to have been the encourager of this ingenious man, who rose from the situation of a footman to be a very eminent bookseller. His plan of republishing 'Old English Plays' is said to have been suggested to him by the literary amateur Coxeter; but the execution of it leaves us still indebted to Dodsley's enterprise."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

SAMUEL BISHOP.

"Samuel Bishop was born in 1731, and died in 1795. He was an English clergyman, master of Merchant Tailors' School, London, and author of a volume of Latin pieces, entitled 'Ferise Poeticæ,' and of various other poetical pieces. We give some verses to his wife, from which it appears that he remained an ardent lover long after having become a husband."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit.

Poets." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

"John Bampfylde, born 1754, died 1796, was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was educated at Cambridge, and published his 'Sonnets' in 1776, when very young. He soon after fell into mental derangement, and passed the last years of his life in a private madhouse. After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was in the last gasp of consumption."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

"Sir William Jones, an Indian judge and learned Oriental writer, was born in London, 1746, and died at Calcutta, 1794. Losing his father in his infancy, his education devolved on his mother, a woman of great virtue and understanding, from whom he learnt the rudiments of knowledge, and was then removed to Harrow school, where he made such great progress in his studies, that Dr. Sumner, the master, affirmed that his pupil knew more Greek than himself; a previous master having said, 'If Jones were left naked on Salisbury plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame.' In 1764 he was entered of University College, Oxford, where to his classical pursuits he added the study of the Persian and Arabic languages, also the Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese. At the age of nineteen he became tutor to Lord Althorpe, and, during his residence at Wimbledon, in that noble family, he greatly enlarged his acquirements in Oriental literature. In 1769 he made a tour in France, and about the same time undertook, at the request of the king of Denmark, to translate the history of Nadir Shah from Persian into French. In 1770 he entered on the study of the law at the Temple, but continued his application to Oriental learning and general literature. In 1774 he published his 'Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry,' dedicated to the University of Oxford. In 1783 he obtained the appointment of a judge of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, a post which had been the object of his anxious wishes. The honour of knighthood was on this occasion conferred on him, and he soon after married a daughter of the bishop of St. Asaph. In April of that year he embarked for India, from which he was never destined to return. On the voyage his active mind projected the establishment of a society in Bengal for the purpose of illustrating Oriental antiquities and literature. This scheme he saw carried into effect; and under his auspices, and by his direction, the society acquired a high reputation. The volumes of its 'Transactions' are inestimable, and are enriched by several valuable productions from Sir William's pen. As a judge he was indefatigable and impartial. He studied the native laws of the country, and became so versed in the Sanscrit and the codes of the Brahmins, as to gain the admiration of the most learned men in that country. In 1799 his works were collected and published in 6 vols., and his life written by Lord Teignmouth, in one volume, 1804. A beautiful monument has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral by the East India Company."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Maunder's "Biog. Dict."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

FRANCIS FAWKES.

"Francis Fawkes, born 1721, died 1777, made translations from some of the minor Greek poets (viz. Anacreon, Sappho, Bion and Moschus, Musæus, Theocritus, and Apollonius), and modernised the description of 'May and Winter,' from Gawain Douglas. He was born in Yorkshire, studied at Cambridge, was curate of Croydon, in Surrey, where he obtained the friendship of Archbishop Herring, and by him was collated to the vicarage of Orpington, in Kent. By the favour of Dr. Plumptre, he exchanged this vicarage for the rectory of Hayes, and was finally made chaplain to the Princess of Wales. He was the friend of Johnson and Warton; a learned and a jovial parson."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

"William Whitehead, an English poet, was born at Cambridge, 1715, and died 1788. He became secretary and registrar of the order of the Bath, and, in 1757, poet-laureate. Besides his odes and songs, he wrote 'The Roman Father,' and 'Creusa,' tragedies; 'The School for Lovers,' a comedy; 'A Trip to Scotland,' a farce."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

DR. JAMES GRAINGER.

"This writer possessed some true imagination, although his claim to immortality lies in the narrow compass of one poem—his 'Ode to Solitude.' Little is known of his personal history. He was born in 1721, belonging to a gentleman's family in Cumberland. He studied medicine, and was for some time a surgeon connected with the army. When the peace came, he established himself in London as a medical practitioner. In 1775 he published his 'Solitude,' which found many admirers,

including Dr. Johnson, who pronounced its opening lines 'very noble.' He afterwards indited several other pieces, wrote a translation of Tibullus, and became one of the critical staff of the *Monthly Review*. He was unable, however, through all these labours to secure a competence, and, in 1759, he sought the West Indies. In St. Christopher's he commenced practising as a physician, and married the Governor's daughter, who brought him a fortune. He wrote a poem entitled 'The Sugar-cane.' This was sent over to London in MS., and was read at Sir Joshua Reynolds' table to a literary coterie, who, according to Boswell, all burst out into a laugh when, after much blank-verse pomp, the poet began a new paragraph thus—

'Now, muse, let's sing of *rats*.'

And what increased the ridicule was, that one of the company, slily overlooking the reader, found that the word had been originally 'mice,' but had been changed to rats as more dignified.

"Boswell goes on to record Johnson's opinion of Grainger. He said, 'He was an agreeable man, a man that would do any good that was in his power.' His translation of Tibullus was very well done, but 'The Sugar-cane, a Poem,' did not please him. 'What could he make of a Sugar-cane? one might as well write "The Parsley-bed, a Poem," or "The Cabbage Garden, a Poem."' Boswell—'You must then *pickle* your cabbage with the *sal Atticum*.' Johnson—'One could say a great deal about cabbage. The poem might begin with the advantages of civilized society over a rude state, exemplified by the Scotch, who had no cabbages till Oliver Cromwell's soldiers introduced them, and one might thus show how arts are propagated by conquest, as they were by the Roman arms.' Cabbage, by the way, in a metaphorical sense, might furnish a very good subject for a *literary* satire.

"Grainger died of the fever of the country in 1767. Bishop Percy corroborates Johnson's character of him as a man. He says, 'He was not only a man of genius and learning, but had many excellent virtues, being one of the most generous, friendly, benevolent men I ever knew.'

"Grainger in some points reminds us of Dyer. Dyer staked his reputation on 'The Fleece;' but it is his lesser poem, 'Grongar Hill,' which preserves his name; that fine effusion has survived the laboured work. And so Grainger's 'Solitude' has supplanted the stately 'Sugar-cane.' The scenery of the West Indies had to wait till its real poet appeared in the author of 'Paul and Virginia.' Grainger was hardly able to cope with the strange and gorgeous contrasts it presents of cliffs and crags, like those of Iceland, with vegetation rich as that of the fairest parts of India, and of splendid sunshine, with tempests of such tremendous fury that, but for their brief continuance, no property could be secure, and no life could be safe.

"The commencement of the 'Ode to Solitude' is fine, but the closing part becomes tedious. In the middle of the poem there is a tumult of personification, some of them felicitous and others forced.

'Sage Reflection, bent with years,'

may pass, but

'Conscious Virtue, void of fears,'

is poor.

'Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,'

is a picture;

'Retrospect that scans the mind,'

is nothing;

'Health that snuffs the morning air,'

is a living image: but what sense is there in

'Full-eyed Truth, with bosom bare'?

and how poor his

'Laughter in loud peals that breaks,'

to Milton's

'Laughter holding both his sides'!

The paragraph, however, commencing

'With you roses brighter bloom,'

and closing with

'The bournless macrocosm's thine,'

is very spirited, and, along with the opening lines, proves Grainger a poet."—Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets," vol. iii. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JAMES MERRICK.

"James Merrick, born 1720, died 1769, was a clergyman, as well as a writer of verse, and became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, where Lord North was one of his pupils. He took orders, but owing to incessant pains in the head, could not perform duty. His works are a translation of Tryphiodorus, done at twenty, a version of the Psalms, a collection of Hymns, and a few miscellaneous pieces. — Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets," vol. iii.

JOHN SCOTT.

"This worthy and poetical Quaker, who was the son of a draper in London, was born, in the borough of Southwark, 1730, and died 1783. His father retired to Amwell, in Hertfordshire, when our poet was only ten years old; and this removal, together with the circumstance of his never having been inoculated for the small pox, proved an unfortunate impediment to his education. He was put to a day-school, in the neighbouring town of Ware, where not

much instruction was to be had; and from that little he was called away, upon the first alarm of infection. Such indeed was his constant apprehension of the disease, that he lived for twenty years within twenty miles of London without visiting it more than once. About the age of seventeen, however, he betook himself to reading. His family, from their cast of opinions and society, were not likely to abound either in books or conversation relating to literature; but he happened to form an acquaintance and friendship with a neighbour of the name of Frogley, a master bricklayer, who, though an uneducated man, was an admirer of poetry, and by his intercourse with this friend he strengthened his literary propensity. His first poetical essays were transmitted to the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' In his thirtieth year he published four elegies, which were favourably received. His poems, entitled, 'The Garden,' and 'Amwell,' and his volume of collected poetical pieces, appeared after considerable intervals; and his 'Critical Essays on the English Poets,' two years after his death. These, with his 'Remarks on the Poems of Rowley,' are all that can be called his literary productions. He published also two political tracts, in answer to Dr Johnson's 'Patriot,' and 'False Alarm.' His critical essays contain some judicious remarks on Denham and Dyer; but his verbal strictures on Collins and Goldsmith discover a miserable insensibility to the soul of those poets. His own verses are chiefly interesting where they breathe the pacific principles of the Quaker; while his personal character engages respect, from exhibiting a public spirit and liberal taste beyond the habits of his brethren. He was well informed in the laws of his country; and, though prevented by his tenets from becoming a magistrate, he made himself useful to the inhabitants of Amwell, by his offices of arbitration, and by promoting schemes of local improvement. He was constant in his attendance at turnpike meetings, navigation trusts, and commissions of land-tax. Ware and Hertford were indebted to him for the plan of opening a spacious road between those two towns. His treatises on the highway and parochial laws were the result of long and laudable attention to those subjects.

"His verses, and his amiable character, gained him by degrees a large circle of literary acquaintance, which included Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Mrs. Montague, and many other distinguished individuals; and having submitted to inoculation, in his thirty-sixth year, he was from that period more frequently in London. In his retirement he was fond of gardening, and, in amusing himself with the improvement of his grounds, had excavated a grotto in the side of a hill, which his biographer, Mr. Hoole, writing in 1785, says was still shown as a curiosity in that part of the country. He was twice married. His first wife was the daughter of his friend Frogley. He died at a house in Radcliff, of a putrid fever, and was interred there in the burying ground of the Friends."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets."

WILLIAM OLDYS.

"Oldys was born in 1696, and died in 1761. He was a very diligent collector of antiquarian materials, and the author of a Life of Raleigh. He was intimate with Captain Grose, Burns' friend, who used to rally him on his inordinate thirst for ale, although, if we believe Burns, it was paralleled by Grose's liking for port."—Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets." See Campbell's "Specimens."

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

"Augustus Montague Toplady, a zealous advocate for the Calvinism of the Church of England, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, 1740, and died 1778. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Dublin, and became vicar of Broad Henbury, in Devonshire. He was a strenuous opponent of Wesley, and brought a large share of metaphysical acuteness into the Calvinistic controversy. His works form six volumes."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

JOSEPH HART.

A writer of many beautiful hymns, but of whose life little is known. About 1759.

HENRY CAREY.

"Of Henry Carey, the author of the popular song, 'Sally in our Alley,' we know only that he was a professional musician, composing the air as well as the words of 'Sally,' and that, in 1763, he died by his own hands."—Gilfillan's "Less-known British Poets," vol. iii. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

"Paul Whitehead, born 1710, died 1774, was the son of a tailor in London; and, after a slender education, was placed as an apprentice to a woollen-draper. He afterwards went to the Temple, in order to study law. Several years of his life (it is not quite clear at what period) were spent in the Fleet-prison, owing to a debt which he foolishly contracted, by

putting his name to a joint security for £3000, at the request of his friend Fleetwood, the theatrical manager, who persuaded him that his signature was a mere matter of form. How he obtained his liberation we are not informed.

"In the year 1735 he married a Miss Anne Dyer, with whom he obtained ten thousand pounds. She was homely in her person, and very weak in intellect; but Whitehead, it appears, always treated her with respect and tenderness.

"He became, in the same year, a satirical rhymer against the ministry of Walpole; and having published his 'State Dunces,' a weak echo of the manner of the 'Dunciad,' he was patronised by the opposition, and particularly by Bubb Doddington. In 1739 he published the 'Manners,' a satire, in which Mr. Chalmers says that he attacks every thing venerable in the constitution. The poem is not worth disputing about; but it is certainly a mere personal lampoon, and no attack on the constitution. For this invective he was summoned to appear at the bar of the House of Lords, but concealed himself for a time, and the affair was dropped. The threat of prosecuting him, it was suspected, was meant as a hint to Pope, that those who satirised the great might bring themselves into danger; and Pope (it is pretended) became more cautious. There would seem, however, to be nothing very terrific in the example of a prosecution, that must have been dropped either from clemency or conscious weakness. The ministerial journals took another sort of revenge, by accusing him of irreligion; and the evidence, which they candidly and consistently brought to substantiate the charge, was the letter of a student from Cambridge, who had been himself expelled from the university for atheism.

"In 1744 he published another satire, entitled the 'Gymnasiad,' on the most renowned boxers of the day. It had at least the merit of being harmless.

"By the interest of Lord Despenser, he obtained a place under government, that of deputy treasurer of the chamber; and, retiring to a handsome cottage, which he purchased at Twickenham, he lived in comfort and hospitality, and suffered his small satire and politics to be equally forgotten. Churchill attacked him in a couplet:—

'May I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead and baptised a Paul.'

But though a libertine like Churchill, he seems not to have been the worse man of the two. Sir John Hawkins gives him the character of being good-hearted, even to simplicity; and says, that he was esteemed a Twickenham for his kind offices, and for composing quarrels among his neighbours."—Campbell's "Specimens."

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

"John Cunningham, born 1729, died 1773, the son of a wine-cooper in Dublin, was a respectable actor, and performed several years in Digges's company, Edinburgh. In his latter years he resided in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the house of a 'generous printer,' whose hospitality for some time supported the poet. Cunningham's pieces are full of pastoral simplicity and lyrical melody. He aimed at nothing high and seldom failed."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit," vol. ii. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Campbell's "Specimens."

NATHANIEL COTTON.

"Nathaniel Cotton, born 1721, died 1788, wrote 'Visions in Verse,' for children, and a volume of poetical 'Miscellanies.' He followed the medical profession in St. Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 122. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Grimshawe's "Life of Cowper"; Southey's "Life and Works of Cowper."

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

"Christopher Anstey, born 1724, died 1805, was author of 'The New Bath Guide,' a light satirical and humorous poem, which appeared in 1766, and set an example in this description of composition, that has since been followed in numerous instances, and with great success. Smollett, in his 'Humphrey Clinker,' published five years later, may be almost said to have reduced the 'New Bath Guide' to prose. Many of the characters and situations are exactly the same as those of Anstey. This poem seldom rises above the tone of conversation, but is easy, sportive, and entertaining. The fashionable Fribbles of the day, the chat, scandal and amusements of those attending the wells, and the canting hypocrisy of some sectarians, are depicted, sometimes with indelicacy, but always with force and liveliness. Mr. Anstey was son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, a gentleman who possessed a considerable landed property, which the poet afterwards inherited. He was educated at Eton school, and elected to King's College, Cambridge, and in both places he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. In consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, Anstey quarrelled with the heads of the university, and was denied the usual degree. In the epilogue to the 'New Bath Guide,' he alludes to this circumstance—

'Granta, sweet Granta, were studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.'

He then went into the army, and married Miss Calvert, sister to his friend John Calvert, Esq., of Allbury Hall, in Hertfordshire, through whose influence he was returned to parliament for the borough of Hertford. He was a frequent resident in the city of Bath, and a favourite in the fashionable and literary coteries of the place. In 1766 was published his celebrated poem, which instantly became popular. He wrote various other pieces—'A Poem on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock (1767); 'An Election Ball, in Poetical Letters from Mr. Inkle at Bath to his Wife at Gloucester'; a 'Paraphrase of the Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians'; a satire entitled 'The Priest Dissected'; 'Speculation, or a Defence of Mankind' (1780); 'Liberality, or Memoirs of a Decayed Macaroni' (1788); 'The Farmer's Daughter, a Poetical Tale' (1795); and various other copies of occasional verses. Anstey also translated Gray's 'Elegy' into Latin verse, and addressed an elegant Latin Ode to Dr. Jenner. While the 'New Bath Guide' was 'the only thing in fashion,' and relished for its novel and original kind of humour, the other productions of Anstey were neglected by the public, and have never been revived. In the enjoyment of his paternal estate, the poet, however, was independent of the public support, and he took part in the sports of the field up to his eightieth year. While on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, at Harnage, Wiltshire, he was taken ill, and died on the 3rd of August, 1805."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

MRS. THRALE.

"Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi, born 1740, died 1822, whose maiden name was Esther Lynch Salusbury, a native of Bodville, in Carnarvonshire, married Mr. Henry Thrale, the opulent brewer, in whose house Dr. Johnson found so frequent a home. She was the authoress of 'The Three Warnings,' which is so good a piece of composition that Johnson has been supposed to have assisted in writing it. After the death of her husband, she married Piozzi, an Italian music-master, and left England. She wrote several other works, but the one by which she is best known is 'Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson,' 1786. She spent the latter portion of her life at Clifton, where she died."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS MOSS.

"Thomas Moss, who died in 1808, minister of Brierley Hill, and of Trentham, in Staffordshire, published anonymously, in 1769, a collection of miscellaneous poems, forming a thin quarto, which he had printed at Wolverhampton. One piece was copied by Dodsley into his 'Annual Register,' and from thence has been transferred (different persons being assigned as the author) into almost every periodical and collection of fugitive verses. This poem is entitled 'The Beggar' (sometimes called 'The Beggar's Petition'), and contains much pathetic and natural sentiment finely expressed." — Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii., p. 125.

JOHN WESLEY.

"John Wesley, born 1703, died 1791, a celebrated English divine, who, with Whitefield, founded Methodism. He was the son of Samuel Wesley the elder, and was educated at the Charterhouse, whence he removed to Christ Church College, Oxford; but in 1726 was chosen fellow of Lincoln College, where he became an eminent tutor. In 1730 he and his brother, with a few other students, formed themselves into a small society for the purpose of mutual edification in religious exercises. They devoted their leisure to visiting the prisons and the sick, took the communion once a week, and fasted upon two out of every seven days. An association thus rigidly occupied with religious duties excited considerable notice; and, among other names bestowed upon the members, that of Methodists was applied to them with such success as to subsequently become the distinctive appellation of all their followers. Deeming Oxford a sphere not large enough for his labours, Wesley, with some others, went to Georgia, in North America, in 1735, with a view of converting the Indians. After a stay there of nearly two years, he returned to England, commenced preaching to open-air meetings, and gathered many followers. The churches being shut against him, he built spacious meeting-houses in London, Bristol, and other places. For some time he was united to George Whitefield; but differences arising on account of the doctrine of election, which was zealously espoused and preached by the latter, they separated, and the Methodists were denominated according to their respective leaders. Wesley was indefatigable in his labours, and was almost continually engaged in travelling over England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. No man ever laboured more zealously or continuously in the cause which he had undertaken. Every moment of his life was devoted to the organization of the great sect of Methodists, and he preserved his influence over it to the last. He published hymns, sermons, political tracts, and controversial pieces against the Calvinists and Moravians; but the complete list of the writings of this extraordinary man is too

voluminous to be inserted. Two collected editions of his works have been published, the first in 32 vols., and the second in 16 vols. The best biographies of him are those of Coke and More, and Southey. His preaching was extemporaneous, but not vehement. He dwelt much upon practical religion, though he taught his followers to seek inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and to aspire to a state of sinless perfection."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Southey's "Life of Wesley."

CHARLES WESLEY.

"Charles Wesley, born 1708, died 1788, an English divine, and younger brother of the preceding, was one of the first Methodists, and continued a constant preacher among them to his death. He wrote several hymns, and other pious pieces of great excellence."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Southey's "Life of Wesley."

AARON HILL.

"Aaron Hill was born in 1685, and died in the very minute of the earthquake of 1750, of the shock of which, though speechless, he appeared to be sensible. His life was active, benevolent, and useful: he was the general friend of unfortunate genius, and his schemes for public utility were frustrated only by the narrowness of his circumstances. Though his manners were unassuming, his personal dignity was such, that he made Pope fairly ashamed of the attempt to insult him, and obliged the satirist to apologise to him with a mean equivocation."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

GILBERT WEST.

"Gilbert West, born 1706, died 1755. The translator of Pindar was the son of the Rev. Dr. West, who published an edition of the same classic at Oxford. His mother was sister to Sir Richard Temple, afterwards Lord Cobham. Though bred at Oxford with a view to the Church, he embraced the military life for some time, but left it for the employment of Lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he accompanied the King to Hanover. Through this interest he was appointed clerk extraordinary to the Privy Council, a situation which however was not immediately profitable. He married soon after, and retired to Wickham, in Kent, where his residence was often visited by Pitt and Lord Lyttelton. There he wrote his 'Observations on the Resurrection,' for which the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws. He succeeded at last to a lucrative clerkship of the Privy Council, and Mr. Pitt made him deputy treasurer of Chelsea Hospital; but this accession to his fortune came but a short time previous to his death, which was occasioned by a stroke of the palsy."—Campbell's "Specimens."

ALEXANDER ROSS.

"Alexander Ross, a schoolmaster in Lochlee, in Angus, when nearly seventy years of age, in 1768, published at Aberdeen, by the advice of Dr. Beattie, a volume entitled 'Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess; a Pastoral Tale in the Scottish Dialect, to which are added a few Songs by the Author.' Ross was a good descriptive poet, and some of his songs, as 'Woo'd, and Married, and a',' 'The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow,' are still popular in Scotland. Being chiefly written in the Kincardineshire dialect (which differs in many expressions, and in pronunciation, from the Lowland Scotch of Burns), Ross is less known out of his native district than he ought to be. Beattie took a warm interest in the 'good-humoured, social, happy old man,' who was independent on £20 a year; and to promote the sale of his volume, he addressed a letter and a poetical epistle in praise of it to the Aberdeen Journal. The epistle is remarkable as Beattie's only attempt in Aberdeenshire Scotch; one verse of it is equal to Burns:—

'O bonny are our greensward hows,
Where through the birks the burnie rows,
And the bee bums, and the ox lows,
And saft winds rustle,
And shepherd lads on sunny knowes
Blaw the blythe whistle.'

Ross died in 1784, at the great age of eighty-six."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. pp. 125, 126.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

"Lady Anne Barnard was authoress of 'Auld Robin Gray,' one of the most perfect, tender, and affecting of all our ballads or tales of humble life. About the year 1771, Lady Anne composed the ballad to an ancient air. It instantly became popular, but the lady kept the secret of its authorship for the long period of fifty years, when, in 1823, she acknowledged it in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, accompanying the disclosure with a full account of the circumstances under which it was written. At the same time Lady Anne sent two continuations to the ballad, which, like all other continuations (Don Quixote, perhaps, excepted), are greatly inferior to the original. Indeed, the tale of sorrow is so complete in all its

parts, that no additions could be made without marring its simplicity or its pathos. Lady Anne was daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres; she was born 8th December, 1750, married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to George III., and died, without issue, on the 8th of May, 1825."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 127. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

MRS. COCKBURN AND MISS JANE ELLIOT.

"Here we find two ladies amicably united in the composition of one of Scotland's finest songs, the 'Flowers of the Forest.' Miss Jane Elliot of Minto, sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto, wrote the first and the finest of the two versions. Mrs. Cockburn, the author of the second, was a remarkable person. Her maiden name was Alicia Rutherford, and she was the daughter of Mr. Rutherford of Fernilee, in Selkirkshire. She married Mr. Patrick Cockburn, a younger son of Adam Cockburn of Ormiston, Lord Justice-Clerk of Scotland. She became prominent in the literary circles of Edinburgh, and an intimate friend of David Hume, with whom she carried on a long and serious correspondence on religious subjects, in which it is understood the philosopher opened up his whole heart, but which is unfortunately lost. Mrs. Cockburn, who was born in 1714, lived to 1794, and saw and proclaimed the wonderful promise of Walter Scott. She wrote a great deal, but the 'Flowers of the Forest' is the only one of her effusions that has been published. A ludicrous story is told of her son, who was a dissipated youth, returning one night drunk, while a large party of *savants* was assembled in the house; and locking himself up in the room in which their coats and hats were deposited, nothing would rouse him; and the company had to depart in the best substitutes they could find for their ordinary habiliments, —Hume (characteristically) in a dreadnought, Monboddo in an old shabby hat, &c.—the echoes of the midnight Potterrow resounding to the laughter at their own odd figures. It is believed that Mrs. Cockburn's song was really occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, although she chose to throw the new matter of lamentation into the old mould of song."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

ROBERT CRAWFORD.

"Robert Crawford, author of 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and the still finer lyric of 'Tweedside,' was the brother of Colonel Crawford of Achinames. He assisted Allan Ramsay in his 'Tea-Table Miscellany,' and, according to information obtained by Burns, was drowned in coming from France in the year 1733. Crawford had genuine poetical fancy and expression. 'The true muse of native pastoral,' says Allan Cunningham, 'seeks not to adorn herself with unnatural ornaments; her spirit is in homely love and fireside joy; tender and simple, like the religion of the land, she utters nothing out of keeping with the character of her people, and the aspect of the soil; and of this spirit and of this feeling, Crawford is a large partaker.'"—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. p. 128. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

SIR GILBERT ELLIOT.

"Sir Gilbert Elliot, author of what Sir Walter Scott calls 'the beautiful pastoral song,' beginning

'My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,'

was father of the first Earl of Minto, and was distinguished as a speaker in parliament. He was, in 1763, treasurer of the navy, and afterwards keeper of the signet in Scotland. He died in 1777. Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, says, that Sir Gilbert Elliot, who had been taught the German flute in France, was the first who introduced that instrument into Scotland, about the year 1725."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 129. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

"This unfortunate Scottish bard was born in Edinburgh on the 17th (some say the 5th) of October, 1751. His father, who had been an accountant to the British Linen Company's Bank, died early, leaving a widow and four children. Robert spent six years at the grammar schools of Edinburgh and Dundee, went for a short period to Edinburgh College, and then, having obtained a bursary, to St. Andrews, where he continued till his seventeenth year. He was at first designed for the ministry of the Scottish Church. He distinguished himself at college for his mathematical knowledge, and became a favourite of Dr. Wilkie, Professor of Natural Philosophy, on whose death he wrote an elegy. He early discovered a passion for poetry, and collected materials for a tragedy on the subject of Sir William Wallace, which he never finished. He once thought of studying medicine, but had neither patience nor funds for the needful preliminary studies. He went away to reside with a rich uncle, named John Forbes, in the north, near Aberdeen. This person, however, and poor Fergusson unfortunately quarelled;

and after residing some months in his house, he left it in disgust, and with a few shillings in his pocket proceeded southwards. He travelled on foot, and such was the effect of his vexation and fatigue, that when he reached his mother's house he fell into a severe fit of illness.

"He became, on his recovery, a copying-clerk in a solicitor's, and afterwards in a sheriff-clerk's office, and began to contribute to 'Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine.' We remember in boyhood reading some odd volumes of this production, the general matter in which was inconceivably poor, relieved only by Fergusson's racy little Scottish poems. His evenings were spent chiefly in the tavern, amidst the gay and dissipated youth of the metropolis, to whom he was the 'wit, songster, and mimic.' That his convivial powers were extraordinary, is proved by the fact of one of his contemporaries, who survived to be a correspondent of Burns, doubting if even he equalled the fascination of Fergusson's converse. Dissipation gradually stole in upon him, in spite of resolutions dictated by remorse. In 1773, he collected his poems into a volume, which was warmly received, but brought him, it is believed, little pecuniary benefit. At last, under the pressure of poverty, toil, and intemperance, his reason gave way, and he was by a stratagem removed to an asylum. Here, when he found himself and became aware of his situation, he uttered a dismal shriek, and cast a wild and startled look around his cell. The history of his confinement was very similar to that of Nat Lee and Christopher Smart. For instance, a story is told of him which is an exact duplicate of one recorded of Lee. He was writing by the light of the moon, when a thin cloud crossed its disc. 'Jupiter, snuff the moon!' roared the impatient poet. The cloud thickened, and entirely darkened the light. 'Thou stupid god!' he exclaimed, 'thou hast snuffed it out.' By and by he became calmer, and had some affecting interviews with his mother and sister. A removal to his mother's house was even contemplated, but his constitution was exhausted, and on the 16th of October, 1774, poor Fergusson breathed his last. It is interesting to know that the New Testament was his favourite companion in his cell. A little after his death arrived a letter from an old friend, a Mr. Burnet, who had made a fortune in the East Indies, wishing him to come out to India, and enclosing a remittance of £100 to defray the expenses of the journey.

"Thus, in his twenty-fourth year, perished Robert Fergusson. He was buried in the Canongate churchyard, where Burns afterwards erected a monument to his memory, with an inscription which is familiar to most of our readers.

"Burns in one of his poems attributes to Fergusson 'glorious pairts.' He was certainly a youth of remarkable powers, although 'pairts' rather than high genius seems to express his calibre. He can hardly be said to sing, and he never soars. His best poems, such as 'The Farmer's Ingle,' are just lively daguerreotypes of the life he saw around him—there is nothing ideal or lofty in any of them. His 'Ingle-bleeze' burns low compared to that which in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' springs up aloft to heaven, like the tongue of an altar-fire. He stuffs his poems, too, with Scotch to a degree which renders them too rich for even a Scotchman's taste, and as repulsive as a haggis to that of an Englishman. On the whole, Fergusson's best claim to fame arises from the influence he exerted on the far higher genius of Burns, who seems, strangely enough, to have preferred him to Allan Ramsay."—Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii. pp. 206-8. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

EDWARD THOMPSON.

"Edward Thompson, born 1738, died 1786, was a native of Hull, and went to sea so early in life as to be precluded from the advantages of a liberal education. At the age of nineteen, he acted as lieutenant on board the Jason, in the engagement off Ushant, between Hawke and Conflans. Coming to London, after the peace, he resided, for some time, in Kew-lane, where he wrote some light pieces for the stage, and some licentious poems, the titles of which need not be revived. At the breaking out of the American war, Garrick's interest obtained promotion for him in his own profession; and he was appointed to the command of the Hyæna frigate, and made his fortune by the single capture of a French East Indiaman. He was afterwards in Rodney's action off Cape St. Vincent, and brought home the tidings of the victory. His death was occasioned by a fever, which he caught on board the Grampus, while he commanded that vessel, off the coast of Africa. Though a dissolute man, he had the character of an able and humane commander. A few of his sea songs are entitled to remembrance."—Campbell's "Specimens."

HENRY HEADLEY.

"Henry Headley, born 1766, died 1788, whose uncommon talents were lost to the world at the age of twenty-two, was born at Irstead, in Norfolk. He received his education at the grammar school of Norwich, under Dr. Parr; and at the age of sixteen was admitted a member of Trinity College, Oxford. There the example of Thomas Warton, the senior of his college, led him to explore the beauties of our elder poets. About the age of

twenty he published some pieces of verse, which exhibit no very remarkable promise; but his 'Select Beauties of the Ancient English Poets,' which appeared in the following year, were accompanied with critical observations, that showed an unparalleled ripeness of mind for his years. On leaving the university, after a residence of four years, he married, and retired to Matlock, in Derbyshire. His matrimonial choice is said to have been hastily formed, amidst the anguish of disappointment in a previous attachment. But short as his life was, he survived the lady whom he married.

"The symptoms of consumption having appeared in his constitution, he was advised to try the benefit of a warmer climate; and he took the resolution of repairing to Lisbon, unattended by a single friend. On landing at Lisbon, far from feeling any relief from the climate, he found himself oppressed by its sultriness; and in this forlorn state, was on the point of expiring, when Mr. De Vismes, to whom he had received a letter of introduction from the late Mr. Windham conveyed him to his healthful villa, near Cintra, allotted spacious apartments for his use, procured for him the ablest medical assistance, and treated him with every kindness and amusement that could console his sickly existence. But his malady proved incurable; and, returning to England at the end of a few months, he expired at Norwich."—Campbell's "Specimens." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

EDWARD MOORE.

"Edward Moore, born 1712, died 1757, was the son of a dissenting clergyman at Abingdon, in Berkshire, and was bred to the business of a linendraper, which he pursued, however, both in London and Ireland, with so little success, that he embraced the literary life (according to his own account) more from necessity than inclination. His 'Fables' (in 1744) first brought him into notice. The Right Honourable Mr. Pelham was one of his earliest friends; and his 'Trial of Selim' gained him the friendship of Lord Lyttelton. Of three works which he produced for the stage, his two comedies, the 'Foundling' and 'Gil Blas,' were unsuccessful; but he was fully indemnified by the profits and reputation of the 'Gamester.' Moore himself acknowledges that he owed to Garrick many popular passages of his drama; and Davies, the biographer of Garrick, ascribes to the great actor the whole scene between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act; but Davies's authority is not oracular. About the year 1751, Lord Lyttelton, in concert with Dodsley, projected the paper of the 'World,' of which it was agreed that Moore should enjoy the profits, whether the numbers were written by himself or by volunteer contributors. Lyttelton's interest soon enlisted many accomplished coadjutors, such as Cambridge, Jenyns, Lord Chesterfield, and H. Walpole. Moore himself wrote sixty-one of the papers. In the last number of the 'World' the conclusion is made to depend on a fictitious incident which had occasioned the death of the author. When the papers were collected into volumes, Moore, who superintended the publication, realized this jocular fiction by his own death, whilst the last number was in the press." — Campbell's "Specimens."

THOMAS RUSSELL.

"Thomas Russell, born 1762, died 1788, was the son of an attorney at Bridport, and one of Joseph Warton's wonderful boys at Winchester School. He became fellow of New College, Oxford, and died of consumption at Bristol Hot-Wells in his twenty-sixth year.

"His poems were posthumous. The sonnet on Philoctetes is very fine; and of our young writers, mature rather in genius than in years, Russell holds no humble place. Mr. Southey has numbered five, and Russell is among them—Chatterton, Bruce, Russell, Bampfylde, and Kirke White."—Campbell's "Specimens."

EARL NUGENT.

"Robert Craggs, afterwards created Lord Nugent, was an Irishman, a younger son of Michael Nugent, by the daughter of Robert, Lord Trimlestown, and born in 1709. He was, in 1741, elected M.P. for St. Mawes, in Cornwall, and became, in 1747, comptroller to the Prince of Wales' household. He afterwards made peace with the Court, and received various promotions and marks of favour besides the peerage. In 1739, he published anonymously a volume of poems possessing considerable merit. He was converted from Popery, and wrote some vigorous verses on the occasion. Unfortunately, however, he relapsed, and again celebrated the event in a very weak poem, entitled 'Faith.' He died in 1788. Although a man of decided talent, as his 'Ode to Mankind' proves, Nugent does not stand very high either in the catalogue of Irish patriots or of 'royal and noble authors.'" —Gilfillan's "Less-known Brit. Poets," vol. iii. p. 261. See Campbell's "Specimens."

SIXTH PERIOD.

From 1727 *to* 1780.

840.—REMORSE.

Is chance a guilt, that my disastrous heart,
For mischief never meant, must ever smart?
Can self-defence be sin? Ah, plead no more!
What though no purposed malice stained thee o'er?
Had heaven befriended thy unhappy side,
Thou hadst not been provoked—or thou hadst died.
Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
On whom, unsought, embroiling dangers fall!
Still the pale dead revives, and lives to me,
To me! through Pity's eye condemned to see.
Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
Grieved I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
What ripening virtues might have made their way!
He might have lived till folly died in shame,
Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
He might perhaps his country's friend have proved;
Both happy, generous, candid, and beloved;
He might have saved some worth, now doomed to fall,
And I, perchance, in him, have murdered all.
O fate of late repentance! always vain:
Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
Where shall my hope find rest? No mother's care
Shielded my infant innocence with prayer:
No father's guardian hand my youth maintained,
Called forth my virtues, or from vice restrained;
Is it not thine to snatch some powerful arm,
First to advance, then screen from future harm?
Am I returned from death to live in pain?
Or would imperial pity save in vain?
Distrust it not. What blame can mercy find,
Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?
Mother, miscalled, farewell—of soul severe,
This sad reflexion yet may force one tear:
All I was wretched by to you I owed;
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed!
Lost to the life you gave, your son no more,
And now adopted, who was doomed before,
New born, I may a nobler mother claim,
But dare not whisper her immortal name;
Supremely lovely, and serenely great,
Majestic mother of a kneeling state;
Queen of people's heart, who ne'er before
Agreed—yet now with one consent adore!
One contest yet remains in this desire,
Who most shall give applause where all admire.

Richard Savage.—*Born* 1698, *Died* 1743.

841.—THE WANDERER.

Yon mansion, made by beaming tapers gay,
Drowns the dim night, and counterfeits the day;
From lumined windows glancing on the eye,
Around, athwart, the frisking shadows fly.
There midnight riot spreads illusive joys,
And fortune, health, and dearer time destroys.
Soon death's dark agent to luxuriant ease
Shall wake sharp warnings in some fierce disease.
O man! thy fabric 's like a well-formed state;
Thy thoughts, first ranked, were sure designed the great;
Passions plebeians are, which faction raise;
Wine, like poured oil, excites the raging blaze;
Then giddy anarchy's rude triumphs rise:
Then sovereign Reason from her empire flies:
That ruler once deposed, wisdom and wit,
To noise and folly place and power submit;
Like a frail bark thy weakened mind is tost,
Unsteered, unbalanced, till its wealth is lost.
The miser-spirit eyes the spendthrift heir,
And mourns, too late, effects of sordid care.
His treasures fly to cloy each fawning slave,
Yet grudge a stone to dignify his grave.
For this, low-thoughted craft his life employed;
For this, though wealthy, he no wealth enjoyed;

For this, he griped the poor, and alms denied,
Unfriended lived, and unlamented died.
Yet smile, grieved shade! when that unprosperous store
Fast lessens, when gay hours return no more;
Smile at thy heir, beholding, in his fall,
Men once obliged, like him, ungrateful all!
Then thought-inspiring woe his heart shall mend,
And prove his only wise, unflattering friend.
Folly exhibits thus unmanly sport,
While plotting mischief keeps reserved her court.
Lo! from that mount, in blasting sulphur broke,
Stream flames voluminous, enwrapped with smoke!
In chariot-shape they whirl up yonder tower,
Lean on its brow, and like destruction lower!
From the black depth a fiery legion springs;
Each bold bad spectre claps her sounding wings:
And straight beneath a summoned, traitorous band,
On horror bent, in dark convention stand:
From each fiend's mouth a ruddy vapour flows,
Glides through the roof, and o'er the council glows:
The villains, close beneath the infection pent,
Feel, all possessed, their rising galls ferment;
And burn with faction, hate, and vengeful ire,
For rapine, blood, and devastation dire!
But justice marks their ways: she waves in air
The sword, high-threatening, like a comet's glare.
While here dark villany herself deceives,
There studious honesty our view relieves.
A feeble taper from yon lonesome room,
Scattering thin rays, just glimmers through the gloom.
There sits the sapient bard in museful mood,
And glows impassioned for his country's good!
All the bright spirits of the just combined,
Inform, refine, and prompt his towering mind!

Richard Savage.—Born 1698, *Died* 1743.

842.—THE GRAVE.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various, as the roads they take
In journeying through life;—the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet.——Thy succours I implore,
Eternal king! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death.——The Grave—dread thing!
Men shiver when thou'rt named: Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.——Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes!
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was chaos, ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried his beams
Athwart the gloom profound.——The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring through thy low-brow'd misty vaults
(Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime),
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms:
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied, thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane;—the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud: the gloomy aisles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead.——Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of Night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms
(Coeval near with that) all ragged show,
Long lash'd by the rude winds. Some rift half down
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd,
(Such tales their cheer at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.)
Oft, in the lone churchyard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine chequering through the trees,
The schoolboy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown),
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows:
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

843.—FRIENDSHIP.

Invidious grave!—how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetener of life, and solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please.—Oh! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring: methought the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note:
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with its fellow plant in luxury
Of dress——Oh! then, the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

844.—THE MISER.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons,
Who meanly stole (discreditable shift!)
From back, and belly too, their proper cheer,
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodged,
By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings-in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed;
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

845.—UNPREPARED FOR DEATH.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain!—How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
Oh! might she stay, to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage.—Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood;—and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

846.—DEATH.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul,
What a strange moment it must be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side.
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting;
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge:
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

847.—THE GRAVE.

Death's shafts fly thick!—Here falls the village-swain,
And there his pamper'd lord!—The cup goes round;
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle;
Of hard, unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
By far his juniors.—Scarce a skull 's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life.—Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale: when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup.—Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—O more than sottish,
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in!
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize.—What is this world?
What but a spacious burial field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet!
The shivering Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty skill: death scorns to treat.
Here the o'er-loaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and, quick as thought, escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream
(Time out of mind the favourite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant;—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.

Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

848.—THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace!—How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceived degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird,
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away:
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest.—Then, oh then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought.—Oh! how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done! and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

849.—THE RESURRECTION.

Even the lag flesh
Rests, too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain:—the time draws on,
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long-committed dust
Inviolate!—and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own.—Hence, ye profane!
Ask not how this can be?—Sure the same power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can reassemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were.—Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days: and what he can, he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner, but, amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home; and, having long been absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

Robert Blair.—Born 1699, *Died* 1746.

850.—THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

Dr. Watts.—Born 1674, *Died* 1748.

851.—A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

Dr. Watts.—Born 1674, *Died* 1748.

852.—FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way:
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy;
On Ætna's top let furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

Dr. Watts.—Born 1674, *Died* 1748.

853.—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

When the fierce north wind, with his airy forces,
Roars up the Baltic to a foamy fury;
And the red lightning, with a storm of hail, comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them!

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
If things eternal may be like those earthly,
Such the dire terror, when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes:
See the graves open and the bones arising—
Flames all around them!

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror and amazing anguish
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge, frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Stop here, my fancy (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas); come, arise to Jesus!
How he sits God-like; and the saints around him
Throned, yet adoring

O may I sit there, when he comes triumphant
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory;
While our hosannahs all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

Dr. Watts.—Born 1674, *Died* 1748.

854.—GOD KNOWN ONLY TO HIMSELF.

Stand and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze and we confound our sight,
Plunged in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great, everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin to speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings
To notes untried, and boundless things.

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay,
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen or thought or known by you!

How flat your highest praises fall
Before th' immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain.

Great God! forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Call for the voice that tuned the sky.

Dr. Watts.—Born 1674, *Died* 1748.

855.—NIGHT.

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or how steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train:
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall clothe the scene.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

856.—ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:

Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain
(A bitter change!) severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
Oh Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe),
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. * *
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod: * *
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! * *
Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost? * *
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth, is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free

From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, oh transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

857.—THOUGHTS ON TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urged, the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak; so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not adored.
Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious, too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,

That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while
Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best, if not, worst foe.

All-sensual man, because untouched, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's. Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?
For, or against, what wonders can he do!
And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: on the long destined hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Called forth creation (for then time was born)
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies;
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew eternity, his sire:
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds that count his circles now, unhinged,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

But why on time so lavish is my song:
On this great theme kind Nature keeps a school
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die—
Each morn are born anew; each day a life;
And shall we kill each day? If trifling kills,
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! time destroyed
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.

Throw years away?
Throw empires, and be blameless: moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car and re-impart
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo! more than miracles we want.
Lorenzo! O for yesterdays to come.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

858.—PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;

The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

859.—THE EMPTINESS OF RICHES.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unbless'd. The poor are only poor.
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense;
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast;
More we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasure, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine;
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless,
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

860.—THE LOVE OF PRAISE.

What will not men attempt for sacred praise!
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells;
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

861.—THE ASTRONOMICAL LADY.

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance!
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.

But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

862.—THE LANGUID LADY.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears, the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help, oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve:
But chew she must herself! ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

863.—THE SWEARER.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where 's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring echoes how to swear.
By Jove is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the Christian system is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A lady? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Edward Young.—Born 1681, *Died* 1765.

864.—SHOWERS IN SPRING.

The north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up
Within his iron cave, the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.
At first, a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining either, but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps the doubled vapour sails
Along the loaded sky, and, mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round, a settled gloom;
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, of every joy,
The wish of nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm, that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods diffused
In glassy breadth, seem, through delusive lapse,
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hushed in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off,
And wait the approaching sign, to strike at once
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests, seem impatient to demand
The promised sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow
In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard
By such as wander through the forest-walks,
Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

865.—BIRDS PAIRING IN SPRING.

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,

Pleasure, or food, or secret safety, prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Sweet to the holly hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Steal hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Pluck from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family! demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parent seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which, equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the spring inspired,
Gives instant courage to the fearful race,
And to the simple art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid the neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
The unfeeling schoolboy. Hence around the head
Of wandering swain the white-winged plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
In long excursion, skims the level lawn
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck hence
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters: pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

866.—DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let Eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;

Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face;
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

867.—MUSIDORA.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon sat
Pensive, and pierced with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of Musidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In sidelong glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He framed a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robed in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he awhile remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urged him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfined, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolved the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe the alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-exposed she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd and starting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves received;
And every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily through the crystal mild;
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows,
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half-embraced her in a humid veil,
Rising again, the latent Damon drew

Such maddening draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for awhile o'erwhelm'd his raptured thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,
Traced by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw: "Bathe on, my fair,
Yet unbeheld, save by the sacred eye
Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless she stood:
So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
Which blissful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand she saw,
Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be described,
Her sudden bosom seized: shame void of guilt,
The charming blush of innocence, esteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modesty exalted: even a sense
Of self-approving beauty stole across
Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confession carved,
Which soon her Damon kiss'd with weeping joy:
"Dear youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,
By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now
Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

868.—A SUMMER MORNING.

With quicken'd step
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps awkward; while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with peace he dwells;
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

869.—A SUMMER EVENING.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half immersed; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.
Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,
All ether softening, sober evening takes
Her wonted station in the middle air;
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye
Steals soft behind; and then a deeper still,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To close the face of things. A fresher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn:
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
A whitening shower of vegetable down
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
Of nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
Hies merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart—

Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means—
Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game and revelry, to pass
The summer night, as village stories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold—
So night-struck fancy dreams—the yelling ghost.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem; and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wav'ring woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivall'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

870.—LAVINIA.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune smiled, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years deprived of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of Beauty, she was Beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia; till, at length, compell'd
By strong Necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks, she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recalls that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family, dissolved.
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.

Romantic wish! would this the daughter
were!"
When, strict enquiring, from herself he
found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surprised his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport
ran?
Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and
bold;
And, as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.
"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O Heavens! the very
same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend,
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing
rain,
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil,
Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and
showers,
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh! it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy
hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task;
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing
thee!"
Here ceased the youth, yet still his speaking
eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierced with anxious thought, she pined
away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright
gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptured than the happy pair;
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

871.—THE HARVEST STORM.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops, and a still murmur
runs
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Exposed, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of
rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and
still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows
swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvest, cottages, and
swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had
spared
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along: his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering
thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of claimant children dear. Ye masters,
then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,

Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride:
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

872.—AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage dusk and dun,
Of ev'ry hue, from wan declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome muse,
Low whisp'ring, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm,
Fleeces unbounded ether: whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumined wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom virtue and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse;
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock:
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chatt'ring discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun the music of the coming year
Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miserable prey
In mingled murder, flutt'ring on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choked, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest walks, at ev'ry rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. E'en what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards all around,
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day,
And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
In her chill progress, to the ground condensed
The vapour throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
Turn'd to the sun direct her spotted disk,
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
And caverns deep as optic tube descries,
A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
Now through the passing clouds she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quiv'ring gleam;
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance trembling round the world.
The lengthen'd night elapsed, the morning shines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;

The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;
And hung on every spray, on every blade
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

873.—A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Through the hushed air the whit'ning shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray;
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow. * *
As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
All winter drives along the darken'd air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feign'd,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,-
His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows a stiffen'd corse,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching on the northern blast.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

874.—A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year

Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy Sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempests forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh, talk of him in solitary glooms;
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to Heaven
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him; whose Sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.
Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to Heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer-ray

Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the Sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy.
When ev'n at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expressive Silence, muse his praise.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

875.—FROM THE BARD'S SONG IN THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

"It was not by vile loitering in ease
That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
That soft yet ardent Athens learnt to please,
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
In all supreme! complete in every part!
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart:
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
But in loose joy their time to wear away;
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
Rude Nature's state had been our state to-day;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent and gay;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed;
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
The wits of modern time had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains;
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare stroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick swains,
Ne had my master Spenser charm'd his Mulla's plains.

Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
Had all been lost with such as have no name.
Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good?
Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
Who in the public breach devoted stood,
And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood?

But should your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
If right I read, you pleasure all require:
Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
Toil, and be glad! let Industry inspire
Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
Who does not act is dead; absorpt entire
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health. In proof of this,
Behold the wretch, who slugs his life away,
Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyss;
While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health?
Unclogg'd the body, unobscured the mind:
The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasaunce breeds?"

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

876.—ODE.

O Nightingale, best poet of the grove,
That plaintive strain can ne'er belong to thee,
Blest in the full possession of thy love:
O lend that strain, sweet nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched fate:
I love a maid who all my bosom charms,
Yet lose my days without this lovely mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my arms.

You, happy birds! by nature's simple laws
Lead your soft lives, sustain'd by Nature's fare;
You dwell wherever roving fancy draws,
And love and song is all your pleasing care:

But we, vain slaves of interest and of pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious tongues should blame:
And hence, in vain I languish for my bride;
O mourn with me, sweet bird, my hapless flame.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

877.—HYMN ON SOLITUDE.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky;
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rivall'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage, and swain;
Plain Innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell;
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise,
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

878.—THE HAPPY MAN.

He's not the Happy Man to whom is given
A plenteous fortune by indulgent Heaven;
Whose gilded roofs on shining columns rise,
And painted walls enchant the gazer's eyes;
Whose table flows with hospitable cheer,
And all the various bounty of the year;
Whose valleys smile, whose gardens breathe the spring,
Whose carved mountains bleat, and forests sing;
For whom the cooling shade in Summer twines,
While his full cellars give their generous wines;
From whose wide fields unbounded Autumn pours
A golden tide into his swelling stores;

Whose winter laughs; for whom the liberal gales
Stretch the big sheet, and toiling commerce sails;
When yielding crowds attend, and pleasure serves;
While youth, and health, and vigour string his nerves.
Ev'n not all these, in one rich lot combined,
Can make the Happy Man, without the mind;
Where Judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
The chain of Reason with unerring gaze;
Where Fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
His fairer scenes and bolder figures rise;
Where social Love exerts her soft command,
And plays the passions with a tender hand,
Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
And all the moral harmony of life.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

879.—RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All shall be subject to the main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule Britannia, &c.

James Thomson.—Born 1700, *Died* 1748.

880.—GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made;
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate;
Sooner or later of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!

Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

John Dyer.—Born 1700, *Died* 1758.

881.—THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride?
Where gat ye that winsome marrow?
A. I gat her where I darena weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow!
Nor let thy heart lament to leave
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen,
Pouing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For she has tint her lover lover dear,
Her lover dear, the cause of sorrow,
And I hae slain the comeliest swain
That e'er poued birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, red?
  Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow?
And why yon melancholious weeds
  Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow?

What 's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude?
  What 's yonder floats? O dule and sorrow!
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew
  Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, oh wash his wounds his wounds in tears,
  His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
  And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters sisters sad,
  Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
  His helpless fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
  My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
  His comely breast, on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue,
  And warn from fight, but to my sorrow;
O'er rashly bauld a stronger arm
  Thou met'st, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the grass,
  Yellow on Yarrow bank the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
  Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
  As green its grass, its gowan as yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
  The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy love, fair fair indeed thy love,
  In flowery bands thou him didst fetter;
Though he was fair and weil beloved again,
  Than me he never lued thee better.

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
  Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
  And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride,
  How can I busk a winsome marrow,
How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
  That slew my love on the Braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields! may never never rain,
  Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover,
For there was basely slain my love,
  My love, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
  His purple vest, 'twas my ain sewing,
Ah! wretched me! I little little kenn'd
  He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
  Unheedful of my dule and sorrow,
But e'er the to-fall of the night
  He lay a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoiced that waeful waeful day;
  I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night the spear was flown
  That slew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do,
  But with his cruel rage pursue me?
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou, barbarous man, then woo me?

My happy sisters may be may be proud;
  With cruel and ungentle scoffin,
May bid me seek on Yarrow Braes
  My lover nail'd in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
  And strive with threatening words to move me,
My lover's blood is on thy spear,
  How canst thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of love,
  With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
  Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband husband is?
  His hands, methinks, are bathed in slaughter.
Ah me! what ghastly spectre 's yon,
  Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after?

Pale as he is, here lay him lay him down,
  O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff take aff these bridal weeds,
  And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale though thou art, yet best yet best beloved,
  O could my warmth to life restore thee!
Ye'd lie all night between my breasts,
  No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale, indeed, O lovely lovely youth,
  Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lie all night between my breasts,
  No youth shall ever lie there after.

Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
  Return and dry thy useless sorrow:
Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
  He lies a corpse on the Braes of Yarrow.

William Hamilton.—Born 1704, *Died* 1754.

882.—SONG.

Ye shepherds of this pleasant vale,
Where Yarrow streams along,
Forsake your rural toils, and join
In my triumphant song.

She grants, she yields; one heavenly smile
Atones her long delays,
One happy minute crowns the pains
Of many suffering days.

Raise, raise the victor notes of joy,
These suffering days are o'er;
Love satiates now his boundless wish
From beauty's boundless store:

No doubtful hopes, no anxious fears,
This rising calm destroy;
Now every prospect smiles around,
All op'ning into joy.

The sun with double lustre shone
That dear consenting hour,
Brighten'd each hill, and o'er each vale
New colour'd every flower:

The gales their gentle sighs withheld,
No leaf was seen to move,
The hovering songsters round were mute,
And wonder hush'd the grove.

The hills and dales no more resound
The lambkin's tender cry;
Without one murmur Yarrow stole
In dimpling silence by:

All nature seem'd in still repose
Her voice alone to hear,
That gently roll'd the tuneful wave,
She spoke and bless'd my ear.

Take, take whate'er of bliss or joy
You fondly fancy mine;
Whate'er of joy or bliss I boast,
Love renders wholly thine:

The woods struck up to the soft gale,
The leaves were seen to move,
The feather'd choir resumed their voice,
And wonder fill'd the grove;

The hills and dales again resound
The lambkins' tender cry,
With all his murmurs Yarrow trill'd
The song of triumph by;

Above, beneath, around, all on
Was verdure, beauty, song;
I snatch'd her to my trembling breast,
All nature joy'd along.

William Hamilton.—Born 1704, *Died* 1754.

883.—SONG.

Ah, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs
My secret soul discover,
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
So fatally beguiling;
Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm, whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then, when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

William Hamilton.—Born 1704, *Died* 1754.

884.—LONDON.

Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When injured Thales bids the town farewell;
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air;
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbribed, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,

On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood:
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honour grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighbouring town:
"Since worth," he cries, "in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those cursed walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And every moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life still vigorous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's painting gay;
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defied his foes;
Some secret cell, ye powers indulgent, give,
Let ——live here, for——has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licensed stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
"Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and gold?
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven:
But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A statesman's logic unconvinced can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer:
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H——y's jest.
"Others, with softer smiles and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
"For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortunes shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
"The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London! the needy villain's general home,
The common sewer of Paris and of Rome,
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
"Illustrious Edward! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey!
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur, or the surly grace;
But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refined away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
"All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap:
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
"Ah! what avails it that, from slavery far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?

"Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his interest true, where'er he goes,
Wit, bravery, worth, his lavish tongue bestows:
In every face a thousand graces shine,
From every tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with faltering diffidence a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
"Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part:
Practised their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face!
With every wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly Virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, every vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air!
"For arts like these preferr'd, admired, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-placed confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
"By numbers here, from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty:
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
"Has Heaven reserved, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear Oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is everywhere confess'd:
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implored,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
"But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the street, and thunder to the skies:
Raised from some pleasing dream of wealth and power,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bower,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little all to flames a prey;
Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving Merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
"Should Heaven's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies;
The laureate tribe in servile verse relate
How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore,
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.
"Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat,
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers:
And while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
"Prepare for death, if here at night you roam;
And sign your will, before you sup from home.

Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
"Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And shun the shining train and golden coach.
"In vain, these dangers pass'd, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murderer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.
"Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.
"A single jail, in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Justice then, without constraint adored,
Held high the steady scale, but sheathed the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known;
Bless'd age! but ah! how different from our own!
"Much could I add,—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fliest for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tired like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page."

Samuel Johnson.—Born 1709, *Died* 1784.

885.—THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,
To chase the dreary paths, without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink by darling schemes oppress'd,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art:
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.
But, scarce observed, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the general massacre of gold;
Wide wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let history tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madded land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
The insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools the eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh, where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;

Where wealth unloved without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe!
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.
Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids the indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foe's doom, or guard her favourite's zeal?
Through Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power:
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize:
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or livest thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise the enormous weight?
Why, but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?
What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
And power too great to keep or to resign?
When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;

Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner minds though smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,
For such the steady Roman shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage, crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;

His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:
Hides from himself its state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear:
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general fav'rite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here beauty falls, betray'd, despised, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?

Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice :
Safe in his power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

Samuel Johnson.—Born 1709, *Died* 1784.

886.—ON THE DEATH OF DR. ROBERT LEVETT.

1782.

Condemn'd to Hope's delusive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,
See Levett to the grave descend,
Officious, innocent, sincere,
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills affection's eye,
Obscurely wise and coarsely kind ;
Nor, letter'd arrogance, deny
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow.
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of art without the show.

In Misery's darkest cavern known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain disdain'd by pride ;
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And forced his soul the nearest way.

Samuel Johnson.—Born 1709, *Died* 1784.

887.—ODE TO PITY.

O thou, the friend of man assign'd
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe :
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destined scene,
His wild unsated foe !

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite :
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light !

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute ?
Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been soothed by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown ;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design :
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail :
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And sighing prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retired by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,

Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

888.—ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

889.—ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tint, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum;
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial loved return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

890.—TO THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting,
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd; his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair
Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still, through all the song;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.
And longer had she sung;—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword, in thunder, down;
And with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe!
And, ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum, with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sate retired,
And, from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of Peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear;
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest;
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best;
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid!
Why, goddess! why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As, in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard;
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
E'en all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavour cease;
Revive the just designs of Greece:
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

891.—DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female Fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
  Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase, on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell;

Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

892.—ODE ON THE DEATH OF THOMSON.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,
  Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
  To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
  His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
  May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
  And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
  To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
  When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
  To bid the gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as Ease and Health retire
  To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire
  And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
  Ah! what will every dirge avail;
Or, tears, which Love and Pity shed,
  That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
  Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
  And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
  No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
  Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade;
  Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
  Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads assign'd to bless
  Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
  With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
  Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
"Oh! vales and wild woods," shall he say,
  "In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

William Collins.—Born 1720, *Died* 1756.

893.—THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest Worth neglected lies
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull Obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving bran flow;

And work the simple vassals mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horrour grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure; of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwined,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd.
How then would fare or Earth, or Sky, or Main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair!
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh balm, and marygold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants' tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;

And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edged with gold its glittering skirts appear,
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those olfins' ears, would oft deplore
The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed;
And tortuous death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is placed,
The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise,
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write:
As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh Justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellows' hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines:
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is Valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than Craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false Deceit.

Yet nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er

With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the Sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order rangèd been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catherine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plum all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known;

Admired Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose heart did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

Shenstone.—Born 1714, *Died* 1763.

894.—A PASTORAL BALLAD.

PART I.

Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phyllis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah! lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phyllis farewell.

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

PART II.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottoes are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow:
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young:
And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease?
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

PART III.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She's fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is everyway pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phyllis's feet.
"O Phyllis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

Then the lily no longer is white;
The rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume.
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phyllis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phyllis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phyllis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

PART IV.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smiled—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought,
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it began;
How she smiled—and I could not but love;
Was faithless—and I am undone!

Shenstone—Born 1714, *Died* 1763.

895.—ODE TO MEMORY.

O memory! celestial maid!
Who glean'st the flowerets cropt by Time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preservest the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptured ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume thy beauties not their own!

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season raze,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleased, in many a sportive ring,
Around the room I jovial rode:
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

Shenstone.—Born 1714, *Died* 1763.

896.—WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom, I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne:
Such freedom crowns it at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate,
I fly from falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys what courts have not in store,
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

Shenstone.—Born 1714, *Died* 1763.

897.—WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek—
She died before her time.

Awake! she cried, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave:
Now let thy pity hear the maid
Thy love refused to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
When injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

But hark! the cock has warned me hence;
A long and last adieu!
Come see, false man, how low she lies,
Who died for love of you.

The lark sung loud; the morning smiled
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretched him on the green-grass turf
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he called on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spake never more!

David Mallet.—Born 1700, *Died* 1765.

898.—EDWIN AND EMMA.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder owned,
Yet knew not she was fair:

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too revealed;
For neither bosom lodged a wish
That virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like envy formed,
Like her in mischief joyed,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employed.

The father, too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmoved;
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walked and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanmore's wintry waste
Beneath the moonlight shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glowed,
A deadly pale o'ercast;
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And wearied Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past! he cried, but, if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold
What they must ever love!

She came; his cold hand softly touched,
And bathed with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
The churchyard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl screamed
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appalled, thus had she passed
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reached, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door:
"He's gone!" she cried, "and I shall see
That angel face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side!"
From her white arm down sunk her head—
She shivered, sighed, and died.

David Mallet.—Born 1700, *Died* 1765.

899.—SONG.

The smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing,
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;

At this, thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the vernal shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters love no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay.

David Mallet.—Born 1700, *Died* 1765.

900.—A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight Shades! o'er Nature spread
Dumb silence of the dreary hour;
In honour of the approaching dead
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around
On this pale ground,
Thro' all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surpliced train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart,
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptured stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart.

Now let the sacred organ blow
With solemn pause and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh and words that weep,
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise
Who first inform'd our frame with breath,
And after some few stormy days
Now gracious gives us o'er to death.
No king of fears
In him appears
Who shuts the scene of human woes;
Beneath his shade
Securely laid
The dead alone find true repose.

Then while we mingle dust with dust,
To One supremely good and wise
Raise hallelujahs. God is just,
And man most happy when he dies.
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore,
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more.

David Mallet.—Born 1700, *Died* 1765.

901.—TENDENCIES OF THE SOUL TOWARDS THE INFINITE.

Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenchèd hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrainèd view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains; through empires black with shade
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tired of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning through the heavens;
Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused
She darts her swiftness up the long career

Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invest the orient. Now amazed she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untired
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Akenside.—Born 1721, *Died* 1770.

902.—TASTE.

What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent, wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantain shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the live-long day:
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.
O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd soul! What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring

Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

Akenside.—Born 1721, *Died* 1770.

903.—AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

Thrice has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Bless'd could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that waked my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses owed,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muse bestow'd;
If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow,
And public Justice sanctify th' award,
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?
Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wish'd and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party hate is past;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free;
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who say they view'd without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise:
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exulted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I still believed thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet, believe it—spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,

Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye cursed of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserved for him alone;
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense would hear?
Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loathe to tread the poison'd shore:
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confess'd;
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant bless'd;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;
Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labours from the bless'd retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.
Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appear'd at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
Waked in the shock the public Genius rose,
Abash'd and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear;
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran;
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challenged the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal.
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye shades immortal, who by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The sword submitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power chastised beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private Life by wisest arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to noblest manners framed!

See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio will be true.
'Twas then—O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
'Twas then—What frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinew'd thy determined soul?—
Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honour'd, so beloved,
This patient slave by tinsel chains allured,
This wretched suitor for a boon abjured,
This Curio, hated and despised by all,
Who fell himself to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defied!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.—
Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile,
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues, opening in thy ray!
How with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I match'd them, honour'd hers the more!
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a nobler centre for its cares;
Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And fix dominion's limits by its end.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every state,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious Grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far removed,
When public toils to virtue stand approved,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Not more indulgent the delighted sire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Proud to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi, where the Bruti stay!
O long revered, and late resign'd to shame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of business are withdrawn,
Nor well-dress'd beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
In that still, thoughtful, solitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unresisted power,
Breaks the false optics tinged with fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breast, and lays the passions bare;
Then turn thy eyes on that important scene,
And ask thyself—if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of soul,
Which labour could not stop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half-abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of *just applause*?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fired or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confess'd,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,

And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forgot his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
Till, blind with smart, from truth to frenzy toss'd,
And all the tenor of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.—
Can art, alas! or genius, guide the head,
Where truth and freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny display'd
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
See the dire fame of Infamy arise!
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the cursed abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the assive'p sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates;
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd,
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honour hails their unbless'd ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childless sire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!—
Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the fates assign'd
With surer arts to work what we design'd,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till own'd their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quench'd the spirit we provoked in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
Oh! turn this dreadful omen far away:
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress'd,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.—
O friend and father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife, nor anxious power invade,
If I aspire in public virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;

Perhaps by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.

Akenside.—Born 1721, *Died* 1770.

904.—THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Pope, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade
The nymphs of Thames a pleased attention paid;
While yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts, within his bosom pent,
Forced his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
"Ye nymphs," he cried, "ye Dryads, who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspired his song;
For whom, retired, I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
"Ah, luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:
And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smiled: can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy?
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow?
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace:
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And soothe the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danced, a mirthful band,
To me alone she gave her willing hand;
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire,
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
The world, that Damon was her choice, believed,
The world, alas! like Damon, was deceived.
When last I saw her, and declared my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserved, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I received
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceived?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
Pleased with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;

Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting Sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes tinged the distant hills.

Lord Lyttelton.—Born 1709, *Died* 1773.

905.—TO THE REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH.

Say, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refined,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty:
How the same hands that tyrants durst control
Their empire stretch'd from Atlas to the Pole:
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refined
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?
Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend;
For which alone by Nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloister'd drone, to read and doze,
In undeserving, undeserved repose;
But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of error, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the free-born mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.

So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.
Good Wor'ster thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defied,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side,
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest guide!
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state.
To error mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain:
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.
A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band),
From each low tool of power content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress)
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.
Yet here the Muses deign'd awhile to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Molière, first of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.

Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Raised on the ruins of th' opprest and poor,
Where e'en mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew;
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief reposed,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue closed.
With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgraced by luxury:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleased and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind.
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russell birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fairless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glory see:
And tells me, "These, like England, once were free!"

Lord Lyttelton.—Born 1709, *Died* 1773.

906.—TO THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST LADY LYTTELTON.

At length escaped from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refined your rural charms explore.
Closed are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming used to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleased no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we used to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer Sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound

No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retired, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power,
Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptured breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where through hanging woods
Steep Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles or Ilissus stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refined;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspired to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'T is yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin-sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refined,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,

And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injured or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceived,
That nor too little nor too much believed,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and the Idalian queen.

But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twined,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tuned, by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compared to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful hand
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine:
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshared by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?

On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortured memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchanged remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had raised
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gazed,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthroned she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.

Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you more.

Lord Lyttelton.—Born 1709, *Died* 1773.

907.—ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey;
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain:
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which inthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run, they look behind;
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast.
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,

And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train.
Ah! show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murth'rous band;
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
The unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

908.—HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse, thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen),
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess! wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

909.—THE BARD.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king,
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail

To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
"To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line."

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death through Berkeley's roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head!
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun).
Half of thy heart we consecrate
(The web is wove. The work is done).'
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn;
In yon bright tract, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

But oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue hail!

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed.
In buskined measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

910.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moulder-ing heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind:

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

911.—ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beach
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick glancing to the Sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance;
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
"Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 't is May."

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

912.—ON VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermil cheek, and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy spring:
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wint'ry trance
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday, nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow,
Soft reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
A melancholy grace:
While hope prolongs our happier hour;
Or deepest shades that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Behind the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the course where pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

* * *

Gray.—Born 1716, *Died* 1771.

913.—AN ODE FROM CARACTACUS.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings:
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:

Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow;
See their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour,
Now the mutter'd spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmony.
Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wondering grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground;
Round and round, and round they go,
Through the twilight, through the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted mistletoe.
Cease, ye glittering race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight;
Here, arranged in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo! with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all——

Mason.—Born 1725, *Died* 1797.

914.—ODE TO MEMORY.

Mother of Wisdom! thou, whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts oboy;
Who bidd'st their ranks, now vanish, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verse. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power restrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye,
Rove through the realms of grace, and harmony:
The senses thee spontaneous serve,
That wake, and thrill through ev'ry

Else vainly soft, loved Philomel! would flow
The soothing sadness of thy warbled woe:
Else vainly sweet yon woodbine shade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly, the cygnet spread her downy plume,
The vine gush nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But swift to thee, alive and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modest Nature bring her simple stores,
Luxuriant Art exhaust her plastic powers;

While every flower in Fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic time,
Cull'd by the hand of the industrious Muse,
Around thy shrine their blended beams diffuse.

Hail, Mem'ry! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high shrine the sacred maid:
Thy daughter she, the empress of the lyre,
The first, the fairest, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, thy realms expand!
She takes her delegated stand
Full in the midst, and o'er thy num'rous train
Displays the awful wonders of her reign.
There throned supreme in native state,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their shade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the silent showers descend.
Or, if bleak Winter, frowning round,
Disrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready summers wake at her command.
See, visionary suns arise
Through silver clouds and azure skies;
See, sportive zephyrs fan the crisped streams;
Through shadowy brakes light glance the sparkling beams:
While, near the secret moss-grown cave,
That stands beside the crystal wave,
Sweet Echo, rising from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.

Rise, hallow'd Milton! rise, and say,
How, at thy gloomy close of day,
How, when "deprest by age, beset with wrongs:"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"
When darkness, brooding on thy sight,
Exil'd the sov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuse?
What friends were thine, save Mem'ry and the Muse?
Hence the rich spoils, thy studious youth
Caught from the stores of ancient truth:
Hence all thy classic wand'rings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian shore;
Each scene, that Tiber's banks supplied;
Each grace, that played on Arno's side;
The tepid gales, through Tuscan glades that fly:
The blue serene, that spreads Hesperia's sky;
Were still thine own; thy ample mind
Each charm received, retain'd, combined.
And thence "the nightly visitant," that came
To touch thy bosom with her sacred flame,
Recall'd the long-lost beams of grace,
That whilom shot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breast
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous vest.

Mason.—Born 1725, *Died* 1797.

915.—EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON, IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

Take, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
Take that best gift which heaven so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died! Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine;
Even from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas even to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

Mason.—Born 1725, *Died* 1797.

916.—EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

Here, to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still:
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

But from the mountain's grassy side,
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip, with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart,
To soothe the stranger's woe:
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

And what is friendship but a name:
A charm that lulls to sleep!
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep!

And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside.

But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray:
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

In humblest, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he:
Wisdom and worth were all he had;
But these were all to me.

The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could naught of purity display,
To emulate his mind.

The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his; but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

Till quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died!

But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay:
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die:
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide:
'Twas Edwin's self that prest!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign;
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

Goldsmith.—Born 1728, *Died* 1774.

917.—RETALIATION.

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.
If our landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:
Our dean shall be ven'son, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour:
And Dick with his pepper shall heighten the savour:
Our Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall obtain;
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain:
Our Garrick's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb;
That Hickey 's a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.
Here lies the good dean, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth;

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find them out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet:
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim,
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick;
But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts:
A flatt'ring painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine:
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out.
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings, alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught?
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne;
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own:
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line!
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'T' was only that when he was off he was acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will:
Old Shakspere receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good-nature:
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper:
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye,—
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.
Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind:
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Goldsmith.—Born 1728, *Died* 1774.

918.—THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po!
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a length'ning chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked Negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands, and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind:
As diff'rent good, by Art or Nature giv'n
To diff'rent nations, makes their blessings ev'n.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliff as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone:
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try those truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for awhile, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in diff'rent climes are found,
That proudly rise or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail:
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cesars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.
My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May:
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined:
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cow'ring on the nest:
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispersed, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain:
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grow,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burthen 'of three-score.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleased, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile:
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heav'ns! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspis glide;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control;
While o'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore;
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,

Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Goldsmith.—Born 1728, *Died* 1774.

919.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please:
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree:
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
In sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain:
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade:
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school:
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn:
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heav'n.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head should carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;

Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies:
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.
As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!
Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped — What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe,
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies,
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O Luxury! thou cursed by Heav'n's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade!
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell! and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
And slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Goldsmith.—Born 1728, *Died* 1774.

920.—THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Never ranged in a forest, or smoked on a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy:

Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts, in my chambers to place it in view,
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtu:
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show:
But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon a damnable bounce;
Well! suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.
But, my lord, it's no bounce: I protest in my turn,
It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.
To go on with my tale—as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose;
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
There's my countryman Higgins—Oh! let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat;
Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call'd himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me.
"What have we got here?—why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I with a flounce,
"I get these things often;" but that was a bounce;
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind; but I hate ostentation."
"If that be the case then," cried he, very gay,
"I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on't—precisely at three:
We'll have Johnson, and Burke; all the wits will be there;
My acquaintance is slight or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner!
What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end;
No stirring, I beg, my dear friend, my dear friend!"
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.
Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself,"
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day in due splendour to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.
When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine),
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb,
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
"For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale;
But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
They're both of them merry, and authors like you;
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
While thus he described them by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon were seen,
At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides there were spinage and pudding made hot;
In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue:
And, "Madam," quoth he, "may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;
Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
"The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
"I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the doctor, eats nothing at all."
"O—ho!" quoth my friend, "he'll come on in a trice,
He's keeping a corner for something that's nice:
There's a pasty"—"A pasty!" repeated the Jew;
"I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
"What the de'il, mon, a pasty!" re-echoed the Scot;
"Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
"We'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
"We'll all keep a corner," was echoed about,
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night.
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her?
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste;
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that 's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

Goldsmith.—*Born* 1728, *Died* 1774.

921.—ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow, with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime,
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defied:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urged the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptized with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stain'd with human gore,
And Liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lull'd by the hoarse-resounding main,
When a bold savage pass'd that way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supplied a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard,
And his broad shoulders braved the furious blast.
He stopt, he gazed, his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seized the advantage Fate allow'd,
And straight compress'd her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlew scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew:
And Independence saw the light.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stolen embrace was born—
The mountain Dryads seized with joy,
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy:
The hermit Wisdom stored his opening mind.
As rolling years matured his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplish'd thus, he wing'd his way,
And zealous roved from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thought the aspiring soul.
On desert isles 'twas he that raised
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amazed
Fair Freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's arms
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And wing'd that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To Freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar horde forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell Oppression's wing,
And taught amidst the dreary waste,
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffused through every baser mould;
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,
And turns the dross of Corsica to gold:
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er paid that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combined
To dazzle and seduce, their banners spread,
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While Insolence his wrinkled front upreara,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow:
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils oppress'd,
So moves the sumpter-mule in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
And Nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequester'd haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell;
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There, study shall with solitude recline,
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains,
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:
And fearless poverty shall guard the door,
And taste unspoil'd the frugal table spread,
And industry supply the humble store,
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed;
White-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night;
And Independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

Smollett.—Born 1721, *Died* 1771.

922.—ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I went to lave;

No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly poised, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride,
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war,
The silver eel, and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen:
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale;
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolved, and hands prepared,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

Smollett.—Born 1721, *Died* 1771.

923.—THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees afar
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in every clime,
Through the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy towering spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke.
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
Accursed to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceased,
The victor's soul was not appeased:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murdering steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o er the heath,
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend:
And stretch'd beneath the inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

While the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn."

Smollett.—Born 1721, *Died* 1771.

924.—CHOICE OF A RURAL SITUATION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE AGUE.

Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhaled, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immured in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thundering chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all the unctuous rills bedew'd;

Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbibed, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.
See where enthroned in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
Where choose thy seat in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
(Richmond that sees a hundred villas rise
Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town
Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wandering feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the Fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sick'ning land:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints, and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away:
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sated wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train:
The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
Tinged with her own accumulated gall.

John Armstrong.—Born 1709, *Died* 1779.

925.—RECOMMENDATION OF A HIGH SITUATION ON THE SEA-COAST.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills: where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

John Armstrong.—Born 1709, *Died* 1779.

926.—ANGLING.

But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry: such through the bounds

Of pastoral Stafford runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air;
Liddel, till now, except in Doric lays,
Tuned to her murmurs by her love-sick swains
Unknown in song, though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery, or more romantic groves,
Rolls towards the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence, thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race, thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish, and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain;
Oft with thy blooming sons, whon life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I laved;
Oft traced with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey, while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscured the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps called forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane;
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.

John Armstrong.—Born 1709, *Died* 1779.

927.—PESTILENCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profused:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seized the first, a fervid vapour sprung;
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuaged
The torrid heat within, nor aught relieved
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge labourings heaved.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came: their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provoked
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide;
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood, and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (though little hope remain'd),
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For, who survived the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd;
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scaped;
Of those infected, fewer 'scaped alive;
Of those who lived, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spared, a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land

The infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Roused by the flames that fired her seats around,
The infected country rush'd into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some
Abjured the fatal commerce of mankind.
In vain; where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood;
For but the race of England all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involved them still, and every breeze was bane:
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven, with suppliant rites, they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope deprived,
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sank beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell; and oft the bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contain'd.

John Armstrong.—Born 1709, *Died* 1779.

928.—CUMNOR HALL.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

Now nought was heard beneath the skies
(The sounds of busy life were still),
Save an unhappy lady's sighs,
That issued from that lonely pile.

"Leicester," she cried, "is this thy love
That thou so oft hast sworn to me,
To leave me in this lonely grove,
Immured in shameful privity?

No more thou com'st, with lover's speed,
Thy once beloved bride to see;
But be she alive, or be she dead,
I fear, stern Earl 's the same to thee.

Not so the usage I received
When happy in my father's hall;
No faithless husband then me grieved,
No chilling fears did me appal.

I rose up with the cheerful morn,
No lark so blithe, no flower more gay;
And, like the bird that haunts the thorn,
So merrily sung the live-long day.

If that my beauty is but small,
Among court ladies all despised,
Why didst thou rend it from that hall
Where, scornful Earl, it well was prized?

And when you first to me made suit,
How fair I was, you oft would say!
And, proud of conquest, pluck'd the fruit,
Then left the blossom to decay.

Yes! now neglected and despised,
The rose is pale, the lily 's dead;
But he that once their charms so prized,
Is sure the cause those charms are fled.

For know, when sickening grief doth prey,
And tender love 's repaid with scorn,
The sweetest beauty will decay:
What floweret can endure the storm?

At court, I'm told, is Beauty's throne,
Where every lady 's passing rare,
That eastern flowers, that shame the sun,
Are not so glowing, not so fair.

Then, Earl, why didst thou leave the beds
Where roses and where lilies vie,
To seek a primrose, whose pale shades
Must sicken when those gauds are by?

'Mong rural beauties I was one;
Among the fields wild flowers are fair;
Some country swain might me have won,
And thought my passing beauty rare.

But, Leicester (or I much am wrong),
It is not beauty lures thy vows;
Rather ambition's gilded crown
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

Then, Leicester, why, again I plead
(The injured surely may repine),
Why didst thou wed a country maid,
When some fair princess might be thine?

Why didst thou praise my humble charms,
And, oh! then leave them to decay?
Why didst thou win me to thy arms,
Then leave me to mourn the live-long day?

The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go:
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.

The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy 's their estate;
To smile for joy, than sigh for woe;
To be content, than to be great.

How far less bless'd am I than them,
Daily to pine and waste with care!
Like the poor plant, that, from its stem
Divided, feels the chilling air.

Nor, cruel Earl! can I enjoy
The humble charms of solitude;
Your minions proud my peace destroy,
By sullen frowns, or pratings rude.

Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,
The village death-bell smote my ear;
They wink'd aside, and seem'd to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.'

And now, while happy peasants sleep,
Here I sit lonely and forlorn;
No one to soothe me as I weep,
Save Philomel on yonder thorn.

My spirits flag, my hopes decay;
Still that dread death-bell smites my ear;
And many a body seems to say,
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near.' "

Thus sore and sad that lady grieved
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear:
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And ere the dawn of day appear'd,
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,
Full many a piercing scream was heard,
And many a cry of mortal fear.

The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
An aërial voice was heard to call,
And thrice the raven flapp'd his wing
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall.

The mastiff howl'd at village door,
The oaks were shatter'd on the green;
Woe was the hour, for never more
That hapless Countess e'er was seen.

And in that manor, now no more
Is cheerful feast or sprightly ball;
For ever since that dreary hour
Have spirits haunted Cumnor Hall.

The village maids, with fearful glance,
Avoid the ancient moss-grown wall;
Nor ever lead the merry dance
Among the groves of Cumnor Hall.

Full many a traveller has sigh'd,
And pensive wept the Countess' fall,
As wandering onwards they've espied
The haunted towers of Cumnor Hall.

Mickle.—Born 1734, *Died* 1788.

929.—THE MARINER'S WIFE.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Make haste, lay by your wheel;
Is this a time to spin a thread,
When Colin's at the door?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockings pearly blue;
It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been lang awa.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop,
Been fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And mak our table neat and clean,
Let everything look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair.
And shall I see his face again?
And shall I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thirlèd through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa!
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.

Since Colin's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa.

Mickle.—Born 1734, *Died* 1788.

930.—COUNTRY JUSTICES AND THEIR DUTIES.

The social laws from insult to protect,
To cherish peace, to cultivate respect;
The rich from wanton cruelty restrain,
To smooth the bed of penury and pain;
The hapless vagrant to his rest restore,
The maze of fraud, the haunts of theft explore;
The thoughtless maiden, when subdued by art,
To aid, and bring her rover to her heart;
Wild riot's voice with dignity to quell,
Forbid unpeaceful passions to rebel;
Wrest from revenge the meditated harm:
For this fair Justice raised her sacred arm;
For this the rural magistrate, of yore,
Thy honours, Edward, to his mansion bore.
Oft, where old Air in conscious glory sails,
On silver waves that flow through smiling vales;
In Harewood's groves, where long my youth was laid,
Unseen beneath their ancient world of shade;
With many a group of antique columns crown'd,
In Gothic guise such mansion have I found.
Nor lightly deem, ye apes of modern race,
Ye cits that sore bedizen nature's face,
Of the more manly structures here ye view;
They rose for greatness that ye never knew!
Ye reptile cits, that oft have moved my spleen
With Venus and the Graces on your green!
Let Plutus, growling o'er his ill-got wealth,
Let Mercury, the thriving god of stealth,
The shopman, Janus, with his double looks,
Rise on your mounts, and perch upon your books!
But spare my Venus, spare each sister Grace,
Ye cits, that sore bedizen nature's face!
Ye royal architects, whose antic taste
Would lay the realms of sense and nature waste;
Forgot, whenever from her steps ye stray,
That folly only points each other way;
Here, though your eye no courtly creature sees,
Snakes on the ground, or monkeys in the trees;
Yet let not too severe a censure fall
On the plain precincts of the ancient hall.
For though no sight your childish fancy meets,
Of Thibet's dogs, or China's paroquets;
Though apes, asps, lizards, things without a tail,
And all the tribes of foreign monsters fail;
Here shall ye sigh to see, with rust o'ergrown,
The iron griffin and the sphinx of stone;
And mourn, neglected in their waste abodes,
Fire-breathing drakes, and water-spouting gods.
Long have these mighty monsters known disgrace,
Yet still some trophies hold their ancient place;
Where, round the hall, the oak's high surbase rears
The field-day triumphs of two hundred years.
Th' enormous antlers here recall the day
That saw the forest monarch forced away;
Who, many a flood, and many a mountain pass'd,
Not finding those, nor deeming these the last,
O'er floods, o'er mountains yet prepared to fly,
Long ere the death-drop fill'd his failing eye!
Here famed for cunning, and in crimes grown old,
Hangs his gray brush, the felon of the fold.
Oft as the rent-feast swells the midnight cheer,
The maudlin farmer kens him o'er his beer,
And tells his old, traditionary tale,
Though known to every tenant of the vale.
Here, where of old the festal ox has fed,
Mark'd with his weight, the mighty horns are spread!
Some ox, O Marshall, for a board like thine,
Where the vast master with the vast sirloin
Vied in round magnitude—Respect I bear
To thee, though oft the ruin of the chair.
These, and such antique tokens that record
The manly spirit, and the bounteous board,
Me more delight than all the gewgaw train,
The whims and zigzags of a modern brain,
More than all Asia's marmosets to view,
Grin, frisk, and water in the walks of Kew.
Through these fair valleys, stranger, hast thou stray'd,
By any chance, to visit Harewood's shade,
And seen with honest, antiquated air
In the plain hall the magistratial chair?
There Herbert sat—The love of human kind,
Pure light of truth, and temperance of mind,
In the free eye the featured soul display'd,
Honour's strong beam, and Mercy's melting shade:
Justice that, in the rigid paths of law,
Would still some drops from Pity's fountain draw,
Bend o'er her urn with many a gen'rous fear,
Ere his firm seal should force one orphan's tear;

Fair equity, and reason scorning art,
And all the sober virtues of the heart—
These sat with Herbert, these shall best avail
Where statutes order, or where statutes fail.
Be this, ye rural magistrates, your plan:
Firm be your justice, but be friends to man.
He whom the mighty master of this ball
We fondly deem, or farcically call,
To own the patriarch's truth, however loth,
Holds but a mansion crush'd before the moth.
Frail in his genius, in his heart too frail,
Born but to err, and erring to bewail,
Shalt thou his faults with eye severe explore,
And give to life one human weakness more?
Still mark if vice or nature prompts the deed;
Still mark the strong temptation and the need:
On pressing want, on famine's powerful call,
At least more lenient let thy justice fall.
For him, who, lost to every hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Believe with social mercy and with me,
Folly 's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptized in tears!

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

931.—GIPSIES.

The gipsy race my pity rarely move;
Yet their strong thirst of liberty I love.
Not Wilkes, our Freedom's holy martyr, more;
Nor his firm phalanx of the common shore.
For this in Norwood's patrimonial groves
The tawny father with his offspring roves;
When summer suns lead slow the sultry day,
In mossy caves, where welling waters play,
Fann'd by each gale that cools the fervid sky,
With this in ragged luxury they lie.
Oft at the sun the dusky elfins strain
The sable eye, then snugging, sleep again;
Oft as the dews of cooler evening fall,
For their prophetic mother's mantle call.
Far other cares that wand'ring mother wait,
The mouth, and oft the minister of fate!
From her to hear, in ev'ning's friendly shade,
Of future fortune, flies the village maid,
Draws her long-hoarded copper from its hold,
And rusty halfpence purchase hopes of gold,
But, ah! ye maids, beware the gipsy's lures!
She opens not the womb of time, but yours.
Oft has her hands the hapless Marian wrung,
Marian, whom Gay in sweetest strains has sung!
The parson's maid—sore cause had she to rue
The gipsy's tongue; the parson's daughter too.
Long had that anxious daughter sigh'd to know
What Vellum's spruce clerk, the valley's beau,
Meant by those glances which at church he stole,
Her father nodding to the psalm's slow drawl;
Long had she sigh'd; at length a prophet came,
By many a sure prediction known to fame,
To Marian known, and all she told, for true:
She knew the future, for the past she knew.

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

932.—AN APPEAL FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS POOR.

But still, forgot the grandeur of thy reign,
Descend to duties meaner crowns disdain;
That worst excrescency of power forego,
That pride of kings, humanity's first foe.
Let age no longer toil with feeble strife,
Worn by long service in the war of life;
Nor leave the head, that time hath whiten'd, bare
To the rude insults of the searching air;
Nor bid the knee, by labour harden'd, bend,
O thou, the poor man's hope, the poor man's friend!
If, when from heaven severer seasons fall,
Fled from the frozen roof and mouldering wall,
Each face the picture of a winter day,
More strong than Teniers' pencil could portray;
If then to thee resort the shivering train,
Of cruel days, and cruel man complain,
Say to thy heart (remembering him who said),
"These people come from far, and have no bread."
Nor leave thy venal clerk empower'd to hear;
The voice of want is sacred to thy ear.

He where no fees his sordid pen invite,
Sports with their tears, too indolent to write;
Like the fed monkey in the fable, vain
To hear more helpless animals complain.
But chief thy notice shall one monster claim,
A monster furnish'd with a human frame,
The parish officer!—though verse disdain
Terms that deform the splendour of the strain;
It stoops to bid thee bend the brow severe
On the sly, pilfering, cruel overseer;
The shuffling farmer, faithful to no trust,
Ruthless as rocks, insatiate as the dust!
When the poor hind, with length of years decay'd,
Leans feebly on his once-subduing spade,
Forgot the service of his abler days,
His profitable toil, and honest praise,
Shall this low wretch abridge his scanty bread,
This slave, whose board his former labours spread?
When harvest's burning suns and sickening air
From labour's unbraced hand the grasp'd hook tear,
Where shall the helpless family be fed,
That vainly languish for a father's bread?
See the pale mother, sunk with grief and care,
To the proud farmer fearfully repair;
Soon to be sent with insolence away,
Referr'd to vestries, and a distant day!
Referr'd—to perish!—Is my verse severe?
Unfriendly to the human character?
Ah! to this sigh of sad experience trust:
The truth is rigid, but the tale is just.
If in thy courts this caitiff wretch appear,
Think not that patience were a virtue here.
His low-born pride with honest rage control;
Smite his hard heart, and shake his reptile soul.
But, hapless! oft through fear of future woe,
And certain vengeance of th' insulting foe,
Oft, ere to thee the poor prefer their prayer,
The last extremes of penury they bear.
Wouldst thou then raise thy patriot office higher,
To something more than magistrate aspire?
And, left each poorer, pettier chase behind,
Step nobly forth, the friend of human kind?
The game I start courageously pursue!
Adieu to fear! to insolence adieu!
And first we'll range this mountain's stormy side,
Where the rude winds the shepherd's roof deride,
As meet no more the wintry blast to bear,
And all the wild hostilities of air.
—That roof have I remember'd many a year;
It once gave refuge to a hunted deer—
Here, in those days, we found an aged pair;—
But time untenants—ha! what seest thou there?
"Horror!—by Heaven, extended on a bed
Of naked fern, two human creatures dead!
Embracing as alive!—ah, no!—no life!
Cold, breathless!"
'Tis the shepherd and his wife.
I knew the scene, and brought thee to behold
What speaks more strongly than the story told.
They died through want—
"By every power I swear,
If the wretch treads the earth, or breathes the air,
Through whose default of duty, or design,
These victims fell, he dies."
They fell by thine.
"Infernal!—Mine!—by—"
Swear on no pretence:
A swearing justice wants both grace and sense.

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

933.—MERCY SHOULD HAVE MITIGATED JUSTICE.

Unnumber'd objects ask thy honest care,
Beside the orphan's tear, the widow's prayer:
Far as thy power can save, thy bounty bless,
Unnumber'd evils call for thy redress.
Seest thou afar yon solitary thorn,
Whose aged limbs the heath's wild winds have torn?
While yet to cheer the homeward shepherd's eye,
A few seem straggling in the evening sky!
Not many suns have hasten'd down the day,
Or blushing moons immersed in clouds their way,
Since there, a scene that stain'd their sacred light
With horror stopp'd a felon in his flight:
A babe just born that signs of life exprest,
Lay naked o'er the mother's lifeless breast.
The pitying robber, conscious that, pursued,
He had no time to waste, yet stood and view'd;
To the next cot the trembling infant bore,
And gave a part of what he stole before;
Nor known to him the wretches were, nor dear,
He felt as man, and dropp'd a human tear.
Far other treatment she who breathless lay,
Found from a viler animal of prey.
Worn with long toil on many a painful road,
That toil increased by nature's growing load,
When evening brought the friendly hour of rest,
And all the mother throng'd about her breast,
The ruffian officer opposed her stay,
And, cruel, bore her in her pangs away,

So far beyond the town's last limits drove,
That to return were hopeless, had she strove,
Abandon'd there—with famine, pain and cold,
And anguish, she expired—the rest I've told.
"Now let me swear. For by my soul's last sigh,
That thief shall live, that overseer shall die."
Too late!—his life the generous robber paid,
Lost by that pity which his steps delay'd!
No soul-discerning Mansfield sat to hear,
No Hertford bore his prayer to mercy's ear;
No liberal justice first assign'd the gaol,
Or urged, as Camplin would have urged, his tale.

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

934.—A FAREWELL TO THE VALLEY OF IRWAN.

Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale,
My infant years where Fancy led,
And soothed me with the western gale,
Her wild dreams waving round my head,
While the blithe blackbird told his tale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

The primrose on the valley's side,
The green thyme on the mountain's head,
The wanton rose, the daisy pied,
The wilding's blossom blushing red;
No longer I their sweets inhale.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

How oft, within yon vacant shade,
Has evening closed my careless eye!
How oft along those banks I've stray'd,
And watch'd the wave that wander'd by;
Full long their loss shall I bewail.
Farewell the fields of Irwan's vale!

Yet still, within yon vacant grove,
To mark the close of parting day;
Along yon flowery banks to rove,
And watch the wave that winds away,
Fair Fancy sure shall never fail,
Though far from these and Irwan's vale.

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

935.—OWEN OF CARRON.

I.

On Carron's side the primrose pale,
Why does it wear a purple hue?
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
Why stream your eyes with pity's dew?

'Tis all with gentle Owen's blood
That purple grows the primrose pale;
That pity pours the tender flood
From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star sat in his eye,
The sun his golden tresses gave,
The north's pure morn her orient dye,
To him who rests in yonder grave!

Beneath no high, historic stone,
Though nobly born, is Owen laid;
Stretch'd on the greenwood's lap alone,
He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
And fled before the mountain gale,
Since first his simple dirge he sung;
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet
Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
That dirge I hear so simply sweet
Far echo'd from each evening fold.

II.

'Twas in the pride of William's day,
When Scotland's honours flourish'd still,
That Moray's earl, with mighty sway,
Bare rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
The fairer plains of Carron spread;
In fortune rich, in offspring poor,
An only daughter crown'd his bed.

Oh! write not poor—the wealth that flows
In waves of gold round India's throne,
All in her shining breast that glows,
To Ellen's charms, were earth and stone.

For her the youth of Scotland sigh'd,
The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
And smoother Italy applied,
And many an English baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
No foreign loves her breast beguile,
And England's honest valour fail'd,
Paid with a cold, but courteous smile.

Ah! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o'er thy cheek those roses stray'd,
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade!

"Ah! woe to thee, that Ellen's love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield!
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field."

'Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dim wood-glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish'd—more unmoved
Than Moray's rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen loved,
With aught that fear or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul beyond a vulgar state;
Th' unconquer'd banners he displays
Control our fears and fix our fate.

III.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wander'd west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day;

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the waves slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Led by those waking dreams of thought
That warm the young unpractised breast,
Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
And Carron murmur'd near, and soothed her into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite
That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told, and I believe the tale,
At this soft hour that sprite was there,
And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he framed (for he could frame
What long might weary mortal wight:
Swift as the lightning's rapid flame
Darts on the unsuspecting sight).

Such bower he framed with magic hand,
As well that wizard bard hath wove,
In scenes where fair Armida's wand
Waved all the witcheries of love:

Yet was it wrought in simple show;
Nor Indian mines nor orient shores
Had lent their glories here to glow,
Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
The wild rose wound her damask flower;
The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash, that courts the mountain-air,
In all her painted blooms array'd,
The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
Combined to form the flowery shade.

With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
The cowslip's sweet, reclining head,
The violet of sky-woven vest,
Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But who is he, whose locks so fair
Adown his manly shoulders flow?
Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite!
Thy sweet seductive arts forbear),
He courts her arms with fond delight,
And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
Some soft ideas melt away,
If o'er sweet vale, or flow'ry lawn,
The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray?

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
And, when the fleeting form was past,
Still on thy memory found its mien,
And felt the fond idea last?

Thou hast—and oft the pictured view,
Seen in some vision counted vain,
Has struck thy wond'ring eye anew,
And brought the long-lost dream again.

With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
With locks adown his shoulder spread,
Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
He's ranging near yon mountain's head.

Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
And fill'd her silver urn again,
When in the devious chase to stray,
Afar from all his woodland train,

To Carron's banks his fate consign'd;
And, all to shun the fervid hour,
He sought some friendly shade to find,
And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
And in the deep defending grove
Sought refuge from the fervid day—

Oh!—who is he whose ringlets fair
Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
Reclined to rest—whose sunny hair
Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow?

'Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
(Ah me! that sprites can fate control!)
That lives still imaged on her breast,
That lives still pictured in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
From earth to breathe Elysian air,
And, in the train whom we call dead,
Perceives its long-loved partner there;

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er,
Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
To find its future fate restore
The object of its former flame:

So Ellen stood—less power to move
Had he, who, bound in slumber's chain,
Seem'd hap'ly o'er his hills to rove,
And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled—mingled fear,
And fond delight, and melting love,
Seized all her soul; she came not near,
She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizard's wand
As well might powerless captive fly—
The new-cropt flower falls from her hand—
Ah! fall not with that flower to die!

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
Smile in the morning's orient eye,
And skirt the reddening cloud's soft beam
What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou hast—and thou canst fancy well
As any Muse that meets thine ear,
The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,
When, waked, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gazed—that silence broke:
"Hail, goddess of these groves (he cried),
O let me wear thy gentle yoke!
O let me in thy service bide!

For thee I'll climb the mountains steep,
Unwearied chase the destined prey;
For thee I'll pierce the wild wood deep,
And part the sprays that vex thy way.

For thee"—"O stranger, cease," she said,
And swift away, like Daphne, flew;
But Daphne's flight was not delay'd
By aught that to her bosom grew.

VIII.

'Twas Atalanta's golden fruit,
The fond idea that confined
Fair Ellen's steps, and bless'd his suit,
Who was not far, not far behind.

O love! within those golden vales,
Those genial airs where thou wast born,
Where nature, listening thy soft tales,
Leans on the rosy breast of morn;

Where the sweet smiles, the graces dwell,
And tender sighs the heart remove,
In silent eloquence to tell
Thy tale, O soul-subduing love!

Ah! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
And dark distrust, with changeful face,
And jealousy's reverted eye
Be near thy fair, thy favour'd place?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
And lord of many a lowland hind;
And long for Ellen love had he,
Had love, but not of gentle kind.

From Moray's halls her absent hour
He watch'd with all a miser's care;
The wide domain, the princely dower
Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch! to think the liberal soul
May thus with fair affection part!
Though Lothian's vales thy sway control,
Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
And, winding far where Carron flows,
Sudden he sees the fated bower,
And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he?—'Tis Nithisdale!
And that fair form with arm reclined
On his?—'Tis Ellen of the vale,
'Tis she (O powers of vengeance!) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue?
No—that would all his hopes destroy;
Moray would vanish from his view,
And rob him of a miser's joy.

Unseen to Moray's halls he hies—
He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,
And, "Haste to yonder groves," he cries,
"And ambush'd lie by Carron's strand.

What time ye mark from bower or glen
A gentle lady take her way,
To distance due, and far from ken,
Allow her length of time to stray.

Then ransack straight that range of groves—
With hunter's spear, and vest of green,
If chance a rosy stripling roves,—
Ye well can aim your arrows keen."

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,
And Ellen takes her homeward way:
Though stay'd by many a tender sigh,
She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale
The lover leans his gentle heart,
Revolving many a tender tale,
And wond'ring still how they could part.

Three arrows pierced the desert air,
Ere yet his tender dreams depart;
And one struck deep his forehead fair,
And one went through his gentle heart.

Love's waking dream is lost in sleep—
He lies beneath yon poplar pale;
Ah! could we marvel ye should weep,
Ye maidens fair of Marlivale!

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
And the wave slept against the shore,
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lammermore;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
Along the fairy-featured vale:
Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for, at her sight,
Swift as the mountain deer he sped;
The evening shades will sink in night—
Where art thou, loitering lover, fled?

O! she will chide thy trifling stay,
E'en now the soft reproach she frames:
"Can lovers brook such long delay?
Lovers that boast of ardent flames!"

He comes not—weary with the chase,
Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
Thy heart will far forego my tale!

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
She's not in Moray's splendid train;
Their mistress dear, at midnight hour,
Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

Her pillow swells not deep with down;
For her no balms their sweets exhale:
Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
Press'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
And the chill mountain's early air
Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

As the soft star of orient day,
When clouds involve his rosy light,
Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
And leaves the world once more to night:

Returning life illumes her eye,
And slow its languid orb unfolds,—
What are those bloody arrows nigh?
Sure, bloody arrows she beholds!

What was that form so ghastly pale,
That low beneath the poplar lay?—
'Twas some poor youth—"Ah, Nithisdale!"
She said, and silent sunk away.

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
Can morn's sweet music rouse the dead?
Give the set eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind
Which nature not profusely yields,
Seeks in these lonely shades to find
Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
O'er all his paly visage glides—
"Ah me! what means this misery here?
What fate this lady fair betides?"

He bears her to his friendly home,
When life, he finds, has but retired:—
With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
For his is quite, is quite expired!

XIII.

"O hide me in thy humble bower,"
Returning late to life, she said;
"I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
With many a rosy wreath thy head.

Good shepherd, haste to yonder grove,
And, if my love asleep is laid,
Oh! wake him not; but softly move
Some pillow to that gentle head.

Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
Thou know'st the sun-rise o'er the sea—
But oh! no lamb in all thy train
Was e'er so mild, so mild as he."

"His head is on the wood-moss laid;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sing the redbreast o'er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep?"

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noontide ray,
When soften'd by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower, more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and, wand'ring near,
The stranger, reason, cross'd her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know!
Ah! sure the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe!

XIV.

On melancholy's silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray's halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow-consuming hour she'll weep,
Till nature seeks her last left aid
In the sad sombrous arms of sleep.

"These jewels, all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou," she said, "good shepherd, take:
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen's sake.

So fail thou not, at eve or morn,
The rosemary's pale bough to bring—
Thou know'st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

Heedful I'll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess's care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share."

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray's halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear.
That wears love's sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here?
Or is it but a shepherd's boy?

By Carron's side, a shepherd's boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed;
He wears love's sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI.

But ah! no more his infant sleep
Closes beneath a mother's smile,
Who, only when it closed, would weep,
And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
She seeks th' unspoken wish to find;
No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast?
Is she the friend of stern control?
Wears she the despot's purple vest?
Or fetters she the free-born soul?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim
In chains thy children's breasts to bind?
Gavest thou the Promethean flame?
The incommunicable mind?

Thy offspring are great nature's—free,
And of her fair dominion heirs;
Each privilege she gives to thee;
Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
Perhaps some feelings of thy heart;
And wilt thou their loved hearts deny
To act their fair, their proper part?

XVIII.

The lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
Ill-fated Ellen, claims thy hand;
Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
Was low laid by his ruffian band.

And Moray, with unfather'd eyes,
Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
Attends his human sacrifice,
Without the Grecian painter's veil.

O married love! thy bard shall own,
Where two congenial souls unite,
Thy golden chain inlaid with down,
Thy lamp with heaven's own splendour bright.

But of no radiant star of love,
O Hymen! smile on thy fair rite,
Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow wandering wing
Borne many a year unmark'd with speed—
Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
Who bound his vale-flowers with the reed?

Ah me! those flowers he binds no more;
No early charm returns again;
The parent, nature, keeps in store
Her best joys for her little train.

No longer heed the sunbeam bright
That plays on Carron's breast he can,
Reason has lent her quiv'ring light,
And shown the chequer'd field of man.

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
With pensive eye himself survey'd,
And, all unconscious of his birth,
Sat thoughtful oft in Eden's shade;

In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
Wild Carron's lonely woods among,
And once within their greenest glade,
He fondly framed his simple song:

XXI.

"Why is this crook adorn'd with gold?
Why am I tales of ladies told?
Why does no labour me employ,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

A silken vest like mine so green
In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
Why should I in such vesture joy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy?

I know it is no shepherd's art
His written meaning to impart—
They teach me sure an idle toy,
If I am but a shepherd's boy,

This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
It could not come from shepherd's farm;
It only would that arm annoy,
If I were but a shepherd's boy.

And O thou silent picture fair,
That lovest to smile upon me there,
O say, and fill my heart with joy,
That I am not a shepherd's boy."

XXII.

Ah, lovely youth! thy tender lay
May not thy gentle life prolong:
Seest thou yon nightingale a prey?
The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song?

His little heart is large with love:
He sweetly hails his evening star;
And fate's more pointed arrows move,
Insidious, from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdess, whose kindly care
Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
Must now their silent mansions share,
Whom time leads calmly down to death.

"O tell me, parent if thou art,
What is this lovely picture dear?
Why wounds its mournful eye my heart?
Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear?"

"Ah, youth! to leave thee loth am I,
Though I be not thy parent dear;
And wouldst thou wish, or ere I die,
The story of thy birth to hear?

But it will make thee much bewail,
And it will make thy fair eye swell—"
She said, and told the woesome tale,
As sooth as shepherdess might tell.

XXIV.

The heart that sorrow doom'd to share
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But when that zeal is first imprest,
When the young heart its pain shall try,
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly:

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
In paleness clothed, and lifted hands,
And horror's dread unmeaning gaze,
Mark the poor statue as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
Look'd wistful for the tear to glide;
But, when she saw his tearless strife,
Silent, she lent him one and died.

XXV.

"No, I am not a shepherd's boy,"
Awaking from his dream, he said:
"Ah, where is now the promised joy
Of this?—for ever, ever fled!

O picture dear!—for her loved sake
How fondly could my heart bewail!
My friendly shepherdess, O wake,
And tell me more of this sad tale.

O tell me more of this sad tale—
No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep!
And I will go to Lothian's vale,
And more than all her waters weep."

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian's vale is fled—
Earl Barnard's lofty towers appear—
"O! art thou there?" the full heart said,
"O! art thou there, my parent dear?"

Yes, she is there: from idle state
Oft has she stole her hour to weep;
Think how she "by thy cradle sat,"
And how she "fondly saw thee sleep."

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
Full many a tender line of love:
And still he blots the parent's name,
For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O'er a fair fountain's smiling side
Reclined a dim tower, clad with moss,
Where every bird was wont to bide,
That languish'd for its partner's loss.

This scene he chose, this scene assign'd
A parent's first embrace to wait,
And many a soft fear fill'd his mind,
Anxious for his fond letter's fate.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
The well-informing bracelet bore—
Ah! may they not unprosperous prove!
Ah! safely pass yon dangerous door!

XXVIII.

"She comes not;—can she then delay?"
Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear—
"Whatever filial love could say,
To her I said, and call'd her dear.

She comes—Oh! no—encircled round,
'Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
My hapless tale that earl has found—
Ah me! my heart!—for her I fear."

His tender tale that earl had read,
Or ere it reach'd his lady's eye;
His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
In rage he deems a rival nigh.

XXIX.

'Tis o'er—those locks that waved in gold,
That waved adown those cheeks so fair,
Wreathed in the gloomy tyrant's hold,
Hang from the sever'd head in air!

That streaming head he joys to bear
In horrid guise to Lothian's halls!
Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—
"Know'st thou these—Ellen of the vale?"
The pictured bracelet soon she knew,
And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.

The trembling victim straight he led,
Ere yet her soul's first fear was o'er:
He pointed to the ghastly head—
She saw—and sunk to rise no more.

Dr. Langhorne.—Born 1735, *Died* 1779.

936.—A LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of fancy and of art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.
Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome we were wont to rove,
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honied oak rejoice,
And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more;
Lost to the fields, and torn from you—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way!
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold,
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you;
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!
Shakspere, no more thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,
Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore,
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.
There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenced by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queen, is more admired.
Oh let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverend awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age;
Where, mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end;
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.
Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour and my conscience clear.
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

Sir William Blackstone.—
Born 1723, *Died* 1780.

937.—O, NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME.

O, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
Say, canst thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the winter wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear,
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Dr. Thomas Percy.—Born 1728, *Died* 1811.

938.—THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walk'd forth to tell his beads,
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see."

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"Oh! by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon:

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view,
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyes of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
At his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirkyard wall."

"And art thou dead, thou gentle youth—
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou die for love of me?
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not so,
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more;
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd, the sweetest shower
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly;
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not so, thou holy friar!
I pray thee say not so;
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again—
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah, no! he is dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose—
The comeliest youth was he;
But he is dead and laid in his grave,
Alas! and woe is me."

"Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

"Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee say not so;
My love he had the truest heart—
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

"Yet stay, fair lady, rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall;
The cold wind through the hawthorn blows,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

"O stay me not, thou holy friar,
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."



THE SHIPWRECK.

"Again she plunges—hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock.

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

Here, forced by grief and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

Dr. Thomas Percy.—Born 1728, *Died* 1811.

939.—THE CAVE.

The wind is up, the field is bare,
Some hermit lead me to his cell,
Where Contemplation, lonely fair,
With bless'd content has chose to dwell.

Behold! it opens to my sight,
Dark in the rock, beside the flood;
Dry fern around obstructs the light;
The winds above it move the wood.

Reflected in the lake, I see
The downward mountains and the skies,
The flying bird, the waving tree,
The goats that on the hill arise.

The gray-cloak'd herd drives on the cow,
The slow-paced fowler walks the heath;
A freckled pointer scours the brow;
A musing shepherd stands beneath.

Curved o'er the ruin of an oak,
The woodman lifts his axe on high;
The hills re-echo to the stroke;
I see—I see the shivers fly!

Some rural maid, with apron full,
Brings fuel to the homely flame;
I see the smoky columns roll,
And, through the chinky hut, the beam.

Beside a stone o'ergrown with moss,
Two well-met hunters talk at ease;
Three panting dogs beside repose;
One bleeding deer is stretch'd on grass.

A lake at distance spreads to sight,
Skirted with shady forests round;
In midst, an island's rocky height
Sustains a ruin, once renown'd.

One tree bends o'er the naked walls;
Two broad-wing'd eagles hover nigh;
By intervals a fragment falls,
As blows the blast along the sky.

The rough-spun hinds the pinnace guide
With labouring oars along the flood;
An angler, bending o'er the tide,
Hangs from the boat the insidious wood.

Beside the flood, beneath the rocks,
On grassy bank, two lovers lean;
Bend on each other amorous looks,
And seem to laugh and kiss between.

The wind is rustling in the oak;
They seem to hear the tread of feet;
They start, they rise, look round the rock;
Again they smile, again they meet.

But see! the grey mist from the lake
Ascends upon the shady hills;
Dark storms the murmuring forests shake,
Rain beats around a hundred rills.

To Damon's homely hut I fly;
I see it smoking on the plain;
When storms are past and fair the sky,
I'll often seek my cave again.

James Macpherson.—Born 1738, *Died* 1796.

940.—MORNING.

Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red east he flitted with his train;
The Houris draw away the gate of Night,
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain:
The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye,
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain,
Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The soldier stood upon the hillis side,
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

Chatterton.—Born 1752, *Died* 1770.

941.—SPRING.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads be sprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The fresh young cowslip bendeth with the dew;
The trees enleafed, into heaven straight,

When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din
is brought.
The evening comes, and brings the dews
along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth en-
twine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something
still.

Chatterton.—Born 1752, *Died* 1770.

942.—THE PROPHECY.

This truth of old was sorrow's friend—
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty 's then to know
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption 's nigh.

When vile Corruption's brazen face
At council-board shall take her place;
And lords-commissioners resort
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

See Pension's harbour, large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G——'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When civil power shall snore at ease;
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the outs and all the ins;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years' lease, you-sold, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand—
For your redemption 's in your hand.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

Chatterton.—Born 1752, *Died* 1770.

943.—BRISTOW TRAGEDY, OR THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

The feather'd songster chanticleer
Had wound his bugle-horn,
And told the early villager
The coming of the morn:

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
Of light eclipse the gray,
And heard the raven's croaking throat
Proclaim the fated day.

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for by the God
That sits enthroned on high!
Charles Bawdin, and his fellows twain,
To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
His knights did on him wait;
"Go tell the traitor, that to-day
He leaves this mortal state."

Sir Canterlone then bended low,
With heart brimful of woe;
He journey'd to the castle-gate,
And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain,
And eke his loving wife,
With briny tears did wet the floor,
For good Sir Charles's life.

"Oh good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
"Bad tidings I do bring."
"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles;
"What says the traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell: before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," said brave Sir Charles;
"Of that I'm not afraid;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesus, I'm prepared.

But tell thy king, for mine he 's not,
I'd sooner die to-day,
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Mr. Canynge sought the king,
And fell down on his knee;
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace,
To move your clemency."

"Then," quoth the king, "your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, though mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right.

He has a spouse and children twain;
All ruin'd are for aye,
If that you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said;
"Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head:

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed:
Speak, Mr. Canynge! what thing else
At present do you need?"

"My noble liege!" good Canynge said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside;
Be thine the olive rod.

Was God to search our hearts and reins,
The best were sinners great;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
'Twill fix thy crown full sure;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure:

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canynge, away! this traitor vile
Has scorn'd my power and me;
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Will valorous actions prize;
Respect a brave and noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canynge, away! By God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live!

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last!"
Then Canynge dropp'd a briny tear,
And from the presence pass'd.

With heart brimful of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," said brave Sir Charles;
"What boots it how or when?
Death is the sure, the certain fate,
Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry?"

Saith godly Canynge, "I do weep,
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife;
'Tis this that wets mine eye."

"Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor-king.

When through the tyrant's welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be?

How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around;
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fatten'd ground.

How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismay'd?
No! from my heart fly childish fear;
Be all the man display'd.

Ah, godlike Henry! God forefend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis his will; but if 'tis not,
Why, then his will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note;
My father did a noble arms
Emblazon on his coat;

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go,
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right:

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door:

And none can say but all my life
I have his wordis kept;
And summ'd the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

I have a spouse, go ask of her
If I defiled her bed?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

In Lent, and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain;
Why should I then appear dismay'd
To leave this world of pain?

No, hapless Henry! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

Oh, fickle people! ruin'd land!
Thou wilt ken peace no moe;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did chop your easy days
For those of blood and pain?

What though I on a sledge be drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind;

What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death! for life eterne
I leave this mortal life:
Farewell, vain world, and all that 's dear,
My sons and loving wife!

Now death as welcome to me comes
As e'er the month of May;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife to stay."

Saith Canynge, "'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground.

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeigned tears of woe
With loud and dismal din.

"Sweet Florence! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

Sweet Florence! why these briny tears?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss;
Now, as a proof of husband's love
Receive this holy kiss."

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordis spoke:
"Ah, cruel Edward! bloody king!
My heart is well nigh broke.

Ah, sweet Sir Charles! why wilt thou go
Without thy loving wife?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turnèd to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say:

"I go to life, and not to death,
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts him love.

Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father run,
Florence! should death thee take—adieu!
Ye officers lead on."

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear;
"Oh stay, my husband, lord, and life!"
Sir Charles then dropp'd a tear.

Till tirèd out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And march'd from out the door.

Upon a sledge he mounted then,
With looks full brave and sweet;
Looks that enshone no more concern
Than any in the streèt.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold:

The friars of Saint Augustine next
Appearèd to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds,
Of godly monkish plight:

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant;
Behind their back six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then five-and-twenty archers came;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-laid sledde,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head.

Behind him five and twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout.

Saint James's friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strange bataunt.

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet deck'd;
And their attending men each one,
Like eastern princes trick'd.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say,
"O Thou that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day."

At the great minster window sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledde drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up,
And thus his words declare:

"Thou seest me, Edward! traitor vile!
Exposed to infamy;
But be assured, disloyal man,
I'm greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown;
And hast appointed me to die
By power not thine own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
'Twixt king and tyrant hand.

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave!
Shall fall on thy own head"—
From out of hearing of the king
Departed then the sledde.

King Edward's soul rush'd to his face,
He turn'd his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say:

"To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring;
Behold the man! he spake the truth;
He's greater than a king!"

"So let him die!" Duke Richard said;
"And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows."

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloody war.

And to the people he did say:
"Behold you see me die,
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land,
No quiet you will know;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king,
When in adversity;
Like me, unto the true cause stick,
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching him unto himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman stroke:

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partis cut;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

One part did rot on Kinwulph-hill,
One on the minster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen did devour.

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In high street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
God prosper long our king,
And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
In heaven God's mercy sing.

Chatterton.—Born 1752, *Died* 1770.

944.—THE MINSTREL'S SONG IN ELLA.

O! sing unto my roundelay;
O! drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be;
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Sweet his tongue as throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought was he;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
Oh! he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Hark! the raven flaps his wing,
In the brier'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true-love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Here, upon my true-love's grave,
Shall the garish flowers be laid,
Nor one holy saint to save
All the sorrows of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

With my hands I'll bind the briers,
Round his holy cors to gre;
Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree.

Water-witches, crowned with reytes,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die—I come—my true-love waits.
Thus the damsel spake, and died.

Chatterton.—Born 1752, *Died* 1770.

945.—CHARACTER OF THE SHIP'S OFFICERS.

O'er the gay vessel, and her daring band,
Experienced Albert held the chief command:
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refined.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confess'd the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just, the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breathed a gay serene.
Him science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, through climes unknown,
That leads to every shore and every zone.
He saw the moon through heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and sinks the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inured to peril, with unconquer'd soul,
The chief beheld tempestuous ocean's roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.

The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore.
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stored, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar and shelf the watery path they sound,
With dexterous arm; sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat ev'ry hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclined.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplined in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefined,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—
Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy justice slumbers o'er her sword—
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal!
Too oft example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew:
Unskill'd to argue; in dispute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unschool'd, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised:
Yet though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of fame?
While yet a stripling, oft, with fond alarms,
His bosom danced to nature's boundless charms;
On him fair science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young fancy's flower;
But frowning fortune with untimely blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where science and the tuneful sisters rove.—
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
In vain!—for rude adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye bless'd Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated swain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction panting to the shore.
This last our tragic story from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad remembrance bleeds at ev'ry vein.

Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravell'd course by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various sail,
Whose various force conforms to every gale.—
Charged with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name;
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a secret flame his bosom fed.
Nor let the wretched slaves of folly scorn
This genuine passion, nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.

Graceful of form, by nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smiled with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with suspicion's ear,
And learn'd, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to nature's warm impressions true!

Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil:
That soil impregnated with nobler seed,
Refused the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent eyed the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
Indignant he rebuked th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy:
He soothed and menaced, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting music fail'd,
And pleasure's syren voice no more prevail'd.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look and voice assumed a harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remain'd;
And such the stern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom.
In vain with bitter sorrow he repined,
No tender pity touch'd that sordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge consign'd.
The stately ship, forsaking England's shore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still loved fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart still panted for its secret home.

Falconer.—Born 1730, *Died* 1769.

946.—THE SHIP DEPARTING FROM THE HAVEN.

The sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanced obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were seen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around enchantment reigns!
While yet the shades, on time's eternal scale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the soul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.—
Now radiant Vesper leads the starry train,
And night slow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charged bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale or sing;
As love or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine awake their homely strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.
Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
While infant breezes from the shore arise.
The waning moon, behind a wat'ry shroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone.
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.—
While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy swain,
Approach'd the sacred hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flash between;
And funeral pomp and weeping loves are seen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.
Then sudden from the slippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering sound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung;
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung.
"All hands unmoor!" proclaims a boisterous cry:
"All hands unmoor!" the cavern rocks reply.
Roused from repose aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm.
The order given, up-springing with a bound
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls resound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor rises o'er the wave.
Along their slippery masts the yards ascend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And through inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the vessel o'er the silver stream:
Along the glassy plain serene she glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides.

From east to north the transient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter soon decay.
A calm ensues; they dread th' adjacent shore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are sent before:
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow.
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend;
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend.
Success attends their skill: the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more.
Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the sight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But sternly frowning, wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight.
North-east the guardian isle of Standia lies,
And westward Freschin's woody capes arise.
With winning postures now the wanton sails
Spread all their snares to charm th' inconstant gales.
The swelling stu'n sails now their wings extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are placed;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely braced.
The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the sun yet struggling in the cloud:
Through the wide atmosphere condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The mystic needle's devious aim to try.
The compass placed to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey.
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their sage experience thus explores the height
And polar distance of the source of light:
Then through the chiliads' triple maze they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward steel, to truth thus reconciled,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguiled.
The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas.
Her milk-white bottom casts a softer gleam,
While trembling through the green translucent stream.
The wales, that close above in contrast shone,
Clasp the long fabric with a jetty zone,
Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gazed o'er the vassal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er she moved the vassal-waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident graced her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the surge, like Moses' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war—
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tamed into union, yoked in friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main.
From the broad margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she received,
When first her head above the waters heaved.
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest;
A figured scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There, from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.
Such was the sculptured prow from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum above the wave,
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.

* * * *

High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-blushing armours all the tops invest;
And warlike trophies either quarter drest:
Then tower'd the masts, the canvas swell'd on high,
And waving streamers floated in the sky.
Thus the rich vessel moves in trim array,
Like some fair virgin on her bridal day:
Thus like a swan she cleaves the wat'ry plain,
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

Falconer.—Born 1730, *Died* 1769.

947.—DISTRESS OF THE VESSEL.

No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!
While o'er the quivering deck from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career.

Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart, the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.
Like some strong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untamed he stood; the stern aërial war,
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbraced,
And pointed crows beneath the metal placed.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thundering they plunge into the flashing tide.

Falconer.—Born 1730, *Died* 1769.

948.—COUNCIL OF THE OFFICERS.

Again the chief th' instructive draught extends,
And o'er the figured plane attentive bends!
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the sun's refulgent throne;
But here, alas, his science nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverses since twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way explored,
As swept across the graduated chord.
Her place discover'd by the rules of art,
Unusual terrors shook the master's heart;
When Falconera's rugged isle he found
Within her drift, with shelves, and breakers bound;
For if on those destructive shallows tost,
The helpless bark with all her crew are lost:
As fatal still appears, that danger o'er,
The steep St. George and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeless state
In mournful consultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appal
When some proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
Nor storied pillars raised aloft the head;
But here the queen of shade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, disastrous to the view!
Dire was the scene, with whirlwind, hail, and shower;
Black melancholy ruled the fearful hour!
Beneath tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
Where fate on every billow seem'd to ride—
Inclosed with ills, by peril unsubdued,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood:
Skill'd to command, deliberate to advise;
Expert in action, and in council wise;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul the chief referr'd:
Ye faithful mates, who all my troubles share,
Approved companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Though now of every flattering hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast.
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know,
The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands;
A leaky ship embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds;
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds,
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To shun the fury of the seas and wind.
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more;
Yet this or other ills she must endure;
A dire disease, and desperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counsel and your voice.
These only in our power are left to try:
To perish here, or from the storm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment cast,
For various reasons I prefer the last.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight,
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign;
Forbid it, Heaven, that in this dreadful hour
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideward to the sea,
Our dropsied ship may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may soon her frame devour.
He said; the listening mates with fix'd regard
And silent reverence his opinion heard.
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending fate.

Rodmond, in many a scene of peril tried,
Had oft the master's happier skill descried.
Yet now, the hour, the scene, the occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art;
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blast·
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious balancing th' opposed events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents.
Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our strength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road pursue,
With death before still opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shattered by the ruffian seas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chased by this tempest and outrageous sea?
For while its violence the tempest keeps,
Bereft of every sail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to present death we haste;
And one short hour perhaps may be our last.
In vain the gulf of Corinth, on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a passage free;
Since, if before the blast the vessel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers rise.
Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares;
There distant Greece her rugged shelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom strike that rocky shore,
The splitting bark that instant were no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to perish too.
Thus if to scud too rashly we consent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though sorely buffeted by every sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.
The crew, though harass'd long with toils severe,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near,
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing moon:
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide.
These leaks shall then decrease; the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore.—
Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the vessel, through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth they eyed the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their post, by terrors unsubdued,
They with redoubling force their task pursued.
And now the senior pilot seem'd to wait
Arion's voice to close the dark debate.
Though many a bitter storm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's school the wandering stripling taught,
Not twice nine summers yet matured his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at last innoxious on his heart.
His mind still shunning care with secret hate,
In patient indolence resign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus roused to action his rekindling soul.
With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark distresses on each side combined:
While here we linger in the pass of fate,
I see no moment left for sad debate.
For, some decision if we wish to form,
Ere yet our vessel sink beneath the storm,
Her shatter'd state and you desponding crew
At once suggest what measures to pursue.
The labouring hull already seems half-fill'd
With waters through a hundred leaks distill'd;
As in a dropsy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd she lies, a dead inactive weight;
Thus drench'd by every wave, her riven deck
Stripp'd and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can sustain
These fell invasions of the bursting main.
At every pitch, the o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quivering bowsprit-end.
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dark dismay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increasing leak defy:
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and save us from the watery tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
'Tis urged indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding sail;
And driven before it on the watery waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste,

But haply Falconera we may shun;
And far to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear;
Even then the wearied storms as soon shall die,
Or less torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there a while may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind Heaven, with interposing power,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we stay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He said:—Palemon saw, with grief of heart,
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terror and distress involved,
He heard their last alternative resolved.
High beat his bosom; with such fear subdued,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering swain explored
The midnight wizards' breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the songs of hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish moved,
The deep affliction of the friend he loved;
And, all awake to friendship's genial heat,
His bosom felt consenting tumults beat.
Alas! no season this for tender love;
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove!——
With comfort's soothing voice, from hope deceived,
Palemon's drooping spirit he revived,
For consolation oft, with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all the events revolved,
And on their final refuge thus resolved;
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose gallant spirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmoved behold this angry storm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near!
The truth, though grievous, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purposed to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find;
At once to wear and scud before the wind.
Perhaps even then to ruin we may steer;
For broken shores beneath our lee appear;
But that 's remote, and instant death is here;
Yet there, by Heaven's assistance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blast subside.
But if, determined by the will of Heaven,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driven,
These counsels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating sailors in the surf may save.
And first let all our axes be secured,
To cut the masts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the vessel and the shore.
The longest cordage too must be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may fasten on the strand.
Whene'er loud thundering on the leeward shore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepared,
Brace fore and aft to starboard every yard.
So shall our masts swim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our seamen save.
Then westward turn the stem, that every mast
May shoreward fall, when from the vessel cast.—
When o'er her side once more the billows bound,
Ascend the rigging till she strikes the ground:
And when you hear aloft the alarming shock
That strikes her bottom on some pointed rock,
The boldest of our sailors must descend,
The dangerous business of the deck to tend;
Then each, secured by some convenient cord,
Should cut the shrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next assail each mast!
And booms, and oars, and rafts to leeward cast.
Thus, while the cordage stretch'd ashore may guide
Our brave companions through the swelling tide,
This floating lumber shall sustain them o'er
The rocky shelves, in safety to the shore.
But as your firmest succour, till the last,
O cling securely on each faithful mast!
Though great the danger, and the task severe,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that slavish yoke your spirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itself farewell!

I know among you some full oft have
view'd,
With murd'ring weapons arm'd, a lawless
brood,
On England's vile inhuman shore who stand,
The foul reproach and scandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the
strand.
These, while their savage office they pursue,
Oft wound to death the helpless plunder'd
crew,
Who, 'scaped from every horror of the main,
Implored their mercy, but implored in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece un-
known,
Such blood-hounds all her circling shores
disown:
Her sons, by barbarous tyranny oppress'd,
Can share affliction with the wretch distress'd:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inured to grief,
Oft to the friendless stranger yield relief.
With conscious horror struck, the naval
band
Detested for a while their native land:
They cursed the sleeping vengeance of the
laws,
That thus forgot her guardian sailors' cause.
Meanwhile the master's voice again they
heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all revered.
No more remains—but now a trusty band
Must ever at the pump industrious stand;
And while with us the rest attend to wear,
Two skilful seamen to the helm repair!—
O Source of life! our refuge and our stay!
Whose voice the warring elements obey,
On thy supreme assistance we rely;
Thy mercy supplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this storm is sent, with healing
breath,
From neighbouring shores to scourge disease
and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to trust:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is
just."

William Falconer.—Born 1730, *Died* 1769.

949.—THE VESSEL GOING TO PIECES.

And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught the dreadful scene drew
near!
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of
death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar
beneath!
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue famed,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of frenzy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;
The tottering frame of reason yet sustain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid
shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the
ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps
resound!
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment
reels.
So reels, convulsed with agonising throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's
blows.—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair, while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

* * * * * * *

As o'er the surge the stooping main-mast
hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were
cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows'
rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades
below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous
thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts de-
scend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving
tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And press'd the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!

Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses! red with human blood!
So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel.
Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return;
To black adversity's approach exposed,
With want and hardships unforeseen inclosed:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Redmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!

William Falconer.—Born 1730, *Died* 1769.

950.—THE MISERIES OF A POET'S LIFE.

The harlot muse, so passing gay,
Bewitches only to betray.
Though for a while with easy air
She smooths the rugged brow of care,
And laps the mind in flowery dreams,
With Fancy's transitory gleams;
Fond of the nothings she bestows,
We wake at last to real woes.
Through every age, in every place,
Consider well the poet's case;
By turns protected and caress'd,
Defamed, dependent, and distress'd,
The joke of wits, the bane of slaves,
The curse of fools, the butt of knaves;
Too proud to stoop for servile ends,
To lacquey rogues or flatter friends;
With prodigality to give,
Too careless of the means to live;
The bubble fame intent to gain,
And yet too lazy to maintain;
He quits the world he never prized,
Pitied by few, by more despised,
And, lost to friends, oppressed by foes,
Sinks to the nothing whence he rose.
O glorious trade! for wit 's a trade,
Where men are ruin'd more than made!
Let crazy Lee, neglected Gay,
The shabby Otway, Dryden gray,
Those tuneful servants of the Nine
(Not that I blend their names with mine),
Repeat their lives, their works, their fame,
And teach the world some useful shame.

Robert Lloyd.—Born 1733, *Died* 1764.

951.—WRETCHEDNESS OF A SCHOOL-USHER.

Were I at once empower'd to show
My utmost vengeance on my foe,
To punish with extremest rigour,
I could inflict no penance bigger,
Than, using him as learning's tool,
To make him usher of a school.
For, not to dwell upon the toil
Of working on a barren soil,
And labouring with incessant pains,
To cultivate a blockhead's brains,
The duties there but ill befit
The love of letters, arts, or wit.
For one, it hurts me to the soul,
To brook confinement or control;
Still to be pinion'd down to teach
The syntax and the parts of speech;
Or, what perhaps is drudgery worse,
The links, and points, and rules of verse;
To deal out authors by retail,
Like penny pots of Oxford ale;
Oh, 'tis a service irksome more,
Than tugging at the slavish oar!
Yet such his task, a dismal truth,
Who watches o'er the bent of youth,
And while a paltry stipend earning,
He sows the richest seeds of learning,
And till *their* minds with proper care,
And sees them their due produce bear;
No joys, alas! his toil beguile,
His *own* lies fallow all the while.
"Yet still he 's on the road," you say,
"Of learning." Why, perhaps he may,
But turns like horses in a mill,
Nor getting on, nor standing still;
For little way his learning reaches,
Who reads no more than what he teaches.

Robert Lloyd.—Born 1733, *Died* 1764.

952.—REMORSE.

Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.

'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Whose praise or censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul;
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No; 'tis the tale, which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread handwriting on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass—
The mind which starting heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

953.—SMOLLETT.

Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done that angry heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wished a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound;
From Livy's temples tear the historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compared with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Whoever read the Regicide but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and underplots may call,
Here 's the right method—have no plot at all!

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

954.—HOGARTH.

In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

955.—ON THE POVERTY OF POETS.

What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours and excise our brains.
Burthens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute 's laid on castles in the air!

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

956.—CHARACTER OF A FRIBBLE.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What 's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares:

With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simp'ring on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage impannel'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female, neither and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.
Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what it wrote, none but itself should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause,
Then with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smiled, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by nature there
Appointed, with plain truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To its first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)—
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot:
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

957.—CHARACTERS OF QUIN, TOM SHERIDAN, AND GARRICK.

Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Received with joyful murmurs of applause
Their darling chief, and lined his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily praised, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place:
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
A universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care 's confined
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul,
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose:
Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick 's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man;
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit; that allows him none.
Between them both we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight.
Was speech-famed Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie;
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action 's always strong, but sometimes such.
That candour must declare he acts too much,
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right-leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the sailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit 's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out—"He 's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, critic. — "Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only used in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.
If bunglers, form'd on imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn.
But when, from nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,
When in the features all the soul 's portray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught:
Each start is nature; and each pause is thought.
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms;
What but a critic could condemn the play'r,
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst, in each sound, I hear the very man;
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.
Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay:
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleased;

Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with nature, must be pleased with thee.
Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout!
How ev'ry claimant, tortured with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.
The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:
"If manly sense; if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfined;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange pow'rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show;
Deserve the pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there."

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

958.—FROM THE PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head,
By niggard nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
Fresh as the morning, which, enrobed in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose;
Soon clad, I ween, where nature needs no clothes,
Where, from their youth, inured to winter skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.
Jockey, whose manly high-boned cheeks to crown
With freckles spotted flamed the golden down,
With mickle art could on the bagpipes play,
E'en from the rising to the setting day;
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleased, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.
Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.
One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares without entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loathe, and to be loathed by man,
Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place within: marking her noisome road
With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad;
Their webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starved spiders prey'd on half-starved flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;

And Famine, by her children always known,
As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.
Here—for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain—
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day take keep,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.
Jock. Sith to this cave by tempest we're confined,
And within ken our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid among yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.
Saw. Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, I wis,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.
Jock. Still have I known thee for a silly swain:
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve; what can't be cured,
So Donald right areeds, must be endured.
Saw. Full silly swain, I wot, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?
Jock. O she was bonny! All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Then the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that choice plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.
Saw. Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Cursed be that year by ev'ry honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seized, and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.
Jock. Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains:
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died:
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms!
Saw. Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Note never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! cursed those which still survive,
To mourn fifteen renew'd in forty-five.
Thus plain'd the boys when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror loved to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pined,
She oped, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.

Cease, cried the goddess, cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves,
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.
For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Hers all the toil, and all the profit ours;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend and fearless travel through the deep;
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach,
For us their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the north,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.

Churchill.—Born 1731, *Died* 1764.

959.—A RURAL SCENE.

Now sober Industry, illustrious power!
Hath raised the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along the unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom.
The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests and the golden grain.
Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip, nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their gray-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind,
Imagination rouses at the scene;

And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old gray stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

Michael Bruce.—Born 1746, *Died* 1767.

960.—HAPPINESS OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

How blest the man who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world!
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good;
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learned, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool,
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent and high-sounding phrase.
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose,
Politeness, raised in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale,
With blooming sallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenced, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs,
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young;
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time! Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tired,
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.
Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

Michael Bruce.—Born 1746, *Died* 1767.

961.—ELEGY.

'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er other western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course:
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train,
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, throned on ice, he holds eternal reign,
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun;
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the green sward, marked with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato traced the Almighty cause,
And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heaven gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

The wingèd moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

Michael Bruce.—Born 1746, *Died* 1767.

962.—TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

John Logan.—Born 1748, *Died* 1788.

963.—WRITTEN IN A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN AUTUMN.

'Tis past! no more the Summer blooms!
Ascending in the rear,
Behold congenial Autumn comes,
The sabbath of the year!
What time thy holy whispers breathe,
The pensive evening shade beneath,
And twilight consecrates the floods;
While nature strips her garment gay,
And wears the vesture of decay,
O let me wander through the sounding woods!

Ah! well-known streams!—ah! wonted groves,
Still pictured in my mind!
Oh! sacred scene of youthful loves,
Whose image lives behind!
While sad I ponder on the past,
The joys that must no longer last;
The wild-flower strown on Summer's bier,
The dying music of the grove,
And the last elegies of love,
Dissolve the soul, and draw the tender tear!

Alas! the hospitable hall,
Where youth and friendship play'd,
Wide to the winds a ruin'd wall
Projects a death-like shade!
The charm is vanish'd from the vales;
No voice with virgin-whisper hails
A stranger to his native bowers:
No more Arcadian mountains bloom,
Nor Enna valleys breathe perfume;
The fancied Eden fades with all its flowers!

Companions of the youthful scene,
Endear'd from earliest days!
With whom I sported on the green,
Or roved the woodland maze!
Long-exiled from your native clime,
Or by the thunder-stroke of time
Snatch'd to the shadows of despair;
I hear your voices in the wind,
Your forms in every walk I find;
I stretch my arms: ye vanish into air!

My steps, when innocent and young,
These fairy paths pursued;
And wandering o'er the wild, I sung
My fancies to the wood.
I mourn'd the linnet-lover's fate,
Or turtle from her murder'd mate,
Condemn'd the widow'd hours to wail:
Or while the mournful vision rose,
I sought to weep for imaged woes,
Nor real life believed a tragic tale!

Alas! misfortune's cloud unkind
May summer soon o'ercast!
And cruel fate's untimely wind
All human beauty blast!
The wrath of nature smites our bowers,
And promised fruits and cherish'd flowers,
The hopes of life in embryo sweeps,
Pale o'er the ruins of his prime,
And desolate before his time,
In silence sad the mourner walks and weeps!

Relentless power! whose fated stroke
O'er wretched man prevails!
Ha! love's eternal chain is broke,
And friendship's covenant fails.
Upbraiding forms! a moment's ease—
O memory! how shall I appease
The bleeding shade, the unlaid ghost?
What charm can bind the gushing eye,
What voice console the incessant sigh,
And everlasting longings for the lost?

Yet not unwelcome waves the wood
That hides me in its gloom,
While lost in melancholy mood
I muse upon the tomb.
Their chequer'd leaves the branches shed;
Whirling in eddies o'er my head,
They sadly sigh that Winter 's near:
The warning voice I hear behind,
That shakes the wood without a wind,
And solemn sounds the death-bell of the year.

Nor will I court Lethean streams,
The sorrowing sense to steep;
Nor drink oblivion of the themes
On which I love to weep.
Belated oft by fabled rill,
While nightly o'er the hallow'd hill
Aerial music seems to mourn;
I'll listen Autumn's closing strain;
Then woo the walks of youth again,
And pour my sorrows o'er the untimely urn!

John Logan.—Born 1748, *Died* 1788.

964.—COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
And flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

The inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
"The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?—

Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come."

Thus nature pour'd the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

"When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies."

John Logan.—Born 1748, *Died* 1788.

965.—THE HAMLET.—AN ODE.

The hinds how blest, who, ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in other blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue.
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay;
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.

No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share;
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers,
The curling woodbine's shade embowers;
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell disease before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

966.—ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun—
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature,
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestow'd.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

967.—WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled,
Of painful pedantry the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by Time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic falsely styled,
Intent. While cloister'd piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

968.—SONNET.

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic Art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart!
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours!
Vain the complaint: for Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately storied hall:
She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty bloom,
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

969.—INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE.

Beneath this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropp'd with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

970.—THE SUICIDE.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A Slayer of himself holds his accursed abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dyes
Damp mists involved the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that lingering laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late, aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand imbrued:
He fell, and groaning, grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
Had stored with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?"

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguiled,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refined,
And roused to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than Nature gave he knew,
While Misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With Spring's green swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refused each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To soothe a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,

Within an ivied nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray.
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

"Forbear, fond Bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same Power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe.

Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to Nature's blasted form.

Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation placed,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

971.—ODE SENT TO A FRIEND ON HIS LEAVING A FAVOURITE VILLAGE.

Ah, mourn, thou loved retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
Who now shall climb its brows to view
The length of landscape, ever new,
Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm;
The flinty dovecot's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof;
The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall;
The veteran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train;
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleased at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressèd hind,
That toils with feeble hands to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit,
And listening to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who, through the sunshine and the shower,
Descry the rainbow-painted tower?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embower
The grassy lane so rarely paced,
With azure flowerets idly graced?
Unnoticed now, at twilight's dawn,
Returning reapers cross the lawn;
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
Thy pensive evenings shade the sky.
For, lo! the Bard who rapture found
In every rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,—
Far from thy favour'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bowers
With shadowy shapes and airy powers.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling Genius flies forlorn,
His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the Nymphs forsake
The pathless copse and hedgerow brake:
Where the delved mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide,
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer Echo loves to lie.
No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;
Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickets brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that, pale and lone,
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage enchanter's spell
(As old Arabian fablers tell),
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smiled;
From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in every wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd, at distance, beauties new:
While gleaming o'er the crisped bowers
Rich spires arose, and sparkling towers.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show,

His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscured the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mould:
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd;
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

972.—A PANEGYRIC ON OXFORD ALE.

Balm of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, Juice benignant! O'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful night;
My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
While the rich draught with oft-repeated whiffs
Tobacco mild improves. Divine repast!
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps; in drowsy trance
Each thought subsides, and sweet oblivion wraps
My peaceful brain, as if the leaden rod
Of magic Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals
Or cheerful candle (save the make-weight's gleam
Haply remaining), heart-rejoicing Ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.
Meantime, not mindless of the daily task
Of tutor sage, upon the learned leaves
Of deep Smiglecius much I meditate;
While Ale inspires, and lends its kindred aid,
The thought-perplexing labour to pursue,
Sweet Helicon of Logic! But if friends
Congenial call me from the toilsome page,
To Pot-house I repair, the sacred haunt,
Where, Ale, thy votaries in full resort
Hold rites nocturnal. In capacious chair
Of monumental oak and antique mould,
That long has stood the rage of conquering years
Inviolate (nor in more ample chair
Smokes rosy Justice, when th' important cause,
Whether of hen-roost, or of mirthful rape,
In all the majesty of paunch he tries),
Studious of ease, and provident, I place
My gladsome limbs; while in repeated round
Returns replenish'd the successive cup,
And the brisk fire conspires to genial joy:
While haply, to relieve the lingering hours
In innocent delight, amusive Putt
On smooth joint-stool in emblematic play
The vain vicissitudes of fortune shows.
Nor reckoning, name tremendous, me disturbs,
Nor, call'd for, chills my breast with sudden fear;
While on the wonted door, expressive mark,
The frequent penny stands described to view,
In snowy characters and graceful row.—
Hail, Ticking! surest guardian of distress!
Beneath thy shelter, penniless I quaff
The cheerful cup, nor hear with hopeless heart
New oysters cried;—though much the Poet's friend,
Ne'er yet attempted in poetic strain,
Accept this tribute of poetic praise!
Nor Proctor thrice with vocal heel alarms
Our joys secure, nor deigns the lowly roof
Of Pot-house snug to visit: wiser he
The splendid tavern haunts, or coffee-house
Of James or Juggins, where the grateful breath
Of loathed tobacco ne'er diffused its balm;
But the lewd spendthrift, falsely deem'd polite,
While steams around the fragrant Indian bowl,
Oft damns the vulgar sons of humbler Ale:
In vain—the Proctor's voice arrests their joys;
Just fate of wanton pride and loose excess!
Nor less by day delightful is thy draught,
All-powerful Ale! whose sorrow-soothing sweets
Oft I repeat in vacant afternoon,
When tatter'd stockings ask my mending hand
Not unexperienced; while the tedious toil
Slides unregarded. Let the tender swain
Each morn regale on nerve-relaxing tea,
Companion meet of languor-loving nymph:
Be mine each morn with eager appetite
And hunger undissembled, to repair
To friendly buttery; there on smoking crust
And foaming Ale to banquet unrestrain'd,
Material breakfast! Thus in ancient days
Our ancestors robust with liberal cups
Usher'd the morn, unlike the squeamish sons
Of modern times: nor ever had the might
Of Briton's brave decay'd, had thus they fed,
With British Ale improving British worth.
With Ale irriguous, undismay'd I hear
The frequent dun ascend my lofty dome
Importunate: whether the plaintive voice
Of Laundress shrill awake my startled ear;
Or Barber spruce with supple look intrude;
Or Tailor with obsequious bow advance;
Or Groom invade me with defying front
And stern demeanour, whose emaciate steeds
(Whene'er or Phœbus shone with kindlier beams,

Or luckier chance the borrow'd boots supplied)
Had panted oft beneath my goring steel.
In vain they plead or threat: all-powerful Ale
Excuses new supplies, and each descends
With joyless pace, and debt-despairing looks:
Even Spacey with indignant brow retires,
Fiercest of duns! and conquer'd quits the field.
Why did the gods such various blessings pour
On hapless mortals, from their grateful hands
So soon the short-lived bounty to recall?—
Thus while, improvident of future ill,
I quaff the luscious tankard uncontroll'd,
And thoughtless riot in unlicensed bliss;
Sudden (dire fate of all things excellent!)
Th' unpitying Bursar's cross-affixing hand
Blasts all my joys, and stops my glad career.
Nor now the friendly Pot-house longer yields
A sure retreat, when night o'ershades the skies;
Nor Sheppard, barbarous matron, longer gives
The wonted trust, and Winter ticks no more.
Thus Adam, exiled from the beauteous scenes
Of Eden, grieved, no more in fragrant bower
On fruits divine to feast, fresh shade and vale
No more to visit, or vine-mantled grot;
But all forlorn, the dreary wilderness
And unrejoicing solitudes to trace:
Thus too the matchless bard, whose lay resounds
The Splendid Shilling's praise, in nightly gloom
Of lonesome garret, pined for cheerful Ale;
Whose steps in verse Miltonic I pursue,
Mean follower: like him with honest love
Of Ale divine inspired, and love of song.
But long may bounteous Heaven with watchful care
Avert his hapless lot! Enough for me
That, burning with congenial flame, I dared
His guiding steps at distance to pursue,
And sing his favourite theme in kindred strains.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

973.—THE PROGRESS OF DISCONTENT.

When now mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, a vicar plain,
At Oxford bred—in Anna's reign,
And thus, in form of humble suitor,
Bowing accosts a reverend tutor:
"Sir, I'm a Glo'stershire divine,
And this my eldest son of nine;
My wife's ambition and my own
Was that this child should wear a gown;
I'll warrant that his good behaviour
Will justify your future favour;
And, for his parts, to tell the truth,
My son 's a very forward youth;
Has Horace all by heart—you'd wonder—
And mouths out Homer's Greek like thunder.
If you'd examine—and admit him,
A scholarship would nicely fit him;
That he succeeds 'tis ten to one;
Your vote and interest, sir!"—'Tis done.
Our pupil's hopes, though twice defeated,
Are with a scholarship completed:
A scholarship but half maintains,
And college rules are heavy chains:
In garret dark he smokes and puns;
A prey to discipline and duns;
And now, intent on new designs,
Sighs for a fellowship—and fines.
When nine full tedious winters past,
That utmost wish is crown'd at last:
But the rich prize no sooner got,
Again he quarrels with his lot:
"These fellowships are pretty things,
We live indeed like petty kings:
But who can bear to waste his whole age
Amid the dulness of a college,
Debarr'd the common joys of life,
And that prime bliss—a loving wife!
O! what's a table richly spread,
Without a woman at its head?
Would some snug benefice but fall,
Ye feasts, ye dinners! farewell all!
To offices I'd bid adieu,
Of Dean, Vice-Præs—of Bursar too:
Come, joys that rural quiet yields,
Come, tithes, and house, and fruitful fields!"
Too fond of freedom and of ease
A Patron's vanity to please,
Long time he watches, and by stealth,
Each frail Incumbent's doubtful health;
At length, and in his fortieth year,
A living drops—two hundred clear!
With breast elate beyond expression,
He hurries down to take possession,
With rapture views the sweet retreat—
"What a convenient house! how neat!
For fuel here 's sufficient wood:
Pray God the cellars may be good!
The garden—that must be new plann'd—
Shall these old-fashion'd yew-trees stand?
O'er yonder vacant plot shall rise
The flowery shrub of thousand dyes:—
Yon wall, that feels the southern ray,
Shall blush with ruddy fruitage gay:
While thick beneath its aspect warm
O'er well-ranged hives the bees shall swarm,
From which, ere long, of golden gleam
Metheglin's luscious juice shall stream:
This awkward hut, o'ergrown with ivy,
We'll alter to a modern privy:

Up yon green slope, of hazels trim,
An avenue so cool and dim
Shall to an arbour, at the end,
In spite of gout, entice a friend.
My predecessor loved devotion—
But of a garden had no notion."
Continuing this fantastic farce on,
He now commences country parson.
To make his character entire,
He weds—a Cousin of the Squire;
Not over weighty in the purse,
But many Doctors have done worse:
And though she boasts no charms divine,
Yet she can carve, and make birch wine.
Thus fix'd, content he taps his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel;
Finds his Church-wardens have discerning
Both in good liquor and good learning;
With tithes his barns replete he sees,
And chuckles o'er his surplice fees;
Studies to find out latent dues,
And regulates the state of pews;
Rides a sleek mare with purple housing,
To share the monthly club's carousing;
Of Oxford pranks facetious tells,
And—but on Sundays—hears no bells;
Sends presents of his choicest fruit,
And prunes himself each sapless shoot;
Plants cauliflowers, and boasts to rear
The earliest melons of the year;
Thinks alteration charming work is,
Keeps bantam cocks, and feeds his turkeys;
Builds in his copse a favourite bench,
And stores the pond with carp and tench.—
But, ah! too soon his thoughtless breast
By cares domestic is opprest;
And a third butcher's bill, and brewing,
Threaten inevitable ruin:
For children fresh expenses yet,
And Dicky now for school is fit.
"Why did I sell my college life,"
He cries, "for benefice and wife?
Return, ye days, when endless pleasure
I found in reading, or in leisure!
When calm around the common-room
I puff'd my daily pipe's perfume!
Rode for a stomach, and inspected,
At annual bottlings, corks selected:
And dined untax'd, untroubled, under
The portrait of our pious Founder!
When impositions were supplied
To light my pipe—or soothe my pride—
No cares were then for forward peas,
A yearly-longing wife to please;
My thoughts no christening dinners crost,
No children cried for butter'd toast;
And every night I went to bed,
Without a Modus in my head!"
Oh! trifling head, and fickle heart!
Chagrin'd at whatsoe'er thou art;
A dupe to follies yet untried,
And sick of pleasures, scarce enjoy'd!
Each prize possess'd, thy transport ceases,
And in pursuit alone it pleases.

Thomas Warton.—Born 1728, *Died* 1790.

974.—TO FANCY.

O parent of each lovely muse!
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built shrine
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of power to bid fresh gardens grow
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke
Where never human heart appear'd,
Nor e'er one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seem'd to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead,
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-robed Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crownèd heads,
Where Laughter rose-lipp'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
Listening to the shepherd's song.
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!

Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangours pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
"Give me another horse," I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly.
Whence is this rage? What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,
And, pointing to the ensanguined field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon shield!
O! guide me from this horrid scene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun!
The pangs of absence, O! remove,
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss.
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale:
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

Joseph Warton.—Born 1722, *Died* 1800.

975.—FLOWERS.

Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline:
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.

Thos. Blacklock.—Born 1721, *Died* 1791.

976.—TERRORS OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Cursed with unnumber'd groundless fears,
How pale yon shivering wretch appears!
For him the daylight shines in vain,
For him the fields no joys contain;
Nature's whole charms to him are lost,
No more the woods their music boast;
No more the meads their vernal bloom,
No more the gales their rich perfume:
Impending mists deform the sky,
And beauty withers in his eye.
In hopes his terrors to elude,
By day he mingles with the crowd,
Yet finds his soul to fears a prey,
In busy crowds and open day.
If night his lonely walks surprise,
What horrid visions round him rise!
The blasted oak which meets his way,
Shown by the meteor's sudden ray,
The midnight murderer's lone retreat
Felt heaven's avengeful bolt of late;
The clashing chain, the groan profound,
Loud from yon ruin'd tower resound;
And now the spot he seems to tread,
Where some self-slaughter'd corse was laid;
He feels fix'd earth beneath him bend,
Deep murmurs from her caves ascend;
Till all his soul, by fancy sway'd,
Sees livid phantoms crowd the shade.

Thos. Blacklock.—Born 1721, *Died* 1791.

977.—ODE TO AURORA.

ON HIS WIFE'S BIRTHDAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn;
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from heaven night's envious shade,
That I once more may pleased survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn;
In order at the eastern gate
The hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland revolving day.

But, as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffused around the expanded skies,
Till clothed with beams serenely bright,
All heaven's vast concave flames with light;

So when through life's protracted day
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye;

Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

Thos. Blacklock.—Born 1721, *Died* 1791.

978.—THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

While in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind;
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!
By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by every eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flattering shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
"See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But, thanks to nature! none from me need fly;
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
Yet, though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forced to love?
Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next, I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire;
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines, if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a generous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inspired by frogs or mice;
Cry, "Save us heaven! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch or interpose her fan:
If I my tender overture repeat;
Oh! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow!

Thos. Blacklock.—Born 1721, *Died* 1791.

979.—BELSHAZZAR AND DANIEL.

Now Morn, with rosy-colour'd finger, raised
The sable pall, which provident Night had thrown
O'er mortals, and their works, when every street,
Straight or transverse, that towards Euphrates turns
Its sloping path, resounds with festive shouts,
And teems with busy multitudes, which press
With zeal impetuous to the towering fane
Of Bel, Chaldæan Jove; surpassing far
That Doric temple, which the Elean chiefs
Raised to their thunderer from the spoils of war,
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride
And slavish superstition. Round, a scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic pile;
And at the bottom on vast hinges grate

Four brazen gates, towards the four winds of heaven
Placed in the solid square. Hither at once
Come flocking all the sons of Babylon,
Chaldæan or Assyrian; but retire
With humblest awe, while through their marshall'd ranks
Stalks proud Belshazzar. From his shoulders flows
A robe, twice steep'd in rich Sidonian hues,
Whose skirts, embroider'd with meand'ring gold,
Sweep o'er the marble pavement. Round his neck
A broad chain glitters, set with richest gems,
Ruby, and amethyst. The priests come next,
With knives and lancets arm'd; two thousand sheep
And twice two thousand lambs stand bleating round,
Their hungry god's repast: six loaded wains
With wine, and frankincense, and finest flour,
Move slowly. Then advance a gallant band,
Provincial rulers, counsellors and chiefs,
Judges and princes: from their essenced hair
Steam rich perfumes, exhaled from flower or herb,
Assyrian spices: last, the common train
Of humbler citizens. A linen vest
Enfolds their limbs; o'er which a robe of wool
Is clasp'd, while yet a third hangs white as snow,
Even to their sandall'd feet: a signet each,
Each bears a polish'd staff, on whose smooth top
In bold• relief some well-carved emblem stands,
Bird, fruit, or flower. Determined, though dismay'd,
Judæa's mourning prisoners close the rear.
And now the unfolded gates on every side
Admit the splendid train, and to their eyes
A scene of rich magnificence display,
Censers, and cups, and vases, nicely wrought
In gold, with pearls and glittering gems inlaid,
The furniture of Baal. An altar stands
Of vast dimensions near the central stone,
On which the god's high-priest strews frankincense,
In weight a thousand talents. There he drags
The struggling elders of the flock; while near,
Stretch'd on a smaller plate of unmix'd gold,
Bleed the reluctant lambs. The ascending smoke,
Impregnate with perfumes, fills all the air.
These rites perform'd, his votaries all advance
Where stands their idol; to compare with whom
That earth-born crew, which scaled the walls of heaven
Or that vast champion of Philistia's host,
Whom in the vale of Elah David slew
Unarm'd, were 'minish'd to a span. In height
Twice twenty feet he rises from the ground;
And every massy limb, and every joint,
Is carved in due proportion. Not one mine,
Though branching out in many a vein of gold,
Sufficed for this huge column. Him the priests
Had swept, and burnish'd, and perfumed with oils,
Essential odours. Now the sign is given,
And forthwith strains of mixed melody
Proclaim their molten thunderer; cornet, flute,
Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, unite
In loud triumphal hymn, and all at once
The King, the nations, and the languages
Fall prostrate on the ground. But not a head,
But not one head in all thy faithful bands,
O Judah, bows. As when the full-orb'd moon,
What time the reaper chants his harvest song,
Rises behind some horizontal hill,
Flaming with reddest fire; still, as she moves,
The tints all soften, and a yellower light
Gleams through the ridges of a purple cloud:
At length, when midnight holds her silent reign,
Changed to a silver white, she holds her lamp
O'er the belated traveller; so thy face,
Belshazzar, from the crimson glow of rage,
Shifting through all the various hues between,
Settles into a wan and bloodless pale.
Thine eyeballs glare with fire. "Now by great Bel,"
Incensed, exclaims the monarch, "soon as morn
Again shall dawn, my vengeance shall be pour'd
On every head of their detested race."
He spake, and left the fane with hasty step,
Indignant. Him a thousand lords attend,
The minions of his court. And now they reach
The stately palace. In a spacious hall,
From whose high roof seven sparkling lustres hang,
Round the perpetual board high sofas ranged
Receive the gallant chiefs. The floor is spread
With carpets, work'd in Babylonia's looms,
Exquisite art; rich vessels carved in gold,
In silver, and in ivory, beam with gems.
'Midst these is placed whate'er of massy plate,
Or holy ornament, Nebassar brought

From Sion's ransack'd temple; lamps, and cups,
And bowls, now sparkling with the richest growth
Of Eastern vineyards. On the table smokes
All that can rouse the languid appetite,
Barbaric luxury. Soft minstrels round
Chant songs of triumph to symphonious harps.
Propt on a golden couch Belshazzar lies,
While on each side fair slaves of Syrian race
By turns solicit with some amorous tale
The monarch's melting heart. "Fill me," he cries,
"That largest bowl, with which the Jewish slaves
Once deck'd the altar of their vanquish'd God.
Never again shall this capacious gold
Receive their victim's blood. Henceforth the kings
Of Babylon, oft as this feast returns,
Shall crown it with rich wine, nectarious draught.
Fill high the foaming goblet; rise, my friends;
And as I quaff the cup, with loud acclaim
Thrice hail to Bel." They rose; when all at once
Such sound was heard, as when the roaring winds
Burst from their cave, and with impetuous rage
Sweep o'er the Caspian or the Chronian deep.
O'er the devoted walls the gate of heaven
Thunder'd, a hideous peal; and, lo! a cloud
Came darkening all the banquet, whence appear'd
A hand (if hand it were, or airy form,
Compound of light and shade) on the adverse wall
Tracing strange characters. Belshazzar saw,
And trembled: from his lips the goblet fell:
He look'd again; perhaps it was a dream;
Thrice, four times did he look; and every time
Still plainer did the mystic lines appear,
Indelible. Forthwith he summons all
The wise Chaldæans, who by night consult
The starry signs, and in each planet read
The dark decrees of fate. Silent they stand;
Vain are their boasted charms. With eager step
Merodach's royal widow hastes to cheer
Her trembling son. "O king, for ever live;
Why droops thy soul?" she cries; "what though this herd
Of sage magicians own their vanquish'd art,
Know'st thou not Daniel? In his heart resides
The spirit of holy Gods; 'twas he who told
Thy father strange events, and terrible;
Nor did Nebassar honour one like him
Through all his spacious kingdom. He shall soon
Dispel thy doubts, and all thy fears ally."
She spake, and with obeisance low retired.
"Then be it so; haste, Arioch, lead him here,"
Belshazzar cries; "if he interpret right,
Even though my soul in just abhorrence holds
His hated race, I will revoke their doom,
And shower rich honours on their prophet's head."
Nor long he waited, when with graceful step,
And awe-commanding eye, solemn and slow,
As conscious of superior dignity,
Daniel advanced. Time o'er his hoary hair
Had shed his white snows. Behind him stream'd
A mantle, ensign of prophetic powers,
Like that with which inspired Elisha smote
The parting waters, what time on the bank
Of Jordan from the clouds a fiery car
Descended, and by flaming coursers drawn
Bore the sage Tishbite to celestial climes,
Maugre the gates of death. A wand he bore—
That wand by whose mysterious properties
The shepherd of Horeb call'd the refluent waves
O'er Pharaoh and his host, with which he struck
The barren flint, when from the riven cliff
Gush'd streams, and water'd all the thirsty tribes
Of murmuring Israel. Through many an age
Within the temple's unapproached veil,
Fast by the rod, which bloom'd o'er Aaron's name,
Still did the holy relic rest secure.
At length, when Babylonia's arms prevail'd,
Seraiah saved it from the flaming shrine,
With all the sacred wardrobe of the priest,
And bore it safe to Riblah. Dying there,
The priest bequeathed the sacred legacy
To Daniel. He, when summon'd to explain,
As now, God's dark decrees, in his right hand
Brandish'd the mystic emblem. "Art thou he,
Art thou that Daniel, whom Nebassar brought
From Salem, whom the vanquish'd tribes adore,
In wisdom excellent? Look there, look there;
Read but those lines," the affrighted monarch cries,
"And clothed in scarlet wear this golden chain,
The third great ruler of my spacious realm."
He spake, and thus the reverend seer replied:
"Thy promises, and threats, presumptuous king,
My soul alike despises; yet, so wills

That spirit, who darts his radiance on my mind
(Hear thou, and tremble), will I speak the words
Which he shall dictate. 'Number'd is thy realm,
And finish'd; in the balance art thou weigh'd,
Where God hath found thee wanting: to the Medes
And Persians thy divided realm is given.'
Thus saith the Lord; and thus those words import,
Graven by his high behest. See'st thou this wand?
Ne'er has it borne, since first it left the trunk,
Or bud or blossom: all its shielding rind
The sharp steel stripp'd, and to dry winds exposed
The vegetative sap; even so thy race
Shall perish: from thy barren stock shall rise
Nor prince nor ruler; and that glittering crown,
Won by thy valiant fathers, whose long line
In thee, degenerate monarch, soon must end,
Shall dart its lustre round a stranger's brow."
"Prophet of evils! darest thou pour on me
Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark?"
Incensed the monarch cries: "Hence to thy tribes;
Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
Thou wilt erase from that accursed wall,
Take half my realm." He spake, and fix'd his eyes
Wild staring on the mystic characters:
His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
Tenfold; when thus the man of God began:
"Go to the shady vales of Palæstine,
Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
The palms and cedars from their native mould
Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
For it was harden'd in the streams of heaven;
And though not dedicate to sorcerers' arts
By magic incantation, and strange spells;
Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
In every part, that not the united force
Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
Wilt thou that I revoke thy destined fate?
Devoted prince, I cannot. Hell beneath
Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
The kings, that sat on golden thrones, approach,
The chief ones of the earth. 'O Lucifer,
Son of the morning, thou that vaunting saidst,
"I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt
My throne above the stars of God; the clouds
Shall roll beneath my feet," art thou too weak
As we? art thou become like unto us?
Where now is all thy pomp? where the sweet sound
Of viol, and of harp?' with curious eye
Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued sons
Of Solyma shall say, 'Is this the man
That shook the pillars of the trembling earth,
That made the world a desert?' all the kings,
Each in his house entomb'd, in glory rest,
While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
The sport of dogs and vultures. In that day
Shall these imperial towers, this haughty queen,
That in the midst of waters sits secure,
Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-ominous birds
Shall o'er th' unwholesome marshes scream for food;
And hissing serpents by sulphureous pools
Conceal their filthy brood. The traveller
In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's pride:
No trace shall guide his dubious steps; nor sage,
Versed in historic lore, shall mark the site
Of desolated Babylon." Thus spake
The seer, and with majestic step retired.

W. H. Roberts.—Born 1745, *Died* 1791.

980.—THE JEWS' RETURN TO JERUSALEM.

Now dawns the morn, and on mount Olivet
The hoar-frost melts before the rising sun,
Which summons to their daily toil the world
Of beasts, of men; and all that wings the air,
And all that swims the level of the lake,
Or creeps the ground, bid universal hail
To day's bright regent. But the tribes were roused,
Impatient even of rest, ere yet the stars
Withdrew their feeble light. Through every street
They bend their way: some Ananiah leads,
Some Phanuel, or what elders else were driven
In early youth from Sion. Not a spot
Remains unvisited; each stone, each beam,
Seems sacred. As in legendary tale,
Led by magician's hand some hero treads
Enchanted ground, and hears, or thinks he hears,
Aërial voices, or with secret dread
Sees unembodied shades, by fancy form'd,
Flit through the gloom; so rescued Judah walk'd,
Amid the majesty of Salem's dust,

With reverential awe. Howbeit they soon
Remove the mouldering ruins; soon they clear
The obstructed paths, and every mansion raise,
By force or time impair'd. Then Jeshua rose
With all his priests; nor thou, Zorobabel,
Soul of the tribes, wast absent. To the God
Of Jacob, oft as morn and eve returns,
A new-built altar smokes. Nor do they not
Observe the feast, memorial of that age
When Israel dwelt in tents; the Sabbath too,
New moons, and every ritual ordinance,
First-fruits, and paschal lamb, and rams, and goats,
Offerings of sin and peace. Nor yet was laid
The temple's new foundation. Corn and wine,
Sweet balm and oil, they mete with liberal hand
To Tyrian and Sidonian. To the sea
Of Joppa down they heave their stately trees
From Syrian Lebanon. And now they square
Huge blocks of marble, and with ancient rites
Anoint the corner-stone. Around the priests,
The Levites and the sons of Asaph stand
With trumpets and with cymbals. Jeshua first,
Adorn'd in robes pontifical, conducts
The sacred ceremony. An ephod rich
Purple, and blue, comes mantling o'er his arms,
Clasp'd with smooth studs, round whose moand'ring hem
A girdle twines its folds: to this by chains
Of gold is link'd a breastplate: costly gems,
Jasper and diamond, sapphire and amethyst,
Unite their hues; twelve stones, memorial apt
Of Judah's ancient tribes. A mitre decks
His head, and on the top a golden crown
Graven, like a signet, by no vulgar hand,
Proclaims him priest of God. Symphonious hymns
Are mix'd with instrumental melody,
And Judah's joyful shouts. But down thy cheeks,
O Ananiah, from thine aged eye,
O Phanuel, drops a tear; for ye have seen
The house of Solomon in all its pride,
And ill can brook this change. Nor ye alone,
But every ancient wept. Loud shrieks of grief,
Mix'd with the voice of joy, are heard beyond
The hills of Salem. Even from Gibeon's walls
The astonish'd peasant turns a listening ear,
And Jordan's shepherds catch the distant sound.

W. H. Roberts.—Born 1745, *Died* 1791.

981.—THE HELMETS.

A FRAGMENT.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was closed
Through the whole mansion—save an antique crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep (fell harbinger of death)
Of a sick boteler.—Above indeed,
In a drear gallery (lighted by one lamp
Whose wick the poor departing Seneschal
Did closely imitate) paced slow and sad
The village curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake. Scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the portray'd characters
That graced the wall—On this and t'other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry.—Through the stain'd pane
Low gleam'd the moon—not bright—but of such power
As mark'd the clouds, black, threatening over head,
Full mischief-fraught;—from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze
Of lightning blue.—While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly: with unusual clank
The armour shook tremendous:—On a couch
Placed in the oriel sunk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
"I hear it," cries the proudly gilded casque
(Fill'd by the soul of one who erst took joy
In slaught'rous deeds), "I hear amidst the gale
The hostile spirit shouting — once — once more
In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
There will be work anon."————
————"I'm 'waken'd too,"
Replied the sable helmet (tenanted
By a like inmate), "Hark!—I hear the voice
Of the impatient ghosts, who straggling range
Yon summit (crown'd with ruin'd battlements
The fruits of civil discord), to the din
The spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
All join their yell—the song is war and death—
There will be work anon."————
————"Call armourers, ho!
Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
I brook no dallying"————

——————"Soft, my hasty friend,"
Said the black beaver, "Neither of us twain
Shall share the bloody toil—War-worn am I,
Bored by a happier mace, I let in fate
To my once master,—since unsought, unused,
Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
Has nought to boast,—the fashion of the fight
Has thrown your guilt and shady plumes aside
For modern foppery;—still do not frown,
Nor lower indignantly your steely brows,
We've comfort left enough—The bookman's lore
Shall trace our sometime merit;—in the eye
Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
He'll say, this Cressy saw, that Agincourt:
Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
He'll venerate their shell.—Yet, more than this,
From our inactive station we shall hear
The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls;
Already hovering o'er the threaten'd lands
The famish'd raven snuffs the promised feast,
And hoarselier croaks for blood—'twill flow."
—— ——"Forbid it, Heaven!
O shield my suffering country!—Shield it," pray'd
The agonising priest.

Thos. Penrose.—Born 1743, *Died* 1779.

982.—THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Faintly bray'd the battle's roar
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend cursed the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, Sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
She, lovely, faithful wanderer, came.

For well she thought, a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright
(The torrent bursting from her eye)
She heard the signal for the fight—
While her soul trembled in a sigh—

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confess'd—
Then broke the charm,—and rush'd away.

Too soon in few—but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breathed to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She press'd to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd:—
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;—
—Of comfort glad the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled—
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
And gored with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd
—The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair,—though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

Thos. Penrose.—Born 1743, *Died* 1779.

983.—L'AMOUR TIMIDE.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.

Sir John H. Moore.—Born 1756, *Died* 1780.

984.—SONG.

Cease to blame my melancholy,
Though with sighs and folded arms
I muse with silence on her charms;
Censure not—I know 'tis folly.

Yet these mournful thoughts possessing,
Such delights I find in grief,
That, could heaven afford relief,
My fond heart would scorn the blessing.

Sir John H. Moore.—Born 1756, *Died* 1780.

985.—LABOUR AND GENIUS; OR, THE MILL-STREAM AND THE CASCADE.

* * * *

Betwixt two sloping verdant hills
A current pour'd its careless rills,
Which unambitious crept along,
With weeds and matted grass o'erhung.
Till Rural Genius, on a day,
Chancing along its banks to stray,
Remark'd, with penetrating look,
The latent merits of the brook,
Much grieved to see such talents hid,
And thus the dull by-standers chid.
How blind is man's incurious race
The scope of nature's plans to trace?
How do ye mangle half her charms,
And fright her hourly with alarms?
Disfigure now her swelling mounds,
And now contract her spacious bounds?
Fritter her fairest lawns to alleys,
Bare her green hills, and hide her valleys?
Confine her streams with rule and line,
And counteract her whole design?
Neglecting, where she points the way,
Her easy dictates to obey?
To bring her hidden worth to sight,
And place her charms in fairest light?
* * * *
He said: and to his favourite son
Consign'd the task, and will'd it done.
Damon his counsel wisely weigh'd,
And carefully the scene survey'd.
And, though it seems he said but little,
He took his meaning to a tittle.
And first, his purpose to befriend,
A bank he raised at th' upper end:
Compact and close its outward side,
To stay and swell the gathering tide:
But on its inner, rough and tall,
A ragged cliff, a rocky wall.
The channel next he oped to view,
And from its course the rubbish drew.
Enlarged it now, and now with line
Oblique pursued his fair design.
Preparing here the mazy way,
And there the fall for sportive play;
The precipice abrupt and steep,
The pebbled road, and cavern deep;
The rooty seat, where best to view
The fairy scene, at distance due.
He last invoked the dryads' aid,
And fringed the borders round with shade.
Tapestry, by Nature's fingers wove,
No mimic, but a real grove:
Part hiding, part admitting day,
The scene to grace the future play.

Damon perceives, with ravish'd eyes,
The beautiful enchantment rise.
Sees sweetly blended shade and light;
Sees every part with each unite;
Sees each, as he directs, assume
A livelier dye, or deeper gloom:
So fashion'd by the painter's skill,
New forms the glowing canvas fill:
So to the summer's sun the rose
And jessamin their charms disclose.
* * * *
Not distant far below, a mill
Was built upon a neighb'ring rill:
Whose pent-up stream, whene'er let loose,
Impell'd a wheel, close at its sluice,
So strongly, that by friction's power,
'Twould grind the firmest grain to flour.
Or, by a correspondence new,
With hammers, and their clatt'ring crew,
Would so bestir her active stumps,
On iron blocks, though arrant lumps,
That in a trice she'd manage matters,
To make 'em all as smooth as platters.
Or slit a bar to rods quite taper,
With as much ease as you'd cut paper.
For, though the lever gave the blow,
Yet it was lifted from below;
And would for ever have lain still,
But for the bustling of the rill;
Who, from her stately pool or ocean,
Put all the wheels and logs in motion;
Things in their nature very quiet,
Though making all this noise and riot.
This stream that could in toil excel,
Began with foolish pride to swell:
Piqued at her neighbour's reputation,
And thus express'd her indignation:
"Madam! methinks you're vastly proud,
You wasn't used to talk so loud.
Nor cut such capers in your pace,
Marry! what antics, what grimace!
For shame! don't give yourself such airs,
In flaunting down those hideous stairs.
Nor put yourself in such a flutter,
Whate'er you do, you dirty gutter!
I'd have you know, you upstart minx!
Ere you were form'd, with all your sinks,
A lake I was, compared with which,
Your stream is but a paltry ditch:
And still, on honest labour bent,
I ne'er a single flash misspent.
And yet no folks of high degree
Would e'er vouchsafe to visit me,
As in their coaches by they rattle,
Forsooth! to hear your idle prattle.
Though half the business of my flooding
Is to provide them cakes and pudding:
Or furnish stuff for many a trinket,
Which, though so fine, you scarce would think it,
When Boulton's skill has fix'd their beauty,
To my rough toil first owed their duty.
But I'm plain Goody of the mill,
And you are—Madam Cascadille!"
"Dear Coz," replied the beauteous torrent,
"Pray do not discompose your current.

That we all from one fountain flow,
Hath been agreed on long ago.
Varying our talents and our tides,
As chance or education guides.
That I have either note, or name,
I owe to him who gives me fame.
Who teaches all our kind to flow,
Or gaily swift, or gravely slow.
Now in the lake, with glassy face,
Now moving light, with dimpled grace,
Now gleaming from the rocky height,
Now, in rough eddies, foaming white.
Nor envy me the gay, or great,
That visit my obscure retreat.
None wonders that a clown can dig,
But 'tis some art to dance a jig.
Your talents are employ'd for use,
Mine to give pleasure, and amuse.
And though, dear Coz, no folks of taste
Their idle hours with you will waste,
Yet many a grist comes to your mill,
Which helps your master's bags to fill.
While I, with all my notes and trilling,
For Damon never got a shilling.
Then, gentle Coz, forbear your clamours,
Enjoy your hoppers, and your hammers:
We gain our ends by different ways,
And you get bread, and I get—praise."

Richard Jago.—*Born* 1715, *Died* 1781.

986.—VARIETY.

A gentle maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove!
At eve she paced the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare
(To show how shrewd observers are),
Though plays, which breathed heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh-and-fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement placed,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
"On every thorn instruction grows."
Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should "increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,
A cottage with the man she loved
Was what her gentle heart approved;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses),
But simp'ring, mild, and innocent,
As angels on a monument.
Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes," "the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long,
With him she saunter'd half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not;
"Consider, sir, we're near relations—"
"I hope so in our inclinations."—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assumed unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breathed perfume,
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danced lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.
'Twas transport not to be exprest;
'Twas Paradise!——But mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had waked the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years),
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were changed; the place
Had, somehow, got a diff'rent face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods, were not so green.

The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful, fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amused their steps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten, too, was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleased to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!
Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
—"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side."
"Enough!" he cries, "the reason 's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene 's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together."
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.
But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy morn had raised her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half-choked, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanced the gilded chaise;
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postilion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on
(As greater folks than he have done),
Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment rise.
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady),
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determined to be pleased, and please.
Now nearer town, and all agog,
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind.
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By roaring "Wilkes and Liberty!"
At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way
(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay),
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide
(With palaces to grace its side),
Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.
Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town: or, as they pass'd
'Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too?
Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that clothed their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tower, awry.
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolved, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flowers,
And corn, and grass, and shepherd's bowers,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendent groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelop all!
Whilst the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that *their* tails perfume,
In scented curls, the drawing-room.

When Night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's and Soho,
The *passe partout* through every vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign
O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births,—and all with stings
But happiest far the he, or she,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contrived the coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames
Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With reverence, though in numbers weak!
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile
We spare the follies for the pile
Flounced, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below
Thy charms even modern taste defied,
They could not spoil thee, though they tried
Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyatt should build in adamant
But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the powers of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task Our humbler Muse
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines),
Recoiling feels her feeble fires
And blushing to her shades retires
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great
Where even, Democritus thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus tear
Suffice it that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease
(For beauty wins its way unpall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black ball'd)
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality,
From the grave cautious few who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken loo
Advanced to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devised new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That, meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A *tête a-tête* across the fire,
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek
She lank, and pale, and hollow eyed,
With *rouge* had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head
At length it burst —— "'Tis time," he cries,
"When tired of folly, to be wise
Are you too tired?" —then check'd a groan
She wept consent, and he went on
'How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife!
Not even satiety could tame
Nor dissipation quench the flame
'True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find
In rural scenes retired we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen
Short absences to wake desire
And sweet regrets to fan the fire
"We left the lonesome place, and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life and not to break
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow
Or taste the blossom on the bough)
We sported freely with the rest,
And still, returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immersed in all the world calls joy,
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour and magnificence,
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that 's gay, and all that 's great
Nor happy yet!—and where 's the wonder?—
We live, my dear, too much asunder'

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the soul of bliss;
But such variety alone.
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling power
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandering play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

W. Whitehead.—Born 1715, *Died* 1785.

987.—PRAYER FOR INDIFFERENCE.

Oft I've implored the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll seek my wish to gain
Of Oberon the fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
Who livest in woods unseen;
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Trip'st gaily o'er the green.

If e'er thy pitying heart was moved
As ancient stories tell;
And for th' Athenian maid who loved,
Thou sought'st a wond'rous spell.

O! deign once more t' exert thy power!
Haply some herb or tree,
Sovereign as juice from western flower,
Conceals a balm for me.

I ask no kind return in love,
No tempting charm to please;
Far from the heart such gifts remove,
That sighs for peace and ease!

Nor ease, nor peace, that heart can know,
That like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But, turning, trembles too.

Far as distress the soul can wound,
'Tis pain in each degree;
'Tis bliss but to a certain bound—
Beyond—is agony;

Then take this treacherous sense of mine,
Which dooms me still to smart;
Which pleasure can to pain refine,
To pain new pangs impart.

O! haste to shed the sovereign balm,
My shatter'd nerves new-string;
And for my guest, serenely calm,
The nymph Indifference bring!

At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
See Expectation fly!
And Disappointment in the rear,
That blasts the purposed joy.

The tears, which Pity taught to flow,
My eyes shall then disown;
The heart, that throbb'd at others' woe,
Shall then scarce feel its own.

The wounds, which now each moment bleed,
Each moment then shall close;
And tranquil days shall still succeed
To nights of sweet repose.

O fairy-elf! but grant me this,
This one kind comfort send!
And so may never-fading bliss
Thy flowery paths attend!

So may the glow-worm's glimmering light
Thy tiny footsteps lead
To some new region of delight,
Unknown to mortal tread!

And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
With heaven's ambrosial dew,
From sweetest, freshest flowers distill'd,
That shed fresh sweets for you.

And what of life remains for me,
I'll pass in sober ease;
Half-pleased, contented will I be,
Content—but half to please.

Mrs. Greville.—About 1753.

988.—OPENING OF THE MINSTREL.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious day
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall

Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel fared in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary gray;
While from his bending shoulder decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide;
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptured roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the gray linnets carol from the hill,
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not thou, to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's grovelling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

* * * *

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation famed for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain, of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, where-so'er they went.

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

989.—MORNING LANDSCAPE.

Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy on every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

990.—LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom?—
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought:)
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought?
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark: the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter'd rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the Orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

991.—RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;

Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulged this tender theme.

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
'Scaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

Oft let Remembrance soothe his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclined
He framed his infant lays;
When Fancy roved at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy, with malignant glare,
His simple youth had harm'd.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah, why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

Thy shades, thy silence now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream.
Whence the scared owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly wo,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

092.—THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still.
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began:
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why, all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom inthral:
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away:
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays:
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again;
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee;
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride:
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free!'

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

993.—ODE TO PEACE.

Peace, heaven-descended maid! whose powerful voice
From ancient darkness call'd the morn,
Of jarring elements composed the noise;
When Chaos, from his old dominion torn,
With all his bellowing throng,
Far, far was hurl'd the void abyss along;
And all the bright angelic choir
To loftiest raptures tune the heavenly lyre,
Pour'd in loud symphony the impetuous strain;
And every fiery orb and planet sung,
And wide through night's dark desolate domain
Rebounding long and deep the lays triumphant rung.

Oh, whither art thou fled, Saturnian reign?
Roll round again, majestic Years!
To break fell Tyranny's corroding chain,
From Woe's wan cheek to wipe the bitter tears,
Ye Years, again roll round!
Hark, from afar what loud tumultuous sound,
While echoes sweep the winding vales,
Swells full along the plains, and loads the gales!
Murder deep-roused, with the wild whirlwind's haste
And roar of tempest, from her cavern springs;
Her tangled serpents girds around her waist,
Smiles ghastly stern, and shakes her gore-distilling wings.

Fierce up the yielding skies
The shouts redoubling rise:
Earth shudders at the dreadful sound,
And all is listening, trembling round.
Torrents, that from yon promontory's head
Dash'd furious down in desperate cascade,
Heard from afar amid the lonely night,
That oft have led the wanderer right,
Are silent at the noise.
The mighty ocean's more majestic voice,
Drown'd in superior din, is heard no more;
The surge in silence sweeps along the foamy shore.

The bloody banner streaming in the air,
Seen on yon sky-mix'd mountain's brow,
The mingling multitudes, the madding car,
Pouring impetuous on the plain below,
War's dreadful lord proclaim.
Bursts out by frequent fits the expansive flame.
Whirl'd in tempestuous eddies flies
The surging smoke o'er all the darken'd skies.
The cheerful face of heaven no more is seen,
Fades the morn's vivid blush to deadly pale:
The bat flits transient o'er the dusky green,
Night's shrieking birds along the sullen twilight sail.

Involved in fire-streak'd gloom the car comes on.
The mangled steeds grim Terror guides.
His forehead writhed to a relentless frown,
Aloft the angry Power of Battles rides:
Grasp'd in his mighty hand
A mace tremendous desolates the land;
Thunders the turret down the steep,
The mountain shrinks before its wasteful sweep;

Chill horror the dissolving limbs invades,
Smit by the blasting lightning of his eyes;
A bloated paleness beauty's bloom o'erspreads,
Fades every flowery field, and every verdure dies.

How startled Frenzy stares,
Bristling her ragged hairs!
Revenge the gory fragment gnaws;
See, with her griping vulture-claws
Imprinted deep, she rends the opening wound!
Hatred her torch blue-streaming tosses round;
The shrieks of agony and clang of arms
Re-echo to the fierce alarms
Her trump terrific blows.
Disparting from behind, the clouds disclose
Of kingly gesture a gigantic form,
That with his scourge sublime directs the whirling storm.

Ambition, outside fair! within more foul
Than fellest fiend from Tartarus sprung,
In caverns hatch'd, where the fierce torrents roll
Of Phlegethon, the burning banks along,
Yon naked waste survey:
Where late was heard the flute's mellifluous lay;
Where late the rosy-bosom'd Hours
In loose array danced lightly o'er the flowers;
Where late the shepherd told his tender tale;
And, waked by the soft-murmuring breeze of morn,
The voice of cheerful labour fill'd the dale;
And dove-eyed Plenty smiled, and waved her liberal horn.

Yon ruins sable from the wasting flame
But mark the once resplendent dome;
The frequent corse obstructs the sullen stream,
And ghosts glare horrid from the sylvan gloom.
How sadly silent all!
Save where outstretch'd beneath yon hanging wall
Pale Famine moans with feeble breath,
And Torture yells, and grinds her bloody teeth—
Though vain the muse, and every melting lay,
To touch thy heart, unconscious of remorse!
Know, monster, know, thy hour is on the way,
I see, I see the Years begin their mighty course.

What scenes of glory rise
Before my dazzled eyes!
Young Zephyrs wave their wanton wings,
And melody celestial rings:
Along the lilied lawn the nymphs advance,
Flush'd with love's bloom, and range the sprightly dance:
The gladsome shepherds on the mountain-side,
Array'd in all their rural pride,
Exalt the festive note,
Inviting Echo from her inmost grot—
But ah! the landscape glows with fainter light,
It darkens, swims, and flies for ever from my sight.

Illusions vain! Can sacred Peace reside,
Where sordid gold the breast alarms,
Where cruelty inflames the eye of Pride,
And Grandeur wantons in soft Pleasure's arms?
Ambition! these are thine;
These from the soul erase the form divine;
These quench the animating fire
That warms the bosom with sublime desire.
Thence the relentless heart forgets to feel,
Hate rides tremendous on the o'erwhelming brow,
And midnight Rancour grasps the cruel steel,
Blaze the funereal flames, and sound the shrieks of Woe.

From Albion fled, thy once beloved retreat,
What region brightens in thy smile,
Creative Peace, and underneath thy feet
Sees sullen flowers adorn the rugged soil?
In bleak Siberia blows,
Waked by thy genial breath, the balmy rose?
Waved over by thy magic wand,
Does life-inform fell Libya's burning sand?
Or does some isle thy parting flight detain,
Where roves the Indian through primeval shades,
Haunts the pure pleasures of the woodland reign,
And led by Reason's ray the path of Nature treads?

On Cuba's utmost steep,
Far leaning o'er the deep,
The Goddess' pensive form was seen.
Her robe of Nature's varied green
Waved on the gale; grief dimm'd her radiant eyes,
Her swelling bosom heaved with boding sighs:
She eyed the main; where, gaining on the view,
Emerging from the ethereal blue,
'Midst the dread pomp of war
Gleam'd the Iberian streamer from afar.
She saw; and, on refulgent pinions borne,
Slow wing'd her way sublime, and mingled with the morn.

Beattie.—Born 1735, *Died* 1803.

994.—SONG TO DAVID.

O thou, that sitt'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's mount,
And send the year to his account,
With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
Which thou mayst now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumph'd o'er the foes
Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, arm'd in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple plann'd
(The seraph in his soul):
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain,
His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivall'd royalty of thought,
O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watch'd the fleece,
How sweetly Kidron purl'd—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
When God had calm'd the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
To Jonathan his friend
Constant, beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba and Mephibosheth,
His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
And counsel to his child.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michal of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,
Which to and fro with blessings speed,
Or with their citterns wait;
Where Michael, with his millions, bows,
Where dwells the seraph and his spouse,
The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect
Of God and love—the saint elect
For infinite applause—
To rule the land, and briny broad,
To be laborious in his laud,
And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade,
Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where secrecy remains in bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;
Gem yielding blossom, yielding fruit,
Choice gums and precious balm;
Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,
And with the sweetness of the gale
Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing
Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,
That live in peace, or prey;
They that make music, or that mock,
The quail, the bravo domestic cock,
The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,
Which nature frames of light escape,
Devouring man to shun:
The shells are in the wealthy deep,
The shoals upon the surface leap,
And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;
While the sleek tigers roll and bask,
Nor yet the shades arouse;
Her cave the mining coney scoops;
Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,
The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,
Which, hid in earth from man's device,
Their darts of lustre sheath;
The jasper of the master's stamp,
The topaz blazing like a lamp,
Among the mines beneath.

Blest was the tenderness he felt,
When to his graceful harp he knelt,
And did for audience call;
When Satan with his hand he quell'd,
And in serene suspense he held
The frantic throes of Saul.

His furious foes no more malign'd
As he such melody divined,
And sense and soul detain'd;
Now striking strong, now soothing soft,
He sent the godly sounds aloft,
Or in delight refrain'd.

When up to heaven his thoughts he piled,
From fervent lips fair Michal smiled,
As blush to blush she stood;
And chose herself the queen, and gave
Her utmost from her heart—"so brave,
And plays his hymns so good."

The pillars of the Lord are seven,
Which stand from earth to topmost heaven;
His wisdom drew the plan;
His Word accomplish'd the design,
From brightest gem to deepest mine,
From Christ enthroned to man.

Alpha, the cause of causes, first
In station, fountain, whence the burst
Of light and blaze of day;
Whence bold attempt, and brave advance,
Have motion, life, and ordinance,
And heaven itself its stay.

Gamma supports the glorious arch
On which angelic legions march,
And is with sapphires paved;
Thence the fleet clouds are sent adrift,
And thence the painted folds that lift
The crimson veil, are waved.

Eta with living sculpture breathes,
With verdant carvings, flowery wreaths
Of never-wasting bloom;
In strong relief his goodly base
All instruments of labour grace,
The trowel, spade, and loom.

Next Theta stands to the supreme—
Who form'd in number, sign, and scheme,
The illustrious lights that are;
And one address'd his saffron robe,
And one, clad in a silver globe,
Held rule with every star.

Iota's tuned to choral hymns
Of those that fly, while he that swims
In thankful safety lurks;
And foot, and chapitre, and niche,
The various histories enrich
Of God's recorded works.

Sigma presents the social droves
With him that solitary roves,
And man of all the chief;
Fair on whose face, and stately frame,
Did God impress his hallow'd name,
For ocular belief.

Omega! greatest and the best,
Stands sacred to the day of rest,
For gratitude and thought;
Which bless'd the world upon his pole,
And gave the universe his goal,
And closed th' infernal draught.

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebell'd,
But One by passion unimpell'd,
By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
And saw the God in Christ.

Tell them, I Am, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, Thou Art.

Thou art—to give and to confirm,
For each his talent and his term;
All flesh thy bounties share:
Thou shalt not call thy brother fool;
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

Open and naked of offence,
Man's made of mercy, soul, and sense:
God arm'd the snail and wilk;
Be good to him that pulls thy plough;
Due food and care, due rest allow
For her that yields thee milk.

Rise up before the hoary head,
And God's benign commandment dread,
Which says thou shalt not die:
"Not as I will, but as thou wilt,"
Pray'd He, whose conscience knew no guilt;
With whose bless'd pattern vie.

Use all thy passions!—love is thine,
And joy and jealousy divine;
Thine hope's eternal fort,
And care thy leisure to disturb,
With fear concupiscence to curb,
And rapture to transport.

Act simply, as occasion asks;
Put mellow wine in season'd casks;
Till not with ass and bull:
Remember thy baptismal bond;
Keep from commixtures foul and fond,
Nor work thy flax with wool.

Distribute; pay the Lord his tithe,
And make the widow's heart-strings blithe;
Resort with those that weep:
As you from all and each expect,
For all and each thy love direct,
And render as you reap.

The slander and its bearer spurn,
And propagating praise sojourn
To make thy welcome last;
Turn from old Adam to the New:
By hope futurity pursue:
Look upwards to the past.

Control thine eye, salute success,
Honour the wiser, happier bless,
And for thy neighbour feel;
Grutch not of mammon and his leaven,
Work emulation up to heaven
By knowledge and by zeal.

O David, highest in the list
Of worthies, on God's ways insist,
The genuine word repeat!
Vain are the documents of men,
And vain the flourish of the pen
That keeps the fool's conceit.

Praise above all—for praise prevails;
Heap up the measure, load the scales,
And good to goodness add:
The generous soul her Saviour aids,
But peevish obloquy degrades;
The Lord is great and glad.

For Adoration all the ranks
Of angels yield eternal thanks,
And David in the midst;
With God's good poor, which, last and least
In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
O blessed bridegroom, bidst.

For Adoration seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,
Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus checks;
And polish'd porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For Adoration; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis, with her gorgeous vest,
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrup cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For Adoration springs:
All scenes of painting crowd the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
The scalèd infant clings.

The spotted ounce and playsome cubs
Run rustling 'mongst the flowering shrubs,
And lizards feed the moss;
For Adoration beasts embark,
While waves upholding Halcyon's ark
No longer roar and toss.

While Israel sits beneath his fig,
With coral root and amber sprig
The wean'd adventurer sports;
Where to the palm the jasmine cleaves,
For Adoration 'mong the leaves
The gale his peace reports.

Increasing days their reign exalt,
Nor in the pink and mottled vault
The opposing spirits tilt;
And by the coasting reader spied,
The silverlings and crusions glide
For Adoration gilt.

For Adoration ripening canes,
And cocoa's purest milk detains
The western pilgrim's staff;
Where rain in clasping boughs enclosed,
And vines with oranges disposed,
Embower the social laugh.

Now labour his reward receives,
For Adoration counts his sheaves
To peace, her bounteous prince;
The nect'rine his strong tint imbibes,
And apples of ten thousand tribes,
And quick peculian quince.

The wealthy crops of whitening rice
'Mongst thyine woods and groves of spice,
For Adoration grow;
And, marshall'd in the fenced land,
The peaches and pomegranates stand,
Where wild carnations blow.

The laurels with the winter strive;
The crocus burnishes alive
Upon the snow-clad earth:
For Adoration myrtles stay
To keep the garden from dismay,
And bless the sight from dearth.

The pheasant shows his pompous neck;
And ermine, jealous of a speck,
With fear eludes offence:
The sable, with his glossy pride,
For Adoration is descried,
Where frosts the wave condense.

The cheerful holly, pensive yew,
And holy thorn, their trim renew;
The squirrel hoards his nuts:
All creatures batten o'er their stores,
And careful nature all her doors
For Adoration shuts.

For Adoration, David's Psalms
Lift up the heart to deeds of alms;
And he, who kneels and chants,
Prevails his passions to control,
Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
Which for translation pants.

For Adoration, beyond match,
The scholar bulfinch aims to catch
The soft flute's ivory touch;
And, careless, on the hazel spray
The daring redbreast keeps at bay
The damsel's greedy clutch.

For Adoration, in the skies,
The Lord's philosopher espies
The dog, the ram, and rose;
The planet's ring, Orion's sword;
Nor is his greatness less adored
In the vile worm that glows.

For Adoration, on the strings
The western breezes work their wings,
The captive ear to soothe—
Hark! 'tis a voice—how still, and small—
That makes the cataracts to fall,
Or bids the sea be smooth!

For Adoration, incense comes
From bezoar, and Arabian gums,
And from the civet's fur:
But as for prayer, or e'er it faints,
Far better is the breath of saints
Than galbanum or myrrh.

For Adoration, from the down
Of damsons to the anana's crown,
God sends to tempt the taste;
And while the luscious zest invites
The sense, that in the scene delights,
Commands desire be chaste.

For Adoration, all the paths
Of grace are open, all the baths
Of purity refresh;
And all the rays of glory beam
To deck the man of God's esteem,
Who triumphs o'er the flesh.

For Adoration, in the dome
Of Christ, the sparrows find a home;
And on his olives perch:
The swallow also dwells with thee,
O man of God's humility,
Within his Saviour's Church.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful tapers smell
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardour beats,
While his vague mind 's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
Pair'd to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter, with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still in earth and air,
And in the sea the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide:
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms, and crested heads;
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous when the veil 's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple, deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heaven of heavens they build
Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The Shepherd King upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite;
And precious, for extreme delight,
The largess from the churl:
Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
And alba's blest imperial rays,
And pure cerulean pearl.

Precious the penitential tear;
And precious is the sigh sincere,
Acceptable to God:
And precious are the winning flowers,
In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers,
Bound on the hallow'd sod.

More precious that diviner part
Of David, e'en the Lord's own heart,
Great, beautiful, and new:
In all things where it was intent,
In all extremes, in each event,
Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretch'd-out arm,
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God 's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
By meekness call'd thy Son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed 's achieved,
Determined, Dared, and Done.

Christopher Smart.—Born 1722, *Died* 1770.

995.—FROM A TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE, OR THE GRATEFUL FAIR.

Sure such a wretch as I was never born,
By all the world deserted and forlorn:
This bitter-sweet, this honey-gall to prove,
And all the oil and vinegar of love;
Pride, love, and reason, will not let me rest,
But make a devilish bustle in my breast.
To wed with Fizgig, pride, pride, pride denies,
Put on a Spanish padlock, reason cries;
But tender, gentle love, with every wish
complies.
Pride, love, and reason, fight till they are
cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual wounds
destroy'd.
Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—
black.
In comes the brick-dust man, with grime
o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are
toss'd,
And in the dust they raise the combatants are
lost.

Christopher Smart.—Born 1722, *Died* 1770.

996.—ODE.

Imperial bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud;—
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, couldst rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal;—
Thou, who magnanimous couldst bear
The sovereign thunderer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole!

O, cruel fate! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire
Has placed thee in this servile cell,
Where discipline and dulness dwell,
Where genius ne'er was seen to roam;
Where every selfish soul 's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home!

Though dimm'd thine eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling! once so great;
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tenderest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastic pride
Takes his precise pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass!
Thou type of wit and sense confined,
Cramp'd by th' oppressors of the mind,
Who study downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom
Envelops all around.

Christopher Smart.—Born 1722, *Died* 1770.

997.—A NIGHT SCENE.

Silver Phœbe spreads
A light, reposing on the quiet lake,
Save where the snowy rival of her hue,
The gliding swan, behind him leaves a trail
In luminous vibration. Lo! an isle
Swells on the surface. Marble structures there
New gloss of beauty borrow from the moon
To deck the shore. Now silence gently yields
To measured strokes of oars. The orange groves,
In rich profusion round the fertile verge,
Impart to fanning breezes fresh perfumes
Exhaustless, visiting the scene with sweets,
Which soften even Briareus; but the son
Of Gobryas, heavy with devouring care,
Uncharm'd, unheeding sits.

Richard Glover.—Born 1712, *Died* 1785.

998.—THE ARMIES AT SALAMIS.

O sun! thou o'er Athenian towers,
The citadel and fanes in ruin huge,
Dost, rising now, illuminate a scene
More new, more wondrous to thy piercing eye
Than ever time disclosed. Phaleron's wave
Presents three thousand barks in pendants rich;
Spectators, clustering like Hymettian bees,
Hang on the burden'd shrouds, the bending yards,
The reeling masts; the whole Cecropian strand,
Far as Eleusis, seat of mystic rites,
Is throng'd with millions, male and female race,
Of Asia and of Libya, rank'd on foot,
On horses, camels, cars. Ægaleos tall,
Half down his long declivity, where spreads
A mossy level, on a throne of gold,
Displays the king, environ'd by his court,
In oriental pomp; the hill behind
By warriors cover'd, like some trophy huge,
Ascends in varied arms and banners clad;
Below the monarch's feet th' immortal guard,
Line under line, erect their gaudy spears;
The arrangement, shelving downward to the beach,
Is edged by chosen horse. With blazing steel
Of Attic arms encircled, from the deep
Psyttalia lifts her surface to the sight,
Like Ariadne's heaven-bespangling crown,
A wreath of stars; beyond, in dread array,
The Grecian fleet, four hundred galleys, fill
The Salaminian Straits; barbarian prows
In two divisions point to either mouth
Six hundred brazen beaks of tower-like ships,
Unwieldy hulks; the gently-swelling soil
Of Salamis, rich island, bounds the view.
Along her silver-sanded verge array'd,
The men-at-arms exalt their naval spears,
Of length terrific. All the tender sex,
Rank'd by Timothea, from a green ascent,
Look down in beauteous order on their sires,
Their husbands, lovers, brothers, sons, prepared
To mount the rolling deck. The younger dames
In bridal robes are clad; the matrons sage,
In solemn raiment, worn on sacred days;
But white in vesture, like their maiden breasts,
Where Zephyr plays, uplifting with his breath
The loosely waving folds, a chosen line
Of Attic graces in the front is placed;
From each fair head the tresses fall, entwined
With newly-gather'd flowerets; chaplets gay
The snowy hand sustains; the native curls,
O'ershading half, augment their powerful charms;
While Venus, temper'd by Minerva, fills
Their eyes with ardour, pointing every glance
To animate, not soften. From on high
Her large controlling orbs Timothea rolls,
Surpassing all in stature, not unlike
In majesty of shape the wife of Jove,
Presiding o'er the empyreal fair.

Richard Glover.—Born 1712, *Died* 1785.

999.—ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode:
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then, each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You, who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

See those mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

I, by twenty sail attended,
Did the Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence, with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander through the midnight gloom.

O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me."

Richard Glover.—Born 1712, *Died* 1785

1000.—SONG—THE PARTING KISS.

One kind wish before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss, then, ere we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

Robert Dodsley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1764.

1001.—SONG.

Man 's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double;
Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

Robert Dodsley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1764.

1002.—TO MRS. BISHOP.

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A knife," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!
Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join'd.

The knife, that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.

That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:

All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer—and a short one too;—
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.

Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon),
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again."

Samuel Bishop.—Born 1731, *Died* 1795.

1003.—TO THE SAME.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A RING.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.——
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?

With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admired, sense long revered,
And all my Molly then appear'd.

If she, by merit since disclosed,
Prove twice the woman I supposed,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.

Here then to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine),
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.

And why?—They show me every hour
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,
And teach me all things—but repentance.

Samuel Bishop.—Born 1731, *Died* 1795.

1004.—EPIGRAM.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board,
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby Angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup:
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

John often urged her to drink fair;
But she ne'er changed a jot;
She loved to see the Angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
Another card he play'd;
And where the Angel stood so plain,
He got a Devil portray'd.—

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seized her ale,
She clear'd it at a draught.—

John stared, with wonder petrified;
His hair stood on his pate:
And "why dost guzzle now," he cried,
"At this enormous rate?"—

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
I can't in conscience stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
To leave the Devil a drop!"

Samuel Bishop.—Born 1731, *Died* 1795.

1005.—EPIGRAM.

SPLENDEAT USU.

See! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass,
The foot-sore traveller lies!
Vast treasures let the great amass;
A leathern pouch and burning-glass
For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun its power displays
In either hemisphere;
Pours on Virginia's coast its blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise;
And shines to light it—*here!*

Samuel Bishop.—Born 1731 *Died* 1795.

1006.—EPIGRAM.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A veteran gambler, in a tempest caught,
Once in his life a church's shelter sought;
Where many a hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudged old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declared;
I feel conviction—and will be prepared—
Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
Give credit for a bet, beyond a day!"

Samuel Bishop.—Born 1731, *Died* 1795.

1007.—SONNET.

As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the morn
Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day
(What time the young and flow'ry-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn);
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have waked to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!

John Bampfylde.—Born 1754, *Died* 1796.

1008.—SONNET.

TO THE REDBREAST.

When that the fields put on their gay attire,
Thou silent sitt'st near brake or river's brim,
Whilst the gay thrush sings loud from covert dim;
But when pale Winter lights the social fire,
And meads with slime are sprent and ways with mire,
Thou charm'st us with thy soft and solemn hymn,
From battlement, or barn, or hay-stack trim;
And now not seldom tunest, as if for hire,
Thy thrilling pipe to me, waiting to catch
The pittance due to thy well-warbled song:
Sweet bird, sing on! for oft near lonely hatch,
Like thee, myself have pleased the rustic throng,
And oft for entrance 'neath the peaceful thatch,
Full many a tale have told and ditty long.

John Bampfylde.—Born 1754, *Died* 1796.

1009.—SONNET.

ON A WET SUMMER.

All ye, who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early swain invites my hand to wield
The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

John Bampfylde.—Born 1754, *Died* 1796.

1010.—SONNET.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove
With the mild tumult of a real flame;
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er—For empty fame,
Let him amidst the rabble toil. or rove
In search of plunder far to western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme

Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all that prodigality of charms
Form'd to enslave my heart and grace my lay.

John Bampfylde.—Born 1754, *Died* 1796.

1011.—AN ODE, IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And o'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Sir W. Jones.—Born 1746, *Died* 1794.

1012.—A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
Now lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

Sir W. Jones.—Born 1746, *Died* 1794.

1013.—TETRASTIC.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile, while all around thee weep.

Sir W. Jones.—Born 1746, *Died* 1794.

1014.—THE BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In bousing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

It chanced as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrows away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out in its coverts so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug;
Now sacred to friendship, and mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale!

Francis Fawkes.—Born 1721, *Died* 1777.

1015.—ODE TO SOLITUDE.

O Solitude, romantic maid!
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again, I woo,
And again your steps pursue.

Plumed Conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face
(Ignorant of time and place),
Sparks of fire Dissension blowing,
Ductile, court-bred Flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
Squint-eyed Censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, Solitude.

Sage Reflection, bent with years,
Conscious Virtue void of fears,
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon Peace on moss reclined,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Wrapt earth-gazing Reverie,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-eyed Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You, with the tragic muse retired,
The wise Euripides inspired;
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens saved from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe;
You penn'd what exiled Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Vaucluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his long-loved maid
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sombre mien;
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay;
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string;
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-faced Melancholy smiled,
Drowsy Midnight ceased to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn;
Aside their harps even seraphs flung
To hear thy sweet Complaint, O Young!
When all nature 's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men;
But when Phosphor brings the dawn
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plumed wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chased the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclined,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest,
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighbouring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleased Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume;

Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wildling grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble.
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man 's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair;
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing
Whence the changing seasons spring;
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise;
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,—
The bournless macrocosm 's thine. * *

Dr. Granger.—Born 1721, *Died* 1766.

1016.—THE CHAMELEON.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been,
To see whatever could be seen.
Returning from his finish'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
I've seen—and sure I ought to know."
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun:
A lizard's body lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"
"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green!" cries the other in a fury:
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother;
The creature 's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light;
I mark'd it well, 'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; and full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
Both stared; the man look'd wondrous wise—
"My children," the Chameleon cries
(Then first the creature found a tongue),
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

James Merrick.—Born 1720, *Died* 1769.

1017.—THE WISH.

How short is life's uncertain space!
Alas! how quickly done!
How swift the wild precarious chase!
And yet how difficult the race!
How very hard to run!

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
To wisdom's prudent voice;
Till now arrived to riper years,
Experienced age, worn out with cares,
Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospects now appear
So pleasing and refined?
Yet groundless hope, and anxious fear,
By turns the busy moments share,
And prey upon the mind.

Since then false joys our fancy cheat
With hopes of real bliss;
Ye guardian powers that rule my fate,
The only wish that I create
Is all comprised in this:—

May I, through life's uncertain tide,
Be still from pain exempt!
May all my wants be still supplied,
My state too low t' admit of pride,
And yet above contempt!

But should your providence divine
A greater bliss intend;
May all those blessings you design
(If e'er those blessings shall be mine),
Be centred in a friend!

James Merrick.—Born 1720, *Died* 1769.

1018.—THE TEMPESTUOUS EVENING.

There's grandeur in this sounding storm,
That drives the hurrying clouds along
That on each other seem to throng,
And mix in many a varied form;
While, bursting now and then between,
The moon's dim misty orb is seen,
And casts faint glimpses on the green.

Beneath the blast the forests bend,
And thick the branchy ruin lies,
And wide the shower of foliage flies;
The lake's black waves in tumult blend,
Revolving o'er and o'er and o'er,
And foaming on the rocky shore,
Whose caverns echo to their roar.

The sight sublime enrapts my thought,
And swift along the past it strays,
And much of strange event surveys,
What history's faithful tongue has taught,
Or fancy form'd, whose plastic skill
The page with fabled change can fill
Of ill to good, or good to ill.

But can my soul the scene enjoy,
That rends another's breast with pain?
O hapless he, who, near the main,
Now sees its billowy rage destroy!
Beholds the foundering bark descend,
Nor knows but what its fate may end
The moments of his dearest friend!

John Scott.—Born 1730, *Died* 1783.

1019.—ODE ON HEARING THE DRUM.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms;
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans;
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

John Scott.—Born 1730, *Died* 1783.

1020.—ODE ON PRIVATEERING.

How custom steels the human breast
To deeds that nature's thoughts detest!
How custom consecrates to fame
What reason else would give to shame!
Fair spring supplies the favouring gale,
The naval plunderer spreads his sail,
And ploughing wide the wat'ry way,
Explores with anxious eyes his prey.

The man he never saw before,
The man who him no quarrel bore,
He meets, and avarice prompts the fight;
And rage enjoys the dreadful sight
Of decks with streaming crimson dyed,
And wretches struggling in the tide,
Or 'midst th' explosion's horrid glare,
Dispersed with quivering limbs in air.

The merchant now on foreign shores
His captured wealth in vain deplores;
Quits his fair home, O mournful change!
For the dark prison's scanty range;
By plenty's hand so lately fed,
Depends on casual alms for bread;
And with a father's anguish torn,
Sees his poor offspring left forlorn.

And yet, such man's misjudging mind,
For all this injury to his kind,
The prosperous robber's native plain
Shall bid him welcome home again;
His name the song of every street,
His acts the theme of all we meet,
And oft the artist's skill shall place
To public view his pictured face!

If glory thus be earn'd, for me
My object glory ne'er shall be;
No, first in Cambria's loneliest dale
Be mine to hear the shepherd's tale!
No, first on Scotia's bleakest hill
Be mine the stubborn soil to till!
Remote from wealth, to dwell alone,
And die, to guilty praise unknown!

John Scott.—Born 1730, *Died* 1783.

1021.—SONG,

MADE EXTEMPORE BY A GENTLEMAN, OCCASIONED BY A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP OF ALE.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

William Oldys.—Born 1696, *Died* 1761.

1022.—SONG.—MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam,
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go, balmy sleep
('Tis where you've seldom been),
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promised May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promised May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see, the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark! the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

John Cunningham.—Born 1729, *Died* 1773.

1023.—CONTENT, A PASTORAL.

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crowned,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast!
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly replied
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine!),
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
But take me fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet were her charms!
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
Reclined on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well-known for her sire,
And shepherds have named her Content.

John Cunningham.—Born 1729, *Died* 1773.

1024.—THE FIRESIDE.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and we
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Nathaniel Cotton.—Born 1721, *Died* 1788.

1025.—A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

What blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crouds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire;
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
O generous passion! 'tis yours to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before, since the hour I was born;
'Twas you made my Lord Raggamuffenn come here,
Who they say has been lately created a Peer;
And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect ask'd
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.

You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an assembly, fandango, or rout;
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party, her friends to divert;
But they say that of late she's grown sick of the town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down.
Her Ladyship's favourite house is the Bear:
Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there;
My Lady declares that retiring is good,
As all with a separate maintenance should;
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire;
If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
So pert is he grown, since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.

Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he 's a person of great resolution,
Tho' delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;

For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver;
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring-Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure such confusion was never yet known:
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown;
While his Lordship, embroider'd, and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies a-shore;
How the Misses did huddle and scuddle, and run,
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seem'd to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;
And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flock'd all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond.
You've read all their names in the news I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:—

There was Lady Greasewristor,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister.
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulter,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And Old Lady Mouzer;

And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer;
Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this grand entertainment.
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance;
All the chocolate, too, that my Lord set before 'em,
The ladies dispatch'd with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound:—

Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks where pinks and roses grow.

The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,
Breath'd heavenly measures:—

The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.

Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.

O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit;
For they tell me that men of true taste, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat;
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels, as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard,
E'en tho' I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask, and Peggy Morcen,
Who both flew to Bath in the London machine.
Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;
We never can see such a thing in the city:
You may spend all your life-time in Cateaton street,
And never so civil a gentleman meet;
You may talk what you please, you may search London through,
You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too,
And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"—

"These horns," cries my Lady, "so tickle one's ear,
Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
For I find here are folks one may venture to know;
Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
And my Lord would be pleased with so chearful a friend."

So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along;
For his Lordship was pleased that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sey and bow;
And my Lady was pleased, too, and seem'd vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a croud;
And when, like Chaldeans, we all had ador'd
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby perform'd a Cotillon,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postillion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.

—Now why should the muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great!
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Bumfidget and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a'cleaning his coat.—

Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.
In haste I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

Christopher Anstey.—Born 1724, *Died* 1805.

1026.—THE THREE WARNINGS.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection, to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near:
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his hours in peace.
But while he view'd his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" Old Dodson cries.
"So soon d'ye call it?" Death replies;
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and case,
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"

"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings;
So come along, no more we'll part;"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now Old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

Mrs. Thrale.—Born 1740, *Died* 1822.

1027.—THE BEGGAR.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Thomas Moss.—About 1798.

1028.—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Though, thus I languish, thus complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smiled, and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.
I tried to soothe my amorous flame
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shows disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll aye remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me.
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

Wm. Crawfurd.—Born 1700 (?), *Died* 1750 (?).

1029.—TWEEDSIDE.

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet-blushing rose,
Not all the gay flowers of the field,
Not Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet-cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare:
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on smooth-winding Tay
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

Wm. Crawfurd.—Born 1700 (?), *Died* 1750 (?).

1030.—ON MRS. A. H., AT A CONCERT.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
Hamilla! heavenly charmer;
See how with all their arts and wiles
The Loves and Graces arm her.
A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks,
Fair seats of youthful pleasures:
There Love in smiling language speaks,
There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid, I own thy power,
I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
And triumph in my anguish.
But ease, O charmer, ease my care,
And let my torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the fair,
So I the dearest love thee.

Wm. Crawfurd.—Born 1700 (?), *Died* 1750 (?).

1031.—VERSES WRITTEN WHEN ALONE IN AN INN AT SOUTHAMPTON.

Twenty lost years have stolen their hours away,
Since in this inn, even in this room, I lay:
How changed! what then was rapture, fire, and air,
Seems now sad silence all and blank despair!
Is it that youth paints every view too bright,
And, life advancing, fancy fades her light?
Ah, no!—nor yet is day so far declined,
Nor can time's creeping coldness reach the mind.
'Tis that I miss the inspirer of that youth;
Her, whose soft smile was love, whose soul was truth.
Her, from whose pain I never wish'd relief,
And for whose pleasure I could smile at grief.
Prospects that, view'd with her, inspired before,
Now seen without her can delight no more.

Death snatch'd my joys, by cutting off her share,
But left her griefs to multiply my care.
Pensive and cold this room in each changed part
I view, and, shock'd, from ev'ry object start:
There hung the watch that, beating hours from day,
Told its sweet owner's lessening life away.
There her dear diamond taught the sash my name;
'Tis gone! frail image of love, life, and fame.
That glass she dress'd at, keeps her form no more;
Not one dear footstep tunes th' unconscious floor.
There sat she—yet those chairs no sense retain,
And busy recollection smarts in vain.
Sullen and dim, what faded scenes are here!
I wonder, and retract a starting tear,
Gaze in attentive doubt—with anguish swell,
And o'er and o'er on each weigh'd object dwell.
Then to the window rush, gay views invite,
And tempt idea to permit delight.
But unimpressive, all in sorrow drown'd,
One void forgetful desert glooms around.
Oh life!—deceitful lure of lost desires!
How short thy period, yet how fierce thy fires!
Scarce can a passion start (we change so fast),
Ere new lights strike us, and the old are past.
Schemes following schemes, so long life's taste explore,
That ere we learn to live, we live no more.
Who then can think—yet sigh, to part with breath,
Or shun the healing hand of friendly death?
Guilt, penitence, and wrongs, and pain, and strife,
Form the whole heap'd amount, thou flatterer, life!
Is it for this, that toss'd 'twixt hope and fear,
Peace, by new shipwrecks, numbers each new year?
Oh take me, death! indulge desired repose,
And draw thy silent curtain round my woes.
Yet hold—one tender pang revokes that pray'r,
Still there remains one claim to tax my care.
Gone though she is, she left her soul behind,
In four dear transcripts of her copied mind.
They chain me down to life, new task supply,
And leave me not at leisure yet to die!
Busied for them I yet forego release,
And teach my wearied heart to wait for peace.
But when their day breaks broad, I welcome night,
Smile at discharge from care, and shut out light.

Aaron Hill.—Born 1685, *Died* 1750.

1032.—ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION OF VERTU.

So on he passed, till he comen hath
To a small river, that full slow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its wat'ry path
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her ancient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins proved the world's imperial queen.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian brass, Egyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All these and many more that may not here be told.

There in the middest of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy placed;
Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken friezes, statues half defaced,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

Aloft on this strange basis was ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,
And to soft music lent her idle ear;
The which with pleasure so did her enthral,
That for aught else she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honour'd,
And oft would by her place in princely sted,
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to soothe her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty Kesars bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great ancestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

Vertù she was yclept, and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry,
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fiddlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names and coins away do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet,
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But sithence she declined from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain and wonder-gaping boys.

Gilbert West.—Born 1706, *Died* 1755.

1033.—SONG—THE BLIND BOY.

O say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight?
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Colley Cibber.—Born 1671, *Died* 1757.

1034.—THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

How blest has my time been! what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, ofttimes am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What though on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year through;
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

Edward Moore.—Born 1712, *Died* 1757.

1035.—SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Of all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land,
Is half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em
Her mother she sells laces long,
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work
(I love her so sincerely),
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely:
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch,
As soon as text is named:
I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Henry Carey.—Died 1743.

1036.—FROM "A MONODY TO THE MEMORY OF HIS WIFE."

* * * Where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fated house—suppress my sighs,
Resolved to dry my unavailing tears:
But, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where were the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I lived to weep:
Moved by my tears, and by her patience moved,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she proved;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in falt'ring accents, spoke her fears:
"Ah, my loved lord, the transient scene is o'er,
And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear,
If from my lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smiled in vain;
If it has been my sole endeavour still
To act in all obsequious to thy will;
To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
If I have doated with that fond excess,
Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
If this I've done, and more—oh, then be kind
To the dear lovely babe I leave behind!
When time my once-loved memory shall efface,
Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
And hate it for the love thou bore to me:
My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears):
Promise——and I will trust thy faithful vow
(Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true)——
That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake
Wilt thou?————
I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills imposed by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more—
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven (I cried), from memory's earliest day

No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Even now she looks—she sighs her last——
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And with rebellious heart protest against her death.

* * * * *

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach;
To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters a while and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
Time creeps unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O——the joyless night!

Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

* * * * *

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart.

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When twining round my knees I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face?
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah! now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd.
My little darling!——dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caused—(O strange to hear!)
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier!
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright!
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest tend'rest love;
And O, sweet senseless smiler (envied state!),
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth),
And be the comfort of my age?
When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?

And oft as to thy list'ning ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To soothe my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

Cuthbert Shaw.—Born 1738, *Died* 1771.

1037.—HUNTING SONG.

The sun from the east tips the mountains with gold;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold!
Hear! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

CHORUS.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
While jocund we follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport;
The slave of the state hunt the smiles of a court:
No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.
With the sports, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
The priest hunts a living—the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient—the courtier a place,
Though often, like us, he's flung out in the chase.
With the sports, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb—while the soldier hunts fame,
The poet a dinner—the patriot a name;
And the practised coquette, though she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her lover pursues.
With the sports, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of health,
With hound and with horn through the woodlands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the sports, &c.

Paul Whitehead.—Born 1710, *Died* 1774.

1038.—THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

The topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd by thee:
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sailed,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The powers of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

Edward Thompson.—Born 1738, *Died* 1786.

1039—.SONG.

Behold upon the swelling wave,
With streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the brav
While glory leads the way;
And a cruising we will go.

Whene'er Monsieur comes in view,
From India richly fraught,
To gain the prize we're firm and true,
And fire as quick as thought.

With hearts of oak we ply each gun,
Nor fear the least dismay;
We either take, or sink, or burn,
Or make them run away.

The lovely maids of Britain's isle
We sailors ne'er despise;
Our courage rises with each smile,
For them we take each prize.

The wind sets fair, the vessel's trim,
Then let us boldly go;
Old Neptune guides us while we swim,
To check the haughty foe.

United let each Briton join,
Courageously advance,
We'll baffle every vain design,
And check the pride of France.

Edward Thompson.—Born 1738, *Died* 1786.

1040.—SONG.

Loose every sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind:
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career
That returns to the nest of his love!

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

Edward Thompson.—Born 1738, *Died* 1786.

1041.—FROM HIS "INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY."

* * * * *

Child of the potent spell and nimble eye,
Young Fancy, oft in rainbow vest array'd,
Points to new scenes that in succession pass
Across the wondrous mirror that she bears,
And bids thy unsated soul and wand'ring eye
A wider range o'er all her prospects take;
Lo, at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise!
Casting their shadows far along the main,
Whose brows, cloud-capp'd in joyless majesty,
No human foot hath trod since time began;
Here death-like silence ever-brooding dwells,
Save when the watching sailor startled hears,
Far from his native land at darksome night,
The shrill-toned petrel, or the penguin's voice,
That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing,
Through the bleak regions of a nameless main:
Here danger stalks, and drinks with glutted ear
The wearied sailor's moan, and fruitless sigh,
Who, as he slowly cuts his daring way,
Affrighted drops his axe, and stops awhile,
To hear the jarring echoes lengthen'd din,
That fling from pathless cliffs their sullen sound:
Oft here the fiend his grisly visage shows,
His limbs, of giant form, in vesture clad
Of drear collected ice and stiffen'd snow,
The same he wore a thousand years ago,
That thwarts the sunbeam, and endures the day.
'Tis thus, by Fancy shown, thou kenn'st entranced
Long tangled woods, and ever stagnant lakes,
That know no zephyr pure, or temperate gale,
By baneful Tigris banks, where, oft they say,
As late in sullen march for prey he prowls,
The tawny lion sees his shadow'd form,
At silent midnight by the moon's pale gleam,
On the broad surface of the dark deep wave;
Here, parch'd at mid-day, oft the passenger
Invokes with lingering hope the tardy breeze,
And oft with silent anguish thinks in vain
On Europe's milder air and silver springs.
Thou, unappall'd, canst view astounding fear
With ghastly visions wild, and train unbless'd
Of ashy fiends, at dead of murky night,
Who catch the fleeting soul, and slowly pace,
With visage dimly seen, and beckoning hand,
Of shadowy forms, that, ever on the wing,
Flit by the tedious couch of wan despair.
Methinks I hear him, with impatient tongue,
The lagging minutes chide, whilst sad he sits
And notes their secret lapse with shaking head.
See, see, with tearless glance they mark his fall,
And close his beamless eye, who, trembling, meets
A late repentance, and an early grave.
With thine and elfin Fancy's dreams well pleased,
Safe in the lowly vale of letter'd ease,
From all the dull buffoonery of life,
Thy sacred influence grateful may I own;
Nor till old age shall lead me to my tomb,
Quit thee and all thy charms with many a tear.
On Omole, or cold Soracte's top,
Singing defiance to the threat'ning storm,
Thus the lone bird, in winter's rudest hour,
Hid in some cavern, shrouds its ruffled plumes,
And through the long, long night, regardless hears
The wild wind's keenest blast and dashing rain.

Henry Headley.—Born 1766, *Died* 1788.

1042.—SONNET TO VALCLUSA.

What though, Valclusa, the fond bard be fled,
That woo'd his fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
Long loved her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song.

Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
Still undecay'd the fairy garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

Thomas Russell.—Born 1762, *Died* 1788.

1043.—SONNET, SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN AT LEMNOS.

On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæon's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watch'd, and blamed its lingering flight:
By day the sea-mew, screaming round his cave,
Drove slumber from his eyes, the chiding wave,
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his; in each low breeze that sigh'd
Through his rude grot, he heard a coming oar:
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts famed Trachis from th' Euboic shore.

Thomas Russell.—Born 1762, *Died* 1788.

1044.—ODE TO MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream—
Is there on earth a power supreme,
The delegate of heaven,
To whom an uncontroll'd command,
In every realm or sea and land,
By special grace is given?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence, betray
Strange proofs of power divine!

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclined,
Can form a sov'reign's claim:
Hail, monarchs! ye, whom heaven ordains,
Our toils unshared, to share our gains,
Ye idiots, blind and lame!

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
So reason must conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude!

In thee, vast All! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,
So nature's systems roll:
The sceptre 's thine, if such there be;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch! mighty whole!

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
An host's or senate's voice!
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctified by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the sceptred hand
The trembling slave may bind;
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force imposed belies
The unassenting mind.

Thy will 's thy rule, thy good its end;
You punish only to defend
What parent nature gave:
And he who dares her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just degree
On universal liberty,
Not private rights resign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No private beings e'er were meant
To hurt the general kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,
Thy injured weal impair.
Thy warmest passions soon subside,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Though malice swell the sum,
Would seem a spotless scanty scroll,
Compared with Marius' bloody roll,
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
The unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud;
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his powers,
While both thy claim oppose?
Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's band,
Far other was th' immortal stand,
When Hampden fought for thee:
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns th' historian's page,
A false apostate train:
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb;
Unpitied in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strow the plain.

These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muse's throng:
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie
But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half the right.
E'en Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems framed,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd;
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise nature mocks the wrangling herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransferr'd,
Her powers and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,
We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease the inspiring choice,
The sov'reign sinks a private voice,
Alike in one, or few!

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
And only dares betray,
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and priestcraft fail,
To pilfer power away?

O! shall the bought, and buying tribe,
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy?
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain
The powers and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy.

"Avert it, Heaven! you love the brave,
You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,
The self-devoted head;
Nor shall an hireling's voice convey
That sacred prize to lawless sway,
For which a nation bled."

Vain prayer, the coward's weak resource!
Directing reason, active force,
Propitious heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the t'und'ring sky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms
Unloosed our fathers' band:
Say, Greece and Rome! if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,
One monarch truly great:
Whose title speaks a people's choice,
Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
Whose strength a prosp'rous state.

Earl Nugent.—Born 1709, *Died* 1788.

1045.—WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The bride cam' out o' the byre,
And, O, as she dighted her cheeks!
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And have neither blankets nor sheets;
Have neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' thing to borrow,
Has o'en right muckle ado.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and woo'd, and a'!
And was she nae very weel off,
That was woo'd, and married, and a'?

Out spake the bride's father,
As he cam' in frae the plough:
O, haud your tongue, my dochter,
And ye'se get gear enough;
The stirk stands i' the tether,
And our braw bawsint yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn—
What wad ye be at, ye jade?

Out spake the bride's mither,
What deil needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava;
And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
Mae than ane or twa.

* * * *

Out spake the bride's brither,
As he cam' in wi' the kye:
Poor Willie wad ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For ye're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a poor man's wife;
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se ne'er tak ane i' my life.

* * * *

Alex. Ross.—Born 1698, *Died* 1784.

1046.—MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying, "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee.
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

Three stormy nights and stormy days
We toss'd upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chill'd my blood,
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

Alex. Ross.—Born 1698, *Died* 1784.

1047.—AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and socht me for his bride;
But saving a croun, he had naething else beside;
To mak that croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and young Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toiled day and nicht, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jennie, for their sakes, Oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

My father argued sair: my mother didna speak;
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
Sae they gied him my hand, though my heart was in the sea;
And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae 's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Barnard.—Born 1750, *Died* 1825.

1048.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dule and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Miss Jane Elliot.—About 1740.

1049.—THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest
Adornèd the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonnie was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are wither'd and weede away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he row'd on his way.

Oh, fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me;
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Mrs. Cockburn.—Born 1679, *Died* 1749.

1050.—TULLOCHGORUM.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cried,
And lay your disputes all aside;
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what 's been done before them?
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To drop their Whigmegmorum.
Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend this night with mirth and glee,
And cheerfu' sing alang wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum 's my delight;
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry wo 's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry we 's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry wo 's be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There need na be sae great a phrase
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays;
I wadna gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorums.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compared wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fear of want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
And canna rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest-hearted open friend;
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat,
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
Who wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whate'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

John Skinner.—Born 1721, *Died* 1807.

1051.—AMYNTA.

My sheep I neglected, I broke my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove;
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
Oh, what had my youth with ambition to do?
Why left I Amynta? Why broke I my vow?
Oh, give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love!
Oh, fool! to imagine that aught could subdue
A love so well-founded, a passion so true!

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine;
Poor shepherd, Amynta can never be thine:
Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

Sir Gilbert Elliot.—Died 1777.

1052.—BRAID CLAITH.

Ye wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote i' the bonnie book o' fame,
Let merit nae pretension claim
To laurell'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In guid braid claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
And slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa,
Wi' a' this graith,
When beinly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' guid braid claith.

Weesucks for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel that ne'er will be respeckit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' guid braid claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
When he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadows, or the Park,
In guid braid claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl and sleek a pickle hair,
Would be right laith,
When pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In guid braid claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath
His body in a scabbard clean
O' guid braid claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A fog for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou fou sair,
And scauld him baith:
Wooers should aye their travel spare,
Without braid claith.

Braid claith lends fouk an unca heeze;
Maks mony kail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little skaith:
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' guid braid claith.

For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakspere or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they could see ye wi' a suit on
O' guid braid claith.

Robert Fergusson.—Born 1751, *Died* 1774.

1053.—THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Whan gloamin grey out owre the welkin keeks;
Whan Batie ca's his owsen to the byre;
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
An' lusty lasses at the dightin' tire;
What bangs fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit frae the weet an' drift;
Sods, peats, and heathery turfs the chimley fill,
An' gar their thickening smeek salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
Whan he out owre the hallan flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh an' clean;
For cleanly house lo'es he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, and refreshin' synd
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleezin' fire:
Sair wark an' poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks;
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams;
The readied kail stands by the chimley cheeks,
An' haud the riggin' het wi' welcome streams,
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs a lesson lear:
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day;
At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done;
By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.
Twas this that braced their gardies stiff an' strang;
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang;
Garr'd Scotish thristles bang the Roman bays;
For near our crest their heads they dought na raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's owre;
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' Simmer's showery blinks, an' Winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on;
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty-stool was forced to ride;
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep 's amang the bairnies now;
For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco maen.
In rangles round, before the ingle 's low,
Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow:
O' ghaists, that win in glen an kirkyard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake wi' fear!

For weel she trows, that fiends an' fairies be
Sent frae the deil to fleetch us to our ill;
That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil ee;
An' corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kiln.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear;
Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear;
The mind 's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Though Age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave;
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
Shall heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy;
Careless though death shou'd mak the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,
Where the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease;
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' labourers doylt upo' the wintry leas.
Round him will baudrins an' the collie come,
To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee.
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum



THE TROM-KIRK BELL.

" Wanwordly, crazy, dinsome thing,
Ay ow'er was framed in jow or ring.

O' kebbuck whang'd, an' dainty fadge to prie;
This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak:
What stacks he wants to thrash; what rigs to till;
How big a birn maun he on bassie's back,
For meal an' mu'ter to the thirlin' mill.
Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
Glowr through the byre, an' see the hawkies bound;
Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,
An' ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground;
Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green,
Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their e'en,
An' hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
The cruizy, too, can only blink and bleer;
The reistit ingle 's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe,
Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the gleyb,
An' banks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
Her yellow ha'rsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien,
Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed;
An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

Robert Fergusson.—Born 1751, *Died* 1774.

1054.—TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

Wanwordy, crazy, dinsome thing,
As e'er was framed to jow or ring!
What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
They ken themsel;
But weel wat I, they couldna bring
Waur sounds frae hell.

* * * * *

Fleece-merchants may look bauld, I trow,
Sin' a' Auld Reekie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,
Thy sound bang,
And keep it frae gaun through and through
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't;
Like scauldin' wife's, there is nae guidin't;
When I'm 'bout ony business eident,
It's sair to thole;
To deave me, then, ye tak a pride in't,
Wi' senseless knoll.

Oh! were I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the powers aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down;
Nor should you think
(Sae sair I'd crack and clour your crown)
Again to clink.

For, when I've toom'd the meikle cap,
And fain wald fa' owre in a nap,
Troth, I could doze as sound 's a tap,
Were't no for thee,
That gies the tither weary chap
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick:
Quo' he—"This bell o' mine's a trick,
A wily piece o' politic,
A cunnin' snare,
To trap fouk in a cloven stick,
Ere they're aware.

As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
A' body at the kirk will skair;
Quo' they, if he that preaches there
Like it can wound,
We downa care a single hair
For joyfu' sound."

If magistrates wi' me would 'gree,
For aye tongue-tackit should you be;
Nor fleg wi' anti-melody
Sic honest fouk,
Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy dolefu' shock.

But far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they would scunner at your knell;
Gie the foul thief his riven bell,
And then, I trow,
The byword hauds, "The diel himsel
Has got his due."

Robert Fergusson.—Born 1751, *Died* 1774.

1055.—A SUNDAY IN EDINBURGH.

On Sunday, here, an alter'd scene
O' men and manners meets our een.
Ane wad maist trow, some people chose
To change their faces wi' their clo'es,
And fain wad gar ilk neibour think
They thirst for guidness as for drink;
But there 's an unco dearth o' grace,
That has nae mansion but the face,
And never can obtain a part
In benmost corner o' the heart.
Why should religion mak us sad,
If good frae virtue 's to be had?

Na: rather gleefu' turn your face,
Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;
And never hae it understood
You fleg mankind frae being good.
In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,
The joes and lasses loe to frisk it.
Some tak a great delight to place
The modest bon-grace owre the face;
Though you may see, if so inclined,
The turning o' the leg behind.
Now, Comely-Garden and the Park
Refresh them, after forenoon's wark:
Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,
Supply them in their Sunday's gills;
Where writers often spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.
While danderin cits delight to stray
To Castlehill or public way,
Where they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen,
Let me to Arthur's Seat pursue,
Where bonnie pastures meet the view,
And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakspere's muse.
If Fancy there would join the throng,
The desert rocks and hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt and play,
And gie to mirth the live-lang day.
Or should some canker'd biting shower
The day and a' her sweets deflower,
To Holyrood-house let me stray,
And gie to musing a' the day;
Lamenting what auld Scotland knew,
Bein days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame! the Muse
Would pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
And gie's our dignity again!
For oh, wae 's me! the thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace and our ancient state.

Robert Fergusson.—Born 1751, *Died* 1774.

1056.—CARELESS CONTENT.

I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see:
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food in sour and sweet:
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the truth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For fortune's favour or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wonted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none disposed to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave:
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link;
Though if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think;
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read or write, but without wrath;
For should I burn, or break my brain,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft, and debonair,
I am content, I do not care.

John Byrom.—Born 1691, *Died* 1763

1057.—A PASTORAL.

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet pleasures I felt in my breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like Colin was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring: but alas! it was she.

With such a companion to tend a few sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lie down and sleep:
I was so good-humour'd, so cheerful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day;
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy, as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am sure it weighs more than a pound.

The fountain that went to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,
And still, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Must you be so cheerful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

My lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And Phœbe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty were all in their prime;
But now, in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still, then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me;
And Phœbe was pleased too, and to my dog said,
"Come hither, poor fellow;" and patted his head.
But now, when he 's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry "Sirrah!" and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phœbe 's away?

When walking with Phœbe, what sights have I seen,
How fair was the flower, how fresh was the green!
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and everything made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp! went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody 's gone:
Her voice in the concert, as now I have found,
Gave everything else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for—a place in her breast:
You put on your colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluck'd by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps till my Phœbe return!
While amidst the soft zephyr's cool breezes I burn:
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the lead.
Fly swifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah Colin! old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my pain?
To be cured, thou must, Colin, thy passion remove;
But what swain is so silly to live without love!
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with despair;
Take heed, all ye swains, how ye part with your fair.

John Byrom.—Born 1691, *Died* 1763.

1058.—THE GOSPEL.

Mark the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Its secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

Joy shall begin your march,
And peace protect your ways,
While all the mountains round
Echo melodious praise;
The vocal groves
Shall sing the God,
And every tree
Consenting nod."

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1059.—EVENING HYMN.

Interval of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head!
Welcome slumber to mine eyes,
Tired with glaring vanities!
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose:
By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest;
Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day his love the same;
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot:
Thou, my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep;
Blest vicissitude to me!
Day and night I'm still with thee.

What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me?
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast.
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way;
While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise;
Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise.
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear;
From on high shall he impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee!

What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.
Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.
See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!
See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.
With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.

Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with Thee.

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1060.—TO-MORROW, LORD, IS THINE.

To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sov'reign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

Since on this wingèd hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty pow'r,
The aged and the young.

"One thing" demands our care:
Oh, be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd!

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1061.—ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

My God, thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,
But to renew thy praise?

Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

Thou, when the pains of death were felt,
Didst chase the fears of hell;
And teach my pale and quivering lips
Thy matchless grace to tell.

Calmly I bow'd my fainting head
On thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To his eternal rest.

Into thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on that truth
Which made salvation mine.

Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come;
Nor would I urge a speedier flight
To my celestial home.

Where thou determin'st mine abode,
There would I choose to be;
For in thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1062.—PREPARING TO MEET GOD.

He comes; thy God, O Israel, comes;
Prepare thy God to meet:
Meet him in battle's force array'd,
Or humbled at his feet.

He form'd the mountains by his strength,
He makes the winds to blow;
And all the secret thoughts of man
Must his Creator know.

He shades the morning's op'ning rays,
And shakes the solid world,
And stars and angels from their seats
Are by his thunder hurl'd.

Eternal Sovereign of the skies,
And shall thine Israel dare
In mad rebellion to arise,
And tempt th' unequal war?

Lo, nations tremble at thy frown,
And faint beneath thy rod:
Crush'd by its gentlest movement down,
They fall, tremendous God.

Avert the terrors of thy wrath,
And let thy mercy shine;
While humble penitence and prayer
Approve us truly thine.

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1063.—A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hail, progeny divine!
Hail, Virgin's wondrous Son,
Who, for that humble shrine,
Didst quit the Almighty's throne!
The infant Lord
Our voices sing,
And be the King
Of grace adored.

Ye princes, disappear,
And boast your crowns no more,
Lay down your sceptres here,
And in the dust adore:
Where Jesus dwells,
The manger bare
In lustre far
Your pomp excels.

With Bethlehem's shepherds mild
The angels bow their head,
And round the sacred child
Their guardian wings they spread;
They knew that where
Their Sovereign lies,
In low disguise,
Heaven's court is there.

Thither, my soul, repair,
And earthly homage pay
To thy Redeemer fair,
As on his natal day:
I kiss thy feet;
And, Lord, would be
A child like thee,
Whom thus I greet.

Doddridge.—Born 1702, *Died* 1751.

1064.—COME, O THOU TRAVELLER.

PART I.

Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

I need not tell thee who I am;
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art Thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

In vain thou struggl'est to get free,
I never will unloose my hold!
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know

Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable Name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell:
To know it now, resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy Name, thy Nature know.

What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-Man prevail.

PART II.

Yield to me now, for I am weak;
But confident in self-despair:
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak:
Be conquer'd by my instant pray'r:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy Name is Love.

'Tis Love! 'tis Love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

My pray'r hath power with God: the grace
Unspeakable I now receive;
Through faith I see thee face to face:
I see thee face to face, and live!
In vain I have not wept and strove:
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath rose, with healing in his wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from thee
My soul its life and succour brings;
My help is all laid up above;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

Contented now upon my thigh
I halt, till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from thee to move;
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

Lame as I am, I take the prey;
Hell, earth, and sin, with ease o'ercome;
I leap for joy, pursue my way,
And, as a bounding hart, fly home;
Through all eternity to prove
Thy Nature and thy Name is Love.

Charles Wesley.—Born 1708, *Died* 1788.

1065.—WEARY OF WANDERING.

Weary of wand'ring from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of Love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O! for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.

The stone to flesh again convert;
The veil of sin again remove:
Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,
And melt it by thy dying love;
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill my whole soul with filial fears;
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by thy grace, O bend or break,
The iron sinew in my neck!

Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin:
A godly fear of sin impart;
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare t' offend thee more.

Charles Wesley.—Born 1708, *Died* 1788.

1066.—JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
Just and holy is thy Name;
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley.—Born 1708, *Died* 1788.

1067.—FROM TERSTEEGE.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee,
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see;
O when shall all my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend!

Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there!
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

O hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see,
Nothing desire or seek, but thee!

O Love, thy sovereign aid impart,
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there:
Make me thy dutcous child, that I
Ceaseless may, "Abba, Father," cry!

Ah no! ne'er will I backward turn:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Thrice happy he who views with scorn
Earth's toys, for thee his constant flame!
O help, that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

John Wesley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1791.

1068.—FROM THE GERMAN.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds: then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee!
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move:
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?

Hence our hearts melt; our eyes o'erflow;
Our words are lost; nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues, to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren Thou!
To thee, lo! all our souls we bow;
To thee our hearts and hands we give:
Thine may we die, thine may we live!

John Wesley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1791.

1069.—FROM COUNT ZINZENDORF.

Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me t' atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then,—this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died for me.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word;
That all, who to thy wounds will flee,
May find eternal life in thee.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

John Wesley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1791.

1070.—FROM SCHEFFLER.

Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.

Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men!
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease in pain!
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

In darkness willingly I stray'd;
I sought thee, yet from thee I roved;
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread;
Thy creatures more than thee I loved:
And now if more at length I see,
'Tis through thy light, and comes from thee.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.

Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown,
Or smile,—thy sceptre, or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!

John Wesley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1791.

1071.—FROM THE GERMAN.

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean!

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee!
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

John Wesley.—Born 1703, *Died* 1791.

1072.—LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, Thou art all compassion!
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thy hosts above;
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious love.

Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be;
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly restored by Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place!
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A. Toplady.—Born 1740, *Died* 1778.

1073.—DEATHLESS PRINCIPLE, ARISE!

Deathless principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go, to shine before his throne—
Deck his mediatorial crown!
Go, his triumphs to adorn—
Made for God, to God return!

Lo, He beckons from on high!
Fearless to his presence fly—
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God!
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering, round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven!

Is thy earthly house distrest,
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly,
Burst thy shackles—drop thy clay—
Sweetly breathe thyself away—
Singing, to thy crown remove—
Swift of wing, and fired with love!

Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy care on Him;
Him—whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar:
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there!

See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through:
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail!
Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See, they throng the blissful shore!

Mount, their transports to improve—
Join the longing choir above—
Swiftly to their wish be given—
Kindle higher joy in heaven!—
Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes!
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death!

A. Toplady.—Born 1740, *Died* 1778.

1074.—ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Keep me ever near to Thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r!

Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know
Could my tears for ever flow,—
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Leprous, to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,—
When my eyes shall close in death,—
When I soar to worlds unknown,—
See Thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. Toplady.—Born 1740, *Died* 1778.

1075.—COME, HOLY SPIRIT, COME.

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel all sorrows from our minds,
All darkness from our eyes.

Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And, to our wond'ring view reveal
The boundless love of God!

Revive our drooping faith,
Our unbelief remove,
And kindle in our hearts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee!

Hart.—Born ——, *Died* ——.

1076.—BE WISE TO RUN THY RACE.

Be wise to run thy race,
And cast off ev'ry load;
Strive to be rich in works of grace,
Be rich towards thy God.

If profit be thy scope,
Diffuse thine alms about;
The worldling prospers laying up,
The Christian, laying out!

Returns will not be scant,
With honour in the highest;
For who relieves his brother's want,
Bestows his alms on Christ.

Give gladly to the poor—
'Tis lending to the Lord;—
In secret to increase thy store,
And hide in heav'n thy hoard.

There thou mayst fear no thief,
No rankling rust, nor moth;
Thy treasure and thy heart are safe,—
Where one is, will be both.

Hart.—Born ——, *Died* ——.

THE SEVENTH PERIOD,

FROM 1780 TILL THE PRESENT TIME.

THE great variety and abundance of the literature of this period might, in some measure, have been predicted from the progress made during the previous thirty or forty years, in which, as Johnson said, almost every man had come to write and to express himself correctly, and the number of readers had been multiplied a thousand-fold. The increase in national wealth and population naturally led, in a country like Great Britain, to the improvement of literature and the arts, and accordingly we find that a more popular and general style of composition began to supplant the conventional stiffness and classic restraint imposed upon former authors. The human intellect and imagination were sent abroad on wider surveys, and with more ambitious views. To excite a great mass of hearers, the public orator finds it necessary to appeal to the stronger passions and universal sympathies of his audience; and in writing for a large number of readers, an author must adopt similar means, or fail of success. Hence it seems natural that as society advanced, the character of our literature should become assimilated to it, and partake of the onward movement, the popular feeling, and rising energy of the nation. There were, however, some great public events and accidental circumstances which assisted in bringing about a change. The American war, by exciting the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, awakened the spirit of the nation. The enthusiasm was continued by the poet Cowper, who sympathized keenly with his fellow-men, and had a warm love of his native country. Cowper wrote from no system; he had not read a poet for seventeen years; but he drew the distinguishing features of English life and scenery with such graphic power and beauty, that the mere poetry of art and fashion, and the stock images of descriptive verse, could not but appear mean, affected, and common-place. Warton's "History of Poetry," and Percy's "Reliques," threw back the imagination to the bolder and freer era of our national literature, and the German drama, with all its horrors and extravagance, was something better than mere delineations of manners or incidental satire. The French Revolution came next, and seemed to break down all artificial distinctions. Talent and virtue only were to be regarded, and the spirit of man was to enter on a new course of free and glorious action. This dream passed away; but it had sunk deep into some ardent minds, and its fruits were seen in bold speculations on the hopes and destiny of man, in the strong colourings of nature and passion, and in the free and flexible movements of the native genius of our poetry. Since then, every department of literature has been cultivated with success. In fiction, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the Edinburgh Review; and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of far more valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the chivalry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature, and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. "The literature of England," says Shelley, "has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among such philosophers and poets as surpass, beyond comparison, any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion

or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides, may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and adjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 256. What dear household names we have is this period! Cowper, in all his breathings of home, and happiness, and liberty; Dibdin, with his famous Sea-songs; James Grahame, with his quiet and peaceful Sabbath Morn and Eve; Edwin Atherstone, with his gorgeous Fall of Nineveh, which will be ere long acknowledged one of the greatest poems ever written. Then Sir Walter Scott, with the story of Abbotsford, and Keats in his exquisite beauty, and Heber in his saintly Hymns. We have Leigh Hunt, in all his spring-like and quaint beauty—God bless thee, Leigh Hunt, thou hast cast many a bright ray of sunshine on the gloomy path of this world. We have Macaulay and Lockhart; we have the quiet Bernard Barton and sweet William and Mary Howitt, and Eliza Cook and T. K. Hervey, D. M. Moir and Thomas Aird, who will stand as one of Scotland's greatest bards yet. We have the exquisite poems of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the poems of Keble and Wordsworth,—we mean the Archdeacon of Westminster, and of Archbishop Trench, so quaint, so thoughtful, so precious. We have Dean Alford, so fresh with beauty and truth, and which perhaps may last, great, and learned, and acute, and profound as his New Testament is, which may last longer than even it. Monsell and Mrs. Alexander, Lyte, Horatius Bonar, Alexander Smith, Dr. Neale, Arnold, William Kennedy, Charles Swain, Owen Meredith, and, domestic, yet great and grand, W. C. Bennett. We have all these in their beauty and their truth. Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, belong to this period; Shelley, Byron, all are ours. And were we to take the names in history, and metaphysics, and divinity, and political economy, and the drama, we should find the age great and glorious, notwithstanding its many faults and shortcomings. Dobell, P. J. Bailey, Catherine Winkworth, all add to the list in whom the people of our isle may well glory, and thank God.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

WILLIAM COWPER.

"William Cowper, the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of the English letter-writers, was born at Berkhamstead, where his father was rector. Of noble family on both sides, he was appointed, after a few years spent at the law, with Thurlow for his fellow-student, to a clerkship in the House of Lords; but having to appear before that august body, he was overcome by nervous terror and attempted suicide. The appointment was of course given up, and after he had been some time at St. Albans under medical treatment, he retired to that seclusion which he never afterwards left. He went first to Huntingdon, where his brother resided. There he formed an acquaintance with a clergyman of the name of Unwin, and became a member of his family. On Mr. Unwin's death, he continued to reside with his widow, and now the names of Mary Unwin and William Cowper are indissolubly joined in the story of Cowper's life as well as in his writings. On the advice of John Newton, a man remarkable in many ways, and then curate at Olney, the Unwins and Cowper removed to that town. Here he engaged, at Newton's suggestion, in writing hymns; but his melancholy gaining ground, he was for two years laid aside. On his recovery in 1775, he took to gardening, to hare-keeping, and to poetry. This last became his favourite employment. In 1782, when he was past fifty, he published his first volume, containing 'Table Talk,' 'The Progress of Error,' 'Conversation,' 'Expostulation,' 'Hope,' 'Charity,' etc., all of them marked by an earnest tone, and containing several protests against the infidelity which the school of Voltaire was then seeking to make popular. The sale was slow, both from the themes of which it treats and from a certain

want of melody that impaired the versification; but the book was warmly praised by Johnson, then near his end, and by Franklin. Lady Austen, a widow who had come to reside in that neighbourhood, now made the acquaintance of Cowper, told him the story of John Gilpin, whose feats of horsemanship he was to immortalize, and advised him to try his hand at blank verse. This advice produced the 'Task' and in the same volume appeared 'Tirocinium,' 'John Gilpin,' published two years before, and the 'Sofa.' 'The Task,' says Southey, 'is one of the best didactic poems in our language;' 'a glorious poem,' as Burns calls it; 'at once descriptive, moral, and satirical;' and its success was instant and decided. After the publication of this volume Cowper entered upon the more arduous work of the translation of Homer, setting himself forty lines a day. At length the forty thousand verses were completed, and in 1791 he published the whole by subscription in two volumes quarto; 'the best version of the great poet,' as both Southey and Wilson think. Meanwhile the friendship with Lady Austen had been dissolved, and Cowper had removed to Weston, about a mile from Olney. Here he had for a time the society of his cousin, Lady Hesketh, and of the Throckmortons, the owners of Weston. But his malady returned, and was aggravated by the illness of Mrs. Unwin. Hoping that both might be relieved by a change of scene, he removed again into Norfolk, where his friend Hayley was settled. There, in 1796, Mrs. Unwin died; and after her death the poet lingered on for three years under the same dark shadow of despondency, occasionally writing, and listening with interest to all that was read to him, but without permanent relief. His last piece, 'The Castaway,' which shows no decay of mental power, though he was then in his seventieth year, is amongst the most touching poems in any language.

"Cowper's personal history is one of the most affecting in literature. He had the richest wit and humour, yet a large part of his life was spent in sadness. Of an eminently humble and confiding spirit, he lived in dread of eternal condemnation. He wrote pieces which have given consolation to all classes of Christians, yet he himself took no comfort from them; he even regarded them as aggravations of his guilt. Happily all this has now passed away. He bequeathed an inexhaustible treasure to mankind, and he now knows the blessedness he has so touchingly described.

"The qualities which give Cowper a high place in our poesy it is not difficult to define. For humour and quiet satire; for appreciation of natural beauty and domestic life; for strong good sense and devout piety; for public spirit and occasional sublimity; for gentle and noble sentiment; for fine descriptive powers employed with skill on outward scenes and on character; for ease and colloquial freedom of style; and for the strength and harmony of his later versification especially, he has rarely been equalled: and for these qualities combined he has never been surpassed.

"And it is this combination that most excites admiration. His satire is often keen but never personal. He is earnestly religious, but his religion never blunts his sensibilities to the glories of nature; nor does it ever, though eminently spiritual, unfit him to appreciate the sacredness of human rights or the fault of wrong-doing. He has evidently been polished by intercourse with the world, but he has preserved a very unworldly degree of purity and simplicity. Never was poet more lonely or sad, and yet by none has domestic happiness been more impressively described. With the ripeness and decision of age, he has the sportiveness and susceptibility of youth. Nor is it easy to decide whether we are attracted most by the excellence of each quality or by the softness and harmony of the whole.

"No one of these qualities, however, nor the combination of them all, is sufficient to explain the healthy influence he exerted on English poetry or the love with which he is now regarded. He is practically the founder of the modern school of poets—an honour he owes chiefly to his reality and naturalness. It is this excellence which gives attractiveness to all he has written. Pope's poems are, at least, as finished as the best of Cowper's, and more finished than most of his earlier pieces. Young is often apparently as religious, sometimes as merry and certainly as witty. Thomson's pictures of nature have greater variety and more ideal beauty than Cowper's. But Pope's poetry is art, Cowper's nature. Young's religion and mirth seem to belong to two different men. From every line Cowper has written, the very man beams forth, always natural, consistent, and unaffected; while his descriptions of nature excite sensations rather than ideas, and the poet lives and moves in every scene. In short, his poetry has the polish and vigour of the eighteenth century, the warmth and feeling of the seventeenth, with a naturalness and a reality all his own. And this last, the naturalness and a reality of a loving, gentle, devout heart, is the secret of his strength."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit." pp. 234–237. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's ed. of Cowper's Poems; Grimshawe's "Life of Cowper"; Southey's "Life and Works of Cowper."

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

William Hayley, born 1745, died 1820, at one time a popular poet, the friend and biographer of Cowper, was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He wrote "Triumphs of

Temper," "Triumphs of Music," poetical epistles, odes, essays, &c. His works in 1785 occupied six volumes.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Southey's "Life and Correspondence"; "Lond. Month. Rev.," ciii. 267; cv. 1; "Blackwood's Mag." xiv. 184, 303; "Memoris of the Life and Writings of Hayley," written by himself, and edited by John Johnson, LL.D., 1823, 2 vols. 4to.

DR. ERASUMS DARWIN.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin, "an ingenious, philosophical, though fanciful poet," says Chambers in one of his best articles, "was born at Elston, near Newark, in 1731. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St. John's college, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr. Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in 1770; and after her decease Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession; but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's 'Botanic Garden,' a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorize the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole, of Radbourne Hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs. Pole, and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the 'Loves of the Plants.' Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions:—

'From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups,
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honied lips enamour'd woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthen'd threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnish'd shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!'

This is exquisitely melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression:—

'Roll on, ye stars! exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye, too, to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,

Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!'

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses, in the following happy and vigorous lines, to 'Moses concealed on the Nile,' and the slavery of the Africans :—

'So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapp'd her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasp'd the treasure to her throbbing breast;
With soothing whispers hush'd its feeble cry,
Press'd the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless steps she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappall'd the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips,
Waits on the reed-crown'd brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
Wrench'd the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapp'd in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression shares the crime!'

"The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connexion or dependence one on the other. He has such a throng of startling metaphors and descriptions, the latter drawn out to an excessive length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the 'Botanic Garden' was added in 1792. Darwin next published his 'Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life,' part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others, have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled 'Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening.' He also wrote a short treatise on 'Female Education,' intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed, he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his Botanic Garden he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April, 1802. Shortly after his death was published a poem, 'The Temple of Nature,' which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The 'Temple of Nature' aimed, like the Botanic Garden, to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

"The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his 'song' for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of 'Flora' had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the 'Pleasures of Hope' of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers.

His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire; but who can sympathize with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos, except in very brief episodical passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste, which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. pp. 270, 271. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Donaldson's "Agricult. Biog."; "Memoirs of Darwin's Life," by Anna Seward, Lond. 1804, 8vo.; "Edin. Rev." iv. 230.

MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

"Mrs. Charlotte Smith was the daughter of Mr. Turner, of Stoke House, in Surrey, and was born on the 4th of May, 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively, playful humour, that showed itself in conversation and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr. Smith, the son and partner of a rich West-India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr. Smith was careless and extravagant, business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Lawsuits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr. Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement. A numerous family also gathered around them, to add to their solicitude and difficulties. In 1782 Mrs. Smith published a volume of sonnets, irregular in structure, but marked by poetical feeling and expression. They were favourably received by the public, and at length passed through no less than eleven editions, besides being translated into French and Italian. After an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs. Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. In eight months she completed her novel of 'Emmeline,' published in 1788. In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled 'Ethelinde'; and in 1791 a third, under the name of 'Celestina.' She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled 'Desmond.' This work arrayed against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale, the 'Old Manor House,' which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs. Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of 'Conversations'; 'A History of British Birds'; a descriptive poem on 'Beachy Head,' &c. The delays in the settlement of her property, which had been an endless source of vexation and anxiety to one possessing all the susceptibility and ardour of the poetical temperament, were adjusted by a compromise; but Mrs. Smith had sunk into ill-health. She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October, 1806. The poetry of Mrs. Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast. She wrote as if 'melancholy had marked her for her own.' The keen satire and observation evinced in her novels do not appear in her verse, but the same powers of description are displayed. Her sketches of English scenery are true and pleasing. 'But while we allow,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'high praise to the sweet and sad effusions of Mrs. Smith's muse, we cannot admit that by these alone she could ever have risen to the height of eminence which we are disposed to claim for her as authoress of her prose narratives."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." pp. 273, 274.

MISS SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

"Miss Susanna Blamire was born at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, and remained there from the date of her birth (1747) till she was

twenty years of age, when she accompanied her sister—who had married Colonel Graham, of Duchray, Perthshire—to Scotland, and continued there some years. She became enamoured of Scottish music and poetry, and thus qualified herself for writing such sweet lyrics as 'The Nabob' and 'What ails this heart o' mine?' On her return to Cumberland, she wrote several pieces illustrative of Cumbrian manners. She died unmarried in 1794. Her poetical pieces, some of which had been floating through the country in the form of popular songs, were collected by Mr. Patrick Maxwell, and published in 1842."—Gilfillan's "Less-Known Brit. Poets," vol. iii. pp. 290, 291. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Anna Letitia Barbauld, born 1743, died 1825, daughter of a schoolmaster in Leicestershire, named Aikin, and wife of Rochemont Barbauld, a Frenchman by extraction, and minister of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk. A little before her marriage she published 'Miscellaneous Poems,' and soon after 'Hymns in Prose for Children.' Mr. Barbauld became a minister of a church at Newington in 1802, which brought Mrs. Barbauld into greater connexion with the literary circles of the day. Her style is simple and graceful, adorned by much exquisite fancy and imagery. Her most valued contributions have been her sacred pieces. That on 'The Death of the Righteous' is one of the gems of English sacred poetry.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Lon. Monthly Rev." 1785; Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

MISS ANNA SEWARD.

"Miss Anna Seward, born 1747, died 1809, known as the 'Swan of Lichfield,' daughter of a canon in the cathedral of that city, wrote 'Sonnets,' and a poetical novel, called 'Louisa.' Her poems were bequeathed to Walter Scott for publication, but they are now utterly forgotten."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit." See Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

MRS. HUNTER.

"Mrs. Hunter, born 1742, died 1821, was the wife of the eminent surgeon, and sister of Everard Home. She wrote verses and songs which were extensively read in their day, and some of which Haydn has 'married to immortal' music."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook Eng. Lit." p. 266. See Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Edin. Rev." i. 421–426; "Blackwood's Mag." xli. 409.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

"Mrs. Amelia Opie, born 1769, died 1853. She was the wife of an artist, herself a novelist, and friend of most of the literary celebrities of her age. She wrote a volume of miscellaneous poems, published in 1802."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook Eng. Lit." p. 266. See Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

MRS. GRANT.

"Mrs. Grant, widow of the minister of Laggan, in Inverness-shire, was born in 1754, and died in 1838. She was the author of several able and interesting prose works. She wrote 'Letters from the Mountains,' giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country; also 'Memoirs of an American lady' (1810), and 'Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders,' which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the 'genius of Scott."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. p. 279. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

MRS. TIGHE.

"Mrs. Mary Tighe, born 1774, died 1810, was the daughter of the Rev. William Blatchford, of the county of Wicklow, Ireland. Her history seems to be but little known to the public, as I have tried in vain to find some account of her life; but her early death, which took place at Woodstock, near Kilkenny, March 24th, 1810, after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in a very beautiful lyric.

"Mrs. Tighe is chiefly known by her poem of 'Psyche,' in six cantos, written in the Spenserian stanza, founded on the classic fable of Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul (ψυχη). Many of the pictures in this, the chief production of her muse, are conceived in the true spirit of poetry, while over the whole composition is spread the richest glow of purified passion. It is a poem, however, to be read as a whole, and cannot well be appreciated by any detached passages. A luxurious, dreamy sweet-

neas pervades the descriptions, and gives them a peculiar charm, while the elegance of the easy-flowing language attests the complete power of the poet over her theme. Some of her minor pieces also are exceedingly beautiful; and the lines 'On Receiving a Branch of Mezereon' are scarcely exceeded, for beauty and pathos, by anything of the kind in the language."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent."

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

"Robert Bloomfield, born 1766, died 1823, was a farmer's boy, and became, through the influence of the Duke of Grafton, a government clerk, with a somewhat unhappy lot in both positions. He wrote 'The Farmer's Boy' (1798), 'Rural Tales' (1810), 'Wild Flowers,' and other pieces, volumes of cheerful description of rural life, with much moral feeling and smoothness of versification: his great fault is his want of passion; his great excellence, the truth and reality of his delineations. Some of his lines, those, for example, on the 'Soldier's Home,' Wilson thinks equal to Burns."—Dr. Angus's "Handbook Eng. Lit." p. 266. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Drake's "Literary Hours"; "Blackwood's Mag." 1822.

JOHN LEYDEN.

"John Leyden, a distinguished oriental scholar as well as a poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents; but the ardent borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the Church, and he was entered of Edinburgh College in 1790, in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress, was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot of seclusion, for the kirk (excepting during divine service) is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions. The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-vials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.' From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stories, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St. Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799 published a sketch of the 'Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa.' He wrote also various copies of verses and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the Edinburgh Magazine. In 1800 Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis's Tales of Wonder and Scott's Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border. So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the Minstrelsy, that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His next publication was a new edition of 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' an ancient work written about 1548, which Leyden enriched with a preliminary dissertation, notes, and a glossary. He also undertook the management, for one year, of the Scots' Magazine. His strong desire to visit foreign countries induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the East. The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon's assistant; and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. 'The sudden change of his profession,' says Scott, 'gave great amusement to some of his friends.' In December, 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He

finished his poem, 'The Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature, and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal college. This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment, namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was, as usual, devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear for me profane the eye of a borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his 'Scenes of Infancy' he expresses his anticipation of such an event in a passage of great melody and pathos.

'The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam?
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters roll'd their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmur'd by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

"In 1811 Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. 'His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, 'led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books, in which many Indian manuscripts of value were said to be deposited. A library in a Dutch settlement was not, as might have been expected, in the best order; the apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British empire.' The Poetical Remains of Leyden were published in 1819, with a Memoir of his Life, by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his 'Lord of the Isles.'

'Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
Stills rings to Corrievreckin's roar,
And lonely Colonsay;
Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quench'd is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour:
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.'

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled 'The Mermaid,' the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckin, and which was published with another, 'The Cout of Keeldar,' in the Border Minstrelsy. His longest poem is his 'Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his 'Scenes of Infancy.' Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of 'The Mermaid,' as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. pp. 288, 289.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Charles Dibdin, born at Southampton, 1745, died 1814, an English actor, dramatist, and distinguished sea-song writer, was educated at Winchester, and originally intended for the Church; but going to London at the early age of sixteen, he produced an opera

called "The Shepherd's Artifice," which was brought out at Covent Garden. In 1778 he was appointed musical manager at Covent Garden. Subsequently he built the "Circus," afterwards called the "Surrey;" and in 1788 published his "Musical Tour." In the following year he gave his entertainment called "The Whim of the Moment," of which he was sole author, composer, and performer. In this piece he sang his ballad of "Poor Jack," which completely won the ear of the public; and from that time, his reputation as a balladist was established. He wrote no fewer than nine hundred songs, according to some; and twelve hundred, according to others. Whichever number is correct does not much signify, as a soil so prolific must have produced many weeds. Many of his lyrics, however, have great merit. They have solaced the seaman during long voyages, sustained him in the storm, and inspired him in battle; and they have been quoted to restore the mutinous to order and discipline. In 1805 he retired from public life, and received a government pension of £200 per annum. "Poor Tom Bowling" was written upon a brother of his, who had been the captain of an East Indiaman, and was twenty-nine years older than the author. Thomas, a son of Charles, was long connected with the London stage as an actor and dramatist. He wrote and adapted a vast number of pieces; but none of them are distinguished by much original merit. He also wrote a work of amusing "Reminiscences." Died in Pentonville, 1841.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Dibdin's Life."

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

William Gifford, born at Ashburton, Devonshire, 1756, died 1826, a modern English writer, was the son of poor parents, and was left an orphan before he had reached his thirteenth year. He was apprenticed to the sea; but, disliking that occupation, was put to shoemaking, at which employment he continued till he was twenty years of age. By that time he had displayed some indications of genius, when a Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon of Ashburton, sent him to Oxford. After leaving college, he made the tour of Europe, as the travelling companion of Lord Belgrave; and, on his return to England, settled in London as a literary man. In 1794 he published his "Baviad," a poetical satire, which annihilated the Della Crusca school of poets, of which Mrs. Piozzi formed a leading member. In the following year his "Maviad" appeared, and exposed the low state to which dramatic authorship had then fallen. In 1797 he became the editor of the "Anti-Jacobin," established by Mr. Canning and other gentlemen, and got entangled in a quarrel with Dr. Wolcot, to whom, as "Peter Pindar," he wrote a poetical epistle. In 1802 he published his translation of Juvenal, which Sir Walter Scott says "is the best version ever made of a classical author." In 1804 his edition of Massinger appeared, and, in 1816, that of Ben Jonson. Subsequently, editions both of Ford and Shirley were published, but not entirely edited by him, his death having taken place before he had completed them. In 1809 he became the editor of the London "Quarterly Review;" and it is in this capacity that he is best known. As a critic, he has been much censured for his severity, with which he mingled no inconsiderable degree of injustice. "He was a man with whom I had no literary sympathies," says Southey; "perhaps there was nothing upon which we agreed, except great political questions. . . . He had a heart full of kindness for all living creatures, except authors; *them* he regarded as a fishmonger regards eels; or as Isaak Walton did worms, slugs, and frogs. I always protested against the indulgence of that spirit in his 'Review.'" Scott says he was good "as a commentator;" but, as a critic, the "fault of extreme severity went through his critical labours;" and, in general, he flagellated with so little pity, that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting punishment. He held the editorship of the "Review" till 1824.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

GEORGE CANNING.

"The Right Honourable George Canning, born 1770, died 1827, was, on the paternal side, of Irish extraction. His father came to London, entered himself of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. Meeting with little practice, he abandoned the law for literature, but being unable to maintain himself in this new vocation, became a wine-merchant, in which capacity he failed, and died of a broken heart. His mother became an actress, and married an actor. He also dying, she was now married to a Mr. Hunn, a linen-draper of Exeter, and lived long enough to see her son attain the eminence to which his distinguished abilities entitled him. George was educated first at Hyde Abbey School, Winchester, then at Eton, and then at Oxford, where he was recognized as a high-class man. He then entered Lincoln's Inn, to follow the law as a profession, but, being introduced by Mr. Pitt to the House of Commons, he abandoned the bar, and devoted himself wholly to the study of politics. This was in 1793. In 1796 he was appointed Under-Secretary of State, and

in 1800 received a fortune of £100,000 by his marriage with Joanna, the daughter of General Scott. In 1804 he was appointed treasurer of the navy; and in 1807, a year after the death of Pitt, he was appointed, for the second time, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1809 he fought a duel with Lord Castlereagh; and in 1812 became member for Liverpool, which again elected him in 1814, 1818, and 1820. In 1816 he became president of the Board of Control, and in 1822 was named Governor-General of India, and was about to embark for that country, when Lord Castlereagh, then Marquis of Londonderry, committed suicide. This circumstance led to Mr. Canning's relinquishing his appointment, and again accepting that of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In 1827 he became Premier, the great object of a long and arduous political life. The last time he spoke in Parliament was on the 29th of June, 1827. Born in London; died at the villa of the Duke of Devonshire, Chiswick.—Mr. Canning had great oratorical ability, with considerable poetical power, and much brilliancy of wit. He was a firm supporter of the cause of Catholic emancipation, and the main promoter of the independence of Greece."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."—See Maunder; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS.

"Another satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was 'The Pursuits of Literature,' in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr. Thomas James Mathias, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr. Mathias was some time treasurer of the household to her Majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the 'Pursuits of Literature,' Mr. Mathias was author of some 'Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue,' 'The Imperial Epistle from Kien-Long to George III.' (1794), 'The Shade of Alexander Pope,' a satirical poem (1798), and various other light, evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr. Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The 'Pursuits of Literature' contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr. Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. pp. 296, 297.

JOHN WOLCOT.

Rev. John Wolcott, usually styled "Peter Pindar," born at Dodbrooke, Devonshire, about 1738, died in London, 1819, an eminent English burlesque poet, who was educated for the profession of medicine, and, in 1767, became physician to Sir William Trelawney, governor of Jamaica. He subsequently returned to England, and entered into orders; but after having been disappointed of a valuable living in the island of Jamaica, set up in practice as a physician in Cornwall. Having discovered the self-taught artist Opie at Truro, he repaired with him to London, and there distinguished himself as a writer of burlesque poetry. His productions principally consisted of odes and satires directed against George III., Pitt, and the leading men of the time. A complete edition of his works, in 4 vols., was published in 1816.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM BLAKE.

William Blake, born 1757, died 1828. He attracted great attention, as an engraver and author, by the eccentricity of his genius. His "Gates of Paradise"; "America, a Prophecy"; "Illustrated Edition of Young's 'Night Thoughts'"; "Illustrations of Blair's 'Grave'"; "Songs of Innocence and Experience"; "Vision of the Daughters of Albion"; "Illustrations of Dante," are full of quaint and exquisite, and sometimes sublime, beauty. Charles Lamb says: "Blake is a real name, I assure you; and a most extraordinary man he is, if he is still living. He is the Blake whose wild designs accompany a splendid edition of Blair's 'Grave.' He paints in water-colours marvellous strange pictures—visions of his brain—which he asserts he has seen. They have great merit. I must look upon him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age." Pilkington, in his "Dictionary of Painters," writes: "Full of feeling and delicacy, and looked on with wonder and respect by the world." Mr. Jameson speaks in equally glowing terms:—"The most original, and, in truth, the only new and original version of the scripture idea of *Angels* which I have met with, is that of William Blake, a poet-painter. Somewhat mad, as we are told, if indeed his madness were not rather 'the telescope of truth,'—a

sort of poetical clairvoyance, bringing the unearthly nearer to him than to others." What can be more exquisitely quaint and beautiful than several, one in particular, of the poems we have quoted.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Sacred and Legendary Art," by Mr. Jameson.

JAMES GRAHAME.

"James Grahame, the author of the 'Sabbath,' was the son of a respectable attorney in Glasgow, and was born in that city, on the 22nd of April, 1765. He was educated at the excellent public schools of that city, and had a very early and strong desire to enter the clerical profession; but it was the long-cherished wish of his father that he should be bred to his own calling. Accordingly, our poet sacrificed his own wishes to those of his parent, and studied the law. Many irksome years—the best years of his life—were wasted in this, to him most uncongenial pursuit, and it was finally abandoned. For many years, however, he toiled on in it, and, from a sense of what he owed to his family, he gave to it all the attention of which a mind devoted to higher purposes was capable.

"In 1804 he published anonymously his poem of 'The Sabbath.' He had kept from all his friends, and even from his wife, who was possessed of a fine literary taste, all knowledge of what he had been engaged in, and laid a copy of his poem on his parlour table, as soon as it appeared. Mrs. Grahame was led by curiosity to examine it, and, while doing so, he was walking up and down the room, awaiting some remark from her. At length she burst into enthusiastic admiration of the performance, and, well knowing her husband's weak side, very naturally added—'Ah, James, if you could produce a poem like this!' Longer concealment was impossible; and Mrs. Grahame, justly proud of her husband's genius, no longer checked its bent.

"'The Sabbath' was warmly received throughout Scotland. It came from the heart; and it spoke to the heart of the nation. Grahame's vocation was now confirmed; and, in the following two years, during the long recess of the Scottish courts, he retired with his family to a cottage at Kirkhill, on the classic banks of the Esk, and gave himself up to

'Calm contemplation and poetic ease.'

"He now determined to abandon the law, and zealously prepared himself for the ministry. This had been his early, his constant wish. His appearance, voice, manner, as well as his talents and his piety, were all in keeping with that calling. He was ordained in 1809, and soon after settled with his family at Shipton, in Gloucestershire. This year he published his 'British Georgics,' a didactic agricultural poem. His health had long been delicate, and he was induced, in 1811, to go to Edinburgh for a change of air and for medical advice. But it was apparent to all that his days on earth could not be long. He had a natural desire of breathing his last in his own native city, and Mrs. Grahame set out with him, on the 11th of September, for Glasgow. He was barely able to reach the place, and died there on the 14th of September, 1811, in the forty-seventh year of his age, most sincerely and deeply lamented by a large circle of friends.

"Of the character of Grahame's poetry, there is now scarcely but one opinion. Its great charms are its elevated moral tone, and its easy, simple, and unaffected description. His 'Sabbath' will always hold its place among those poems which are, and deserve to be, in the hands of the people. He exhibits great tenderness of sentiment, which runs through all his writings, and sometimes deepens into true pathos. We do not know any poetry, indeed, that lets us in so directly to the heart of the writer, and produces so full and pleasing a conviction that it is dictated by the genuine feelings which it aims at communicating to the reader. If there be less fire and elevation than in the strains of some of his contemporaries, there is more truth and tenderness than is commonly found along with those qualities."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent."

GEORGE CRABBE.

"George Crabbe, born 1754, died 1832. If Cowper be rightly denominated the poet of the domestic hearth, George Crabbe is eminently the poet of the passions in humble life. In his long career he is the link connecting the age of Johnson and Burke with that of Walter Scott and Byron; and his admirable works, while retaining in their form much of the correctness and severity of the past age, exhibit in their subjects and treatment that intensity of human interest and that selection of real passion which constitute the distinguishing characteristic of the writers who appeared at the beginning of the present century. He was born at the little seaport-town of Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father was an humble fisherman, and performed the duties of salt-master, or receiver of the customs duties on salt; and his childhood was miserable through bodily weakness and the sight of continual dissensions between his parents. After a dreamy and studious childhood, during which his thirst for knowledge was encouraged by his father, a man of violent passions but of considerable intellectual development for one in his humble position, young Crabbe was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, and first exercised his profession in his native town. Pas-

sionately fond of literature and botany, his success in business was so small that he determined to seek his fortune in London, where he arrived with only about £3 in his pocket, and several unfinished poems, which he published, but which were coldly received After some stay in London he found himself reduced to despair, and even threatened with a prison for some small debts he had contracted, and after vainly applying for assistance to various persons connected with Aldborough, he addressed a manly and affecting letter to Edmund Burke, who immediately admitted him to his house and friendship From this moment his fortune changed, he was assisted, both with money and advice, in bringing out his poem of 'The Library,' was induced to enter the Church, and was promised the powerful influence of Lord Chancellor Thurlow He became domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland, and lived some time at the magnificent seat of Beauvoir, but this dependent position seems to have been accompanied with circumstances distasteful to Crabbe's manly character It, however, enabled him to marry a young lady to whom he had been long attached, and he soon after changed the splendid restaurant of Beauvoir for the humbler but more independent existence of a parish priest From this period till his death, at the great age of seventy eight, his life was passed in the constant exercise of his pastoral duties in various parishes and in the cultivation of literature and his favourite science of botany

"In his first poem, 'The Library,' it was evident that Crabbe had not yet hit upon the true vein of his peculiar and powerful genius It was not till the appearance of The Village in 1783 that he struck out that path in which he had neither predecessor nor rival The manuscript of this poem was submitted to Johnson who gave his advice and assistance in the correction and revision of the style The success of 'The Village' was very great, for it was the first attempt to paint the manners and existence of the labouring class without dressing them up in the artificial colours of fiction Crabbe allowed about fourteen years to pass before he again appeared before the public During the interval he was busied with his professional duties, and enjoying the happiness of domestic life, which no man was ever more capable of appreciating he, however, does not appear to have relaxed his habit of composition His next work was 'The Parish Register,' in which the public saw the gradual ripening of his vigorous and original genius and this was followed, at comparatively short intervals, by 'The Borough,' 'Tales in Verse,' and 'Tales of the Hall' These, with the striking but painful poems, written in a different measure, entitled 'Sir Eustace Gray,' and 'The Hall of Justice,' make up Crabbe's large and valuable contribution to the poetical literature of his country Almost all these works are constructed upon a peculiar and generally similar plan. Crabbe starts with some description, as of the Village, the Parish Church, the Borough—just such a deserted seaport-town as his native Aldborough—from which he naturally proceeds to deduce a series of separate episodes, usually of middle and humble life, appropriate to the leading idea Thus, in 'The Parish Register' we have some of the most remarkable births, marriages, and deaths that are supposed to take place in a year amid a rural population, in the 'Borough,' the lives and adventures of the most prominent characters that figure on the narrow stage of a small provincial town The 'Tales' are a series of stories, some pathetic and some humorous, each complete in itself, and in the 'Tales of the Hall,' two brothers whose paths in life have separated them from boyhood, meet in their old age, and recount their respective experiences 'Sir Eustace Grey' is the story of a madman related with terrific energy and picturesqueness by himself, and in the 'Hall of Justice' a gipsy criminal narrates a still more dreadful story of crime and retribution With the exception of the two last poems, written in a peculiar rhymed short lined stanza, Crabbe's poems are in the classical ten syllabled heroic verse and the contrast is strange between the neat Pope like regularity of the metre, and the deep passion, the intense reality, and the quaint humour of the scenes which he displays He thoroughly knew and profoundly analysed the hearts of men the virtues, the vices, the weakness and the heroism of the poor he has anatomized with a stern but not unloving hand No poet has more subtly traced the motives which regulate human conduct, and his descriptions of nature are marked by the same unequalled power of rendering interesting, by the sheer force of truth and exactness, the most unattractive features of the external world The village tyrant, the poacher, the smuggler the miserly old maid the pauper, and the criminal, are drawn with the same gloomy but vivid force as that with which Crabbe paints the squalid streets of the fishing town, or the fen, the quay and the heath The more unattractive the subject the more masterly is the painting, whether that subject be man or nature Crabbe is generally accused of giving a gloomy and unfavourable view of human life, but his pathos, when he is pathetic, reaches the extreme limit which sensibility will bear, and in such tales as Phœbe Dawson, Edward Shore the Parting Hour, the intensity of the effect produced by Crabbe is directly proportioned to the simplicity of the means by which the effect is attained. In painting the agonies of remorse, the wandering reason of sorrow or of crime, he is a master, and the story of 'Peter Grimes' might be cited as an unequalled example of the sublime in common life None of the great Flemish masters have surpassed Crabbe in minuteness as well as in force of delineation,

and like them his delineation is often most impressive when its subject is most vile and even repulsive."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 398–400. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Samuel Rogers, born at Newington Green, near London, 1763, died 1855, an eminent English poet, was the son of a London banker, in whose house of business he was placed, after having received an efficient private education. From his earliest years he had a predilection for poetry, and at the age of twenty-three produced his first volume of verses, under the title of "An Ode to Superstition, and other Poems." Between the appearance of his first publication and that of his second, "The Pleasures of Memory," which was given to the world in 1792, he travelled upon the Continent and in Scotland. Six years later he brought out another volume, after which he remained silent during fourteen years; for he added nothing to his poetical works until the year 1812, when he published a fragment entitled "Columbus." During this interval, however, he had retired from active participation in the affairs of the bank, and had given himself to the cultivation of the friendship of the celebrities of his time. "'The house of Rogers,' in St. James's Place, became a little paradise of the beautiful, where, amid pictures and other objects of art, collected with care and arranged with skill, the happy owner nestled in fastidious ease, and kept up among his contemporaries a character in which something of the Horace was blended with something of the Mecœnas."

"Jaqueline" was put forth in 1814; "Human Life" in 1819; and in 1822, the poet, then sixty years of age, produced the first part of his "Italy." The complete edition of this latter poem was not published until 1836, when it appeared in a magnificent form, having been illustrated under his own direction, by Stothard, Turner, and Prout, at a cost of £10,000. Up to his ninety-first year he wrote an occasional piece, composed, like all his works, with laborious slowness, and polished line by line into elegance. That Rogers was a shrewd observer and brilliant talker, besides a poet, is evinced by the publication of his "Table Talk," which appeared after his death. "We have in his works a classic and graceful beauty," says an eminent critic, "no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre, and, occasionally, trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender heroic feelings." He had been in the habit of taking constant exercise till within a short time before his death, and was at last only prevented from appearing in public by an accident with which he met in the streets. Orton in his "Excelsior" says, "Who has ever read the works of this noble-hearted poet, without their having produced a grateful and refreshing influence, or without their fiercer passions being softened and calmly elevated? —None, surely!

"Who has not felt that a loving brother is conversing with him when perusing his 'Pleasures of Memory;' or that a chaste son of nature, with a classically-moulded mind, is their guide through 'Italy'?

"He has not written much, certainly, when we survey his long life;—but we feel that a deeply pure and noble, an unostentatiously-kind and loving spirit, has dictated every line with which he has blessed the world.

"This poet's kindness and sympathy of heart are so deeply felt in his writings, as they have been displayed in his life. He has not attempted a flight into any wild imaginative regions, but he has sought, and successfully, to throw flowers of beauty over the rugged paths of man, and the ruins o'er which the Past has stalked and shattered with his destructive heel!"—See Beeton's "Univ. Biog."; Maunder; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"William Wordsworth was born on the 7th of April, 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland. His parents were of the middle class, and designed him for the Church; but poetry and new prospects turned him into another path. His pursuit through life was poetry, and his profession that of stamp-distributor for the Government, in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He made his first appearance as a poet in 1793, by the publication of a thin quarto volume, entitled 'An Evening Walk; an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady.' In the same year he published 'Descriptive Sketches in Verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps,' of which Coleridge thus writes in his 'Biographia Literaria:'—'During the last of my residence at Cambridge, 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's first publication, entitled "Descriptive Sketches;" and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced.' Two years after, the two poets, then personally unknown to each other, were brought together, at Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire. Coleridge was then in his twenty-fourth, and Wordsworth in his twenty-sixth year. A congeniality of pursuit soon ripened into intimacy, and, in September, 1798, accompanied by Miss Wordsworth, they made a tour in Germany.

"Wordsworth's next publication was the first volume of his 'Lyrical Ballads,' published just after he had left for the Continent, by Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, who purchased the copyright for thirty guineas. But it proved

a great failure, and Cottle was a loser by the bargain. The critics were very severe upon it. Jeffrey in the 'Edinburgh,' Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and James Smith in his 'Rejected Addresses,' and others of less note in the literary world, all fired their shafts of reason and ridicule at him. Many years, therefore, elapsed before Mr. Wordsworth again appeared as a poet. But he was not idle; for in the same year that witnessed the failure of his 'Lyrical Ballads,' he wrote his 'Peter Bell,' though he kept it by him many years before he published it.

"Wordsworth married, in the year 1803, Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, and settled among his beloved lakes—first at Grasmere, and afterward at Rydal Mount. Southey's subsequent retirement to the same beautiful country, and Coleridge's visits to his brother poets, originated the name of the 'Lake School of Poetry,' by which the opponents of their principles and the critics of the 'Edinburgh Review' distinguished the three poets, whose names are so intimately connected. In 1807, he put forth two volumes of his poems, and in the autumn of 1814 appeared, in quarto form, the celebrated 'Excursion.' It consists of sketches of life and manners among the mountains, intermingled with moral and devotional reflections. It is merely a part of a larger poem, which was to be entitled 'The Recluse,' and to be prefaced by a minor one, delineating the growth of the author's mind, published since his death under the name of 'The Prelude.' 'The Recluse' was to be divided into three parts—the 'Excursion' forms the second of these; the first book of the first part is extant in manuscript, but the rest of the work was never completed.

"No sooner did the 'Excursion' appear, than the critics were down upon it with a vengeance. 'This will never do,' was the memorable opening of the article in the 'Edinburgh' A few thought it 'would do,' and praised it; but while it was still dividing the critics, 'Peter Bell' appeared, to throw among them yet greater differences of opinion. The deriders of the poet laughed still louder than before; while his admirers believed, or affected to believe, that it added to the author's fame. Another publication the next year—'The White Doe of Rylstone'—was even more severely handled by one party, while, with 'the school,' it found still greater favour than anything that he had written. In 1820, he published his noble series of 'Sonnets to the River Duddon,' which contain some of his finest poetry. Two years after appeared his 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets,' which were composed at the same time that Southey was writing his 'History of the Church.'

"In 1831 he visited Scotland, and, on his way to the Lakes, had an affecting interview—the last he ever had—with Sir Walter, who was rapidly failing, and was about to set off for an Italian clime. The evening of the 22nd September was a very sad one in his antique library. Lockhart was there, and Allan, the historical painter. Wordsworth was also feeble in health, and sat with a green shade over his eyes, and bent shoulders, between his daughter and Sir Walter. The conversation was melancholy, and Sir Walter remarked that Smollett and Fielding had both been driven abroad by declining health, and had never returned. Next morning he left Abbotsford, and his guests retired with sorrowful hearts. Wordsworth has preserved a memento of his own feelings in a beautiful sonnet. In 1833 he visited Staffa and Iona. The year 1834 was a sort of era in his life, by the publication of his complete works in four volumes. His friends, however, now began to fall around him. That year poor Coleridge bade adieu to his weary life. This must have touched many a chord of association in Wordsworth's heart. In 1836, his wife's sister, and his constant friend and companion, died, and blow followed blow in fatal succession.

"As if to console him for the loss of so many that were dear to his heart, worldly honours began to be heaped upon him. In 1835, 'Blackwood's Magazine' came out strongly in his defence. In 1839, amid the acclamations of the students, he received the degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford University. In 1842 he received a pension of £300 a year, with permission to resign his office of stamp-distributor in favour of his son. Next year he was appointed to the laureateship left vacant by the melancholy death of Southey. After this he lived a quiet and dignified life at Rydal, evincing little apparent sympathy with the arduous duties and activities of the every-day world—a world which he left, calmly and peacefully, at a good old age, on the 23rd of April, 1850.

"No author in the English language has so divided the critics as William Wordsworth. A few place him in the first class of our poets; while the large majority, certainly, of readers see nothing in his poetry that can fairly give him such a rank. Gladly would I add my humble testimony in unison with that of his ardent admirers, if I honestly could; but, whether right or wrong, I cannot. I cheerfully grant that his style is simple and often vigorous; that his versification is smooth and easy; that his blank verse is manly and idiomatic; that he shows great power of minute and faithful description; and that, throughout his poetry, may be found sentiments of pure morality and deep wisdom, such as must ever exert a happy moral influence. And yet he never moves me; there is no passion in him; there seems to be a want of naturalness in most that he has written; he never warms me to admiration, or melts me to tenderness. Southey himself has, to my mind, well expressed the real fault of both his mystical brethren:—'Both Coleridge and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write,

and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault—that of making things easy of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended by their way of stating them. Instead of going to the natural springs for water, they seem to like the labour of digging wells.'

"The following estimate of his character, from a recent critic, seems to me very just:—'His devotion to external nature had the power and persuasiveness of a passion; his perception of its most minute beauties was exquisitely fine; and his portraitures, both of landscapes and figures, were so distinctly outlined as to impress them on the mind almost as vividly and deeply as the sight of them could have done. But he was defective in the stronger passions, and hence, in spite of the minuteness of his portraitures of character, he failed to produce real human beings capable of stirring the blood; and what was even more serious, he himself was incapacitated from feeling a genial and warm sympathy in the struggles of modern man, on whom he rather looked as from a distant height with the commiseration of some loftier nature. From the characteristics enumerated arose the great faults of his works. His landscape paintings are often much too minute. He dwells too tediously on every small object and detail, and from his over-intense appreciation of them, which magnifies their importance, rejects all extrinsic ornaments, and occasionally, though exceptionally, adopts a style bare and meagre, and even phrases tainted with mean associations. Hence all his personages — being without reality — fail to attract; and even his strong domestic affections, and his love for everything pure and simple, do not give a sufficient human interest to his poems. His prolixity and tediousness are aggravated by a want of artistic skill in construction; and it is owing to this that he is most perfect in the sonnet, which renders the development of these faults an impossibility, while it gives free play to his naturally pure, tasteful, and lofty diction. His imagination was majestic; his fancy lively and sparkling; and he had a refined and Attic humour, which, however, he seldom called into exercise.' "—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

"Samuel Taylor Coleridge, born 1772, died 1834, 'the most imaginative of modern poets,' was the son of the Rev. John Coleridge, vicar of Ottery, and was born at that place in the year 1772. Losing his father in early life, he obtained, by the kindness of a friend, a presentation to Christ Church Hospital, London. 'I enjoyed,' he says, 'the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time a very severe master, the Rev. James Bowyer, who early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid, &c.' He made extraordinary advances in scholarship, and amassed a vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge, but in that random, desultory manner which through life prevented him from accomplishing what his great abilities qualified him for achieving. His reputation at Christ Church promised a brilliant career at Cambridge, which university he entered in 1790, in his nineteenth year. In 1794 he became acquainted with the poet Southey, then a student at Baliol College, Oxford, and a warm friendship soon ripened between them; and at Bristol they formed the resolution, along with a third poet, Lovell, of founding what they termed a Pantisocrasy, or a republic of pure freedom, on the banks of the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania. In 1795 the three poets married three sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol, and thus the whole pantisocratic scheme was upset.

"After his marriage, Coleridge settled at Clevedon, near Bristol, and projected many plans of industrious occupation in the fields of literature; but he soon became tired of this retreat, and removed to Bristol, where he was materially aided in his designs of publication by that most generous and sympathizing publisher, Joseph Cottle. He first started a weekly political paper, called the 'Watchman,' most of which he wrote himself; but from his indolent irregularity, the work stopped at the tenth number. Failing in this, he retired, in the latter part of 1796, to a cottage in Nether Stowey, in Somersetshire, on the grounds of his friend and benefactor, Mr. Poole, and near Mr. Wordsworth. He was at this time in the habit of contributing verses to one of the London papers, as a means of subsistence; and it was while residing here that the greater part of his poems were composed, though many were not published till later: these were his 'Lyrical Ballads,' 'Christabel,' the 'Ancient Mariner,' and his tragedy of 'Remorse.'

"In 1798 he was enabled, through the munificence of Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, to travel in Germany, and to study at some of its famed universities. He was very industrious in the study of the literature and philosophy of that country, and may be considered as the introducer of German philosophy to the notice of British scholars. After his return from Germany, Coleridge settled with his family at Keswick, in Cumberland, near the 'Lakes,' in which region Wordsworth and Southey resided, and hence the appellation of 'Lake Poets,' given to these three individuals. In the meantime, his habit of opium-eating, into which he had been seduced from its apparent medicinal effects, had gained tremendously upon him, and had undermined his health. There is no portion of literary history more sad than that which reveals the tyrannical power which that dreadful habit had

over him, and his repeated but vain struggles to overcome it. It made him its victim; and held him, bound hand and foot, with a giant's strength. In consequence of his enfeebled health, he went to Malta in 1804, and returned in 1806. From this period till about 1816, he led a sort of wandering life, sometimes with one friend and sometimes with another, and much of the time separated from his family, supporting himself by lecturing, publishing, and writing for the London papers. The great defect in his character was the want of resoluteness of will. He saw that his pernicious habit was destroying his own happiness, and that of those dearest to him, entangling him in meanness, deceit, and dishonesty, and yet he had not the strength of will to break it off.

"In 1816 he placed himself under the care of Mr. Gillman, a physician in Highgate, London, and with his generous family he resided till his death. Most of his prose works he published between the years 1817 and 1825—the two 'Lay Sermons,' the 'Biographia Literaria,' the 'Friend,' in three volumes, and the 'Aids to Reflection,' and the 'Constitution of the Church and State.' After his death, which took place on the 25th of July, 1834, collections were made of his 'Table Talk,' and other 'Literary Remains.'

"Few men have exerted a greater influence upon the thinking mind of the nineteenth century than Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whether we regard his poetry or his prose writings. He wrote, however, for the scholastic few rather than for the reading many. Hence he has never become what may be called a popular writer, and never will be. But if he exerted not so great an influence upon the popular mind directly, he did indirectly through those who have studied and admired his works, and have themselves popularized his own recondite conceptions. His 'Aids to Reflection in the Formation of a Manly Character' is a book full of wisdom, of sound Christian morality, and of the most just observations on life and duty; and from his 'Series of Essays—the Friend,' might be culled gems of rich, and beautiful, and profound thought that would make a volume of priceless worth. His poetry unites great vividness of fancy to a lofty elevation of moral feeling and unsurpassed melody and versification; but then much of it must be said to be obscure. He himself, in fact, admits this, when he says, in a later edition of one of his poems, that where he appears unintelligible, 'the deficiency is in the reader.' Still, there is enough that is clear left to delight, instruct, and exalt the mind; and few authors have left to the world, both in prose and poetry, so much delicious and invigorating food on which the worn spirit may feed with pleasure and profit, and gain renewed strength for the conflicts of the world, as this philosophic poet and poetic philosopher.

"In conversation, Coleridge particularly shone. Here, probably, he never had his equal, so that he gained the title of the 'Great Conversationalist.' 'It is deeply to be regretted,' says an admiring critic, 'that his noble genius was, to a great extent, frittered away in conversation, which he could pour forth, unpremeditatedly, for hours, in uninterrupted streams of vivid, dazzling, original thinking.' 'Did you ever hear me preach?' said Coleridge to Lamb. 'I never heard you do anything else,' was his friend's reply. Certainly through this medium he watered with his instructions a large circle of discipleship; but what treasures of thought has the world lost by his unwillingness to make his pen the mouthpiece of his mind!"—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Gilfillan's "Literary Gallery."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey, born at Bristol, 1774; died at Keswick, Cumberland, 1843; an eminent English poet and general writer, was the son of a linendraper at Bristol, and was sent to Westminster School in 1788, from which establishment he was dismissed four years afterwards, in consequence of having written a sarcastic attack upon the system of corporal punishment pursued in the school. He was, however, entered of Baliol College, Oxford, it being intended that he should take holy orders. For this pursuit he himself had little sympathy; indeed, he was quite unqualified for it, being then a sceptic both in politics and religion. At Oxford he declared that he learned only two things—to row and to swim; but, even while there, that literary industry, which is almost without a parallel, became a habit with him. About a year after leaving Oxford, he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and the two poets married on the same day two sisters. After supporting himself for a short time by lecturing on history, in Bristol, he sold his poem, entitled "Joan of Arc," to Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, for fifty guineas. His maternal uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, chaplain of the British factory at Lisbon, at whose expense Southey had been kept at Oxford, visited England shortly after his nephew's first appearance as a poet, and endeavoured to induce him to enter the Church: but although Southey had by this time become reconciled to her doctrines, he steadily refused to take orders. On his uncle's return to Lisbon, Southey accompanied, and remained in Spain and Portugal during six months. In 1796 he produced "Letters from Spain and Portugal;" and in the following year entered himself as a student of the law at Gray's Inn. He wrote to his publisher, "I advance with sufficient rapidity in Black-

stone and 'Madoc.' I hope to finish my poem and begin my practice in about two years." At the end of this time the poem was completed, but the law was given up as impracticable. After a second visit to Lisbon, he obtained, upon his return to England, an appointment as private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; but in six months the poet relinquished what he called "a foolish office and a good salary." This was in 1801, and with this year dates his entrance upon literature as a profession. He obtained sufficient employment from the booksellers, and after making several successful appearances as an author, he, in 1804, settled at Greta Hall, near Keswick, Cumberland, where the remaining years of his life were passed. In 1807 he received a pension from the Government; in 1813 he succeeded Mr. Pye as poet laureate; and under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, a second pension of £300 per annum was bestowed upon him. He was at the same time offered a baronetcy by Sir Robert; but this Southey declined, because too poor to support the dignity. He lost his first wife in 1837, and two years later was united to Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. He was the author of more than one hundred volumes of poetry, history, travels, &c.; and, moreover, produced one hundred and twenty-six papers of various lengths, upon history, biography, politics, and general literature. The principal efforts of his life of unwearied industry were, "Joan of Arc"; "Madoc"; "Thalaba, the Destroyer"; "The Curse of Kehama," poems: the lives of Nelson, Bunyan, John Wesley, Kirke White, prefixed to his "Remains;" the History of the Peninsular War, of Brazil, and of Portugal; "Sir Thomas More; or, Colloquies upon the Church"; "The Doctor"; and essays moral and political. His "Life and Correspondence," edited by his son, were published in 1850. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warter, also gave to the public his commonplace books.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; "Life of Southey," by Warter.

CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb, born in London, 1774; died at Edmonton, 1834; a distinguished English essayist and humorist, was the son of a clerk to Mr. Salt, a bencher of the Inner Temple, in which legal stronghold he first saw the light. He was sent at an early age to Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge was his schoolfellow. Reared in the very heart of the metropolis, he throughout life evinced a strong perception of the splendour, squalidness, excitement, and oddities of the great world of London. "I often shed tears," he said, "in the motley Strand, for fulness of joy at so much life." An impediment in his speech prevented his gaining an exhibition at the university, and, in 1792, he became a clerk in the India House, a post he retained during thirty-three years. With the exception of one terrible circumstance, his life was very uneventful. In 1796 his sister, worn out by constant toil at her needle, took her mother's life in an uncontrollable fit of frenzy. He first appeared as an author in a small book of poems, published in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd. Although this was severely handled by the "Anti-Jacobin," Lamb was not deterred from authorship; for, some time afterwards, he produced a drama, entitled "John Woodvill." His delightful "Essays of Elia," upon which his fame mainly rests, were first printed in the "London Magazine." He was highly esteemed by a large intellectual circle, among which may be named his life-long friend Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Rogers, and Talfourd. The last gentleman published "Lamb's Letters," and "Final Memorials," in 1848; and those who would fully appreciate his captivating essays, and morsels of autobiography scattered through his writings, should consult these tributes to a genial and estimable man. His complete works include two volumes of verse, the "Essays of Elia," and "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakspere." The "Farewell to Tobacco," "Essay on Roast Pig," "Christ's Hospital Thirty Years Ago," and the "Old Benchers of Lincoln's Inn," may be mentioned as representative bits of his refined, quaint, easy humour. In one of his last essays of "Elia," he records his feelings on being released from drudgery at the India House, in a delightful manner. The paper is called "The Superannuated Man;" and the event happened in 1825. His death was the consequence of what was at first thought but a slight accident. For quaint, genial, and unconventional humour, Lamb has, perhaps, never been excelled.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Professor Spalding; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

William Sotheby, born in London, 1757; died 1833; an English writer, who, after serving as an officer in the 10th Dragoons, retired to his estate near Southampton, where, as well as in London at a subsequent period, he devoted his leisure to literature. He produced some tragedies and poems, and translated Wieland's "Oberon," the "Georgics" of Virgil, and Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

"William Lisle Bowles, born 1762, died 1850, the son of the Rev. William Thomas

Bowles, vicar of King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, was born at that place on the 25th of September, 1762. In 1766 he was placed on the Wykeham foundation at Winchester, under Dr. Joseph Warton. Naturally a timid, diffident boy, he ever expressed a grateful obligation to the kind encourgement he received from that eminent man, who sympathized very cordially with any manifestations of poetic talents. During his last year at Winchester, he was at the head of the school, and in consequence of this distinction he was elected, in 1781, a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1783 he gained the chancellor's prize for Latin verse, the subject being *Calpe Obsessa*, 'The Siege of Gibraltar.' In 1789 he published twenty of his beautiful sonnets, which were followed in the same year by 'Verses to John Howard, on his State of the Prisons and Lazarettos,' and in 1790 by 'The Grave of Howard.' These and other poetical works were collected in 1796, and so well were they received, that repeated editions were published.

"In 1797 he was married to Magdalen, daughter of the Rev. Charles Wake, prebendary of Westminster. She died some years before him, leaving no children. Having entered the ministry, he obtained the vicarage of Bremhill in 1804, which was his constant residence for nearly a quarter of a century. In the latter part of his life he resided at Salisbury, where he died on the 7th of April, 1850.

"It would be difficult to enumerate all of Mr. Bowles's publications: but the following are his principal poems. 'The Battle of the Nile,' published in 1799; 'The Sorrows of Switzerland,' in 1801; 'The Spirit of Discovery, or Conquest of Ocean,' in 1805; 'The Missionary of the Andes,' in 1815; 'The Grave of the Last Saxon,' in 1822; 'St. John in Patmos,' in 1832. His last poetical compositions were contained in a volume published in 1837, entitled 'Scenes and Shadows of Days Departed, a Narrative; accompanied by Poems of Youth, and some other poems of Melancholy and Fancy, in the Journey of Life from Youth to Age.' He also printed several editions of a pleasing little volume of simple poetry, entitled 'The Village Verse-Book,' written to excite in the youthful mind the first feelings of religion and humanity, from familiar rural objects.

"In 1807, Mr. Bowles edited 'The Works of Alexander Pope, in Verse and Prose,' in ten volumes; and in this labour (it would seem not of *love*) he displayed, as editor, what is rather a singular phenomenon in the literary world, prepossessions adverse to the claims and merits of his author. He laid down this proposition as a universal truth, 'that *all* images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of nature, are more beautiful and sublime than *any* images drawn from art; and that they are therefore, *per se*, more poetical.' The truth of this dogma was of course warmly disputed, and Campbell, Byron, and others entered into the contest in behalf of Pope. The latter, doubtless, had the better of the argument: a pyramid may raise as strong emotions in the breast as the mountain; and, as Byron said, a ship in the wind, with all sails set, is a more poetical object than 'a hog in the wind,' though the hog is all nature, and the ship all art.

"Mr. Bowles is probably more indebted for his fame to his Sonnets than to any of his other writings. Of these, Mr. Hallam, in an address recently delivered at the anniversary of the Royal Society of Literature, thus speaks: 'The Sonnets of Bowles may be reckoned among the first fruits of a new era in poetry. They came in an age when a commonplace facility in rhyming on the one hand, and an almost nonsensical affectation in a new school on the other, had lowered the standard so much, that critical judges spoke of English poetry as of something nearly extinct, and disdained to read what they were sure to disapprove. In these sonnets there was observed a grace of expression, a musical versification, and especially an air of melancholy tenderness, so congenial to the poetical temperament, which still, after sixty years of a more propitious period than that which immediately preceded their publication, preserves for their author a highly respectable position among our poets.'"—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Walter Savage Landor, born 1775, died 1864. "His father was a gentleman of good family and wealthy circumstances residing in Warwickshire. The son entered Rugby at an early age, and thence proceeded to Trinity College, Oxford. Like many others who have taken important literary positions, he left the university without a degree; and though intended at first for the army, and afterwards for the bar, he declined both professions, and threw himself into literature, with the assistance of a liberal allowance from his father. In 1795 his first work—a volume of poems—appeared, followed early in the present century by a translation into Latin of 'Gebir,' one of his own English poems. Landor had no small facility in classical composition, and he appeared to have the power of transporting himself into the times and sentiments of Greece and Rome. This is still more clearly seen in the 'Heroic Idylls' (1820), in Latin verse; and the reproduction of Greek thought in 'The Hellenics' is one of the most successful attempts of its kind. At the death of his father, the poet found himself in possession of an extensive estate, but longing for

a life of greater freedom and less monotony than that of an English country gentleman, he sold his patrimony, and took up his abode on the continent, where he resided during the rest of his life, with occasional visits to his native country. The republican spirit which led him to take part as a volunteer in the Spanish rising of 1808 continued to burn fiercely to the last. He even went so far as to defend tyrannicide, and boldly offered a pension to the widow of any one who would murder a despot. Between 1820 and 1830 he was engaged upon his greatest work, 'Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen.' This was followed in 1831 by 'Poems,' 'Letters by a Conservative,' 'Satire on Satirists' (1836), 'Pentameron and Pentalogue' (1837), and a long series in prose and poetry, of which the chief are the 'Hellenics,' enlarged and completed, 'Dry Sticks Fagoted,' and 'The Last Fruit off an old Tree.' He resided towards the close of his life at Bath; but some four or five years before his death a libel on a lady, for which he was condemned to pay heavy damages, drove him again from his country, and he retired to his Italian home near Florence, and there in serene old age 'the Nestor of English poets,' one of the last literary links with the age of the French Republic, passed quietly away. He died on the 17th of September, 1864, an exile from his country, misunderstood, from the very individuality of his genius, by the majority of his countrymen, but highly appreciated by those who could rightly estimate the works he has left behind him.

"It has been well said of the author of 'Imaginary Conversations,' that no writer presents 'as remarkable an instance of the strength and weakness of the human understanding.' Landor was a man of refined tastes and cultured mind. A gentleman by birth, every line of his writings gives proofs of the learned and polished intellect. But unhappily his great powers were marred by the heedlessness and rashness of his disposition, strong passions, and an unrestrained will. There is no regard for the thoughts and feelings of others. He, therefore, is too fond of paradox and unfounded assertion. His opinion must be received, because it is his; he runs against every one else, and believes what no one else believes, and scouts those ideas which have received universal assent. Thus, Napoleon Buonaparte was a man of no genius; Alfieri the greatest man that Europe has seen; Pitt was a poor creature, and Fox a charlatan. It was this unhappy inconsistency, paradox, and wilfulness, which prevented his writings obtaining that position which was their due. His style is nervous and graceful. In the 'Imaginary Conversations' the tones and manners of the age or individual are well rendered, and the whole work is evidently that of a man deeply in earnest, yet wanting in that gentleness, considerateness, and prudence, which are required in a really valuable production."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 459, 460.

THOMAS MOORE.

Thomas Moore, born at Dublin, 1789; died 1852, a celebrated poet, was the son of a small tradesman at Dublin, and after receiving some education at a school in the same city, was entered of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1794. He had already commenced rhyme-making, and had inserted two poems in a Dublin Magazine. His collegiate career was somewhat distinguished; but being of the Roman Catholic faith, he was not permitted to take honours. About 1799 he went to London, and entered himself of the Middle Temple, with the view of adopting the law as his profession. In 1801 he produced the "Odes of Anacreon," which he had composed while at college, and in the following year the "Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little," a collection of lyrics in imitation of Catullus. He now began to be introduced to the fashionable circle in which, throughout his after-life, he sought to move. Through the influence of Lord Moira he was, in the following year, appointed to a post at Bermuda; but finding, on his arrival, that the situation was distasteful to him, he returned almost immediately. He pursued his homeward journey throughout the United States, and visited New York, Virginia, Boston, Niagara, and Quebec. Soon after his arrival in England, he put forth his "Odes and Epistles," which being severely criticised by Jeffrey, led to the "bloodless duel" between himself and that gentleman, satirized by Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." At this period he was much courted by the noble and the fashionable, and was a constant guest at Holland and Lansdown Houses. He had a sweet voice, and being a good musician, was in the habit of singing the melodies of his native land with much success at aristocratic reunions. This fact led to his engaging himself to write a series of Irish melodies, the accompaniments to which were to be adapted from Irish airs by Sir John Stevenson. This task was not completed until 1834. Of a similar character were his "National Airs" and "Sacred Songs." In 1812, his friend Mr. Perry, editor of the "Morning Chronicle," negotiated on his behalf with the Messrs. Longman the sale of a quarto volume of poems, for which Moore was to receive 3,000 guineas. Five years afterwards, this poem appeared under the title of "Lalla Rookh," and was immediately highly successful. This brilliant composition was something quite new to the public, who were captivated with its rich colouring, its melody, and its oriental spirit. The "Fudge Family in Paris" was his next work, and was the result of a visit

to the French capital, made in company with Mr. Rogers. He soon afterwards learned that his deputy at Bermuda, "after keeping back from him the proper receipts of his office, had made free with the proceeds of a ship and cargo deposited in his hands." For this, Doctors' Commons made a claim upon him to the amount of £6,000. The poet's friends proffered assistance; but he honourably resolved to pay off the claim out of the earnings of his pen. The remaining years of his life may be described as an untiring pursuit of poetry, prose, and fashionable society. As Byron said, he dearly loved a lord, and was never so happy as when he was in the presence of a noble. The simple enumeration of his chief productions will show, however, that he did not trifle with or neglect the magnificent gifts with which nature had endowed him. During the subsequent twenty years he laboured incessantly, and gave to the world, among others, "The Loves of the Angels," a poem; "The Epicurean," a prose-poetical romance; "Fables of the Holy Alliance;" "Memoirs of Captain Rock;" "The Summer Fête;" "The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald;" "The History of Ireland;" and "The Life of Sheridan." Some time previously to the year 1821, Lord Byron entrusted Moore with his manuscript autobiography, which was to be published for Moore's benefit, but not until after Byron's death. In 1821 Moore sold the MS. to Murray, and engaged to edit it for the sum of 2,000 guineas. In 1824 Byron died, but Lady Byron, deeming that the publication of the autobiography was calculated to injure the character of her husband and his family, offered to repay to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced to Moore. This the poet would not accede to; but, after some altercation, Moore himself repaid the sum he had obtained from the publisher, and the MS. was burnt. He, however, wrote a "Life of Byron" for the Messrs. Longman for a like sum. As a poet, he displayed grace, pathos, tenderness, and a luxuriant imagination; his melody was tender and flowing, but it was deficient in power and naturalness. His literary merits obtained for him, in 1835, a pension of £300 per annum. The "Irish Melodies" and "Lalla Rookh" have passed through many editions, and are still exceedingly popular. During the last years of his life, Moore was engaged in completing a collected edition of his poetical works, which was published after his death. His character was vain, but kindly, and many proofs of his goodness of heart appear in the "Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore," edited by Earl Russell in 1855.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook of Eng. Lit."; Earl Russell's "Memoirs of Moore;" Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.;" Professor Spalding.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

John Hookham Frere, born 1769, died 1846, a friend of Canning, whom he assisted in the paper called "The Anti-Jacobin," was Chargé d'Affaires in Spain with General Moore, and afterwards Resident at Malta, where he died, aged 77. He was the author of the once celebrated satiric poem, published in 1817, entitled "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whistlecraft, &c." It was written in "ollava rima," and was a clever burlesque of romantic writings, with here and there a touch of real poetry. It was the model on which Byron wrote his "Beppo." He was also the author of the "War Song of Brunnenburg," published by Ellis as a fourteenth century production, but really written by the author when at school at Eton, during the great discussion on the "Rowley Poems," by Chatterton. Frere, also, made an admirable translation into English verse of the "Acharnians," "Knights," "Birds," and "Frogs" of Aristophanes, which was printed at Malta.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow 1777, died at Boulogne 1844, one of the most chaste of modern poets, was the youngest of a family consisting of eleven sons and daughters. After passing through the University of Glasgow, in which he excelled as a Greek scholar, he went to Edinburgh, where, in 1799, he published his "Pleasures of Hope," which Byron, who ought to be a judge, pronounced to be "one of the most beautiful didactic poems in the language." It, however, has some of the faults of a juvenile performance, notwithstanding the splendour of its diction, and the fervour with which it is throughout imbued. The profits arising from this performance enabled him to visit the Continent. During this tour he had a view from a distance of the battle of Hohenlinden, which he afterwards celebrated in his epic poem of that name. On his return to Edinburgh he continued to write, but in 1803 removed to London, where he began to pursue literature as a profession. In 1806 he received from the Fox Ministry a pension of £200 a year, which he enjoyed for life. In 1809 he published his "Gertrude of Wyoming," which Lord Jeffrey pronounced "a polished and pathetic poem in the old style of English pathos and poetry." It is unquestionably superior to the "Pleasures of Hope" in purity of diction, and in every other quality its equal. In 1820 he became the editor of the "New Monthly Magazine," which post he held till 1830. In 1824 appeared his "Theodoric," a poem of great sweetness, though deficient in power. In 1831 he established the "Metropolitan Maga-

zine," which he managed only a short time. In 1842 he published his "Pilgrim of Glencoe," which did not raise his poetical character above the point it already had attained. During his intervals of repose from severer duties, he occasionally produced smaller effusions, which, from their strength and beauty, have long kept possession of the popular mind. His lyrics are, perhaps, the noblest bursts of poetical feeling, fervour, and enthusiasm, that have ever flashed from any poet. Campbell, also, wrote several prose biographies and other works. He was elected twice to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University, and took an active part in forming the London University, now University College, which he indeed claimed the merit of originating. His body rests in Westminster Abbey, where, near the centre of the Poet's Corner, there is a marble statue of him by Marshall.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook"; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Matthew Gregory Lewis, born in London, 1775, died at sea 1818, an English novelist, was the son of a wealthy man, who was Deputy Secretary-at-War. After studying at Christchurch, he went to Germany, where he became acquainted with Göthe, and imbibed a taste for the mysterious and the tragic. The best-known of his romances is the "Monk," first published in 1794, a work charged with horrors and libertinism of spirit. He was, nevertheless, a kind and charitable man, as was evidenced by his treatment of the slaves upon the Jamaica estates he inherited from his father. He was a fluent versifier, and his "Alonzo the Brave" is still found to contain interest. In 1812 he produced a drama entitled "Timour the Tartar," and subsequently a work called "Residence in the West Indies," since reprinted in Murray's Home and Colonial Library.

WALTER SCOTT.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh in 1771, died 1832. His mother was daughter of Dr. Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of that city. By both sides he was connected with those ancient Border families whose deeds and characters his genius was to make immortal. A weakly constitution, and a lameness which he contracted in early life, induced his friends to send him into the country, and his boyhood was spent near Kelso, within reach of many of the scenes which he has enshrined in his writings. When but thirteen years of age he read Percy's "Reliques," and that work acted upon his fancy as Spenser's "Fairy Queen" acted upon the fancy of Cowley, exciting an intense love for poetry, and especially for poetry of the ballad form. At the High School of Edinburgh, and at the University, he gained no great character for scholarship, being averse to Greek, addicted to athletic sports, and fond of miscellaneous reading. He acquired, however, a taste for German literature, which was then beginning, under the patronage of Henry Mackenzie, the author of the "Man of Feeling," to attract attention. Afterwards, among his first literary productions, he published, in 1796, translations of Bürger's "Lenore" and "The Wild Huntsman." At Gilsland he became acquainted with Miss Carpenter, whom he married. The young couple retired from Edinburgh to reside at Lasswade, and Scott's life was henceforth one of severe study. In 1799 appeared his translation of "Gotz of the Iron Hand," and the same year he obtained the appointment of Sheriff-substitute of Selkirkshire, worth about £300 a year. Scott now made some of his *raids*, as he called them, into the districts of Liddesdale and Annandale, in continuation of a plan he had already formed for collecting Border ballads. In 1802 the result appeared in the publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." In the care with which this work was compiled, containing, as it did, some forty pieces never before published, and in the wide and picturesque learning with which the whole was illustrated, might have been seen the germs of that taste for romantic poetry, as well as for antiquarian lore, which was soon to make him, in those fields, the first man of his country or age. He next edited the romance of "Sir Tristram," which he supposed to have been written by Thomas the Rhymer, who flourished about 1280. This tale he illustrated with a commentary, and completed by adding a number of lines in imitation of the original. He now changed his residence to Ashestiel on the Tweed, and in 1805 published "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," the first of those works which were to exercise such influence on our later literature. The success of this volume was immense, and it suggested to Scott that poetry was his calling rather than the bar.—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook"; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."; Maunder's "Biog. Dict."; Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."; "Life of Sir Walter Scott," by J. G. Lockart; Washington Irving's Sketch of his Visit to Abbotsford.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

"George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born in London in 1788, and was the son of an unprincipled profligate and of a Scottish heiress of ancient and illustrious extraction,

but of a temper so passionate and uncontrolled, that it reached, in its capricious alternations of fondness and violence, very nearly to the limit of insanity. Her dowry was speedily dissipated by her worthless husband; and the lady, with her boy, was obliged to retire to Aberdeen, where they lived for several years in very straitened circumstances. The future poet inherited from his mother a susceptibility almost morbid, which such a kind of early training must have still further aggravated. His personal beauty was remarkable; but that fatality that seemed to poison in him all the good gifts of fortune and nature, in giving him 'a head that sculptors loved to model,' afflicted him with a slight malformation in one of his feet, which was ever a source of pain and mortification to his vanity. He was about eleven years old when the death of his grand-uncle, a strange, eccentric, and misanthropic recluse, made him heir-presumptive to the baronial title of one of the most ancient aristocratic houses in England—a house which had figured in our history from the time of the Crusades, and had been for several generations notorious for the vices, and even crimes, of its representatives.* With the title he inherited large, though embarrassed estates, and the noble picturesque residence of Newstead Abbey, near Nottingham. This sudden change in the boy's prospects of course relieved both mother and child from the pressure of almost sordid poverty; and he was sent first to Harrow School, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge. At school he distinguished himself by his moody and passionate character, and by the romantic intensity of his youthful friendships. Precocious in everything, he had already felt with morbid violence the sentiment of love. At college he became notorious for the irregularities of his conduct, for his contempt of academical discipline, and for his friendship with several young men of splendid talents but sceptical principles. He was a greedy, though desultory reader, and his imagination appears to have been especially attracted to Oriental history and travels.

"It was while at Cambridge that Byron made his first literary attempt in the publication of a small volume of fugitive poems, entitled 'Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a Minor.' This collection, though in no respect inferior to the youthful essays of ninety-nine out of every hundred young men, was seized upon and most severely criticised in the 'Edinburgh Review,' a literary journal then just commencing that career of brilliant innovation which rendered it so formidable. The judgment of the reviewer as to the total want of value in the poems was perfectly just; but the unfairness consisted in so powerful a journal invidiously going out of its way to attack such a very humble production as a volume of feeble and pretentious commonplaces written by a young lord. The criticism, however, threw Byron into a frenzy of rage. He instantly set about taking his revenge in the satire 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which he involved in one common storm of invective not only his enemies of the 'Edinburgh Review,' but almost all the literary men of the day—Walter Scott, Moore, and a thousand others, from whom he had received no provocation whatever. He soon became ashamed of his unreasoning and indiscriminate violence; tried, but vainly, to suppress the poem; and became indeed, in after-life, the friend and sincere admirer of many of those whom he had lampooned in this burst of youthful retaliation. Though written in the classical, declamatory, and regular style of Gifford, himself an imitator of Pope, the 'English Bards' shows a fervour and power of expression which enables us to see in it, dimly, the earnest of Byron's intense and fiery genius, which was afterwards to exhibit itself under such different literary forms.

"Byron now went abroad to travel, and visiting countries then little frequented, and almost unknown to English society, he filled his mind with the picturesque life and scenery of Greece, Turkey, and the East; and accumulated those stories of character and description which he poured forth with such royal splendour in his poems. The two first cantos of 'Childe Harold' absolutely took the public by storm, and carried the enthusiasm for Byron's poetry to a pitch of frenzy of which we have now no idea, and at once placed him at the summit of social and literary popularity. These were followed in rapid and splendid succession by those romantic tales, written somewhat upon the plan which Scott's poems had rendered so fashionable, the 'Giaour,' 'Bride of Abydos,' 'Corsair,' 'Lara.' As Scott had drawn his materials from feudal and Scottish life, Byron broke up new ground in describing the manners, scenery, and wild passions of the East and of Greece—a region as picturesque as that of his rival, as well known to him by experience, and as new and fresh to the public he addressed. Returning to England in the full blaze of his dawning fame, the poet became the lion of the day. His life was passed in fashionable frivolities, and he drained, with feverish avidity, the intoxicating cup of fame. He at this period married Miss Milbanke, a lady of considerable expectations; but the union was an unhappy one, and domestic disagreements were embittered by improvidence and debt. In about a year, Lady Byron, by the advice of her family, and of many distinguished lawyers who were consulted on the subject, suddenly quitted her husband; and the reasons for taking this step will ever remain a mystery. The scandal of the separation deeply wounded the poet, who to the end of his life asserted that he never knew the real motive of the divorce; and

the society of the fashionable world, passing with its usual caprice from exaggerated idolatry to as exaggerated hostility, pursued its former darling with a furious howl of reprobation. He again left England; and from thenceforth his life was passed uninterruptedly on the Continent, in Switzerland, in Greece, and at Rome, Pisa, Ravenna, and Venice, where he solaced his embittered spirit with misanthropical attacks upon all that his countrymen held sacred, and gradually plunged deeper and deeper into a slough of sensuality and vice. While at Geneva he produced the third canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' 'Manfred,' and 'The Lament of Tasso.' Between 1818 and 1821 he was principally residing at Venice and Ravenna; and at this period he wrote 'Mazeppa,' the five first cantos of 'Don Juan,' and most of his tragedies, as 'Marino Faliero,' 'Sardanapalus,' 'The Two Foscari,' 'Werner,' 'Cain,' and 'The Deformed Transformed,' in many of which the influence of Shelley's literary manner and philosophical tenets is more or less traceable; and here, too, he terminated 'Don Juan,' at least as far as it ever was completed. The deep profligacy of his private life in Italy, which had undermined his constitution as well as degraded his genius, was in some measure redeemed by an illegitimate, though not ignoble connexion with the young Countess Guiccioli, a beautiful and accomplished girl, united by a marriage of family interest with a man old enough to be her grandfather. In 1823, Byron, who had deeply sympathized with revolutionary efforts in Italy, and was wearied with the companionship of Leigh Hunt and others who surrounded him, determined to devote his fortune and his influence in aid of the Greeks, then struggling for their independence. He arrived at Missolonghi at the beginning of 1824; and after giving striking indications of his practical talents, as well as of his ardour and self-sacrifice, he succumbed under the marsh fever of that unhealthy region, rendered still more deleterious by the excesses which had ruined his constitution. He died, amid the lamentations of the Greek patriots, whose benefactor he had been, and amid the universal sorrow of civilized Europe, on the 19th of April, 1824, at the early age of thirty-six.

"The plan of 'Childe Harold,' though well adapted for the purpose of introducing descriptive and meditative passages, and carrying the reader through widely-distant scenes, is not very probable or ingenious. It is a series of gloomy but intensely poetical monologues, put into the mouth of a jaded and misanthropic voluptuary, who takes refuge from his disenchantment of pleasure in the contemplation of the lovely or historical scenes of travel. The first canto principally describes Portugal and Spain, and contains many powerful pictures of the great battles which rendered memorable the struggle between those oppressed nationalities, aided by England, against the colossal power of Napoleon. Thus we have the tremendous combat of Talavera, and scenes of Spanish life and manners, as the bull-fight. The second canto carries the wanderer to Greece, Albania, and the Ægean Archipelago; and here Byron gave the first earnest of his unequalled genius in reproducing the scenery and the wild life of those picturesque regions. In the third canto, which is perhaps the finest and intensest in feeling of them all, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Rhine give splendid opportunities, not only for pictures of nature of consummate beauty, but of incidental reflections on Napoleon, Voltaire, Rousseau, and the great men whose glory has thrown a new magic over those enchanting scenes. This canto also contains the magnificent description of the Battle of Waterloo, and bitter and melancholy but sublime musings on the vanity of military fame. In the fourth canto the reader is borne successively over the fairest and most touching scenes of Italy—Venice, Ferrara, Florence, Rome, and Ravenna; and not only the immortal dead, but the great monuments of painting and sculpture are described with an intensity of feeling that had never before been seen in poetry. The poem is written in the nine-lined or Spenserian stanza; and in the beginning of the first canto the poet makes an effort to give something of the quaint and archaic character of the 'Fairy Queen,' by adopting old words, as Spenser had done before him; but he very speedily, and with good taste, throws off the useless and embarrassing restraint. In intensity of feeling, in richness and harmony of expression, and in an imposing tone of gloomy, sceptical, and misanthropic reflection, 'Childe Harold' stands alone in our literature; and the freedom and vigour of the flow, both as regards the images and the language, make it one of the most impressive works in literature.

"The romantic tales of Byron are so numerous that it will be impossible to examine them in detail. They are all marked by similar peculiarities of thought and treatment, though they may differ in the kind and degree of their respective excellences. 'The Giaour,' 'The Siege of Corinth,' 'Mazeppa,' 'Parisina,' 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' and 'The Bride of Abydos,' are written in that somewhat irregular and flowing versification which Scott brought into fashion; while 'The Corsair,' 'Lara,' and 'The Island,' are in the regular English rhymed heroic measure. It is difficult to decide which of these metrical forms Byron uses with greater vigour and effect. In 'The Giaour,' 'Siege of Corinth,' 'The Bride' and 'Corsair,' the scene is laid in Greece or the Greek Archipelago; and picturesque contrasts between the Christian and Mussulman, as well as the dramatic scenery, manners, and costume of those regions, are powerfully set before the reader. These poems have in general a

fragmentary character: they are made up of imposing and intensely interesting moments of passion and action. Neither in these nor in any of his works does Byron show the least power of delineating variety of character. There are but two personages in all his poems —a man in whom unbridled passions have desolated the heart, and left it hard and impenetrable as the congealed lava-stream, or only capable of launching its concealed fires at moments of strong emotion; a man contemptuous of his kind, whom he rules by the very force of that contempt, sceptical and despairing, yet feeling the softer emotions with an intensity proportioned to the rarity with which he yields to them. The woman is the woman of the East—sensual, devoted, and loving, but loving with the unreasoning attachment of the lower animals. These elements of character, meagre and unnatural as they are, are, however, set before us with such consummate force and intensity, and are framed, so to say, in such brilliant and picturesque surroundings, that the reader, and particularly the young and inexperienced reader, invariably loses sight of their contradictions; and there is a time when all of us have thought the sombre, scowling, mysterious heroes of Byron the very ideal of all that is noble and admirable. Nothing can exceed the skill with which the most picturesque light and shade is thrown upon the features of these Rembrandt-like or rather Tintoretto-like sketches. In all these poems we meet with inimitable descriptions, tender, animated, or profound, which harmonize with the tone of the dramatis personæ: thus the famous comparison of enslaved Greece to a corpse, in the 'Giaour,' the night-scene and the battle-scene in the 'Corsair' and 'Lara,' the eve of the storming of the city in the 'Siege of Corinth,' and the fiery energy of the attack in the same poem, the exquisite opening lines in 'Parisina,' besides a multitude of others, might be adduced to prove Byron's extraordinary genius in communicating to his pictures the individuality and the colouring of his own feelings and character—proceeding, in this respect, in a manner precisely opposed to Walter Scott, whose scenes are, as it were, reflected in a mirror, and take no colouring from the poet's own individuality. If Scott's picturesque faculty be like that of the pure surface of a lake, or the colourless plane of a mirror, that of Byron resembles those tinted glasses which convey to a landscape viewed through them the yellow gleam of a Cuyp, or the sombre gloom of a Zurbaran. 'Lara' is undoubtedly the sequel of the 'Corsair,' the returned Spanish noble of mysterious adventures is no other than Conrad of the preceding poem, and the disguised page is Gulnare. The 'Siege of Corinth' is remarkable for the extraordinary variety and force of its descriptions—a variety greater than will generally be found in Byron's tales. 'Parisina' derives its chief interest from the deep pathos with which the author has invested a painful and even repulsive story; and in the 'Prisoner of Chillon' the hopeless tone of sorrow and uncomplaining suffering which runs through the whole gives it a strong hold upon the reader's feelings. 'Mazeppa,' though founded upon the adventures of an historical person, is singularly and almost ludicrously at variance with the real character of the hero. The powerfully-written episode of the gallop of the wild steed, with the victim lashed on his back, makes the reader forget all incongruities.

"In 'Beppo' and the 'Vision of Judgment' Byron has ventured upon the gay, airy, and satirical. The former of these poems is a little episode of Venetian intrigue narrated in singularly easy verse, and exhibiting a minute knowledge of the details of Italian manners and society. It is not perhaps over moral, but it is exquisitely playful and sparkling. The 'Vision' is a most severe attack upon Southey, in which Byron vigorously repels the accusations brought by his antagonist against the alleged immorality of his poems, and carries the war into the enemy's country, showing up with unmerciful bitterness the contrast between Southey's former extreme liberalism and his then rabid devotion to Court principles, and parodying the very poor and pretentious verses which Southey, as Poet Laureate, composed as a sort of apotheosis of George III. Though somewhat ferocious and truculent, the satire is brilliant, and contains many picturesque and even beautiful passages, and was certainly, under the circumstances of provocation, a fair and allowable attack. The 'Island,' in four cantos, is a striking incident extracted from the narrative of the famous mutiny of the Bounty, when Captain Bligh and his officers were cast off by his rebellious crew in an open boat, and the mutineers, under the command of Christian, established themselves in half-savage life on Pitcairn's Island, where their descendants were recently living. Among the less commonly read of Byron's longer poems I may mention the 'Age of Bronze,' a vehement satirical declamation; the 'Curse of Minerva,' directed against the spoliation of the frieze of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin, in which the description of sunset, forming the opening of the poem, is inexpressibly beautiful; the 'Lament of Tasso,' and the 'Prophecy of Dante,' the latter written in the difficult terza rima, the first attempt, I believe, of any English poet to employ that measure. The 'Dream' is in some respects the most complete and touching of Byron's minor works. It is the narrative, in the form of a vision, of his early love-sorrow for Mary Chaworth. There is hardly, in the whole range of literature, so tender, so lofty, and so condensed a life-drama as that narrated in these verses. Picture after picture is softly shadowed forth, all pervaded by the same mournful glow, and 'the doom of the two

creatures' is set before us in all its hopeless misery.

"The dramatic works of Byron are in many respects the precise opposite of what might *a priori* have been expected from the peculiar character of his genius. In form they are cold, severe, lofty, partaking far more of the manner of Alfieri than of that of Shakspeare. Artful involution of intrigue they have not, but though singularly destitute of powerful passion, they are full of intense sentiment. The finest of them is 'Manfred,' which, however, is not so much a drama as a dramatic poem, in some degree resembling 'Faust,' by which indeed it was suggested. It consists not of action represented in dialogue, but of a series of sublime soliloquies, in which the mysterious hero describes nature, and pours forth his despair and his self-pity. The scene with which it opens has a strong resemblance to the first monologue of Goethe's hero; and the invocation of the Witch of the Alps, the meditation of Manfred on the Jungfrau, the description of the ruins of the Coliseum, are singularly grand and touching as detached passages, but have no dramatic cohesion. In this work, as well as in 'Cain,' we see the full expression of Byron's sceptical spirit, and the tone of half melancholy, half mocking misanthropy which colours so much of his writings, and which was in him partly sincere and partly put on for effect; for Byron was far from that profound conviction in his anti-religious doctrines which glows so fervently through every page written by his friend Shelley, who unquestionably exerted a very powerful influence upon Byron at one part of his career. The more exclusively historical pieces—'Marino Faliero,' 'The Two Foscari'—are derived from Venetian annals; but neither in the one nor in the other has Byron clothed the events with that living and intense reality which the subjects would have received, I will not say from Shakspeare, but even from Rowe or Otway. There is in these dramas a complete failure in variety of character; and the interest is concentrated on the obstinate harping of the principal personages upon one topic—their own wrongs and humiliations. This is indeed at times impressive, and, aided by Byron's magnificent powers of expression, gives us noble occasional tirades; but it is essentially undramatic, for it is inconsistent with that play and mutual action and reaction of one character or passion upon another, in which dramatic interest essentially consists. In 'Sardanapalus,' the remoteness of the epoch chosen, and our total ignorance of the interior life of those times, remove the piece into the region of fiction. But the character of Myrrha, though beautiful, is an anachronism and an impossibility; and the antithetic contrast between the effeminacy and sudden heroism in Sardanapalus belongs rather to the satire or to the moral disquisition than to tragedy. 'Werner,' a piece of domestic interest, is bodily borrowed, as far as regards its incidents, and even much of its dialogue, from the Hungarian's Story in Miss Lee's 'Canterbury Tales.' It still retains possession of the stage, because, like 'Sardanapalus,' it gives a good opportunity for the display of stage decoration and declamation; but Byron's share in its composition extends little further than the cutting up of Miss Lee's prose into tolerably regular but often very indifferent lines.

"'Don Juan' is the longest, the most singular, and in some respects the most characteristic of Byron's poems. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable and significant productions of the age of revolution and scepticism which almost immediately preceded its appearance. It is written in octaves, a kind of versification borrowed from the Italians, and particularly from the half serious half comic writers who followed in the wake of Ariosto. The outline of the story is the old Spanish legend of Don Juan de Tenorio, upon which have been founded so many dramatic works; among the rest the 'Festin de Pierre,' of Molière, and the immortal opera of Mozart. The fundamental idea of the atheist and voluptuary enabled Byron to carry his hero through various adventures, serious and comic, to exhibit his unrivalled power of description, and left him unfettered by any necessities of time and place. Byron's Don Juan is a young Spanish hidalgo, whose education is described with strong satiric power, intermingled with frequent and bitter personal allusions to those against whom the author has a grudge; and being detected in a scandalous intrigue with a married woman, he is obliged to leave Spain. He embarks on board a ship which is wrecked in the Greek Archipelago, all hands perishing after incredible sufferings in an open boat, and is thrown exhausted and almost dying on one of the smaller Cyclades. Here he is cherished and sheltered by Haidee, a lovely Greek girl, the half-savage daughter of Lambro, the master of the isle, now absent on a piratical expedition. Haidee and Juan are married, and in the midst of the wedding festivities Lambro returns, Juan is overpowered, wounded, and put on board the pirate's vessel to be carried to Constantinople, and Haidee soon afterwards dies of grief and despair. Juan is exposed for sale in the slave-market at Stamboul, attracts the notice of the favourite Sultana, who buys him and introduces him in the disguise of an odalisque into the seraglio; but Juan refuses the love of Gulbeyaz, and afterwards escapes from Constantinople in company with Smith, an Englishman whom he has encountered in slavery. The hero is then made to arrive at the siege of Ismail by the Russian army under Souvaroff; the horrible details of the storming and capture of the city are borrowed from official and historical sources, and repre-

duced with the same fidelity as the pictures of the shipwreck from Admiral Byron's narrative of his own calamities. Juan distinguishes himself in the assault, and is selected to carry the bulletin of victory to the Empress Catherine. The Court of St. Petersburg is then described, and Juan becomes the favourite and lover of the Northern Semiramis; but his health giving way, he is sent on a diplomatic mission to England. Here the author gives us a very minute and sarcastic account of English aristocratic society, and in the midst of what promises to turn out an amusing though not over moral adventure the narrative abruptly breaks off. 'Don Juan,' in the imperfect state in which it was left, consists of sixteen cantos, and there is no reason why it should not have been indefinitely extended. It was the author's intention to bring his hero's adventures to a regular termination, but so desultory a series of incidents have no real coherency. The merit of this extraordinary poem is the richness of ideas, thoughts, and images, which form an absolute plethora of witty allusion and sarcastic reflection; and above all the constant passage from the loftiest and tenderest tone of poetry to the most familiar and mocking style. These transitions are incessant, and the artifice of such sudden change of sentiment which at first dazzles and enchants the reader, ultimately wearies him. The tone of morality is throughout very low and selfish, even materialistic: everything in turn is made the subject of a sneer, and the brilliant but desolating lightning of Byron's sarcasm blasts alike the weeds of hypocrisy and cant, and the flowers of faith and the holiest affections. This Mephistopheles-like tone is rendered more effective by perpetual contrast with the warmest outbursts of feeling and the most admirable descriptions of nature: the air of superiority which is implied in the very nature of sarcasm renders 'Don Juan' peculiarly dangerous, as it is peculiarly fascinating, to young readers. In spite of much superficial flippancy, this poem contains an immense mass of profound and melancholy satire, and in a very large number of serious passages Byron has shown a power, picturesqueness, and pathos which in other works may indeed be paralleled, but cannot be surpassed."—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 435 to 444. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; "Edin. Rev.," xxvii., 27; "Quarterly Rev.," xii., 172; Sir Walter Scott's "Letters" to Mr. Morritt, May 12, 1812, to Lord Byron, July 3 and 16, 1812; Lockhart's "Life of Scott"; Macaulay in "Edin. Rev.," June, 1831, in his "Crit. and Histor. Essays," 1854, vol. i., 345, 347, 348; "Conversations of Lord Byron," by Thomas Medwin; "The Last Days of Byron," by Major Wm. Parry; "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries," by Leigh Hunt; "Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron and Others," by James Kennedy, M.D., 1830; "Conversations with Lord Byron," by Lady Blessington, 1836; "Life of Byron," by John Galt, 1837; "Life of Lord Byron," by Armstrong, 1846; "Recollections of the Last Days of Byron and Shelley," by E. J. Trelawney, 1858; Moir's "Sketches of Poet. Lit. of the Past Half Cent."; Alison's "Hist. of Europe," 1815-52, chap. v.; Newstead Abbey in Washington Irving's "Crayon Miscellanies"; "Quar. Rev.," vols. vii., x., xi., xix., xxvii., xxxviii.; Articles of Lord Jeffrey in "Edin. Rev.," vols. ix., xix., xxi., xxiii, xxvii., xxviii., xxix., xxxv., xxxvi., xxxviii.; Articles in "North American Rev.," vols. v., xiii., 227, 450, xxi., xxxi., xxxvi., lx.; Moore's "Life of Byron."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

"The life of this poet, who was born in 1792, and died in 1822," says Dr. Angus, "is not unlike Byron's. There was a similar title to wealth and honours, the same boyhood of fierce passion, an unhappy training, an early manhood of blighted domestic life—blighted by his own folly and crime, a spirit of atheistic revolt against all religious and social claims; though this last was greatly diminished towards the close of his course, after his marriage with the daughter of William Godwin, and might have been diminished much more, had his life not terminated prematurely by drowning when he was but thirty years old.

"From earliest years he showed poetic tastes, and when only eighteen he produced the atheistical poem of 'Queen Mab,' written in the rhythm of Southey's 'Thalaba,' and containing passages of great melody and beauty. The fault of this poem, besides its sceptical notes, mere repetitions of the sneers of Voltaire and others, is the vagueness of the meaning. His next piece was 'Alastor, or the spirit of Solitude,' intended to sketch the sufferings of a genius like his own: he thirsts for a friend who shall understand and sympathize with him, and, blighted by disappointment, sinks into an untimely grave. The descriptions of scenery in this poem are singularly rich and beautiful: the whole is written in blank verse. 'The Revolt of Islam,' written while the poet resided at Marlow, has the same peculiarities of thought and style as 'Alastor,' though with less human interest and more energy. 'Hellas' and 'The Witch of Atlas' belong more or less to the same class as 'Queen Mab:' all contain attacks on kingcraft, priestcraft, religion, and marriage, with airy pictures, scenes, and beings of the utmost indistinctness and unearthly splendour. In Italy he wrote his 'Adonais,' an elegy on the death of Keats, a touching monument over the grave of his friend. Here, also, he composed the 'Prometheus Unbound,' a classic drama, and

in the following year, 1819, 'The Cenci,' a tragedy, one of the finest of the poet's productions, a tale that reminds the reader of the dramas of Otway. His odes on 'The Skylark' and 'The Cloud' are more poetical and perfect than any other of his pieces. 'The Sensitive Plant' is a good specimen of the beauty and gracefulness of his versification, of the fancifulness of his imagery, and of the profoundness of his meaning, which now seems within our grasp and again eludes it."—"Handbook Eng. Lit.," pp. 253, 254.

JOHN KEATS.

"John Keats, born in Moorfields, London, 1796, died 1821, was apprenticed to a surgeon in his fifteenth year. During his apprenticeship he devoted most of his time to poetry, and in 1817 he published a volume of juvenile poems. This was followed, in 1818, by his long poem 'Endymion,' which was severely censured by the 'Quarterly Review,' an attack which has been somewhat erroneously described as the cause of his death. It is probable that it gave a rude shock to Keats's highly sensitive nature, and to a physical condition much weakened by the attention which he had bestowed upon a dying brother. But he had a constitutional tendency to consumption, which would most likely have developed itself under any circumstances. He went for the recovery of his health to Rome, where he died on the 24th of February, 1821. In the previous year he had published another volume of poems, 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' &c., in which was included the fragment of his remarkable poem entitled 'Hyperion.'

"It was the misfortune of Keats to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. This arose on the one hand from the extreme partiality of friendship, and on the other from resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and with peculiar views of society That which is most remarkable in his works is the wonderful profusion of figurative language, often exquisitely beautiful and luxuriant, but sometimes purely fantastical and far-fetched. The peculiarity of Shelley's style, to which we may give the name of incantation, Keats carries to extravagance—one word, one image, one rhyme suggests another, till we quite lose sight of the original idea, which is smothered in its own sweet luxuriance, like a bee stifled in honey. Shakspeare and his school, upon whose manner Keats undoubtedly endeavoured to form his style of writing, have, it is true, this peculiarity of language; but in them the images never run away with the thought—the guiding master-idea is ever present. These poets never throw the reins on their Pegasus, even when soaring to 'the brightest heaven of invention.' With them the images are produced by a force acting *ab intra*; like wild flowers springing from the very richness of the ground. In Keats the force acts *ab extra*; the flowers are forcibly fixed in the earth, as in the garden of a child, who cannot wait till they grow there of themselves. Keats deserves high praise for one very peculiar and original merit: he has treated the classical mythology in a way absolutely new, representing the Pagan deities not as mere abstractions of art, nor as mere creatures of popular belief, but giving them passions and affections like our own, highly purified and idealized, however, and in exquisite accordance with the lovely scenery of ancient Greece and Italy, and with the golden atmosphere of primeval existence. This treatment of a subject, which ordinary readers would consider hopelessly worn and threadbare, is certainly not Homeric, nor is it Miltonic, nor is it in the manner of any of the great poets who have employed the mythological imagery of antiquity; but it is productive of very exquisite pleasure, and must, therefore, be in accordance with true principles of art. In 'Hyperion,' in the 'Ode to Pan,' in the verses on a 'Grecian Urn,' we find a noble and airy strain of beautiful classic imagery, combined with a perception of natural loveliness so luxuriant, so rich, so delicate, that the rosy dawn of Greek poetry seems combined with all that is most tenderly pensive in the calm sunset twilight of romance Such of Keats's poems as are founded on more modern subjects—'The Eve of St. Agnes,' for example, or 'The Pot of Basil,' a beautiful anecdote versified from Boccacio—are, to our taste, inferior to those of his productions in which the scenery and personages are mythological. It would seem as if the severity of ancient art, which in the last-mentioned works acted as an involuntary check upon a too luxuriant fancy, deserted him when he left the antique world; and the absence of true, deep, intense passion (his prevailing defect) becomes necessarily more painfully apparent, as well as the discordant mingling of the prettinesses of modern poetry with the directness and unaffected simplicity of Chaucer and Boccacio. But Keats was a true poet. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by hostile and powerful critics, and above all the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets—resembling the Milton of 'Lycidas,' or the Spenser of the 'Tears of the Muses.'"—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.," pp. 456, 457.

BISHOP HEBER.

"Reginald Heber, the son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, was born at Malpas, in

Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783. His youth was distinguished by a precocity of talent, docility of temper, a love of reading, and a veneration for religion. The eagerness, indeed, with which he read the Bible in his early years, and the accuracy with which he remembered it, were quite remarkable. After completing the usual course of elementary instruction, he entered the University of Oxford in 1800. In the first year he gained the University prize for Latin verse, and in 1803 he wrote his poem of 'Palestine,' which was received with distinguished applause. His academical career was brilliant from its commencement to its close. After taking his degree, and gaining the University prize for the best English prose essay, he set out, in 1805, on a continental tour. He returned the following year, and in 1807 'took orders,' and was settled in Hodnet, in Shropshire, where for many years he discharged the duties of his large parish with the most exemplary assiduity.

"In 1809 he married, and in the same year published a series of hymns, 'appropriate for Sundays and principal holidays of the year.' In 1812, he commenced a 'Dictionary of the Bible,' and published a volume of 'Poems and Translations,' the translations being chiefly from Pindar. After being advanced to two or three ecclesiastical preferments, in 1822 he received the offer of the bishopric of Calcutta, made vacant by the death of Dr. Middleton. Never, it is believed, did any man accept an office from a higher sense of duty. He was in the possession of affluence—had the fairest prospects before him—and had recently built at Hodnet a parsonage-house, combining every comfort with elegance and beauty. But his exalted piety considered this call as a call from Heaven, from which he might not shrink, and he resolutely determined to obey the summons. Accordingly, in 1823, he embarked for India, where he arrived in safety, 'with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and, we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days.' Indeed, he was peculiarly well qualified to fill this high and responsible station, as well by his amiable and conciliatory temper as by his talents, learning, and zeal in the cause of Christianity. He entered with great earnestness upon his duties, and had already made many long journeys through his extensive field of labour, when he was suddenly cut off by an apoplectic fit, which seized him while bathing, at Trichinopoly, on the 3rd of April, 1826.

"Besides the works of Bishop Heber already mentioned, there were published, after his death, 'Parish Sermons at Hodnet,' in two volumes, and a 'Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Provinces of India, from Calcutta to Bombay,' in two volumes."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent.," pp. 180, 181.

CHARLES WOLFE.

"Charles Wolfe, the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., was born in Dublin on the 14th of December, 1791. As a youth, he showed great precocity of talent, united to a most amiable disposition. After the usual preparatory studies, in which he distinguished himself, he entered the University of Dublin in 1809. He immediately attained a high rank for his classical attainments, and for his true poetic talent; and the first year of his college course he obtained a prize for a poem upon 'Jugurtha in Prison.' Before he left the University, he wrote a number of pieces of poetry that were truly beautiful, but especially that one on which his fame chiefly rests, the 'Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore.'

"In 1814, he took his bachelor's degree, and entered at once upon the study of divinity. In 1817, he was ordained as curate of the church of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His most conscientious and incessant attention to his duties in a wild and scattered parish soon made inroads upon his health, and he was advised to go to the south of France as the most likely means to avert the threatened malady—consumption. He remained but little more than a month at Bordeaux, and returned home, appearing to have been benefited by the voyage. But the fond hopes of his friends were soon to be blasted—the fatal disease had taken too strong a hold upon its victim—and, after a protracted illness, accompanied with much suffering, which he bore with great Christian fortitude and patience, he expired on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent.," pp. 131, 132.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

"Herbert Knowles, born 1798, died 1817, a native of Canterbury, produced, when a youth of eighteen, several fine religious stanzas, which, being published in the 'Quarterly Review,' soon obtained general circulation and celebrity: they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper."—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 411.

ROBERT POLLOK.

"Robert Pollok, a Scotch poet, who was educated for the Church, but produced, before he had attained his 26th year, a very remarkable poem, entitled 'The Course of Time.' Upon the recommendation of Professor Wilson, Messrs. Blackwood, of Edinburgh, published the work, which attracted the most unqualified admiration in the religious world. It speedily

ran through several editions; having in the year 1857 attained its twenty-first. The young poet's constitution was frail, and was undermined by his intense application. He was preparing to start for Italy, but died at Southampton, 1827; born in Renfrewshire, 1799."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 412.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

James Montgomery, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, 1771; died at Sheffield, 1854; an English poet, was the son of a Moravian preacher, and was sent to be educated at the settlement of that sect at Fulneck, near Leeds. There he was distinguished for his indolence and melancholy; and, although poetry and fiction were forbidden, he contrived to read, clandestinely, "Robinson Crusoe" and Cowper's poems. His inattention to his studies caused him to be placed by the school authorities with a shopkeeper, from whom, in 1789, he ran away. A few months afterwards, he sent a volume of poems to a London bookseller, and followed it himself to the great metropolis. The poems were declined, but the young poet obtained a situation in the publisher's office. In 1791 he wrote a tale, his first prose production, for the "Bee," an Edinburgh periodical, and soon afterwards published a novel, which was declined, because the hero gave utterance occasionally to a strong expression. The young author was greatly hurt at this, for he was of a deeply religious cast of mind, and imagined he had only done that which was right in imitating Fielding and Smollett. He returned to a situation for some time, and at length entered the service of Mr. Gales, a printer and bookseller at Sheffield, who permitted him to write political articles for the "Sheffield Register," a paper conducted on what was then called revolutionary principles. A warrant being issued for the apprehension of Gales, he fled to America, and Montgomery started a paper on "peace and reform" principles, called the "Sheffield Iris," and was soon afterwards indicted for producing some doggrel verses, which had been brought to his printing-office to be printed. For this he was fined £20, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. On another occasion, for publishing an account of a riot at Sheffield, he was fined £30, and was imprisoned for six months. His subsequent career was comparatively uneventful. In 1806 he produced "The Wanderer in Switzerland," which quickly ran through three editions, and was subsequently followed by other and better works of the same nature, the chief of which were—"The West Indies," "The World before the Flood," and "Greenland," a poem descriptive of the establishment of the Moravians in that desolate region, which sect he had again joined. In 1823 he produced "Original Hymns for Public, Private, and Social Devotion." In 1825 he resigned the editorship of the "Sheffield Iris;" whereupon he was entertained at a public dinner by his fellow townsmen. His interesting "History of Missionary Enterprise in the South Seas" was produced in 1830. Five years later he was offered the chair of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, which he declined. Sir Robert Peel about the same time bestowed upon him a pension of £150. In 1836 he left the house of his old employer, Gales, where he had lived during forty years, for a more convenient abode. He delivered several courses of lectures upon "The British Poets" at Newcastle-on-Tyne and other places, during some years; but, in 1841, he visited his native country on a missionary tour. His last effort was a lecture "On some Passages of English Poetry but little known."

Orton writes of James Montgomery:—"A universally beloved poet of the Goldsmith genus. His patriotic and philanthropic principles cast a halo around his name and illume his works. His poems against slavery are the breathings of a noble and free-born soul. There are many passages in 'The West Indies' of surpassing loveliness, and which have often brought tears to our eyes. In his 'Greenland,' the descriptions of nature in that clime are often magnificent. The mountainous icebergs swim distinctly and flash their light before our mental sight, and there is an icy clearness and freshness about the whole. The wondrous superstitions of that ignorant country are finely and graphically told, and we feel, whilst perusing this fine poem (even though it be in summer), a cold but bracing atmosphere enveloping us, so strong is its effect on the imagination. But as he is beloved by every child who knows his works (and who does not?) as well as 'children of an older growth,' we will only add our blessings, and bid him adieu."—"Excelsior," p. 61. See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook"; Gilfillan's "Gallery Lit. Portraits"; Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

THE HON. WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

"The Hon. William Robert Spencer, born 1770, died 1834, published occasional poems of that description named *vers de société*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses.' As a companion, Mr. Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but falling into pecuniary difficulties, he removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Sir Walter Scott, who knew and

esteemed Spencer, quotes the following 'fine lines' from one of his poems, as expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford :—

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh! die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!"

—Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. pp. 420-21.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, born at Southgate, Middlesex, 1784; died 1859; an English poet, essayist, and critic, was the son of a West Indian gentleman, who was resident in America when the War of Independence burst forth. Being a stanch royalist, he was compelled to seek refuge in England, where he entered into orders, and afterwards became tutor to Mr. Leigh, nephew to the Duke of Chandos. Leigh Hunt was educated with Coleridge, Lamb, and Barnes, at Christ's Hospital, London, which he left at fifteen. He had already written verses, which were published under the title of "Juvenilia; or, a Collection of Poems written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen." After leaving school, he first became assistant to his brother Stephen, an attorney and afterwards obtained a clerkship in the War-office. In 1805, his brother John started "The News," and for this paper Leigh wrote reviews of books and theatrical criticisms. These last were composed in a more elegant style than had been the case with such literary performances hitherto; and, in 1807, he edited them, and published the series, under the title of "Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres." A year afterwards, he resigned his situation in the War-office, to undertake the joint editorship of the "Examiner" newspaper, which he and his brother John had established. The bold political strictures of this print caused its proprietors to undergo three Government prosecutions. The first was in 1810, for an attack on the regency; this was, however, abandoned. But next year, the Hunts were again tried by Lord Ellenborough, for alleged seditious sentiments expressed in an article on military flogging. On this occasion, the remarkable defence of Lord (then Mr.) Brougham greatly contributed to their acquittal by the jury. A third article, in which the Prince-Regent was severely criticised, and called "an Adonis of fifty," led to their being condemned to two years' imprisonment, with a fine of £500 each. This sentence caused Hunt to become very popular, and to receive the sympathy of Byron, Lamb, Keats, Shelley, and Moore. While in prison he wrote "The Descent of Liberty, a Masque," "The Story of Rimini," and "The Feast of the Poets;" and, on his release, Keats addressed to him his fine sonnet, "Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison." His next literary labour was "Foliage; or, Poems Original and translated from the Greek of Homer, Theocritus, &c." In 1818, he commenced a small periodical after the model of Addison's "Spectator," &c., called "Indicator." In 1823, the "Quarterly Review" attacks on the "Cockney school" of poets, to which he belonged, elicited from his pen a satire against Mr. Gifford, its editor, called "Ultra Crepidarius." His fortunes were at this period at a very low ebb, and he was induced to accept the kind invitation of Shelley to go to Italy, where himself and Lord Byron then were. But Shelley meeting his death almost as soon as Hunt had reached Italy, he, for some time, resided with Lord Byron, leaving his house, however, with feelings less friendly than he had entered it. In 1828, after his return to England, he published "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy," a book which contained severe criticisms of Lord Byron's personal character, but which, at a later period, Hunt admitted were of too harsh a nature. During the subsequent ten years, he edited the "Companion," a sequel to the "Indicator;" wrote "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," contributed to the magazines and reviews, and published a play—"The Legend of Florence." In addition to these, he superintended the publication of the dramatic works of Wycherly, Farquhar, and Congreve; wrote "The Palfrey: a Love Story of Old Times;" produced a volume of Selections, called "One Hundred Romances of Real Life;" and wrote a second novel of a more ambitious nature than the first, under the title of "Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II." Leading, henceforth, the uneventful life of a studious man of letters, the record of his career is nothing more than a catalogue of the names of his literary productions, with the dates of their publication. Firstly, there are his essays and criticisms on poets and poetry. Of these the chief are "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," "Men, Women, and Books," "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," and "A Book for the Corner." Among his genial, chatty, antiquarian sketches, we have "The Town: its Remarkable Characters and Events," and "The Old Court Suburb; or, Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotal." "Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives," and the dramatic works of

Sheridan, were of similar character with his former editions of Congreve, &c. His last efforts were his Autobiography, in 3 vols., published in 1853, and "The Religion of the Heart: a Manual of Faith and Duty." He became the recipient, in 1847, of a pension of £200 per annum from the Crown. He died in 1859.

JOHN CLARE.

John Clare, born at Helpstone, Northamptonshire, 1793; the son of a farm-labourer, who was early sent to work in the fields. When he became able to read he purchased a few books, and, by degrees, initiated himself into composition in verse. In 1818 he produced a "Sonnet to the Setting Sun," which attracted the notice of a bookseller at Stamford, and led to the publication of a small volume entitled "Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery," which was favourably received. He subsequently produced the "Village Minstrel, and other Poems;" and, in 1836, the "Rural Muse." These are all pleasing effusions, but exhibiting neither strength nor much originality.

JAMES SMITH.

James Smith, born 1775, died 1839, known best in connexion with his brother Horace, wrote clever parodies and criticisms in the "Picnic," the "London Review," and the "Monthly Mirror." In the last appeared those imitations, from his own and brother's hand, which were published in 1813 as "The Rejected Addresses;" one of the most successful and popular works that has ever appeared. James wrote the imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, and Crabbe; Horace, those of Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, Fitzgerald, and Dr. Johnson.

HORACE SMITH.

Horace Smith, born 1779, died 1849, was a more voluminous writer than his brother. He was the author of several novels and verses. "Brambletye House," 1826, was in imitation of Scott's historical novels. Besides this he wrote "Tor Hill," "Walter Colyton," "The Moneyed Man," "The Merchant," and several others. His best performance is the "Address to the Mummy," some parts of which exhibit the finest sensibility and an exquisite poetic taste.

PROFESSOR JOHN WILSON.

Professor John Wilson, born at Paisley 1785, died at Edinburgh 1854, an eminent Scotch poet and essayist, who received his education at Oxford. After taking his degrees in arts, he quitted the University, and retired to the beautiful estate of Ellery, on Lake Windermere. He had spent some portion of the year in Edinburgh, and there made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, who spoke of him in a letter as "an eccentric genius." After putting forth some minor lyrical attempts, he, in 1812, published "The Isle of Patmos," which was well received. His prepossessions, both political and literary, led him to attach himself to the little band of young Tories, with Scott at their head, who caused "Blackwood's Magazine" to be started as an outlet of Scottish Toryism. In 1816 Wilson produced "The City of the Plague;" in 1820 he was nominated to the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He next published "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," and the "Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," political articles, and literary criticisms. In 1825 he began his celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ," under the name of Christopher North. In the interval (1836-46) he wrote, as a pendant to the "Noctes," his "Dies Boreales," but these met with less success. In 1855 a collected edition of his works was commenced.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."; Dr. Angus's "Handbook Eng. Lit."; Professor Spalding; Gilfillan's "Gal. of Lit. Port."

J. H. WIFFEN.

"J. H. Wiffen, born near Woburn 1792, died 1856, an English poet and translator, who was a member of the Society of Friends, and for some years followed the profession of schoolmaster. His earliest efforts in literature were some poems contributed to the Rev. M. Parry's "History of Woburn," and a volume of verse, entitled "Aonian Hours." In 1819 he received the appointment of private secretary to the Duke of Bedford. As a translator, he produced Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega. As an original writer, he published "Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

FELICIA HEMANS.

"Felicia Hemans, born 1793, died 1835. Female authorship in England is of comparatively modern date. After the period when the maiden queen condescended to figure as a little occidental luminary in poetry, a single star or two glitters in the sky of the 17th century; they begin to assemble in greater numbers in the 18th; and in the conclusion of that century and the commencement

of the present the literature of England presents the names of many females, in all departments of knowledge, of pre-eminent or of respectable merit. We regret that we are forced to confine our selection to the name that has been universally acknowledged to stand at the head of our English poetesses.

"Mrs. Hemans, originally Miss Felicia Dorothea Browne, was the daughter of a merchant, a native of Ireland, and born in Liverpool, in September, 1793. The failure of her father in trade caused the retirement of the family into Wales, and the childhood of the poetess was spent among the inspiring scenery of Denbighshire. From a child she was a versifier, and produced her first publication at the age of fifteen. At that of eighteen she was married to Captain Hemans. The union was unhappy; her husband six years afterwards, for his health, went to Italy, and, without any formal deed of separation, "they never met again." Mrs. Hemans continued in her Welsh seclusion, the exertions of her pen, the education of her children, and the duties of religion and benevolence, furnishing her with ample employment. She died in Dublin, during a visit to her brother, Major Browne, in 1835. Her deathbed was an affecting scene of Christian fortitude, resignation, and hope.

"Mrs. Hemans, like several modern writers, is most popular in her minor poems. Delicacy of feeling, warmth of affection and devotion, depth of sympathy with nature, and harmony and brilliancy of language, are the features of these charming little pieces. Her larger works have the same characteristics, but become languid and fatiguing from their very uniformity of sweetness. Her translations from modern languages, and her chivalric poems, exhibit great spirit and splendour of association and imagery. Over her whole poetry, in the phrase of Sir W. Scott, there is too much flower for the fruit. Her style has been peculiarly popular in America, and much of the later American poetry is moulded on it. The larger works of Mrs. Hemans are 'The Sceptic;' 'The Vespers of Palermo' (a tragedy); 'The Forest Sanctuary;' 'Records of Woman.'"—Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," pp. 467, 468. See S. C. Hall's "Book of Gems."

BERNARD BARTON.

Bernard Barton, born 1784, died 1849, was a member of the Society of Friends, and the amount of attention which he attracted is perhaps mainly owing to the then unusual phenomenon which he presented of a Quaker poet—the title, indeed, by which he came to be commonly known. He published a volume of "Metrical Effusions" in 1812; "Napoleon, and other Poems," 1822; "Poetic Vigils," 1824; "Devotional Verses," 1826. Numerous other pieces appeared separately, and in magazines.

L. E. LANDON.

"L. E. Landon, born 1802, died 1838—our English Sappho. Her mind was a golden urn filled with lusciously-scented rose-leaves, but, alas! the breath of life was not there. Her heart was a crushed rose-leaf, yet giving forth from that bruising the richest fragrance of pensive Poesy.

"She lived in the world as in a lone gloomy cavern, and scarcely saw through its twilight the flowers that bloomed around; her imagination (and she was all imagination) feasting only on those entwined by the dewy fingers of Memory and Fancy, the tearful dews of twilight lay thick upon them, and she sickened and died through excess of fragrance; for, however delicious the breath of flowers, it is alas! also true, that, in too great a profusion, it is poisonous, and bears on its pinions the angel of death!

"Thus, then, did L. E. L. breathe her last; and bitter tears of love fell fast and watered the flowers o'er her early grave!

"Like Sappho, she sang of passionate love; like Sappho, she paved the way to, and dropped into, an untimely and tragical grave!"—Orton's "Excelsior," pp. 41, 42. See D. M. Moir's 'Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century;" S. C. Hall's "Book of Gems."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Joanna Baillie, born at Bothwell, near Glasgow, 1762, died 1851, the daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman, lived the greater part of her life at Hampstead. She wrote various plays, of which her tragedy of "De Montfort" is perhaps the finest.

WILLIAM KNOX.

"William Knox, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1825, aged thirty-six, was author of 'The Lonely Hearth,' 'Songs of Israel,' 'The Harp of Zion,' &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary:—'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself, succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin. His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry.' Knox spent his later years in Edinburgh, under his father's roof, and, amidst all his errors, was ever admirably faithful to the domestic affections—a kind and respectful son, and an attached brother. He experienced on

several occasions substantial proofs of that generosity of Scott towards his less fortunate brethren, which might have redeemed his infinite superiority in Envy's own bosom. It was also remarkable of Knox that, from the force of early impressions of piety, he was able, in the very midst of the most deplorable dissipation, to command his mind at intervals to the composition of verses alive with sacred fire, and breathing of Scriptural simplicity and tenderness."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 453.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

Thomas Pringle, born at Blaiklaw, Teviotdale, 1789, died 1834, a Scotch poet and writer of travels, was the son of a farmer, and educated at the Grammar-school of Kelso and the University of Edinburgh. After publishing several minor effusions, he started the "Edinburgh Monthly Magazine," having among his coadjutors Lockhart, Dr. Brewster, Hogg, and Wilson. Pringle, experiencing some pecuniary embarrassments, separated from the periodical, and in 1820 went out with his brothers to the Cape of Good Hope. Through the influence of Scott and others, he obtained the post of librarian to the Government at Cape Town. He also set up an academy, and started a newspaper, when his print, "The South-African Journal," having been declared by the governor to contain a libel upon him, Pringle fell under the ban of the Government authorities, and in time became ruined in his prospects. In 1826 he returned to London. The remaining years of his life were spent as a working literary man. His chief works were "A Narrative of a Residence in South Africa," "An Account of English Settlers in Albany, South Africa," and several small collections of poems. His poetry is fluent and pleasing.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Robert Montgomery, born 1808, died 1855, a popular preacher at Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square. His poems passed through numerous editions; but they are stilted and unnatural in expression. Their religious subjects, and the clever puffing which they received, contributed to their success. The chief of them were the "Omnipresence of the Deity," "Satan," "Luther," "Messiah," and "Oxford." He is perhaps best known by the scathing criticism which he received in the celebrated essay by Macaulay.

THOMAS HOOD.

"Thomas Hood, born 1798, died 1842. Poor Hood! who does not honour thy name, thou man of the most opposite qualities, wit and pathos, yet brightly excellent in each!

"Whoever knows thy works loves thee deeply, and pities thy unfortunate lot. How could the World let its most loving and feeling son die in such utter poverty?

"Hood's poems of wit are the drollest, and his poems of sympathy on behalf of his suffering and forgotten fellow-creatures are the most deeply touching, yea, harrowing, in their noble earnestness, ever written.

"Who, knowing even his well-known 'Song of the Shirt' and 'Bridge of Sighs,' can ever cease to deluge his name with endearing epithets? Our tears flow, and we become all heart!

"Let the present age do that justice to his memory which may partly atone for his sorrows and neglect when living!

"The world should never be without a Hood, to sing the sorrows of the wretched and forlorn, and appeal to their more fortunate brethren in their behalf!"—Orton's "Excelsior," p. 55. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."; S. C. Hall's "Book of Gems;" Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog.;" D. M. Moir's "Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

"He was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age. His most attractive lyrics turned on the distresses of the victims of the affections in elegant life; but his muse had also her airy and cheerful strain, and he composed a surprising number of light dramas, some of which show a likelihood of maintaining their ground on the stage. He was born in 1797, the son of an eminent and wealthy solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church, he studied for some time at Oxford, but could not settle to so sober a profession, and ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes.

"This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as 'She wore a wreath of roses,' 'Oh no, we never mention her,' and 'We met—'twas in a crowd,' attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, 'I'd be a butterfly' was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 471.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"Hartley Coleridge, born 1796, died 1849, the eldest son of Samuel Coleridge, produced

some excellent poems, and from 1820 to 1831 was a contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine.' He also wrote some excellent biographies of 'The Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire.' He lived mostly in the neighbourhood of the lakes Grasmere and Rydal, pleasing himself, rather than pleasing others, by the indulgence of an unfortunate propensity to intemperance, which he had contracted at college, and which never left him through life."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

N. T. CARRINGTON.

The subject of our present paper was born at Plymouth, in 1777, of respectable parentage. Nothing remarkable occurred in his life until he reached his sixteenth year, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Foot, a measurer: the pursuits of his profession, however, were unsuitable to his literary predilections. The love of poetry, as embodied in the beautiful creations of God, had taken possession of his soul, and when once under the dominion of that delightful passion, we feel a growing dislike to noise and bustle; it leads its votaries to the contemplation of Nature in all her loveliness and grandeur; it leads them to meditate amid her solitary haunts and quiet seclusions; every flower is rich with a thousand memories, every shrub with a thousand associations. Literature stamps an everlasting charm and an everlasting truth on those scenes which rise in simple majesty around us.

In the dockyard there could be little that was congenial; its noise was little suited to the spirit that had learned to love the creations of poet and of painter. He might, indeed, have dreamt of beautiful things while at his labours; he might have depicted the blushing scenery of nature, colouring it with the golden and purple tints of his fancy; he might have listened to the sweet music of heaven and earth; but ever and anon the truth would come that he was far from these, and they far from him.

Each day, as it glided by, bore with its fading glories the entreaties of our poet for a change of situation: it was in vain he asked; the boon was refused. After some three years of hope and fear he ran away. He had no sooner done this, than he felt the effects of his own rashness, for not having courage to return home, he seemed an outcast and an exile. In this emergency he entered on "shipboard," and soon after was present at the victory off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797. Having written some verses on the occasion, the first he ever penned, they met the eye of his captain, who appreciated their merits, and became deeply interested in their author. Having learned his story, he promised to send him to his parents immediately on their arrival in England. The youthful bard soon obtained forgiveness, and was once more reinstated in the home of infancy. He was now allowed to choose his own profession, and ere very long became a public schoolmaster.

Seven years after this, we find him removed to Maidstone, in Kent. In 1805 he married, and continued to pursue his avocation with success until 1809, when he returned to Plymouth, at the earnest request of some friends, who were anxious to place their sons under his care; he remained here till within six months of his death: his duties allowed him little or no recreation. In 1820 he produced his "Banks of Tamar," which was well received; and four years afterwards he published "Dartmoor," with still greater success. Friends now gathered round him, and even royalty itself smiled. He continued from this time to write occasional pieces for magazines until disabled by sickness. In 1830 he relinquished his school and removed to Bath, where he died a few months afterwards. His burial-place seems suited to his character: it lies in the secluded village of Combehay, somewhat more than three miles from his latest residence, "deep sunk" in a romantic and sequestered vale.

Our author's finest poem is, unquestionably, "Dartmoor." It is marked by much truth and beauty, and its strain is lively and joyous; there are a few melancholy notes, a few pensive touches; its versification is in general harmonious, and its description strong and characteristic; its imagery correct, and its associations pleasant; its episodes are full of sweetness; it scents of the gorse and broom which grow on our heaths, and sounds with the murmuring of brooks and the dashing of the rushing torrent.

And who is there amongst us who feels not the power of local sympathy? How beautiful and bright those hills up which we toiled in childhood! how thick they stand with sweet associations! how lovely those woodbine lanes along which our feet used to stray, and what remembrances entwine their green hedge-rows and shady trees! The very wild-flowers that trembled in the evening breeze seemed more exquisite than others. How quiet and calm the village we were accustomed to visit, with its straw-roofed cottages, low porches, and latticed panes, with its ancient church and ivied parsonage! There seems to be a deeper shade in those yews that skirted the church-yard, and a more softened repose breathed over the lonely graves. And thus we ever cling to those streams, and walks, and flowers, and trees, and peaceful huts, and Elizabethan mansions we gazed on in bygone years; memory adorns them with a more than rainbow beauty.

The sky of Italy may be bright and sunny, but the sky which mantled over the place of our birth, and which witnessed our

youthful sports, seems to us more sunny and more bright. Other lands may be graced with the narcissus and the orange-blossom, and may be breathed on by gentle winds and balmy gales, and there may be silvery whisperings in their woods; but that nook which beheld us laughing in the joyance of childhood seems to be graced with sweeter flowers and breathed on by more softened gales; and from out its woods comes a more silvery music. Other countries may be decked with high-crested mountains and deep dark lakes reflecting in their still waters the magnificent sunset and sunrise and the resplendent glory of the starry host; but there is a retreat which yields to us thoughts more stirring and feelings more throbbing than any of these.

There are times when the soft and voluptuous please not, when we seek the solitary region; the stern features of nature are then more suited to the soul; we love its severer beauties; the voice of waters amid the solemnity of seeming desolation is proper music, none other is desirable. The singing of the birds harmonizes not, the cooing of the dove is unwelcome; the whispering of trees, hum of bees, and tinglings of the sheep-bell belong not to creation in its wilder domains. The silvery chime of the chapel-bell would be ungrateful; nothing but the torrent's hoarse and dashing sounds are in accordance. In such a spot, all solitary and alone, sublime thoughts will often pass over the spirit, and shake it as with a storm; a mightier power is disclosed, a more tremendous energy; the busy world is shut out, the transient affairs of mortals shrink into littleness; the immortal stands divested of its earthliness; we feel, as it were, a new being. With the vast sky above, and the wide waste below, the mind puts on its highest and loftiest attributes.—See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" D. M. Moir's "Poetical Lit. of the Past Half-Century."

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

"William Beckford, born 1770, died near Bath, 1844, the only legitimate son of Alderman Beckford, who, in the time of George III., was twice mayor of London. He is known by his great wealth, which enabled him to erect the magnificent structure called Fonthill; and by his being the author of 'Vathek,' and several other works. This work is an Arabian tale, which was composed at one sitting. 'It took me,' said he, 'three days and two nights of hard labour. I never took off my clothes the whole time.' It is a work of great genius, and, according to Byron, for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, the most eastern and sublime tale of all European imitations."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

"John Gibson Lockhart, born at Cambusnethan, Scotland, 1794, died at Abbotsford 1854, a modern English writer, author of the 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' and other valuable contributions to literature, was the son of a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and was educated at Glasgow University, and afterwards at Balliol College, Oxford. After a short sojourn in Germany, he went to Edinburgh in 1816, intending to practise the law at the Scottish bar. He soon, however, became a prominent member of a small band of Scotch writers, whose chief was Wilson. In 1817, on the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Lockhart was one of its principal writers. The Toryism of the new periodical, and of its writers, caused both to become especial favourites with Sir Walter Scott, whose political views were of the same nature. Lockhart, in a short time, became an intimate friend of the great novelist, who advanced his interests on every occasion. In 1820 he married Sophia, eldest daughter of Scott, and went to reside at Abbotsford. During the succeeding five years he worked with great industry and success in literature. He produced, among others, 'Valerius, a Roman story;' 'Adam Blair, a story of Scottish Life;' 'The Life of Burns;' 'The Life of Napoleon;' and published his translations of the Spanish Ballads. In 1826 he became editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' and retained the appointment until 1853. In biography and biographical sketches he was particularly excellent, as is attested by his 'Life of Scott,' and the smaller piece, entitled 'Theodore Hook.' His health becoming delicate, he resigned the editorship of the 'Quarterly Review,' and went to Rome in 1853; but, after a short stay, he took up his residence in Scotland."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

T. K. HERVEY.

T. K. Hervey was born in Manchester, in 1804. After receiving his education at Oxford and Cambridge, he devoted some time to legal studies; but soon abandoned Coke and Blackstone for the more congenial pursuit of letters. He published "Australia, and other Poems;" "The Poetical Sketch-Book;" "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture;" "The English Helicon;" "The Book of Christmas." The genius of T. K. Hervey, for he has genius at

once pathetic and refined, is not unallied to that of Pringle and Watts, but with a dash of Thomas Moore. He writes uniformly, with taste and elaboration, polishing the careless and rejecting the crude; and had he addressed himself more earnestly and unreservedly to the task of composition, I have little doubt, from several specimens he has occasionally exhibited, that he might have occupied a higher and more distinguished place in our poetical literature than he can be said to have attained. His "Australia," and several of his lyrics, were juvenile pledges of future excellence which maturity can scarcely be said to have fully redeemed.—See Moir's "Poet. Lit. of the Past Half-Century;" Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" "British Critic," Aug. 1824; "Literary Gazette," 1829, p. 360; Dr. Hawks's (New York) "Church Record;" "Blackwood's Mag.," xvii. 98, 99; xix. 88, 89; "Men of the Time," 1856.

RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

"Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, born in Galway, Ireland, 1780; died at Hampton, 1857; was educated for the bar, and, in 1800, was entered a student at Lincoln's Inn. He devoted much of his time, however, to literature and politics, displaying in the latter field strong Tory tendencies. In 1807 he became Member of Parliament for Downpatrick, in Ireland, and in 1809 Secretary to the Admiralty. This post he held for twenty years, during which he sat as Member in the House for various boroughs. Meanwhile he was almost continually engaged with his pen, and was a ready and versatile writer. His most extensive production is an edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' which Macaulay criticised with great severity in the 'Edinburgh Review.' He wrote, besides, 'Stories from the History of England,' and edited 'The Suffolk Papers,' 'Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford,' and several other works."—Beeton's "Dict. of Univ. Biog."

MRS. SOUTHEY.

"Mrs. Southey, born 1787, died 1854, a popular poetess, and wife of the Poet-Laureate, was the only child of Captain Charles Bowles, of Buckland, near Lymington. Her earliest production was the 'Birthday.' But for more than twenty years, the writings of Caroline Bowles were published anonymously, and it was not until after the publication of 'Ellen Fitz-Arthur,' and several of the pathetic novelettes which she had contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine' under the title of 'Chapters on Churchyards,' that her name and identity became known beyond a limited circle. Among the friends who had been attracted to her by her genius, in the earlier part of her career, were the poets Southey and Bowles; the former of whom became her husband in 1839. At the date of the marriage, Southey had been a widower two years, his former wife having been virtually dead to him for many more. On his death, Mrs. Southey was left with means insufficient, in her state of health, to provide the ordinary comforts of life; but was placed on the Civil List for a pension of £200 a year. The principal of Mrs. Southey's works are 'Ellen Fitz-Arthur: a Poem;' 'The Widow's Tale, and other Poems;' 'Solitary Hours,' prose and verse; 'Chapters on Churchyards;' 'Tales of the Factories;' and 'Robin Hood, a Fragment, by the late Robert Southey and Caroline Bowles: with other Poems.'"—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ELIZABETH BROWNING.

"Elizabeth Browning, originally Miss Barrett, wife of the poet; born in London, date unknown; died at Florence, in 1861; gave early indications of genius, and was educated with the utmost care. At the age of seventeen she published 'An Essay of Mind, with other Poems;' and in 1838 appeared her 'Seraphim,' which was succeeded by 'The Romaunt of the Page,' 'The Drama of Exile,' 'Isabel's Child,' 'Casa Guidi Windows,' and several miscellaneous pieces, all of which occupy a high place in our poetical literature. Besides these original works, she had translated the 'Prometheus Bound,' of Æschylus, and contributed a series of papers to the London 'Athenæum' on the Greek-Christian poets. In 1856 appeared her 'Aurora Leigh,' which has many admirers."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

"David Macbeth Moir, born at Musselburgh, 1798; died 1851; a modern poet and prose writer, who was educated for and practised the medical profession. He made his first appearance as an author in 1812, by publishing a small volume of poems. He next wrote for some local magazines and journals, and, at the commencement of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' he became a contributor to its pages, and remained so until his death. For the same magazine he also wrote 'The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch.' In 1831 he published the 'Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine,' and, in the same year, exerted himself energetically while the cholera raged in Musselburgh, where he practised his

profession, and subsequently published a pamphlet entitled 'Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera.' In 1851 he delivered a course of lectures upon the 'Poetical Literature of the Past Century,' at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. As a poet, he was tender and pathetic, rather than forcible and original. His poetical works were collected in 1852, and to them was prefixed his life. Dr. Moir was a graceful essayist, and a competent man of science, and was, moreover, a kind and excellent man."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

GEORGE CROLY.

"George Croly was born in Ireland toward the close of the last century, and was educated in Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his regular Master's degree, and was ordained 'deacon and priest' in Ireland. After this he went to England to settle, and was recommended by Lord Brougham (though differing much from him in public views) to the living of St. Stephen's church, Walbrook, London, where he still continues, discharging his duties with assiduity, and with a true zeal for the cause of the truth and the gospel. He is an independent thinker and writer, and prefers freedom of thought and speech to preferment in 'the church.'

"Few authors of the nineteenth century, who have written so much, have written so well as Dr. Croly. His prose style is clear, rich, idiomatic, and at times eloquent; while as a poet he has many great and shining qualities—'a rich command of language, whether for the tender or the serious, an ear finely attuned to musical expression, a fertile and lucid conceptive power, and an intellect at once subtle and masculine. Hundreds of copies of verses from his indefatigable pen, some of them of surpassing excellence, lie scattered about—rich bouquets of unowned flowers — throughout the wide, unbounded fields of periodical literature.'

"The following, I believe, is a full list of Dr. Croly's works. While they are so highly creditable to the learning and talents of their author, they give evidence of an astonishing industry that could accomplish so much, independent of his parochial duties. THEOLOGICAL: 'Divine Providence; or, Three Cycles of Revelation;' 'A New Interpretation of the Apocalypse;' 'The True Idea of Baptism;' 'Sermons Preached at St. Stephen's, Walbrook;' 'Sermons on Important Subjects;' 'Speeches on the Papal Aggression;' Pamphlets on 'Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister,' and on the 'Proposed Admission of Jews into Parliament.' POLITICAL and MISCELLANEOUS: 'The Political Life of Edmund Burke;' 'The Personal History of George IV.;' 'Historical Essays on Luther, &c.;' 'Salathiel' (the Wandering Jew), 3 vols.; 'Marston; or, the Soldier and Statesman,' 3 vols.; 'Character of Curran's Eloquence and Politics.' POETICAL: 'Paris in 1815, and other Poems;' 'Catiline, a Tragedy, with other Poems;' 'The Angel of the World,' an Arabian, and 'Sebastian,' a Spanish tale;' 'Poems Illustrative of Gems from the Antique;' 'Scenes from Scripture,' and a vast body of miscellaneous poetry scattered through the periodical literature of the day."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent. See Gilfillan's "Gallery of Literary Portraits;" Allibone's "Dict. Eng. Lit."

LORD MACAULAY.

"Lord Macaulay, born October 25, 1800, died 1859. He was the son of Zachary Macaulay, an ardent philanthropist and one of the earliest opponents of the slave trade. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which College he became a Fellow, and called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, he suddenly achieved a literary reputation by an article on Milton, in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in 1825. This was the first of a long series of brilliant literary and historical essays which he contributed to the same periodical. He entered Parliament in 1830, and was almost immediately acknowledged to be one of the first orators in the House. He went to India in 1834 as a Member of the Council in Calcutta and as President of the Law Commission. Soon after his return he was elected by the city of Edinburgh as their representative in Parliament (1840), and became successively Secretary at War and Paymaster of the Forces. He lost his election in 1847, in consequence of opposing the religious prejudices of his constituents, and from this time he devoted all his powers to the undivided cultivation of letters. Although he sat in Parliament again from 1852 to 1856, he took little part in the debates of the House. He was raised to the peerage in 1857.

"Macaulay is distinguished as a Poet, an Essayist, and an Historian. His 'Lays of Ancient Rome' are the best known of his poems; but the lines which he wrote upon his defeat at Edinburgh in 1847, and in which he turns for consolation to literature, are, in our judgment, the finest of all his poetical pieces. His Essays and his History will, in virtue of their inimitable style, always give Macaulay a high place among English classics. His style has been well characterized by a friendly but discerning critic:—'It was eminently his own, but his own not by strange words, or strange collocation of words, by phrases of perpetual occurrence, or the straining after original and striking terms of expression. Its characteristics were vigour and animation, copiousness, clearness, above all sound English, now a rare excellence. The vigour and life were unabating; perhaps

in that conscious strength which cost no exertion he did not always gauge and measure the force of his own words. Those who studied the progress of his writing might perhaps see that the full stream, though it never stagnated, might at first overflow its banks; in later days it ran with a more direct, undivided torrent. His copiousness had nothing tumid, diffuse, Asiatic; no ornament for the sake of ornament. As to its clearness, one may read a sentence of Macaulay twice to judge of its full force, never to comprehend its meaning. His English was pure, both in idiom and in words, pure to fastidiousness; not that he discarded, or did not make free use of, the plainest and most homely terms (he had a sovereign contempt for what is called the dignity of history, which would keep itself above the vulgar tongue), but every word must be genuine English, nothing that approached real vulgarity, nothing that had not the stamp of popular use, or the authority of sound English writers, nothing unfamiliar to the common ear.'

"Macaulay's Essays are philosophical and historical disquisitions, embracing a vast range of subjects; but the larger number and the most important relate to English History. These Essays, however, were only preparatory to his great work on the 'History of England,' which he had intended to write from the accession of James II. to the time immediately preceding the French Revolution. But of this subject he lived to complete only a portion. The two first volumes, published in 1849, contain the reign of James II. and the Revolution of 1688; two more, which appeared in 1855, bring down the reign of William III. to the peace of Ryswick in 1697; while a fifth, published in 1861, after the author's death, nearly completes the history of that reign. Macaulay, in a Review of Sir James Mackintosh's 'History of the Revolution,' observed that 'a History of England, written throughout in this manner, would be the most fascinating book in the language. It would be more in request at the circulating libraries than the last novel.' The unexampled popularity of Macaulay's own History verified the prediction. In a still earlier Essay he had remarked that we had good historical romances and good historical essays, but no good histories; and it cannot be denied that he has, to a great extent, attained his ideal of a perfect history, which he defines to be 'a compound of poetry and philosophy, impressing general rules on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents.'"—Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

"Ebenezer Elliott, born near Rotherham, Yorkshire, 1781, died near Barnsley, 1849, an English poet, who was an iron-merchant at Sheffield, and became famous as a writer of 'Rhymes' against the Corn Laws. These first appeared in a local paper, after their author had settled at Sheffield, and produced a powerful effect upon all who read them. When they re-appeared in a single volume, in conjunction with 'The Ranter,' he no longer sung in comparative obscurity, but commanded a wide circle of admirers. In 1834 a collected edition of his works was published. His effusions have procured for him the right of being emphatically the bard of Yorkshire, as he is certainly, like Crabbe, the poet of the poor and of the Corn Law struggle, before that ended in the triumphal achievement of the aspirations of his muse."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Burns was the greatest poet that Scotland ever produced; born at Alloway, near Ayr, in 1759; died 1796. He received a common school education. His chief advances in general knowledge he owed to the books he read, among which he mentions as favourites the "Spectator," the works of Pope, and the poems of Allan Ramsay; among unprinted books were the songs and ballads, mostly of unknown authorship, which then circulated through that part of Scotland, and some of which were collected by Percy and by Scott. A little later Burns' reading became more extensive, and to his list of favourites were added Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, and Henry Mackenzie. When sixteen years of age he fell in love, and his feelings, as he tells us, at once burst into a song. His first volume of poetry was issued, in 1786, from the provincial press of Kilmarnock: it became immediately popular, and has ever since exercised the greatest influence on the mind and taste of Scotland.

His "Tam O'Shanter" was deemed by Burns himself to be his best piece, and in this judgment Campbell, Wilson, and Montgomery concur. The combination it exhibits of the terrible and the ludicrous is very characteristic. His "Bruce's Address," "A Cotter's Saturday Night," "The Mountain Daisy," "The Mousie's Nest," and his lyric to "Mary in Heaven" are equally characteristic, though in a very different strain; as are "Mary Morrison" and "Ae fond Kiss,"—"a poem that contains," says Scott, "the essence of a thousand love-tales." Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in Burns than his range of subjects, and the appropriateness, both of language and of feeling, with which he treats them. Romantic landscape, the superstitions of the country, the delights of good fellowship, the aspirations of ambition, the passion of love—all are treated with a master hand, while he displays in each, as

occasion requires, the pathos of Sterne or of Richardson, the humour of Smollett, the descriptive power of Thomson, and the sarcasm of Pope or of Churchill: though all are too often disfigured with irreverence and licentiousness. His songs, however, are the main foundation of his popularity: of these he has written upwards of two hundred with great geniality and power. The common Scottish dialect was never used with more freshness or grace than by him. The success of his poetry induced him to take the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, where he married his "bonny Jean," and united the functions of exciseman with those of a farmer. He entered upon his new occupation at Whitsuntide, 1788. The farming proved a bad speculation. In 1791 he relinquished it, and removed to Dumfries, subsisting entirely upon his income in the Excise, which yielded £70 a year. In this office, a dangerous one to men of his tendencies, intemperance gradually gained upon him; disappointment and self-reproach embittered his life; want threatened him; and in his thirty-seventh year he sank into an untimely grave. A more mournful history the records of our literature do not supply. It must be added that in his poems are sad proofs that he quarrelled with the moral teaching of Presbyterianism, as well as with what he deemed its narrowness and doctrines. His youth and early manhood, his simplicity and genius, it is impossible to contemplate without admiration; but his closing years were darkened by neglect, and, alas! by low habits unworthy of his fame. His letters, published in Dr. Currie's "Life of Burns," must be read by all who would understand his character, though they give a less favourable impression of his naturalness and simplicity than his poems.—See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.;" Dr. Angus's "Handbook."

ALEXANDER WILSON.

"Alexander Wilson, a distinguished naturalist, was also a Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6th, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,—

'If the pedlar should fail to be favour'd with sale,
Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.'

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, 'Watty and Meg," which was at first attributed to Burns. A foolish personal satire, and a not very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution, drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America, collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of the 'American Ornithology,' and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed an eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labours on the 23rd of August, 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the 'Ornithology' of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:—

"'The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals, that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is, therefore, found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits; but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

"'In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to con-

template the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ coursing along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with half-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of his wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and, levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencontres the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.'

"By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:—

"'In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild flowers, of a great many different colours; and, presenting them to his mother, said, "Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?" The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of Nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstacy to execute his delightful commission.

"'The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.'

"The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. p. 486-87.

HECTOR MACNEILL.

Hector Macneill was born in 1746, and died in 1818. He was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. In 1789 he published a legendary poem, "The Harp;" and in 1795 his moral tale, "Scotland's Skaith; or, the History o' Will and Jean." The object of this latter production was to depict the evils of intemperance. He wrote several Scottish lyrics. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort in Edinburgh, where he enjoyed the refined and literary society of the Scottish capital till an advanced age.—See Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit,"

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

"Robert Tannahill, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley on the 3rd of June, 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend—'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home, with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother. On this occasion he adopted a resolution which he has expressed in the following lines:—

THE FILIAL VOW.

Why heaves my mother oft the deep-drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glistening in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish relief?
'Tis for my father, mouldering with the dead,
My brother, in bold manhood, lowly laid,
And for the pains which age is doom'd to bear,
She heaves the deep drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear
Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy,
She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb

O hear me, Heaven! and record my vow
Its non performance let thy wrath pursue!
I swear, of what thy providence may give,
My mother shall her due maintenance have
'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way:
Now, while her powers in frail languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep,
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care
'Tis Nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes

"The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion, but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shows how little at home he was in English His mother outlived him thirteen years Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it was not till after this time that he attained to anything beyond mediocrity Becoming acquainted with Mr R A Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, were sold in a few weeks It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

'We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside—'

and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr George Thomson's 'Select Melodies,' and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness, and a tendency to consumption He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr Constable, the publisher, but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual He burned all his manuscripts, and sank into a state of mental derangement Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest but 'suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of a neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found' Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which at length overthrew his reason The poems of this ill starred son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs They have all a commonplace artificial character His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original both in description and sentiment His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape His simplicity is natural and unaffected, and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic His 'Gloomy Winter's now awa'' is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody"—Chambers' "Cyc Eng Lit." vol ii. pp. 490-91

RICHARD GALL

Richard Gall, born 1776, died 1800 He

was contemporary with Tannahill, and possessed a kindred taste of song writing.

JOHN MAYNE.

"John Mayne, author of the 'Siller Gun,' 'Glasgow,' and other poems, was a native of Dumfries; born in the year 1761, and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the 'Dumfries Journal' office, in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his 'Siller Gun' in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr. Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in 'Ruddiman's Magazine;' and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the 'Lady of the Lake') 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.' In 1836 the 'Siller Gun' was again reprinted with the addition of a fifth canto. Mr. Mayne was author of a short poem on 'Hallowe'en,' printed in 'Ruddiman's Magazine' in 1780; and in 1781 he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of 'Logan Braes,' which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his 'Logan Water.' The 'Siller Gun' is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of 'Logan Braes' is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the 'Star' newspaper), Mr. Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties, as a public journalist, to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before, his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and permanency of early feelings and associations."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. pp. 492-93.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

"Sir Alexander Boswell, born 1775, died 1822, the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. 'Auld Gudeman, ye're a Druchen Carle,' 'Jenny's Bawbee,' Jenny Dang the Weaver,' &c., display considerable comic humour, and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of 'Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.' In 1810 he published a Scottish Dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called 'Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; a Sketch of Manners, by Simon Gray.' This sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr. Stuart, of Dunearn. The parties met at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire: conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent; but Mr. Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March, 1822. He had been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit." vol. ii. p. 494.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"Allan Cunningham, born 1785, died 1842. This poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born of comparatively humble parentage in Dumfries-shire. He began life as a stone-mason; but his early literary ability was such that, being introduced to Cromek, the editor of 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,' and undertaking to procure contributions to that work, he sent to the Editor, as genuine remains, compositions of his own. Cromek had slighted some original pieces shown to him as the production of Cunningham, and in retaliation, the young poet presented him with fabricated 'antiques.' These form the bulk of Cromek's collection. The cheat was long unsuspected; but the suspicious sagacity of the Ettrick Shepherd and others, especially Professor Wilson (see 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Dec., 1819), ultimately demonstrated the imposition, much to the reputation of the real author.

"Mr. Cunningham repaired, in 1810, to London, and obtaining an appointment of trust in the sculptor Chantrey's studio, he settled himself here for life. In this congenial position of comfort and independence, he possessed opportunities for the employment of his active pen, and for intercourse with men of kindred genius. His warm heart, his honest, upright, and independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem and respect

of all who enjoyed his acquaintance. He died in London in 1842.

"His larger works are, the 'Maid of Elvar,' a species of epic in Spenserian stanzas, illustrative of Dumfries-shire in days of yore; and 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' a wild tumultuous collection of Border superstitions. His reputation rests chiefly on his smaller pieces, which are airy, natural, and intensely Scotch; vigorous and even splendid in their higher moods, affectingly pathetic in their softer strains. His novels, 'Paul Jones,' &c., are full of glittering description, and exaggerated and unnatural character." — Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," p. 436. See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" D. M. Moir's "Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century;" S. C. Hall's "Book of Gems."

JAMES HOGG.

James Hogg, born in Ettrick Vale, Selkirkshire, 1770, died 1835, known better as the "Ettrick Shepherd." His school was the mountain's side, where he kept the cattle and sheep. His education was scanty; but a quick and retentive memory, great natural gifts, and a fine appreciation of the wondrous scenes around him, called up the slumbering muse, and in 1801 he published a small volume of songs. "The Mountain Bard" followed in 1807. Soon afterwards he left his occupation and resided at Edinburgh, supporting himself entirely by his pen. The "Queen's Wake" (1813) brought him into very favourable notice. It was followed by "Mador of the Moor," "Winter Evening Tales," &c. Hogg's chief delight was in legendary tales and folk lore. Fancy, rather than the description of life and manners, is the prevailing character of the poet's writings. A modern critic says—"He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions. But there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, and that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'" —See Shaw's "Hist. Eng. Lit.;" Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog.;" Maunder; Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM TENNANT.

"William Tennant, born at Easter-Anstruther, Fife, 1785; died 1848; a Scotch poet, who studied for a short time at the University of St. Andrews. He was so unfortunate as to lose the use of his feet while still young. Unaided, he taught himself German, Portuguese, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldaic, and other languages. After spending many years as a schoolmaster and classical teacher, he, in 1835, received the appointment of professor o Oriental languages in the University of St Andrews. He wrote three dramas, exhibiting considerable poetical power; the well-known poem of 'Anster Fair,' 'The Life of Allan Ramsay,' and other works."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See D. M. Moir's "Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century."

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

"William Motherwell, born 1798, died 1835, poet and journalist; when a youth, obtained a situation in the sheriff clerk's office at Paisley, where he continued for many years. In 1827 he published an interesting and pleasing collection of ballads, entitled 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;' and was afterwards successively editor of the 'Paisley Magazine,' 'Paisley Advertiser,' and the 'Glasgow Courier.' In 1833 was published a collected edition of his own poems, some of which possess a pathos and an intensity of feeling seldom equalled. These qualities are strikingly exhibited in his 'Jeanie Morrison,' and 'My heid is like to rend, Willie,' an address by a dying girl to her lover; while his success in imitating the old mystic ballad is well exemplified in the 'Ettin Lang of Sillerwood,' 'Holbert the Grim,' and other pieces. Some years after his death, a monument to his memory was erected by subscription in the necropolis of his native city, Glasgow."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Chambers's "Cyc. Eng. Lit."

ROBERT NICOLL.

"Robert Nicoll, born in Perthshire, 1814; died 1837; a Scotch poet, the son of parents in humble circumstances, and whose efforts at self-education were pursued under the most disadvantageous circumstances. At the age of twenty-one he produced a small volume of poems, which became exceedingly popular, and passed through several editions. He shortly afterwards obtained the post of editor of the 'Leeds Times,' which, under his control, was more than tripled in its circulation. His prose writings consisted, for the most part, of political articles contributed to the before-mentioned print, and were marked by strongly liberal sentiments and a clear, energetic style. His health, which had always been frail, and was probably shattered by his youthful studies, gave way after he had been engaged upon his editorial duties about a year; and he removed to Edinburgh, where he died almost as soon as he had reached manhood." —Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Robert Gilfillan, a native of Dunfermline, has written songs marked by much gentle and kindly feeling, and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being set to music.—See Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

"William Laidlaw is son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's 'Life of Scott,' know how closely Mr. Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. 'Lucy's Flittin'' is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. In printing the song, Hogg added the last four lines to 'complete the story.' "—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 507.

JAMES HISLOP.

"James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighbourhood of Sanquhar, near the source of the Nith, in July, 1798. He was employed as a shepherd-boy in the vicinity of Airsmoss, where, at the gravestone of a party of slain Covenanters, he composed the striking poem, 'The Cameronian's Dream.' He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favourable notice of Lord Jeffrey, and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed schoolmaster, first on board the *Doris*, and subsequently the *Tweed* man-of-war. He died on the 4th December, 1827, from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St. Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure but ardent love of nature."—Chambers' "Cyc. Eng. Lit.," vol. ii. p. 508.

WILLIAM AYTOUN.

"William Aytoun, author of 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' was a member of the Edinburgh bar, but never, we believe, devoted himself to any extent to the severer duties of his profession. He was long, however, one of the standing wits of the Parliament House, as the law courts of Edinburgh are locally denominated. He succeeded Mr. Moir as Professor of Literature and Belles Lettres in the university of Edinburgh, where his lectures—full of pith, energy, and distinguished by fine literary taste—were in great vogue. Professor Aytoun was for some years one of the chief contributors to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and few numbers appeared from which his hand was absent. At the time of the railway mania he flung off a series of papers,—the first entitled, 'How we got up the Glen Mutchkin Railway,' descriptive of the doings in the Capel Court of Edinburgh and Glasgow; papers which for broad, vigorous humour, and felicitous setting forth of genuine Scotch character, are almost unrivalled. Under the *nom de guerre* of Augustus Dunshunner—then first adopted—the professor frequently contributed pieces of off-hand criticism on books and men to 'Blackwood,' taking especial delight in showing up what he conceives to be the weak points of the Manchester school; and, humorous though the general tone of the papers be, hesitating not to dash headlong at piles of statistics intended to prop up the fallen cause of protection. Aytoun's politics, as may be inferred from his solo work published in an independent form, the 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers,' were high Tory, or, rather, they amount to a sort of poetic and theoretical Jacobitism, which finds vent in enthusiastic laudation of the Marquis of Montrose and the Viscount Dundee, as models of Scottish heroes. The ballads in question are strongly tinged by deep national feeling, and remind the reader of Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome;' and, from the more picturesque nature of the subject, are, perhaps, even still more highly coloured. 'Edinburgh after Flodden,' the 'Death of Montrose,' and the 'Battle of Killiecrankie,' are strains which Scotchmen will not willingly let die. Professor Aytoun married one of the daughters of Professor Wilson, otherwise Christopher North."—"Men of the Time." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

HENRY HART MILMAN.

"We are surprised that this poet is not more universally known by his countrymen!

"There is an oriency of colour about his imagination that dyes every object upon which it falls with the richest tints. Or it may be compared to the richly-stained window of some dim cathedral, which throws on every spot or figure over which the light passing through it falls, a most heavenly and saintly glory.

"His 'Fall of Jerusalem' has a fresh breezy beauty and delightfulness about it, joined with a vigorous action, that carries us on a bold, rapid stream to its conclusion.

"His other poems show great command of powerful and yet classical language, a chaste

elegance of thought, a profusion of glowing imagery, and a vigorous manly spirit that do him honour both as a man and a Christian minister."—"Excelsior," p. 50.

SYDNEY YENDYS.

"Rome has been the subject of many a song of triumph and many a note of woe:—in her youth, when she sat upon the seven hills like a new-fledged eagle, sunning herself in the eye of heaven; in her full maturity, when she waved her wings above the universe, and went forth conquering and to conquer; in the autumn of her splendour, when the clouds began to close—when the long-baffled waves, with steady march, rolled on to cover her; and when, her energies exhausted, her power paralyzed, she tottered on her base, and fell from the foremost place in the firmament, like Lucifer the morning star. Macaulay sings—

'Hail to the Grand Asylum,
Hail to the hill-tops seven!
Hail to the fire that burns for aye,
And the shield that fell from Heaven!'

He tells us of the dauntless courage and the high resolve, the love of country and the love of home, the affection that burnt like a Vestal-flame in a Roman's heart and the blood that ran like fire along a Roman's veins; how the mystic horseman fought in the battle by the Lake Regillus, and how good Horatius kept the bridge in the brave days of old. We hear from Bulwer how Rienzi ruled and how he fought and how he fell, and how all Rome itself was the funeral pile of the last of the Roman Tribunes. Byron, in verses as magnificent and melancholy as the ruins he celebrates, gives us the last act of the mighty drama, the diadem dashed down, the sceptre snapped, the 'royalty in ruins:' while Shelley, with a spirit as ethereal as the moonlight, wanders among the shattered battlements and fallen fanes, and touches with his sad and solemn beauty, like flowers upon a warrior's grave, the hoary vestiges of the Imperial City. And now we have another poet discoursing upon the same theme, but striking a different string. 'Up for the Cross and Freedom!' The eye is not for ever closed in death, the soul is not for ever departed: it is there yet—it lives—it breathes. The sun ye thought had looked his last upon you from the weeping west shall gather up his glories once again, and flash with all the splendour of his prime. Ye thought that Liberty was lost, the toy of fools, the sport of fiends, the fancy-haunting dream of shackled men: but lo! a beacon-fire in the distance; it spreads from mount to mount, from height to height, and the red flame flings a lustre on the midnight heavens, and lights up on the earth faces sad, but stern and resolute; and in the shadow of the buildings that encircled their illustrious forefathers, upon the soil where the Cæsars trod, and beneath the firmament that canopied the Cæsars' kingdom, they swear that Rome shall yet be free.

"Vittorio Santo goes forth as a Missionary of Freedom; devotes himself to the task of rousing up his countrymen, and inciting them to shake off the Austrian yoke. And, depend upon it, before a man surrenders himself thus unreservedly to a noble cause, he must count the cost. No holiday game will life be to him, no gentle transit down the stream of Time—no pleasant dwelling with the eyes and smiles of happy children round him—no joyful greeting of kinsfolk—no tranquil resting at the close of life among his old familiar scenes—no peaceful gathering of his ashes to his fathers when his day is done. He must up and arm himself for a conflict such as few can stand. He must 'bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things.' His must be the forty years' sojourn in the wilderness, to catch at last, perchance, but a glimpse of the promised land afar off. He must be content to 'sit in the gate and be the heathen's jest, silent and self-possessed.' He must count upon the curses of the world, the flippancy, the carelessness, the cold contempt of those he would arouse; the deadly sickness of a bleeding heart, a baffled hope, an enterprise abortive. He must be 'all things to all men:' he must till the barren soil, that yields as harvest naught but thorns and briars; he must see the flame of enthusiasm leap up and then die out in darkness, like a midnight rocket from a sinking ship; he must expect to find his passionate appeals fall dead—profitless as dew upon the desert; he must lead on the forlorn hope and perish in the breach; he must be the scapegoat doomed to bear the labour and the toil, 'the fastings, the foot-wanderings,' the fearful weight of thought and care and anxious expectation.

"The world considers such a character a fool. Who, say they, but a madman would sacrifice ease, comfort, respectability, for the sake of following the phantom of a distempered brain; a visionary good which never can be grasped. The world has set up images of clay and fallen down and worshipped them, and the smoke of ten thousand sacrifices has gone up like a frowning cloud, and hangs between earth and heaven, shutting out the blessed light. And when one rises who will only bow before the sacred presence of the Truth; one with deep vision to detect the counterfeit, and a loud prophet-voice to give his spirit utterance,—when he smites down the idol, and standing on its reeking ruins, bids its blinded votaries shake their fetters off—he has to undergo Vittorio Santo's perils and to share Vittorio Santo's doom.

"But to the Poem, which is a record of the Missionary of Freedom as he pursues his

arduous task. We meet him in various disguises, and exercising his influence upon different natures—now smiting upon the 'cold, proud, rocky heart' of the worldling, now flashing out his thoughts like lightning upon the careless crowd: teaching the minstrels in their own souls' language the noblest theme that can inspire their song; and evoking from the depths of woman's gentle nature that mild but spiritual splendour which is the crowning glory of a great cause, like the crescent on the brow of night. Time would fail us were we to expatiate upon each several scene; we must therefore content ourselves with presenting one or two extracts and introducing a few comments.

"The opening of the poem strikes us as being very powerfully conceived. The sun is setting and his last streaks of glory are lighting up the heavens, the 'purple heavens' of Rome. They touch with all their sad and solemn beauty the cramped and fettered limbs of her who once was mistress of the world. They flit among the towers and battlements which flash the splendour back no more; but receive the sunshine shudderingly, and with a fearful air, like a prisoner through the grated window of his cell: and still the bright beams come and go as they were wont to do, and seem to wonder why they meet not with the olden welcome. Upon an ancient battle-field a band of youths and maidens meet; they sing and dance although their land is a desolation and themselves but slaves:—they dance upon the spot where their great fathers fought and bled to bind another chaplet round the laurelled brows of what was then their *Country*. The Missionary approaches, disguised as a monk, and bids them stop, they dance upon a grave—the grave that holds his Mother! They yield to his solicitations and withdraw a space: he follows and begs them to forgive his vehemence, and bids them listen how he loved his Mother:—

'She loved me, nursed me,
And fed my soul with light. Morning and Even,
Praying, I sent that soul into her eyes,
And knew what heaven was though I was a child.
I grew in stature and she grew in goodness.
I was a grave child; looking on her taught me
To love the beautiful: and I had thoughts
Of Paradise, when other men have hardly
Look'd out of doors on earth. (Alas! alas!
That I have also learn'd to look on earth
When other men see Heaven.) I toil'd, but ever,
As I became more holy, she seem'd holier;
Even as when climbing mountain-tops, the sky
Grows ampler, higher, purer as ye rise.'

"And then he tells them how strange robbers seized her, bound her, while he and all her other children denied her in her agony; counted out the gold that bought her pangs; and when she lifted up her shackled hands and prayed forgiveness for them—struck her! The wellnigh quenched but still existing spirit of his auditors is roused by this tale of violence, and with execrations they attempt to kill him, when he bids them stand off, for they are partners in the wrongs and sharers in the unhallowed gain; that his Mother is their Mother:—

'Her name is ROME. Look round,
And see those features which the sun himself
Can hardly leave for fondness. Look upon
Her mountain bosom, where the very sky
Beholds with passion: and with the last proud
Imperial sorrow of dejected empire,
She wraps the purple round her outraged breast,
And even in fetters cannot be a slave.'

"And then he launches into a long and eloquent harangue: he dresses up the past in all its ancient pomp, as sunset streaming through stained windows lights up the dust-dimmed statues of ancestral rulers: he shows them their present state, a life in death—a mockery of existence—'a broken mirror, which the glass in every fragment multiplies:' and looking forward, with a prophet's vision he evokes the phantoms of the future, the glories nebulous as yet, but destined to become the stars of earth—the fixed and flashing diadems upon the brow of Time. Then by his Country's wrongs,—

'By her eternal youth,
And coëternal utterless dishonour,
Her toils, her stripes, her agonies, her scars—
And her undying beauty—
By her long agony and bloody sweat,
Her passion of a thousand years, her glory,
Her pride, her shame, her worlds subdued and lost,
He swears She shall be free!'

Alas! the heartless slaves have stolen away one by one, and when the poor enthusiast looks to find an answering echo to his great appeal, he is alone with the grass and the ruins and the broad blue sky and the soft wind of heaven. And yet not quite alone: for one of the band of revellers, a Roman maiden, has been attracted, spell-bound by the words that have fallen, like flakes of fire from a burst bombshell, from Vittorio Santo's tongue: and now she timidly approaches him and asks if there be no office in the great work which Rome's daughters can fill—no services

which they can render to their common mother. A mighty change has passed upon her spirit in these few brief moments: the missionary, all unconscious, held the master-key of her affections, and now she is his in life and death.

'Alas! the love of women, it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
All that they have upon that die is thrown.'

She knows he has entered upon a perilous enterprise—that he carries his life in his hand; but she will surrender fortune, fame, friends, everything, to be his follower, to execute his orders, and to live within the shadow of his presence. But what can she do? What part in the drama can she sustain? Woman cannot grasp an abstract idea. This Rome, this Country, this impersonation of the frowning ruins which she saw around but bewildered her: she wanted to observe some glance of 'human nature in the idol's eyes'—some touch of human feeling in the Queen they strove to reinstate—some symbol of humanity upon the banners of the host. It was Rome she loved personified in Rome's deliverer; it was Santo's wild and witching words that woke the music from her heart-strings, and so she strives to do his will, to prove herself not unworthy of her leader. And nobly does she execute her mission: Vittorio is imprisoned by a libertine young lord, Francesca purchases his freedom at the price of herself, and 'in her superb high loveliness, whose every look enhanced the ransom,' begs—

'Another maiden hour for prayer and tears.
Francesca wore a poniard. She is now
A maid for ever.'

"The poet has displayed a very high degree of talent in the conception of this character. The labyrinthine mazes of passion are developed with a master hand. The dazzling, blinding rush of fresh thoughts and feelings evoked mysteriously, like the fabled well-spring of Helicon, from the heart of the young Italian girl: the moments of doubt, suspense, hesitation: the conflict between fear and love—the fear of offending, of being cast off as useless, of being but a drag upon the chariot-wheels of the emancipator: the love which has dawned suddenly upon her like an Oriental sunrise, and which she knows cannot perish but with her existence—the love which would be contented with the humblest post in his great enterprise: the set determination to do the wishes of her master—and the woman's weakness asking for some tangible reality, some symbol of the divinity she is to serve—some star to twinkle with a human radiance on what, to her, would else be but one broad and blinding blue—the still, intense communings with her own spirit when she learns that *he* is doomed to die by 'the greatest libertine in Milan'—the shudderings of soul as she contemplates her scheme for his liberation, and her last act of glorious self-forgetfulness, when she accomplishes her object, and baffling the base hopes of the tyrant, dies; and in dying shows the greatness of a woman's heart, the unsullied lustre of a woman's love. There is to us something inexpressibly touching in this portrait, so pure, so exalted, yet so true to nature; something which appeals to our best feelings, and nobly vindicates the noble origin of our common humanity. And it is not merely a fine idea of the poet, a beautiful creation of the fancy with a rainbow's brilliancy and a rainbow's unsubstantial life: it is the personification of a great fact, a special instance of the love which lies about us like the grass upon the meadows. True, the sacrifices woman has to make now are not what they were then; but though the light has come down from the mountains to the valleys—no more a beacon but a household fire—it still exists. Ten thousand silent witnesses are standing round us of the fact, more eloquent in their silence. There are sacrifices offered up every day within our ken as noble as the Roman girl's, and the more we contemplate and admire them the better will our lives become. We cannot bear the vulgar hand which rudely tears away the veil that hides so many sacred scenes; but we give honour to the man who shows us Woman in her noble nature, her generous devotion of herself to others; for we feel he gives an impulse to our spirit, subdues our miserable selfishness, inspires us with a hopeful and a healthy spirit, lightens our burden in this lingering life-journey, and lifts us nearer Heaven!

'Thou little child,
Thy mother's joy, thy father's hope—thou bright,
Pure dwelling where two fond hearts keep their gladness—
Thou little potentate of love, who comest
With solemn sweet dominion to the old,
Who see thee in thy merry fancies charged
With the grave embassage of that dear past,
When they were young like thee—thou vindication
Of God—thou living witness against all men
Who have been babes—thou everlasting promise
Which no man keeps—thou portrait of our nature,
Which in despair and pride we scorn and worship—
Thou household-god, whom no iconoclast
Hath broken!'

"That strain falls on us like a snow-flake on a fevered lip: Childhood gleams on us once again—those early days when we were innocent and happy, when earth with its flowers

and sunshine seemed a Paradise which would never pass away—when the moon and the stars were a mystery, and we believed that God was up, far away in the great blue heaven—when we felt as secure in the domestic circle, as Adam did within the 'cherubim-defended battlements' of Eden. Childhood! Before the serpent drew its trail across our path and dimmed the lustre which it takes a life-long labour to regain—before we tasted of the Trees of Life and Knowledge and found them dust and ashes in our mouth—'Trees of death and madness.' An immeasurable gulf divides us from that blessed time—we have passed from out that dream-land where we were supremely happy in our ignorance—we have plunged into the fiery furnace of the world, and taken part in its toils and throbbings, and restless heaving passions. We have felt the fever-strife of existence—the elements which constitute at once the blessing and the bane of manhood. Many a hard lesson have we learned, many an agonizing thought has maddened our brain, and many a wild woe has swept across our heart-strings and struck out harsh discord. Love has looked upon us with her heavenly eyes, like a fairy from a fountain, and then died away in bubbling music, leaving us longing to follow her, but not knowing whither. Fame, Fortune, all the wreckers' lights the world hangs out to tempt poor mortals to destruction on its reefs and shoals, have met us. Death has thrown his shadow on our path, and muffled in his mantle those we called our own. And then in some still moment—some hour when we are sitting silently over our lonely fireside, the ghosts of our early days appear like 'gleams of a remoter world'—old thoughts, old feelings, old associations, come to life again—then, gazing on the laughing landscape we have left for ever, the golden sunrise which has gathered to a burning heat, the fresh young corn-blade which has matured through many a storm and sunbeam till it bows beneath the weight of its own age and longs for the sickle;—who has not *sometimes* wished he was a child again? *Sometimes* the wish steals on us when the white-robed past confronts the sin-stained present, and aggravates its hue by contrast; but life was breathed into the frame of each that he might answer a purpose, and we must ever Onward! Knowledge is power, though it be stamped into the spirit with a burning brand: and he acts nobly who girds himself up for action. There may be tears for him, and throbbings of the heart, and passionate sad voices from the past; there may be solitude and silence—the solitude of a being friendless in a peopled world: but let him pass on with a resolved but stricken spirit, believing that the path he treads is that of duty and the goal is God; and he shall find that knowledge, purified by faith, is better than unconscious innocence: his shall be the crystal calmness of the current that has passed the rapid and the precipice, and gone to rest in some sequestered spot, the mirror of the Heaven that hangs above it.

"Let us glance for a moment at the closing scene. The Monk has fulfilled his mission, the task which was appointed him he has accomplished: and now prisoned, condemned, sentenced to die on the morrow, he knows his hour has come. A number of his partisans are gathered in the dungeon to bid him farewell, to hear his parting words, to listen to the last instructions of their leader ere he passes from them for ever, and leaves them to carry on the cause alone. It is a solemn and a critical moment. He is standing in the shadow of death and on the brink of the unseen world: the stormy past lies behind him like the dashing ocean in the wake of the bark that nears the haven. He has stemmed the flood and grappled with the fury of the whirlwind. He has lived among the strife of elements, the war of deadly passions. He had to kindle the first feeble watch-fire, and fan its faint and sickly flame; he had to seek materials to work upon, and then to mould them to his purpose; he had to teach the ignorant, to stimulate the faint-hearted, to cheer the wavering, to check the undisciplined ardour of the over-zealous—and all alone. But now his voice is softened, and a calm-like sunset rests upon his noble features.

'Let us brighten
This last best hour with thoughts that, shining through
To-morrow's tears, shall set in our worst cloud
The bow of promise.'

"He puts away from him now the sound of war, the shock of arms, the noise of hosts, the banners and the blazoned ensigns; and he endeavours to instil into the minds of his followers a knowledge of their higher duty, of a more difficult but nobler task which may be theirs. He bids them—

'Learn a prophet's duty:
For this cause is he born, and for this cause,
For this cause comes he to the world,—*to bear*
Witness.'

"Truly, as his audience thought, 'tis a hard saying—Who shall hear it? It is comparatively easy when the commander says, 'Up and at them,' to charge down the hill upon the enemy, like the Life Guards at Waterloo; but it is a greater and a hundred-fold more difficult task to stand as those Guards stood for seven mortal hours upon the eminence without stirring a step or firing a shot. It is a gallant thing to fight with the free and the brave in defence of our country, our shrines, our hearth-stones, and our fathers' sepulchres—action animates and prevents the spirits drooping; companions in arms, though they be few, incite us on: we

fling fear, doubt, irresolution to the winds—and death is indifferent to us, for we know that glory decks the hero's bier if it does not bind his brow. But *to bear witness!*

'Speak, speak thy message;
The world runs post for thee. The good by nature,
The bad by fate;—whom the avenging gods
Having condemn'd have first demented. Know
By virtue of that madness they are thine.
Lay-brothers working where the sanctity
Of thine high office comes not. Savage friends
Who, scattering in their wrath thy beacon, light
The fire that clears the wilderness. Unconscious
Disciples, writing up the martyr's title
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin on his cross.
Love him who loves thee; his sweet love hath bought
A place in Heaven. But love him more who hates,
For he dares hell to serve thee. Pray for him
Who hears thee gladly; it shall be remember'd
On high. But, martyr! count thy debt the greater
To the reviler; *he* hath bought thy triumph
With his own soul. In all thy toils forget not
That whoso sheddeth his life's blood for thee
Is a good lover; but thy great apostle,
Thy ministering spirit, thy spell-bound,
World-working giant, thy head hierophant
And everlasting high priest, is that sinner
Who sheds thine own.'

"*To bear witness!* what a world of meaning lies hidden in these few words! how many of the grandest elements of human nature it requires to mould a character like this! Every man values the honest hearty good word of his neighbours; and there are associations gathered round the heart of each of us which it is impossible to efface. To be estranged from those we have lived with and loved from infancy—to pass from under the shadow of the faith that has fostered us—to look upon old sights, old haunts, familiar scenes, and find they are but fiends to mock us with a memory of what once was—to see contempt and scorn assume the place where love was wont to reign—to know that the affections we prized more than life are changed to wormwood—to watch our tried and trusted friends deliberately range themselves in the foemen's ranks—to have the harrowing conviction burned in upon the soul that we must go on now alone—go along the path we have chosen, and forego all the pleasures on which we counted to render existence endurable—these, *these* things try the temper and the tone of spirit—these constitute a frightful and a fiery ordeal at which human nature shudders. And yet all this must frequently be undergone for the cause of Truth. The alternative is a terrible one, and many waver; but such have not the elements of real greatness in them, the qualities which constitute one who must bear Witness. The world has its laws and customs, its usages and ordinances; and woe to the man who sets himself in opposition to these. The world has its idols, its creed, its rule of faith—woe to the man who rises and declares its worship blasphemy—its creed a falsehood—its rule of faith a damnable delusion. Woe! truly; but unutterable woe would it be if these men did not rise up ever and anon, to smite the lazy blood into the cheeks of humanity; to exorcise the demon that directs the rabid multitude; to breathe a holier feeling through a land defaced by blood and crime. They are the pioneers of Freedom, the vanguard of the hosts of Truth. And their fate is to be reviled and ridiculed—blasphemed and buffetted — tortured body and soul with all the ingenuity of cruelty. Well—so it is, and so it will be: they have counted the cost; their death-smile is the calm of conquest; and—

'They flee far
To a sunnier strand:
And follow Love's folding star
To the evening land.'

"Vittorio Santo is one of these—and now his last hour has come. He has to take a final look at that cause which he has watched alone from its cradle: which he has reared amid ten thousand obstacles, and guided through ten thousand dangers: he is leaving it in the hands of his followers, and with all the solemnity of sorrow, with all the majesty of a man sublime in suffering and crowned with the diadem of death, he endeavours to form their minds, to instil into them those great principles which have regulated his own career. He gives them a glimpse of the higher mysteries, and strives to stimulate their souls to pierce the mist which hides them from the common ken. He labours to communicate to them that strong, calm, deep, earnest feeling which is an ark of refuge to a persecuted cause, and still on every cloud that either frowns or falls imprints the bow of promise. Thus having spoken words of comfort and assurance to the companions of his toil, having done everything in his power for the promotion of the enterprise—with peace upon his brow, he passes from them like the orb of day into the chambers of the West: and then—'the night cometh;'—but it is a 'night of stars.' The

greater luminary has set, yet his 'apostle lights' have caught the mantle that fell from him as he ascended, and ere the musket-shots of the minions of the tyrant have passed through his body, there is a band of twenty thousand insurgents at the gates—led on by a woman!

'Yes! Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.'

You may place what barriers ye will in the way of Truth and Liberty—ye cannot stop them. You may burn and slay and torture their votaries; you may drive them into the mountains; you may scatter their ashes to the winds and waters:—from grave and guillotine and gory block proceeds an influence that passes like electric fluid through the hearts of men and mocks your mad endeavour.

'Truth is the equal sun,
Ripening no less the hemlock than the vine.
Truth is the flash that turns aside no more
From castle than from cot. Truth is a spear
Thrown by the blind. Truth is a Nemesis
Which leadeth her beloved by the hand
Through all things; giving him no task to break
A bruised reed, but bidding him stand firm
Though she crush worlds.'

"Truth is the hidden treasure which a baffled and bewildered universe has been engaged in seeking for six thousand years. What is Truth? 'Tis a question which has been often asked: by the broken heart and the bleeding breast; by the dauntless spirit and the undimmed eye. It has been asked in the full triumph of faith, when the light of eternity illuminated the world-mysteries; it has gone up to heaven with the stifled sob from the stricken spirit; it has been uttered to the silent forest by the lonely anchorite; it has been proclaimed in the majesty of hope, in the agony of despair, in the ghastly eloquence of death. Truth stands ever in still, silent beauty, like a star which reeks not of the clouds which come and go, and make wild warfare in the heavens. These shall pass away—the strife of tongues shall cease—the vain possessions and pursuits of earth shall vanish from their votaries—the workmen on the walls and battlements of this vast Babel-tower shall be arrested in their labour like the moon at Ajalon—the incubus shall be removed from the bosom of humanity, and the emancipated universe shall recognize their victim and their Conqueror—the solution of this world-enigma—the Everlasting Truth. But *then* the end cometh. Meanwhile there must be agony and tears and death; there must be the faggot and the fire; there must be hollow-heartedness and mockery: for battle must be waged between the true and false till time shall be no more. There will be—

'Dim echoings—
Not of the truth, but witnessing the truth—
Like the resounding thunder of the rock
Which the sea passes—rushing thoughts like heralds,
Voices which seem to clear the way for greatness,
Cry advent in the soul, like the far shoutings
That say a monarch comes. These must go by,
And then the man who can outwatch this vigil
Sees the apocalypse.'

"There is a hearty purpose and a solemn earnestness in 'The Roman' which we think is calculated to teach an admirable lesson to, and produce a powerful effect upon, the minds of the present age. Never perhaps was it more necessary to inculcate independent thought and self-reliance; never more requisite to guard individuals against losing their identity in the mass; never more needful to fix the image of Truth in the heart, and tend it day and night as the virgins watched the fire of Vesta. Our poet shows us the dignity of man—the power he can exercise, the active power of kindling great thoughts in his fellow-men—rousing them up from their lethargic sleep—snapping the fetters which cramp their spiritual freedom, and bidding them pursue the path which God has placed before them, and along which duty guides them—peradventure to a grave. He shows us also Man's passive power—the nobler of the two, and by far the more difficult to practise—the power which can impel the soul right onward, like an arrow to its mark; which yields not to the sun-smile of fortune nor to the pitiless peltings of the tempest-cloud: the power from which the shafts of scorn fall off with deadened point; which walks unscathed through the fiery furnace of a nation's mockery; and gazes with an unblenched eye upon the ghastliest insignia of death. He shows us Pity bending with unutterable tenderness; Love sacrificing self at the altar of its divinity; Resolution stern as fate, sheathing the spirit as in a panoply of steel; Hope, baffled, bleeding, but like the dolphin, beautiful in death; Faith lifting its flashing eyes to Heaven, and speaking forth the words of inspiration. He takes us by the hand and conducts us reverently among the ruins of the past—he leads us within the circle of its magic presence, and bids us look and wonder.

"We must conclude as we commenced. What went ye out for to see? 'The moral of

all human tales'—the melancholy monument and memento of mortal grandeur and mortal vanity—the City of the dead, who erst was Queen of Nations—the Time-swept, but Time-conquering, Capitol—Imperial Rome.

'All through the lorn
Vacuity winds came and went, but stirr'd
Only the flowers of yesterday. Upstood
The hoar unconscious walls, bisson and bare,
Like an old man, deaf, blind, and grey, in whom
The years of old stand in the sun, and murmur
Of childhood and the dead. From parapets
Where the sky rents, from broken niches—each
More than an Olympus,—for gods dwelt in them,—
Below, from senatorial haunts and seats
Imperial, where the ever-passing fates
Wore out the stone, strange hermit birds croak'd forth
Sorrowful sounds, like watchers on the heights
Crying the hours of ruin. When the clouds
Dress'd every myrtle on the walls in mourning,
With calm prerogative the eternal pile
Impassive shone with the unearthly light
Of immortality. When conquering suns
Triumph'd in jubilant earth, it stood out dark
With thoughts of ages: like some mighty captive
Upon his deathbed in a Christian land,
And lying, through the chant of Psalm and Creed,
Unshriven and stern, with peace upon his brow,
And on his lips strange gods.'

"Ashes to ashes—dust to dust: we will not disturb the majestic repose, nor break the silence which broods above the princely sepulchre; but we will be—

'Like some village children
Who found a dead king on a battle-field,
And with decorous care and reverent pity
Composed the lordly ruin, and sat down
Graver without tears.' "

—Lester's "Criticisms," 3rd edit., pp. 440-462.

P. J. BAILEY.

P. J. Bailey, born 1816, a member of the bar, son of the proprietor of the "Nottingham Mercury," is the author of "Festus," "The Angel World," and "The Mystic." Few poems upon their first appearance have excited so much attention as "Festus." Bailey was but about twenty years of age when this poem was finished. The second edition, published in 1842, was much enlarged, and in later editions it has been still further augmented, to about three times its original length. It contains many exquisite passages of genuine poetry, and is one of the most remarkable books of the present century.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

"Bryan Waller Procter, born about 1790, a modern English poet, generally known under the pseudonym of Barry Cornwall. He was educated for the legal profession, and, during many years, held an important appointment as one of the commissioners of lunacy. His first volume of poems was produced in 1819, under the title of 'Dramatic Scenes, and other Poems.' His 'English Songs,' Memoir and Essay prefixed to an edition of Shakspere, 'Marcian Colonna,' and others, evinced, in their author, the possession of a graceful and refined order of mind. Some of his songs became popular; and one of his tragedies (that entitled 'Mirandola') which was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, was highly successful. A collection of some charming essays and tales in prose by him was published in America."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

CHARLES SWAIN.

"Charles Swain, born at Manchester, 1803, a modern English writer, known as the 'Manchester Poet,' was educated for commercial pursuits; but after spending fourteen years in the office of his uncle, the proprietor of large dye-works, he abandoned commerce to acquire the art of engraving, which he afterwards practised as a profession. His first essay in poetry was made in 1828, at which time he produced a collection of lyrics, upon subjects of history and imagination. His later works were, 'Beauties of the Mind,' 'Dryburgh Abbey, an Elegy upon the Death of Sir Walter Scott,' 'English Melodies,' 'Dramatic Chapters,' and 'Rhymes for Childhood.' To evince their respect for him his fellow-townsmen presented him with a testimonial."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Alfred Tennyson, born 1810. He received the 'Laurel' after the death of Wordsworth in 1850. He first appeared as a poet under his own name in 1830, in his twentieth year. A second volume of poems was issued in 1833, and in 1842 he re-appeared with two volumes of 'Poems,' many of which were his early pieces altered and retouched. His other

works are, 'The Princess, a Medley,' 1847; 'In Memoriam,' 1850 (the latter a series of beautiful elegiac poems on the death of his young friend Arthur Hallam, son of the historian); 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' 1852; and 'Maud, and other Poems,' 1855. The popularity of Mr. Tennyson has been steadily on the increase, and he has a band of devoted worshippers. His chief defect is obscurity of expression, with a certain mannerism. The characteristics of his poetry lie rather in its external dress of imagery and language, than in any bias towards a particular line of thought or subject. His pieces might be classed, in the manner of Mr. Wordsworth, into Poems of the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Studies from Classical Statuary and Gothic Romance, &c. Many of them, from the apparent unintelligibility of their external shape, have been supposed to bear an esoteric meaning. The 'Princess,' especially, apparently a Gothic romance in a drawing-room dress, has been supposed to figure forth not merely the position which women and their education hold in the scale of modern civilization, but to indicate also the results of modern science on the relations, affections, and employments of society. The verse of Mr. Tennyson is a composite melody, it has great power and large compass; original, yet delightfully mingled with the notes of other poets. His mind is richly stored with objects which he invests sometimes with the sunny mists of Coleridge, sometimes with the amiable simplicity of Wordsworth, or the palpable distinctness of Hood. His late works reflect the thought and contemplation of the age." — Scrymgeour's "Poetry and Poets of Britain," p. 503-4.

Orton says of Tennyson:—"Not exactly cypress, but a wreath of weeping willow, should encircle his name. He is enamoured with ideal beauty and purity of soul, and he sings the praises of holy and exalted friendship more than the warmer passion of Love. He may be characterized as an elevated philosopher with a poet's expression, which a delicate perception of the beautiful and true has given him.

"His harp is not strung with strings whose wild, loud notes shall first awaken, and then petrify the snoring World, but with silken, silvery, gossamer chords, whose fairy melody is heard only by the delicate spiritual ear.

"Yet keeps he perhaps too close to the shores of Time, and dares not, or will not, sail the mighty oceans of mind, and bring us, like golden fruit, from beyond their distant shores sublime and inspiriting ideas of Futurity. He keeps his wings too closely furled, when we consider his poetical powers!

"May Time give him courage and bear him happiness;—root up the willow which points, with its thousand drooping and nerveless arms, to the cold EARTH, and transplant the Poplar, which ever points, with its one firm, giant finger, to the bright, glorious, and joy-inspiring HEAVENS!" — "Excelsior," p. 23.

So classical, so full of refined beauty, breathing all the spirit of loveliness. How exquisite his Œnone—"Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die." How the plaintive language breaks on the air in delicious accents! We think we see the gentle Œnone and the three fair deities of Olympus, with the sunbeam darting through the vine-leaves, and the olive upon their 'finely-chiselled' forms, so moulded to perfect symmetry. She recals all the tenderness of her love—"Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die!" The sylvan shades, and the clear streams, and the grassy meads, and the flowery banks, and the modest violet, and the golden crocus, seem to echo in softest whispers to the melancholy prayer—"Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die." And the rippling of the waters, and the light blue of heaven, and the fleecy clouds, and the rich perfumes of rose and hyacinths, re-echo in tones of deep, still witchery—"Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die." The dulcet cadence floats over the dark waves of ocean; and faithful Œnone, with her clustering hair and serene countenance, lifts her dewy eye to the broad canopy of midnoon, and once more throbs out—"Dear Mother Ida, hearken, ere I die!"

THOMAS AIRD.

"Thomas Aird, born at Bowden, Roxburghshire, 1802, an original poet of considerable power, a contributor to periodical literature, and author of the 'Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village,' 'Religious Characteristics,' and 'The Devil's Dream,' a poem pronounced 'a wonderful piece of weird, supernatural imagination.' He was editor of the 'Edinburgh Weekly Journal,' the 'Dumfries Herald,' and of an edition of the poems of Dr. Moir, the 'Delta' of 'Blackwood's Magazine.'"—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

Edwin Atherstone, a truly great poet. He has published "The Last Days of Herculaneum," "Abradates and Panthea," "The Fall of Nineveh," and other works. His productions display "power and vigour, splendid diction, and truly poetic feeling."

ALARIC A. WATTS.

"Alaric Alexander Watts, born in London, 1799, a modern English poetical writer, who, in early life, became the literary assistant to

Crabbe, the writer of the 'Technological Dictionary,' and having put forth a small collection of poems in 1822, which obtained some success, he was appointed editor of the 'Leeds Intelligencer,' and subsequently of the 'Manchester Courier.' In 1825 he commenced the publication of the 'Literary Souvenir,' which was continued as an annual until 1836. This work contained contributions by Campbell, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, and was illustrated by Turner, Leslie, Roberts, and other eminent artists, the engravings being executed by Heath, assisted by the best engravers of the day. He also attempted to establish a fine-art journal, called 'The Poetical Album;' but it ceased to appear after the second year. In 1833 he commenced the 'United Service Gazette,' of which he remained the editor until 1843. He was subsequently connected with the 'Standard' and other newspapers. A collected edition of his poetical pieces appeared in 1851, with the title of 'Lyrics of the Heart,' and two years subsequently, he received a pension of £100 per annum from the Government."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

LORD HOUGHTON.

"Lord Houghton, born 1809, a modern English politician, poet, and prose writer. A few years after concluding his university career at Cambridge, he was elected Member of Parliament for Pontefract, and distinguished himself therein as a zealous supporter of all questions relative to popular education and complete religious equality. His literary efforts were various in kind and of an excellent character. As a poet, he produced 'Poems of Many Years,' 'Memorials of Many Scenes,' 'Poems, Legendary and Historical,' and 'Palm Leaves.' His 'Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats' was an appreciative and delightful commemoration of departed genius. He was understood to have been the writer of several interesting articles in the 'Westminster Review.' He published several of his speeches, delivered from his place in the House of Commons, and wrote a number of political pamphlets, the most important of which were 'Thoughts on Party Politics,' 'Real Union of England and Ireland,' and 'The Events of 1848.'"—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ELIZA COOK.

Eliza Cook, born 1817, the daughter of a tradesman in the borough of Southwark, London, gained considerable reputation, when in her twentieth year, as a poetical contributor to some of the higher class of London periodicals—"The New Monthly Magazine," "The Metropolitan," "The Literary Gazette," &c. In 1840 a volume of her poems was published in London, and was reproduced in New York, in 1844, under the title of "Melaia, and other Poems." Many editions of her poems have since been published in England and America. "The Old Arm Chair," "The Old Farm Gate," "Home in the Heart," "The Last Good-bye," and "I miss thee, my Mother!" are known and loved by thousands, both old and young. In September, 1849, appeared the first number of "Eliza Cook's Journal." Professor Cleveland says: "The characteristics of her poetry are great freedom, ease, and heartiness of sentiment and expression; and she makes you feel at once that her whole heart is in all she writes; that she gives full utterance to the depths of her soul—a soul that is in sympathy with all that is pure and true."—Cleveland's "Eng. Lit. 19th Cent." See Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit."

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

"William Howitt, born at Heanor, Derbyshire, 1795, a living English *littérateur*, the son of a member of the Society of Friends, who educated him and his five brothers in the principles of Quakerism. Although he had been sent to several schools kept by Quakers, his education was almost entirely owing to his own perseverance. Up to his twenty-eighth year, when he married and commenced with his wife a career of literature, his time had been spent in acquiring mathematical and scientific knowledge, in studying the classical authors, and in mastering the German, French, and Italian tongues. His studies were varied by rambles in the country, shooting, and fishing; and these again led him to obtain an amount of information relative to English rural life and nature, which was afterwards reproduced in his works. The lady who became his wife was, like himself, a member of the Society of Friends, and strongly imbued with literary tastes. In 1823, the first year of their marriage, they published together a volume of poems, entitled, 'The Forest Minstrel,' and followed it up by contributions to the 'Amulet,' 'Literary Souvenir,' and other annuals then in vogue. These contributions, with some original pieces, were collected and published, in 1827, under the title of 'The Desolation of Eyam,' &c. 'The Book of the Seasons,' 'Popular History of Priestcraft,' 'Tales of the Pantika; or, Traditions of the most Ancient Times,' 'Rural Life of England,' 'Colonization and Christianity,' and several other works, were produced by him during the ten following years. In 1839 and succeeding year, he wrote his 'Boy's Country Book,' and 'Visits to Remarkable Places.' In 1840 he went to Germany for the purpose of educating his children, and his sojourn there led to the production of the

'Rural and Domestic Life of Germany,' 'German Experiences,' &c. In 1847 and the four following years he published his 'Homes and Haunts of the most eminent English Poets,' 'The Hall and Hamlet; or, Scenes and Characters of Country Life,' 'The Year-Book of the Country,' and a novel, 'Madame Dorrington of the Dene.' In 1846 he contributed to the 'People's Journal,' and afterwards became part proprietor of it; but a quarrel between himself and his partner led him to establish a rival publication—'Howitt's Journal,' which, however, like its predecessor, was subsequently unsuccessful. In 1852 he, with his two sons and Mr. R. H. Horne, sailed for Australia, where he, for some time, worked as a 'digger.' He also visited Tasmania, Sydney, &c., and communicated his observations in a number of letters to the 'Times' newspaper, which he afterwards collected and published, with some new matter, under the title of 'Land, Labour, and Gold,' in 1855."

"Mary Botham Howitt, born at Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, about 1804, an English authoress, wife of the above, came of a family of Quakers, and commenced her literary career, shortly after her marriage, with a volume of poems, called 'The Forest Minstrel.' After having published several volumes of graceful poetry, and a number of books for the young, she, on visiting Germany with her husband, proceeded to acquire the Swedish and Danish languages, with a view of translating the novels of Miss Bremer and the tales of Hans C. Andersen. The translations of Miss Bremer's works were published between 1844 and 1852; and the 'Improvisatore,' a reproduction in English of Andersen's novel, in 1857. Besides being an industrious contributor to the periodicals, she wrote a volume of 'Ballads, and other Poems;' 'Sketches of Natural History in Verse;' two novels, called 'The Heir of Wast-Wayland,' and 'Wood Leighton;' and translated 'Ennemoser's History of Magic' for Bohn's 'Scientific Library.' The valuable work entitled 'Literature and Romance of Northern Europe,' published as the joint production of herself and husband, is almost entirely her work."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

"There can be no surer proof of the genuineness of the poetical power possessed by Mary Howitt, than the fact that her fine pieces ever recur again and again to the memories of all imaginative readers. This can be only owing to their feminine tenderness, their earnest tone, their gentle music, and their simple but genuine nature."—Moir's "Sketches of Poet Lit. of the Past Half Cent."

Christopher North, in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," says:—"Her language is chaste and simple, her feeling tender and pure, and her observation of nature accurate and intense."

"Sweet Mary Howitt! her name brings magic with it, let us see it when and where we will! It is one crowded with pleasant associations; telling of wisdom learned by the wayside and under the hedgerows; breathing perfumes—*not* the perfumes of balls and routs—of violets and wild flowers; leading the mind to pure and pleasant thoughtfulness."—"New Monthly Mag." See Rowton's "Female Poets of Great Britain;" Allibone's "Crit. Dict. Eng. Lit.;" Mrs. S. C. Hall; Allan Cunningham's "Biog. and Crit. Hist. of Lit. of Last Fifty Years."

REV. THOMAS DALE, M.A.

Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral and late Vicar of St. Pancras, poet and popular author, was born at Pentonville, London, August, 1797. His mother died when he was but three years old; and his father, having married again, went to the West Indies to edit a public journal there, where he also died, leaving his only son. A presentation to Christ's Hospital was eventually obtained for him, where, under the late Dr. Trollope, by whom he was most kindly treated, he received a superior classical education. In 1817 he entered the University of Cambridge, having previously published his "Widow of Nain," which was speedily followed by the "Outlaw of Taurus," and "Irad and Adah, a Tale of the Flood," his first work passing through six editions within a very short period. He was ordained, in 1823, first curate of St. Michael's, Cornhill, London; and afterwards, in 1835, by the special favour of Sir Robert Peel, appointed to be Vicar of St. Bride's. In 1843, through the same influence, he became a Canon of St. Paul's; and, in 1846, Vicar of St. Pancras. He had previously held the Lectureship of St. Margaret, Lothbury; but resigned it in 1849. With the exception of his poems, of which a collected edition was published in 1836, his edition of Cowper, and his translation of Sophocles, his later writings are exclusively religious, consisting chiefly of Sermons—"The Domestic Liturgy and Family Chaplain," "The Sabbath Companion," &c. They display a fine tone of thought, solid erudition, and the purest taste.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed, born 1802, died 1839, son of Mr. Sergeant Praed, entered the House of Commons, and became Secretary of the Board of Control. His early life and writings gave promise of future eminence.

While at Eton, he started "The Etonian," and was one of the chief contributors to "Knight's Quarterly Magazine." His poems, which have been recently published in a collected form, are some of the most remarkable which have appeared in modern times.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Coventry Patmore, an English poet, was born at Woodford, in Essex, 23rd July, 1823. His father was in his day a well-known literary celebrity, and in 1846 Mr. Coventry Patmore became an Assistant Librarian to the British Museum, which office he continues to hold. He has published three volumes, of which the second, the "Angel in the House," is a poem of undoubted merit: but the third, "Faithful for ever," has been severely criticised. He is understood to be a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

Alexander Smith, a poet, was born on 31st of December, 1830, at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire. His early intention was to qualify himself for the ministry, but circumstances of various kinds prevented him from entering on the preparatory studies. While following the business of a lace-pattern designer in Glasgow, he began to write verses, and sent some extracts from his first sustained poem to the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, then understood to be one of the writers for the "Critic," who inserted them in that journal. His "Life Drama" was afterwards published, and, although severely criticised, was admitted on all hands to contain lines of the highest poetical merit. In 1854 Mr. Smith was elected to the secretaryship of the Edinburgh University. His "Life Drama" and "City Poems" are his principal works.

THE VERY REV. HENRY ALFORD, D.D.

The Very Rev. Henry Alford, D.D., Dean of Cantorbury, a poet and Biblical critic, was born in London in 1810, and educated at Ilminster Grammar School, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has published several poetic productions, which have been well received, has held several University appointments, and various preferments in the Church. His editions of the Greek New Testament have been carefully prepared. He is also the author of several papers, contributed to serials and other periodical publications, and his work entitled "The Poets of Greece" exhibits an intimate and correct knowledge of the language. He has published many volumes of sermons, and critical memoirs on matters pertaining to ancient history. Owing to his eminent talents as a preacher, he was appointed, by Lord Palmerston, Dean of Canterbury, in 1857.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Archbishop Trench, a scholar, poet, and divine, was born at Dublin in September, 1807, and graduated at Cambridge in 1829, after which he spent some years in travelling abroad. While holding the incumbency of Cardridge, Hants, he published, in 1838, two volumes of poems. These, having been well received by the public, were followed by "Genoveva," "Elegiac Poems," which also elicited favourable notices. In 1841 he became Curate to the present Bishop of Oxford, at Alverstoke, and afterwards Rector of Itchinstoke. He was also Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, and in 1847 he was appointed to the important office of Theological Professor in King's College, London. On the death of Dr. Buckland, which caused a vacancy in the Deanery of Westminster, he was nominated to that office, since which he has been preferred to the Archbishopric of Dublin. His sermons are considered eloquent and impressive. Those preached at the special services for the working classes, delivered at Westminster Abbey, have been attended by very crowded congregations. He has published several works on theological subjects; among these are "Notes on the Parables," "Notes on the Miracles," "The Sermon on the Mount," &c.; and his lectures on the "English Language" and on the "Study of Words" have had a large circulation.

GERALD MASSEY.

Gerald Massey, an English poet, was born May, 1828, near Tring, in Herts. His parents were so steeped in poverty that the children received scarcely any education. When only eight years old, Gerald was sent to work in a neighbouring silk mill; but the mill being burned down, the boy took to straw plaiting. He had learned to read at a penny school; and, when fifteen, went up to London as an errand boy, and spent all his spare time in reading and writing. When out of a situation, he has gone without a meal to purchase a book. His first appearance in print was in a provincial paper; he published a small collection of his verses in his native town, and during the political excitement of 1848 edited a cheap paper called the "Spirit of Freedom." His writing was so bold and vigorous, that his political manifestations cost him five situations in eleven months. He was a warm advocate of the co-operative system,

and thus was introduced to the Rev. Charles Kingsley and others who were promoting that movement. Still continuing to write, his name began to be known; and in 1853 "Christabel" took the public completely by surprise. Five editions of the work were published in two years; his pecuniary circumstances improved in proportion to his fame as a poet; and in 1855 he removed to Edinburgh, where in 1856 he issued "Craigcrook Castle," in his own estimation his best work. A collected edition of his poems has lately been published.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Charles Mackay, a poet and journalist, was born at Perth, in 1814. He is a descendant of an honourable Highland family, the Mackays of Strathnover. Having received the rudiments of his education in London, he was in 1827 sent to a school at Brussels, and he remained in Belgium and Germany for some years. On his return to this country he abandoned his intention of entering the East India Service, for which he had been originally intended by his uncle, General Mackay, and devoted himself to literature. In 1835, after the publication of a small volume of poems which attracted the notice of Mr. John Black, he became connected with the "Morning Chronicle." While employed in his arduous studies as sub-editor of a daily paper, Mr. Mackay published two poetical works, "The Hope of the World," and "The Salamandrine," a third edition of which, illustrated by Gilbert, appeared in 1856; within the same period he published three works in prose, viz., "The Thames and its Tributaries," "Popular Delusions," and "Longbeard, Lord of London, a Romance." In 1844 he removed from London to Glasgow, to succeed the late Mr. Weir as editor of the "Argus," then a leading liberal journal in the West of Scotland. During his residence in Scotland he produced "The Legends of the Isles, and other Poems," "A Series of Twelve Letters to Lord Morpeth on the Education of the People," and a volume entitled "The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes: a Summer Ramble." He also published "Voices from the Crowd," which contained the spirit-stirring song "The Good Time Coming." It was while Mr. Mackay remained in Scotland that he received from the University of Glasgow the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1847 he returned to the metropolis, where he succeeded to the political editorship of the "Illustrated London News." He published, in 1848, his "Town Lyrics;" in 1850, "Egeria, or the Spirit of Nature; and other Poems," to which was prefixed "An Inquiry into the alleged Anti-poetical Tendencies of the present Age." In 1851 he edited for the Percy Society, with Notes and an Introduction, an important antiquarian work, entitled "A Collection of Songs and Ballads relative to the London 'Prentices and Trades, and to the Affairs of London generally, during the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries." He also edited "A Book of English Songs," and "A Book of Scottish Songs," with Notes and Observations." In 1856 Dr. Mackay published the "Lump of Gold," and in the following year "Under Green Leaves," two poetical works abounding with verses of the utmost melody, rich with the choicest English epithets and phrases. After the publication of these works Dr. Mackay made a tour to America, where he delivered lectures upon "Poetry and Song," receiving everywhere a cordial and enthusiastic reception; his poetry and songs, owing perhaps to the higher standard of education in the Northern States, being well known and appreciated among our Transatlantic cousins. After his return to this country he published his "Life and Liberty in America," which is characterized in the *Athenæum* as a bright, fresh, and hopeful book; worthy of an author whose songs are oftenest heard on the Atlantic. He also edited a Christmas book, entitled "The Home Affections as portrayed by the Poets." Dr. Mackay lately published a narrative poem, entitled "A Man's Heart," and has just edited "A Collection of the Jacobite Ballads of Scotland." He has been actively engaged in journalism, and was connected with the "London Review." Like all the great song-writers, Dr. Mackay is a musician, and the composer of all the melodies published with many of his songs. He possesses in a high degree the rare faculty of a true lyric poet, that of working his words and music up into harmony and unison with the feelings they express.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"He was the eldest son of Dr. Arnold, the well-known and highly-esteemed Master of Rugby School, and was born at Laleham, 1822. He won the Newdegate prize for English verse at Oxford in 1843, and became a fellow of Oriel College in 1845. He was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1857. He has taken an active part in the promotion of middle-class education, and has contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day." —Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

WILLIAM COX BENNETT.

"He was born at Greenwich in 1820, and, as a modern English song-writer, his poems of childhood and other home subjects have deservedly attained celebrity. His first volume of 'Poems' was published 1847; 'War Songs, 1857; 'Queen Eleanor's Vengeance and other Poems,' 1858; 'Songs by a Song-

writer,' and 'Baby May and other Poems on Infants,' both in 1859. His verses have a large number of readers as well in America as in England, and he is now a contributor to the *Weekly Dispatch* newspaper."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ROBERT BROWNING.

"Robert Browning is one of the most distinguished of modern English poets. He was born near London in 1812. In 1836 he published 'Paracelsus,' which was favourably received; and in 1837 produced 'Strafford,' a tragedy, in which Mr. Macready, the actor, personated the hero. His other works are 'Sordello,' 'Pippa Passes,' 'The Blot in the Scutcheon,' 'King Victor and King Charles,' 'Dramatic Lyrics,' 'Return of the Druses,' 'Colombe's Birth-day,' 'Dramatic Romances,' &c. Of all his writings, perhaps his 'Pippa Passes' and 'The Blot in the Scutcheon' are the best. His latest work, 'The Ring and the Book,' appeared in 1868."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

Criticising the "Ring and the Book," the *Athenæum*, in one of its numbers published in 1869, on the publication of the last volume, thus spoke of it:—

"At last, the *opus magnum* of our generation lies before the world—the 'ring is rounded'; and we are left in doubt which to admire most, the supremely precious gold of the material or the wondrous beauty of the workmanship. The fascination of the work is still so strong upon us, our eyes are still so spell-bound by the immortal features of Pompilia (which shine through the troubled mists of the story with almost insufferable beauty), that we feel it difficult to write calmly and without exaggeration; yet we must record at once our conviction, not merely that 'The Ring and the Book' is beyond all parallel the supremest poetical achievement of our time, but that it is the most precious and profound spiritual treasure that England has produced since the days of Shakspeare. Its intellectual greatness is as nothing compared with its transcendent spiritual teaching. Day after day it grows into the soul of the reader, until all the outlines of thought are brightened and every mystery of the world becomes more and more softened into human emotion. Once and for ever must critics dismiss the old stale charge that Browning is a mere intellectual giant, difficult of comprehension, hard of assimilation. This great book *is* difficult of comprehension, *is* hard of assimilation; not because it is obscure — every fibre of the thought is clear as day; not because it is intellectual,—and it is intellectual in the highest sense,—but because the capacity to comprehend such a book must be spiritual; because, although a child's brain might grasp the general features of the picture, only a purified nature could absorb and feel its profoundest meanings. The man who tosses it aside because it is 'difficult' is simply adopting a subterfuge to hide his moral littleness, not his mental incapacity. It would be unsafe to predict anything concerning a production so many-sided; but we quite believe that its true public lies outside the literary circle, that men of inferior capacity will grow by the aid of it, and that feeble women, once fairly initiated into the mystery, will cling to it as a succour passing all succour save that which is purely religious. Is it not here that we find the supremacy of Shakspeare's greatness? Shakspeare, so far as we have been able to observe, places the basis of his strange power on his appeal to the draff of humanity. He is the delight of men and women by no means brilliant, by no means subtle; while he holds with equal sway the sympathies of the most endowed. A small intellect may reach to the heart of Shakspearean power; not so a small nature. The key to the mystery is spiritual. Since Shakspeare we have had many poets—poets, we mean, offering a distinct addition to the fabric of human thought and language. We have had Milton, with his stately and crystal speech, his special disposition to spiritualize polemics, his profound and silent contemplation of heavenly processions. We have had Dryden, with his nervous filterings of English diction; and we have had the so-called Puritan singers, with their sweetly English fancies touched with formal charity, like wild flowers sprinkled with holy water. In latter days, we have been wealthy indeed. Wordsworth has consecrated Nature, given the hills a new silence, shown in simple lines the solemnity of deep woods and the sweetness of running brooks. Keats and Shelley caught up the solemn consecration, and uttered it with a human passion and an ecstatic emotion that were themselves a revelation. Byron has made his Epimethean and somewhat discordant moan. Numberless minor men, moreover, have brightened old outlines of thought and made clear what before was dim with the mystery of the original prophet. In our own time, Carlyle —a poet in his savage way—has driven some new and splendid truths (and as many errors) into the heart of the people. But it is doubtful, very doubtful, if any of the writers we have named—still less any of the writers we have not named—stands on so distinct and perfect a ground of vantage as to be altogether safe as a human guide and helper. The student of Wordsworth, for example, is in danger of being hopelessly narrowed and dwarfed, unless he turns elsewhere for qualities quite un-Wordsworthian; and the same is true of the students of Milton and of Shelley. Of Shakspeare alone (but perhaps, to a certain extent, of Burns) would it be safe to say, 'Communion with *his* soul is ample in itself; his thought must freshen, can

never cramp, is ever many-sided and full of the free air of the world.' This, then, is supremely significant, that Shakspeare—unlike the Greek dramatists, unlike the Biblical poets, unlike all English singers save Chaucer only—had no special teaching whatever He was too human for special teaching. He touched all the chords of human life; and life, so far from containing any universal lesson, is only a special teaching for each individual—a sibylline riddle, by which each man may educate himself after his own fashion."

JOHN KEBLE, M.A.

"John Keble, M.A., a highly popular writer of sacred poetry, for many years vicar of Hursley, in Hampshire. Soon after taking his B.A. degree he was chosen fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and from 1831 to 1841 was professor of poetry at his university. His chief works are the 'Christian Year,' of which thousands of copies have been sold, and 'Lyra Innocentium.' Born 1792; died 1866."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

HON. CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

"This modern English poetess was one of the three daughters of Thomas Sheridan, son of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. She was born in 1808. Her father dying while she was still very young, her care devolved upon her mother, who gave her a high education. At the age of nineteen she became the wife of the Hon. George Chapple Norton, the barrister and police-magistrate, a union which proved an unhappy one. In 1829 she commenced her career of authorship by publishing anonymously the 'Sorrows of Rosalie,' a tale, and other poems. In the following year she achieved the greatest success as a poetess, with the production of her 'Undying One,' and other poems, which the *Quarterly Review* declared to be worthy of Lord Byron. The 'Child of the Islands,' 'Aunt Carry's Ballads for Children,' and 'Stuart of Dunleath,' a novel, were her subsequent works. In 1854 her warm sympathies with the social wrongs of her sex found expression in a work entitled 'English Laws for Women in the 19th Century.' This work was privately printed; but a very large circulation was obtained for a later effort of the same character, which was named 'A Letter to the Queen on Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill.' In 1862 she published a poem entitled 'The Lady of Garaye,' which met with considerable public favour."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

"Alexander Smith, a modern Scotch poet, was born in 1830, and died Jan. 5, 1867. He was intended for the ministry; but circumstances having conspired to prevent his entering upon the necessary course of study, he was put to the business of a lace-designer in Glasgow; while following which, he devoted his leisure to the composition of verses. Having forwarded some extracts from his 'Life Drama' to the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, that gentleman was so highly pleased with the youthful poet's effusions as to obtain a place for them in the columns of the *Critic*. He subsequently produced 'City Poems' and 'Edwin of Deira,' and three volumes of prose, entitled 'Dreamthorp,' 'A Summer in Skye,' and 'Alfred Hagart's Household'; he also edited an edition of the works of Burns. In 1854 he was appointed secretary to the Edinburgh University."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

"The present Archbishop of Dublin is best known as a modern English philologer. He was born in 1807, and after completing his studies at the University of Cambridge, entered into orders, and became a country curate. His earliest efforts in literature were as a poet, in imitation of the chaste style of Wordsworth. After obtaining some preferment in the Church, he became in 1846 a select preacher at the University of Cambridge, and in 1856, after the death of Dr. Buckland, was appointed Dean of Westminster. In 1864 he succeeded Dr. Whately as Archbishop of Dublin. His most important works were, 'Notes on the Miracles,' 'Proverbs and their Lessons,' 'Synonyms of the New Testament,' and 'The Study of Words.'"—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

ERNEST JONES.

"Ernest Jones was educated in Germany, and having kept his terms as a law-student of the Middle Temple, was called to the bar in 1844. In the following year he joined the Chartist movement, and soon became one of the most conspicuous and active leaders of the party; remaining so until Chartism expired in 1858. During this period he edited the *People's Paper* and other Chartist periodicals. In 1848 he was tried for making a seditious speech, and condemned to two years' imprisonment. He stood for Halifax in 1847, and Nottingham in 1853 and 1857, without success. In January, 1869, when it was supposed that Mr. Hugh Birley would lose his seat for Manchester, through being a govern-

ment contractor at the time of his election, Mr. Jones was chosen by ballot to fill the expected vacancy against Mr. Milner Gibson, but died a few days after. He was an honest politician, for he refused a large fortune rather than give up his principles. He wrote the 'Revolt of Hindostan,' 'The Battle Day,' and other poems. He was born about 1820." —Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"The Rev. Charles Kingsley, a distinguished modern novelist and essayist. At fourteen years of age he became the pupil of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of the poet: he afterwards went to Cambridge University, where he distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics. He was at first intended for the law, but the church was afterwards chosen. In 1842 he was appointed curate of Eversley, in Hampshire; two years later he succeeded to the same living. He married, about the same time, a daughter of Mr. Grenfell, who represented Truro and Great Marlow in Parliament for many years, and whose other daughter became the wife of the eminent historian Mr. J. A. Froude. His first acknowledged contributions to literature were a volume of 'Village Sermons,' and 'The Saint's Tragedy,' a drama in verse, published in 1848. 'Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet,' was his third essay, and, from its first appearance, it commanded the greatest attention. The bold and earnest views of its author—'the Chartist clergyman,' as he was called—sank deeply into the public mind. This novel has been several times reprinted; its treatment of social and political questions remaining as fresh and valuable as when the book first came before the public A second novel,—'Yeast, a Problem,' was first published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and afterwards reprinted in 1851: this is a philosophical rather than a political novel. His subsequent works were 'Hypatia; or, New Foes with an old Face,' a beautiful descriptive fiction, illustrating the times of the early Christian church in the East; 'Westward Ho! or, the Voyages and Adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth!' and 'Two Years Ago.' These novels, by their great excellence, have placed their author among the foremost of recent writers. Mr. Kingsley also produced a volume for juvenile reading, called 'The Heroes,' in which the deeds of some great chiefs of the Grecian mythology are narrated in a captivating manner. Among the more important of his religious writings may be enumerated, 'The Message of the Church to Labouring Men,' 'Sermons on National Subjects, preached in a Village Church,' and 'Sermons for the Times;' all of these being inspired by a pure, generous, and enlightened Christian feeling. He expounded mental philosophy in his 'Phaeton; or, Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers,' and his 'Alexandria and her Schools;' while, for natural philosophy and the observation of nature, he contributed his 'Glaucus; or, the Wonders of the Shore.' He likewise wrote for *Fraser's Magazine*, the *North British Review*, and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His last works of importance are 'The Roman and the Teuton,' lectures delivered at Cambridge in 1864; and a novel entitled 'Herawards the Wake; or, the Last of the English.' A bold, independent, and earnest thinker, Mr. Kingsley, in every one of his popular and excellent work, contributed to elevating the tone of modern society, and to giving it a more enlarged and refined appreciation of the good, beautiful, and true, whether in art or nature. He succeeded Sir James Stephen as professor of modern history in the University of Cambridge, in 1859. Born at Holne Vicarage, Devonshire, 1819."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

HENRY KINGSLEY.

"Henry Kingsley, brother of the preceding, was educated at King's College, London, and at Oxford. In 1852 he went to Australia, from which he returned in 1858. He contributed to 'Fraser's' and 'Macmillan's' magazines; 'Ravenshoe,' 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' and 'The Hillyars and the Burtons,' being the best known of his productions. Born 1830."—Beeton's "Dict. Univ. Biog."

SEVENTH PERIOD.

From 1780 *to* 1866

1077.—THE CHARACTER OF CHATHAM

A Patriots, alas! the few that have been found
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied,
And the last left the scene when Chatham died
B Not so the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage
In him Demosthenes was heard again,
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain,
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crush'd at the first word he spoke

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800

1078.—THE GREENLAND MISSIONARIES

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life restoring day,
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines
And still it spreads See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the farthest north,
Fired with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows
Oh blessed within the enclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show reversed the pillas on their side;
No groves have ye, no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard,
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell,
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast,
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey,
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun
Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of letter'd ignorance that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night,
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1079.—RURAL SOUNDS

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.

Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1080.—FROM "CONVERSATION."

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touch'd with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whisper'd theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walk'd abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Call'd on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said,
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity of love;
But when unpack'd, your disappointment groans
To find it stuff'd with brickbats, earth, and stones.
Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touch'd, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seem'd, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas! for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad,
Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key,
That's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first profess'd to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.
Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.
I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

Cowper.—Born 1731. *Died* 1800.

1081.—ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wish'd I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd),
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—

Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth.
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1082.—TO MARY (MRS. UNWIN).

The twentieth year is well nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be our last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1083.—ENGLISH LIBERTY.

We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake;
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.

Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what polite France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me for the loss I felt.
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?
'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the general weal.
Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades
Dispersed the shackles of usurp'd control,
And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promised once more firmness, so assail'd
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in heaven ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood:
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1084.—THE WINTER EVENING.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—

He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here:
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.
Thus sitting and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;

White rancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the Sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserved, and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
"O ev'nings worthy of the gods!" exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours,
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love enjoy.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1085.—WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train! one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured night, of clustering gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amused have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceived, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
Thus oft, reclined at ease, I lose an hour
At evening, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected powers; and snapping short
The glassy threads with which the fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind, endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day,
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately waved
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful share.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, grazed
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His favourite herb; while all the leafless groves
That skirt the horizon wore a sable hue
Scarce noticed in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted; or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathize with others suffering more.
Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks
In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy—and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued—thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly; rude as thou appearest,

Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.
Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as, more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil:
Yet he, too, finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still.
Sleep seems their only refuge; for, alas,
Where penury is felt, the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few!
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
To wear a tatter'd garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your numerous progeny, well-train'd,
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

Cowper.—*Born* 1731, *Died* 1800.

1086.—OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF "THE TASK."

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart
It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave

That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1087.—THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnish'd with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
O'erjoy'd was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allow'd
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced:
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all aloud did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell—
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flow'd behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus show'd his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down,
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1088.—EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL.

Dear Joseph—five-and-twenty years ago—
Alas, how time escapes!—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days,)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.
Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though num'rous once, reduced to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.
Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
"Go, fellow!—whither?"—turning short about—
"Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out."
"'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."
"For what?"—"An please you, sir, to see a friend."
"A friend!" Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
"Yea, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."
I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good-humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.
But not to moralize too much and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China, or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close-button'd to the chin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

Cowper.—Born 1731, *Died* 1800.

1089.—TRIBUTE TO A MOTHER, ON HER DEATH.

For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;
Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
Led into pensive shade and soothing song;
Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy;
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
While keener poets, querulously proud,
Lament the ill of poesy aloud,
And magnify with irritation's zeal,
Those common evils we too strongly feel,
The envious comment and the subtle style
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile;
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
And think those blessings for her ills atone;
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.
If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impress'd
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled,
And frown'd with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarm'd, when in his boyish time
He sigh'd in numbers or he laugh'd in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warn'd him to beware
Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control!
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before;
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer;
Nor prayed in vain: thy child from powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
Nature, who deck'd thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues train'd me—let the praise be thine.

William Hayley.—Born 1745, *Died* 1820.

1090.—INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF COWPER.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

William Hayley.—Born 1745, *Died* 1820.

1091.—ON THE TOMB OF MRS. UNWIN.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watch'd a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

William Hayley.—Born 1745, *Died* 1820.

1092.—DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB'S ARMY.

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bow'd;
Loud shrieks of matrons thrill'd the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scatter'd hair;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fix'd on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
"Oh! mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
Oh! bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
Oh! strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations 'Thou art God!'"
Sylphs! in what dread array with pennons broad,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;
Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And roll'd the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venom'd tempest sings,
Man falls on man, on buckler buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish anguish yields,
And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1093.—THE BELGIAN LOVERS AND THE PLAGUE.

Thus when the plague, upborne on Belgian air,
Look'd through the mist, and shook his clotted hair,
O'er shrinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,
And rain'd destruction on the gaping crowds;
The beauteous Ægle felt the envenom'd dart,
Slow roll'd her eye and feebly throbb'd her heart;
Each fervid sigh seem'd shorter than the last,
And starting friendship shunn'd her as she pass'd.
With weak unsteady step the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade,
Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds and shelters her from dews,
Extends on tapering poles the canvass roof,
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen woof;
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows;
Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms.
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues and rewards his care;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled,
On timorous step, or number'd with the dead;
Calls to her bosom all its scattered rays,
And pours on Thyrsis the collected blaze;

Braves the chill night, caressing and caress'd,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.
Less bold, Leander, at the dusky hour,
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower;
Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, Tobias claim'd the nuptial bed,
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled;
And drove, instructed by his angel guide,
The enamoured demon from the fatal bride.
Sylphs! while your winnowing pinions fanned the air,
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair,
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquer'd death.

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1094.—DEATH OF ELIZA AT THE BATTLE OF MINDEN.

So stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight.
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "He's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides!),
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh wait my love's return!"
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel pity shuns the walks of war!
"Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.
From tent to tent th' impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
"Eliza" echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;"
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
"Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."
"She'll wake no more!" the hapless mourner cried,
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd;
Stretch'd on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart:
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapp'd his crimson vest,
And clasp'd them sobbing to his aching breast.

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1095.—PHILANTHROPY—MR. HOWARD.

And now, philanthropy! thy rays divine
Dart round the globe from Zembla to the line

O'er each dark prison plays the cheering light,
Like northern lustres o'er the vault of night.
From realm to realm, with cross or crescent crown'd,
Where'er mankind and misery are found.
O'er burning sands, deep waves, or wilds of snow,
Thy Howard journeying seeks the house of woe.
Down many a winding step to dungeons dank,
Where anguish wails aloud, and fetters clank;
To caves bestrew'd with many a mouldering bone,
And cells whose echoes only learn to groan;
Where no kind bars a whispering friend disclose,
No sunbeam enters, and no zephyr blows,
He treads, unemulous of fame or wealth,
Profuse of toil, and prodigal of health.
With soft assuasive eloquence expands
Power's rigid heart, and opes his clenching hands;
Leads stern-eyed Justice to the dark domains,
If not to sever, to relax the chains;
Or guides awaken'd mercy through the gloom,
And shows the prison, sister to the tomb!
Gives to her babes the self-devoted wife,
To her fond husband liberty and life!
The spirits of the good, who bend from high
Wide o'er these earthly scenes their partial eye,
When first array'd in Virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe:
Saw round his brows her sun-like glory blaze
In arrowy circles of unwearied rays;
Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what seraph foot the earth impress'd.
Onward he moves! Disease and Death retire,
And murmuring demons hate him and admire!

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1096.—PERSUASION TO MOTHERS TO SUCKLE THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

Connubial Fair! whom no fond transport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bless'd in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;
The soothing kiss and milky rill deny
To the sweet pouting lip and glistening eye!—
Ah! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The eider bolster, and embroider'd woof!
Oft hears the gilded couch unpitied plains,
And many a tear the tassel'd cushion stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast!—
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The cherub Innocence, with smile divine,
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on beauty's shrine.

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1097.—SONG TO MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces deck'd in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the Spring!

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1098.—SONG TO ECHO.

I.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
Chequers thy rocks with dancing beams?

II.

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

III.

Be thine to pour those vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from yon high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

IV.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade,
Oh! sooth her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

Erasmus Darwin.—Born 1731, *Died* 1802.

1099.—ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Charlotte Smith.—Born 1749, *Died* 1806.

1100.—WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemonies that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers;
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come;
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

Charlotte Smith.—Born 1749, *Died* 1806.

1101.—RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH SCENERY.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by thy northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scatter'd thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noon-day sun:
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
When on each bough the rosy tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark'd the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies ray'd, and freak'd, and mottled pinks,
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultured; some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white

Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.
An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bower'd with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

Charlotte Smith.—Born 1749, *Died* 1806.

1102.—THE NABOB.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne!

As I drew near my ancient pile,
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that follow'd me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne:

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepp'd forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there,
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobb'd aloud,
To think on auld langsyne!

Some pensy chiels, a new sprung race,
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shudder'd at my Gothic wa's,
And wish'd my groves away.

"Cut, cut," they cried, "those aged elms,
Lay low yon mournfu' pine."
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I miss'd the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they point'd to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrill'd through a' my heart.
The sang had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confess'd 'twas fine;
But miss'd the simple melody
I listen'd to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen,
Wha 'midst your gayest scenes still mourns
The days he ance has seen.
When time has pass'd and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the sang will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

Susanna Blamire.—Born 1747, *Died* 1794.

1103.—WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a' turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Thou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.
Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I ha'e been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

Susanna Blamire.—Born 1747, *Died* 1794.

1104.—ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth
(Crown'd with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade),
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favour'd youth
That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1105.—TO A LADY, WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

Flowers to the fair: to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet, and gay, and delicate like you;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows:
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1106.—HYMN TO CONTENT.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;

Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even-tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submissive head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, oh nymph retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And cery storm is laid;
If such an hour was o'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering through the shade.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1107.—WASHING DAY.

The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come, then, domestic Muse,
In slip-shod measure loosely prattling on,
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or droning flies, or shoes lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face—
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded washing day.

Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bow'd soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort; ere the first gray streak of dawn,
The red-arm'd washers come and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
Ere visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon despatch'd,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the louring sky, if sky should lour.

From that last evil, oh preserve us, heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapp'd short, and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious. Should'st thou try
The 'custom'd garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse-check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites;
Looks blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding; pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try—
Mending what can't be helped—to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove
me from them;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgencies; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by
For me their petted one; or butter'd toast,
When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder. So I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire;
There my dear grandmother, eldest of all
forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from
harm;
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravell'd stocking might have
soured
One less indulgent.

At intervals my mother's voice was heard
Urging despatch; briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to
wring,
Or fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and
plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were; sometimes through
hollow hole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles; little dreaming then
To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds, so near
approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.

Earth, air, and sky, and ocean hath its
bubbles,
And verse is one of them—this most of all.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1108.—THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS.

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing;—
Where is, O Grave! thy victory now?
And where, insidious Death! thy sting?

Farewell, conflicting joys and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears;—
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!
Its duty done,—as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!"

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1109.—"COME UNTO ME."

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice—
Come and make my paths your choice!
I will guide you to your home—
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain—
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise—

Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care—
A wounded spirit who can bear!

Sinner, come! for here is found
Balm that flows from every wound—
Peace, that ever shall endure—
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

1110.—PRAISE TO GOD.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days—
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ!

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse—

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to Thee, my God, we owe—
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear—
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit—

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store—
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall—

Should Thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to Thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise,
And, when every blessing's flown,
Love Thee—for Thyself alone.

Anna L. Barbauld.—Born 1743, *Died* 1825.

IIII.—THE ANNIVERSARY.

Ah, lovely Lichfield! that so long hast shone
In blended charms peculiarly thine own;
Stately, yet rural; through thy choral day
Though shady, cheerful, and though quiet, gay;
How interesting, how loved, from year to year,
How more than beauteous did thy scenes appear!
Still as the mild Spring chased the wintry gloom,
Devolved her leaves, and waked her rich perfume,
Thou, with thy fields and groves around thee spread,
Lift'st, in unlessen'd grace, thy spiry head;
But many a loved inhabitant of thine
Sleeps where no vernal sun will ever shine.
Why fled ye all so fast, ye happy hours,
That saw Honora's eyes adorn these bowers?
These darling bowers, that much she loved to hail,
The spires she called "the Ladies of the Vale!"
Fairest and best!—Oh! can I e'er forget
To thy dear kindness my eternal debt?
Life's opening paths how tenderly it smoothed,
The joys it heighten'd, and the pains it soothed?
No, no! my heart its sacred memory bears,
Bright 'mid the shadows of o'erwhelming years;
When mists of deprivation round me roll,
'Tis the soft sunbeam of my clouded soul.
Ah, dear Honora! that remember'd day,
First on these eyes when shone thy early ray!
Scarce o'er my head twice seven gay springs had gone,
Scarce five o'er thy unconscious childhood flown,
When, fair as their young flowers, thy infant frame
To our glad walls a happy inmate came.
O summer morning of unrivall'd light!
Fate wrapt thy rising in prophetic white!
June, the bright month, when nature joys to wear
The livery of the gay, consummate year,
Gave that envermiled dayspring all her powers,
Gemm'd the light leaves, and glow'd upon the flowers;
Bade her plumed nations hail the rosy ray
With warbled orisons from every spray.
Purpureal Tempe, not to thee belong
More poignant fragrance or more jocund song.
Thrice happy day! thy clear auspicious light
Gave "future years a tincture of thy white;"
Well may her strains thy votive hymn decree,
Whose sweetest pleasures found their source in thee;
The purest, best that memory explores,
Safe in the past's inviolable stores.
The ardent progress of thy shining hours
Beheld me rove through Lichfield's verdant bowers,
Thoughtless and gay, and volatile and vain,
Circled by nymphs and youths, a frolic train;
Though conscious that a little orphan child
Had to my parents' guidance, kind and mild,
Recent been summon'd, when disease and death
Shed dark stagnation o'er her mother's breath.
While eight sweet infants' wailful cries deplore
What not the tears of innocence restore;
And while the husband mourn'd his widow'd doom,
And hung despondent o'er the closing tomb,
To us this loveliest scion he consign'd,
Its beauty blossoming, its opening mind.
His heartfelt loss had drawn my April tears,
But childish, womanish, ambiguous years
Find all their griefs as vanishing as keen;
Youth's rising sun soon gilds the showery scene.
On the expected trust no thought I bent,
Unknown the day, unheeded the event.
One sister dear, from spleen, from falsehood free,
Rose to the verge of womanhood with me;
Gloom'd by no envy, by no discord jarr'd,
Our pleasures blended, and our studies shared;
And when with day and waking thoughts they closed,
On the same couch our agile limbs reposed.
Amply in friendship by her virtues blest,
I gave to youthful gaiety the rest;
Considering not how near the period drew,
When that transplanted branch should meet our view,
Whose intellectual fruits were doom'd to rise,
Food of the future's heart-expanding joys;
Born to console me when, by Fate severe,
The Much-Beloved should press a timeless bier

My friend, my sister, from my arms be torn,
Sickening and sinking on her bridal morn;
While Hymen, speeding from this mournful dome,
Should drop his darken'd torch upon her tomb.
'Twas eve; the sun, in setting glory drest,
Spread his gold skirts along the crimson west;
A Sunday's eve! Honora, bringing thee,
Friendship's soft Sabbath long it rose to me,
When on the wing of circling seasons borne,
Annual I hailed its consecrated morn.
In the kind interchange of mutual thought,
Our home myself, and gentle sister sought;
Our pleasant home, round which the ascending gale
Breathes all the freshness of the sloping vale;
On her green verge the spacious walls arise,
View her fair fields, and catch her balmy sighs;
See her near hills the bounded prospect close,
And her blue lake in glassy breadth repose.
With arms entwined, and smiling as we talk'd,
To the maternal room we careless walk'd,
Where sat its honour'd mistress, and with smile
Of love indulgent, from a floral pile
The gayest glory of the summer bower
Cull'd for the new-arrived—the human flower,
A lovely infant-girl, who pensive stood
Close to her knees, and charm'd us as we view'd.
O! hast thou mark'd the summer's budded rose,
When 'mid the veiling moss its crimson glows?
So bloom'd the beauty of that fairy form,
So her dark locks with golden tinges warm,
Play'd round the timid curve of that white neck,
And sweetly shaded half her blushing cheek.
O! hast thou seen the star of eve on high,
Through the soft dusk of summer's balmy sky
Shed its green light, and in the glassy stream
Eye the mild reflex of its trembling beam?
So look'd on us with tender, bashful gaze,
The destined charmer of our youthful days;
Whose soul its native elevation join'd
To the gay wildness of the infant mind;
Esteem and sacred confidence impress'd,
While our fond arms the beauteous child caress'd.

Anna Seward.—Born 1747, *Died* 1809.

1112.—SONG.

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?

O days too sweet, too bright to last,
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace:
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

Mrs. Hunter.—Born 1742, *Died* 1821.

1113.—SONG.

O tuneful voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
Still vibrate on my heart;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doom'd to part.

Bright eyes, O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play;
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

Mrs. Hunter.—Born 1742, *Died* 1821.

1114.—TO MY DAUGHTER, ON BEING SEPARATED FROM HER ON HER MARRIAGE.

Dear to my heart as life's warm stream
Which animates this mortal clay,
For thee I court the waking dream,
And deck with smiles the future day;
And thus beguile the present pain
With hopes that we shall meet again.

Yet, will it be as when the past
Twined every joy, and care, and thought,
And o'er our minds one mantle cast
Of kind affections finely wrought?
Ah no! the groundless hope were vain,
For so we ne'er can meet again!

May he who claims thy tender heart
Deserve its love, as I have done!
For, kind and gentle as thou art,
If so beloved, thou'rt fairly won.
Bright may the sacred torch remain,
And cheer thee till we meet again!

Mrs. Hunter.—Born 1742, *Died* 1821.

1115.—THE LOT OF THOUSANDS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close conceal'd,

We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be reveal'd.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

Mrs. Hunter.—Born 1742, *Died* 1821.

1116.—THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale,
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an ophan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me—and with such a sigh!
She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I look'd, and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learn'd too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ah?—this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ.?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
Your happy, happy orphan boy!

Mrs. Opie.—Born 1769, *Died* 1853.

1117.—A LAMENT.

There was an eye whose partial glance
Could ne'er my numerous failings see;
There was an ear that still untired
Could listen to kind praise of me.

There was a heart Time only made
For me with fonder feelings burn;
And which whene'er, alas! I roved,
Still longed and pined for my return.

There was a lip which always breathed
E'en short farewells with tones of sadness;
There was a voice whose eager sound
My welcome spoke with heartfelt gladness.

There was a mind, whose vigorous powers
On mine its fostering influence threw;
And called my humble talents forth,
Till thence its dearest joys it drew.

There was a love that oft for me
With anxious fears would overflow;
And wept and pray for me, and sought
From future ills to guard—but now

That eye is closed, and deaf that ear,
That lip and voice are mute for ever!
And cold that heart of faithful love,
Which death alone from mine could sever!

And lost to me that ardent mind,
Which loved my varied tasks to see;
And, Oh! of all the praise I gain'd,
This was the dearest far to me.

Now I, unloved, uncheer'd, alone,
Life's dreary wilderness must tread,
Till He who loves the broken heart
In mercy bids me join the dead.

But, "Father of the fatherless,"
O! Thou that hear'st the orphan's cry,
And "dwellest with the contrite heart,"
As well as in "Thy place on high."—

O Lord! though like a faded leaf,
That's sever'd from its parent tree,
I struggle down life's stormy tide,
That awful tide which leads to Thee.—

Still, Lord! to thee the voice of praise
Shall spring triumphant from my breast;
Since, though I tread a weary way,
I trust that he I mourn is BLEST!

Mrs. Opie.—Born 1769, *Died* 1853.

1118.—SONG.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
  New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
  To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
  Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
  Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
  Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
  Nor ever deign to think on me:
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
  If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
  Forget me not! forget me not!

Mrs. Opie.—Born 1769, *Died* 1853.

1119.—ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
  For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
  Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes,
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
  The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
  Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
  Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
  Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
  Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
  Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
  Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
  And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
  Alas, when distant far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
  Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

Mrs. Grant.—Born 1754, *Died* 1838.

1120.—THE HIGHLAND POOR.

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter, in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretch'd on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confest,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banish'd joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The "still small voice" of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary wo one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
So often open'd for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the spring:
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part;
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven:

And the next blighted crop or frosty spring
Themselves to equal indigence may bring.

Mrs. Grant.—Born 1754, *Died* 1838.

1121.—THE MARRIAGE OF CUPID AND PSYCHE; PSYCHE'S BANISHMENT.

———She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene:
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;
The high-rang'd columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen;
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace-attemper'd majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crown'd with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorn'd by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks mid citron groves arise;
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmèd eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound:
"Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crown'd;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band."

Increasing wonder fill'd her ravish'd soul,
For now the pompous portals open'd wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high-domed, enrich'd with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appear'd on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnish'd with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourn'd, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can show,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charm'd mariner's half-dazzled sight:
The coral-pavèd baths with diamonds blaze;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands,
Self-poured the nectar sparkles in the bowl,
The lute and viol, touch'd by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose:
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely form'd a downy couch arose.
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
Far other voices now attune the lay;

The swelling sounds approach, awhile remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away;
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguish'd lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through th' obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When love's ambrosial lip the vows of Hymen seals.

"'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,"
The blushing maid exclaim'd, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstasy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

* * * * *

Illumined bright now shines the splendid dome,
Melodious accents her arrival hail:
But not the torch's blaze can chase the gloom,
And all the soothing powers of music fail;
Trembling she seeks her couch with horror pale,
But first a lamp conceals in secret shade,
While unknown terrors all her soul assail.
Thus half their treacherous counsel is obey'd,
For still her gentle soul abhors the murderous blade.

And now with softest whispers of delight,
Love welcomes Psyche still more fondly dear;
Not unobserv'd, though hid in deepest night,
The silent anguish of her secret fear.
He thinks that tenderness excites the tear,
By the late image of her parent's grief,
And half offended seeks in vain to cheer;
Yet, while he speaks, her sorrows feel relief,
Too soon more keen to sting from this suspension brief!

Allow'd to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp expiring shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warn'd her from her rash intent:
And twice she paused, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween, that if with pencil true
That splendid vision could be well express'd,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confess'd.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems, in manhood's freshest years;
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears:

Or o'er his guileless front the ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polished ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews

(Those lips divine, that even in silence know
The heart to touch), persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclosed not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
Some brilliant glances with a softened ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light.
Thus through some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,
Nor needs the god his dazzling arms to show
His glorious birth; such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The bloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son:
And Beauty's self will oft those charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses toss'd
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamour'd o'er the deity.
Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
The fatal lamp—he starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er th' affrighted walls.

Dread horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast,
Her soul shrinks fainting from death's icy dart,
The groan scarce utter'd dies but half express'd,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon oppress'd;
But when at length, awaking from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confess'd,
In vain she casts around her timid glance;
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas, remain!
A desert solitude alone appears;
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers;
One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears;
No trace of human habitation nigh:
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

Mary Tighe.—Born 1773, *Died* 1810.

1122.—THE LILY.

How withered, perish'd seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturb'd repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

And Ignorance with sceptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promis'd verdant shoot appear,
And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

Mary Tighe.—Born 1773, *Died* 1810.

1123.—THE FARMER'S LIFE.

The farmer's life displays in every part
A moral lesson to the sensual heart.
Though in the lap of plenty, thoughtful still,
He looks beyond the present good or ill;
Nor estimates alone one blessing's worth,
From changeful seasons, or capricious earth!
But views the future with the present hours,
And looks for failures as he looks for showers;
For casual as for certain want prepares,
And round his yard the reeking haystack rears;
Or clover, blossom'd lovely to the sight,
His team's rich store through many a wintry night.
What though abundance round his dwelling spreads,
Though ever moist his self-improving meads
Supply his dairy with a copious flood,
And seem to promise unexhausted food;
That promise fails when buried deep in snow,
And vegetative juices cease to flow.
For this his plough turns up the destined lands,
Whence stormy winter draws its full demands;
For this the seed minutely small he sows,
Whence, sound and sweet, the hardy turnip grows.
But how unlike to April's closing days!
High climbs the sun and darts his powerful rays;
Whitens the fresh-drawn mould, and pierces through
The cumbrous clods that tumble round the plough.
O'er heaven's bright azure, hence with joyful eyes
The farmer sees dark clouds assembling rise;
Borne o'er his fields a heavy torrent falls,
And strikes the earth in hasty driving squalls.
"Right welcome down, ye precious drops," he cries;
But soon, too soon, the partial blessing flies.
"Boy, bring the harrows, try how deep the rain
Has forced its way." He comes, but comes in vain;
Dry dust beneath the bubbling surface lurks,
And mocks his pains the more the more he works.
Still, 'midst huge clods, he plunges on forlorn,
That laugh his harrows and the showers to scorn.
E'en thus the living clod, the stubborn fool,
Resists the stormy lectures of the school,
Till tried with gentler means, the dunce to please,
His head imbibes right reason by degrees;
As when from eve till morning's wakeful hour,
Light constant rain evinces secret power,
And, ere the day resumes its wonted smiles,
Presents a cheerful easy task for Giles.
Down with a touch the mellow soil is laid,
And yon tall crop next claims his timely aid;
Thither well-pleased he hies, assured to find
Wild trackless haunts, and objects to his mind.
Shut up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath tinged its head with brown:
There thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats,
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'erstoops his head.
Green covert hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here Wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires.
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shivering blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various powers sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh,
When Music waking speaks the skylark nigh.
Just starting from the corn, he cheerily sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings;

Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wandering bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for awhile, yet pours the varied song;
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light:
E'en then the songster a mere speck became,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,
The gazer sees; but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With guilt no more than Giles, and no more care;
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor Conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole, and brushes round again.
Its dark green hue, its sicklier tints all fail,
And ripening harvest rustles in the gale.
A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where heaven's munificence makes all things show,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday morning's round;
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charm'd gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration join'd.
Here, 'midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work, and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come Health! come Jollity! light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own:
Each moisten'd brow that scorns to wear a frown:
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants stray'd:
E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid
Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,
His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down:
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
While unrestrain'd the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1124.—BANQUET OF AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.

Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doom'd instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign awhile, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun and look'd abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
But change the scene, and make him laugh again,

His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high-swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household labour'd in his view—
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough-rined and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had pluck'd his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the greenhouse ranged exotics round,
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gather'd in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvass, propp'd on high
O'er sheltering tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropp'd the daisies for a dancing space;
Some roll'd the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store;
Well cork'd, well flavour'd, and well tax'd, that came
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steer'd, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks fill'd every hour,
Till the sun gain'd the zenith of his power,
When every path was thronged with old and young,
And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
But, for May-day at least, had banish'd care;
No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance—they knew their host too well—
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent form'd around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence follow'd as he stretch'd his hand:
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this.
At length the damask'd cloths were whisk'd away
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The hey-day of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy baronet majestic rose.
They view'd him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bow'd
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopp'd a dainty form or phrase to cull.
His heart elated, like his cup was full:—
"Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall;
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all."
Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet:
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
"Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race!"

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1125.—THE SOLDIER'S HOME.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reach'd this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest fill'd my eager sight,
Half shock'd, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun look'd down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appear'd;
I listen'd on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appear'd the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;

Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he look'd distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seem'd to say (past friendship to renew)
"Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?"
Through the room ranged the imprison'd humble bee,
And bomb'd, and bounced, and struggled to be free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy stray'd,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we pass'd the Cape of storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window-sill,
I deem'd no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guess'd some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appear'd.
In stepp'd my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasp'd me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid:
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
"Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
The child approach'd, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what 's the world to me!

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1126.—TO HIS WIFE.

I rise, dear Mary, from the soundest rest,
A wandering, way-worn, musing, singing guest.
I claim the privilege of hill and plain;
Mine are the woods, and all that they contain;
The unpolluted gale, which sweeps the glade;
All the cool blessings of the solemn shade;
Health, and the flow of happiness sincere;
Yet there 's one wish—I wish that thou wert here;
Free from the trammels of domestic care,
With me these dear autumnal sweets to share;
To share my heart's ungovernable joy,
And keep the birthday of our poor lame boy.
Ah! that 's a tender string! Yet since I find
That scenes like these can soothe the harass'd mind.
Trust me, 'twould set thy jaded spirits free,
To wander thus through vales and woods with me.
Thou know'st how much I love to steal away
From noise, from uproar, and the blaze of day;
With double transport would my heart rebound
To lead thee where the clustering nuts are found;
No toilsome efforts would our task demand,
For the brown treasure stoops to meet the hand.
Round the tall hazel beds of moss appear
In green swards nibbled by the forest deer,
Sun, and alternate shade; while o'er our heads
The cawing rook his glossy pinions spreads;
The noisy jay, his wild woods dashing through;
The ring-dove's chorus, and the rustling bough;
The far-resounding gate; the kite's shrill scream;
The distant ploughman's halloo to his team.
This is the chorus to my soul so dear;
It would delight thee too, wert thou but here:
For we might talk of home, and muse o'er days
Of sad distress, and Heaven's mysterious ways;
Our chequer'd fortunes with a smile retrace,
And build new hopes upon our infant race;
Pour our thanksgivings forth, and weep the while;
Or pray for blessings on our native isle.

But vain the wish! Mary, thy sighs forbear,
Nor grudge the pleasure which thou canst not share;
Make home delightful, kindly wish for me,
And I'll leave hills, and dales, and woods for thee.

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1127.—SONG FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare-thee-well, England: no further I'll roam;
But follow my shadow that points the way home:
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay;
For my Maggy's at home, and my children at play!
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength and my bosom its glow.

Farewell, mountaineers! my companions, adieu;
Soon, many long miles when I'm severed from you,
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the burn,
And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll never return;
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your drover speeds back to his Maggy again.

O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
More than life, more than love, my tired spirit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue;
To the mountains away my heart bounds like the hind,
For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so kind.

As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every stream to its source,
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before,
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor;
The keen polar star nightly rising to view;
But Maggy's my star, just as steady and true.

O ghosts of my fathers! O heroes, look down!
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown;
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest;
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy you.

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor?
I cannot step faster, I cannot do more:
I've passed silver Tweed; e'en the Tay flows behind;
Yet fatigue I'll disdain;—my reward I shall find;
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize;
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's blue eyes.

She'll watch to the southward;—perhaps she will sigh,
That the way is so long, and the mountains so high;
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say in her fondness, "that surely is he!"
Good wife, you're deceived: I'm still far from my home;
Go, sleep, my dear Maggy,—to-morrow I'll come.

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1128.—LINES ADDRESSED TO MY CHILDREN.

Genius of the forest shades,
Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy sylvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how dear to me!
From all but nature's converse borne,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
Their honour'd leaves the green oaks rear'd,
And crown'd the upland's graceful swell;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower.
The deeptoned low from either hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green
(The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill),
Roar'd echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charm'd heart the numbers sprung,
Though birds had ceased the choral lay;
I pour'd wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had seldom strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
Sweet Emma's love, "the Nut-brown maid."

Shaking his matted mane on high,
The gazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
Through bowers of ever varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough
Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves?
How would the prone descending shower
From the green canopy rebound?
How would the lowland torrents pour?
How deep the pealing thunder sound?

But peace was there: no lightnings blazed;
No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
My thoughts to home and you were given.
O, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet bootless, pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again;
Here fleeting fancy travell'd wide;
My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretch'd at length,
Whose trunks (with bark no longer sheathed)
Had reach'd their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they'll many a conflict brave
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks, we meet no more!
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

"Genius of the forest shades,"
Sweet from the heights of thy domain,
When the gray evening shadow fades,
To view the country's golden grain;
To view the gleaming village spire
'Midst distant groves unknown to me—
Groves that, grown bright in borrow'd fire,
Bow o'er the peopled vales to thee.

Where was thy elfin train, that play
Round Wake's huge oak, their favourite tree,
Dancing the twilight hours away?
Why were they not revealed to me?
Yet, smiling fairies left behind,
Affection brought you all to view;
To love and tenderness resigned,
My heart heaved many a sigh for you.

When morning still unclouded rose,
Refresh'd with sleep and joyous dreams,
Where fruitful fields with woodlands close,
I traced the births of various streams.
From beds of clay, here creeping rills,
Unseen to parent Ouse, would steal;
Or, gushing from the northward hills,
Would glitter through Tove's winding dale.

But ah! ye cooling springs, farewell!
Herds, I no more your freedom share;
But long my grateful tongue shall tell
What brought your gazing stranger there.
"Genius of the forest shades,"
Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
But dreams still lengthen thy long glades,
And bring thy peace and silence here.

Robert Bloomfield.—Born 1766, *Died* 1823.

1129.—DYING IN A FOREIGN LAND.

The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
Looks, sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
Rear'd on the confines of the world below.
Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam?
By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
"Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
And Teviot's stream that long has murmur'd by?
And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
Rash youth! beware, thy home-bred virtues save,
And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave."

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1130.—SONNET ON SABBATH MORN.

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That scarcely wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur echoes from the hill,
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The sky a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sigh'd along the grove
Have hushed their drowsy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So soft the day when the first morn arose!

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1131.—ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,
Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer:
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I cross the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death was borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1132.—THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The Mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charm'd the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay:
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

"And raise," he cried, "the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!"

"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

"Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckin's surges roar!

If from that unbottom'd deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrow'd seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!"

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's wo,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seem'd her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feignèd bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say,
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lull'd by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his tranced eyes unclose,
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song
Far in the crystal cavern rose.

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green—

So melting soft the music fell;
It seem'd to soothe the fluttering spray—
"Say, heard'st thou not these wild notes swell?
Ah! 'tis the song of Colonsay."

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,

He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He fear'd some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

"This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Can'st thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?"

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
"Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet
That breathes along the moonlight scene!

And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in Ocean's sapphire-bed
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew
In concave shells unconscious sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then all the summer sun, from far,
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamour'd we shall fondly stray—
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay!"

"Though bright thy locks of glistening gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein:

If I, beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine."

As cygnet down, proud swell'd her breast,
Her eye confess'd the pearly tear:
His hand she to her bosom press'd,
"Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill,
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delicious thrill?"

"Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart, that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love;
The beauteous maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

E'en now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that siren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?"

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
Unfolds in length her scaly train;
She toss'd in proud disdain her head,
And lash'd with webbèd fin the main.

"Dwell here alone!" the Mermaid cried,
"And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
The prison-wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.

I feel my former soul return,
It kindles at thy cold disdain;
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main!"

She fled, around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun roll'd through the sky,
And pour'd its beams on Colonsay.

And oft beneath the silver moon
He heard afar the Mermaid sing;
And oft to many a meting tune,
The shell-form'd lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charm'd him with some tender strain:

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound,
And thought to plunge him in the deep
That wall'd his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring, of ruby red,
Retain'd its vivid crimson hue,
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The Mermaid to his cavern came,
No more misshapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.

"O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the Mermaid sing
The song thou lovest of Colonsay."

"This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main
Again to visit Colonsay."

"Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move
To tear thy limbs amid the sea."

"Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see,
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee."

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train;
With gluey fangs her hands were clad;
She lash'd with webbèd fin the main.

He grasps the Mermaid's scaly sides,
As with broad fin she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

Proud swells her heart! she deems at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she pass'd,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhed shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1133.—TO IANTHE.

Again, sweet siren, breathe again
That deep, pathetic, powerful strain,
Whose melting tones of tender woe
Fall soft as evening's summer dew,
That bathes the pinks and harebells blue
Which in the vales of Teviot blow.

Such was the song that soothed to rest,
Far in the Green Isle of the west,
The Celtic warrior's parted shade;
Such are the lonely sounds that sweep
O'er the blue bosom of the deep,
When shipwreck'd mariners are laid.

Ah! sure as Hindu legends tell,
When music's tones the bosom swell,
The scenes of former life return;
Ere, sunk beneath the morning star,
We left our parent climes afar,
Immur'd in mortal forms to mourn.

Or if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits, half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng,
'Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-toned music of the soul,
That warbles in our Scottish song.

I hear, I hear, with awful dread,
The plaintive music of the dead!
They leave the amber fields of day:
Soft as the cadence of the wave,
That murmurs round the mermaid's grave,
They mingle in the magic lay.

* * * *

Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charm'd away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That in the wild the traveller hears.

And thus the exil'd Scotian maid,
By fond alluring love betray'd
To visit Syria's date-crown'd shore,
In plaintive strains that soothed despair,
Did "Bothwell's banks that bloom so fair,"
And scenes of early youth, deplore.

Soft syren! whose enchanting strain
Floats wildly round my raptur'd brain,
I bid your pleasing haunts adieu!
Yet, fabling fancy oft shall lead
My footsteps to the silver Tweed,
Through scenes that I no more must view.

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1134.—ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star, to love and lovers dear!
While trembling on the falling dew,
Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing o'er the arch of night,
The moon thy timid beams outshine,
As far as thine each starry light;—
Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours,
When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers
That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star! though I be doom'd to prove
That rapture's tears are mixed with pain,
Ah, still I feel 'tis sweet to love!
But sweeter to be loved again.

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1135.—SCOTLAND.

Land of my fathers!—though no mangrove here
O'er thy blue streams her flexile branches rear;
Nor scaly palm her finger'd scions shoot;
Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit;
Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree;—
Land of dark heaths and mountains, thou art free!

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:

No drooping slave, with spirit bow'd to toil,
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil,
Nor cringing vassal on these pansied meads
Is bought and barter'd, as the flock he feeds.
Free as the lark that carols o'er his head,
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
And, whistling loud, directs the mining share:
Free as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquer'd might.

John Leyden.—Born 1775, *Died* 1811.

1136.—THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

I sail'd from the Downs in the "Nancy,"
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze!
She's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls and our dear native shore!
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the Straits of Gibraltar
I verily thought she'd have sunk,
For the wind began so for to alter,
She yaw'd just as tho' she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries;
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rough tempest she flies.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky,
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I.
Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried peccavi,
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sank down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope, and so landed on deck.
Well, what would you have? We were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I and, I think, twenty-two.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow, high or low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

Charles Dibdin.—Born 1745, *Died* 1814.

1137.—SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Gentlefolks, in my time, I've made many a rhyme,
But the song I now trouble you with
Lays some claim to applause, and you'll grant it, because
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,
He'd fight every foe he could meet;
Give him one ship or two, and without more ado,
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he would;
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took, every day, all that came in his way,
Till fortune, that changeable elf,
Order'd accidents so, that, while taking the foe,
Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did;
Sir Sidney got taken himself.

His captors, right glad of the prize they now had,
Rejected each offer we bid,
And swore he should stay, lock'd up till doomsday,
But he swore he'd be hang'd if he did, he did;
But he swore he'd be hang'd, if he did.

So Sir Sid got away, and his gaoler next day
Cried "Sacré, diable, morbleu!
Mon prisonnier 'scape, I 'ave got in von scrape,
And I fear I must run away, too, I must;
I fear I must run away too."

Charles Dibdin.—Born 1745, *Died* 1814.

1138.—LOVE AND GLORY.

Young Henry was as brave a youth
As ever graced a gallant story;
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for Love, and he for Glory!

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story;
Till war, their coming joys to blight,
Call'd him away from Love to Glory!

Young Henry met the foe with pride;
Jane follow'd, fought! ah, hapless story!
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for Love, and he for Glory.

Charles Dibdin.—Born 1745, *Died* 1814.

1139.—NONGTONGPAW.

John Bull for pastime took a prance,
Some time ago, to peep at France;
To talk of sciences and arts,
And knowledge gain'd in foreign parts.
Monsieur, obsequious, heard him speak,
And answer'd John in heathen Greek:
To all he ask'd, 'bout all he saw,
'Twas, "Monsieur, je vous n'entends pas."

John, to the Palais-Royal come,
Its splendour almost struck him dumb.
"I say, whose house is that there here?"
"House! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
"What, Nongtongpaw again!" cries John;
"This fellow is some mighty Don:
No doubt he's plenty for the maw,
I'll breakfast with this Nongtongpaw."

John saw Versailles from Marly's height,
And cried, astonish'd at the sight,
"Whose fine estate is that there here?"
"State! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
"His? what, the land and houses too?
The fellow's richer than a Jew:
On everything he lays his claw!
I should like to dine with Nongtongpaw."

Next tripping came a courtly fair,
John cried, enchanted with her air,
"What lovely wench is that there here?"
"Ventch! Je vous n'entends pas, Monsieur."
"What, he again? Upon my life!
A palace, lands, and then a wife
Sir Joshua might delight to draw:
I should like to sup with Nongtongpaw."

"But hold! whose funeral's that?" cries John.
"Je vous n'entends pas."—"What, is he gone?
Wealth, fame, and beauty could not save
Poor Nongtongpaw then from the grave!
His race is run, his game is up,—
I'd with him breakfast, dine and sup;
But since he chooses to withdraw,
Good night t' ye, Mounseer Nongtongpaw!"

Charles Dibdin.—Born 1745, *Died* 1814.

1140.—TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For, though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Charles Dibdin.—Born 1745, *Died* 1814.

1141.—THE GRAVE OF ANNA.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here;
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turn'd to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away,
And weeds that have "no business there?"

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring
To scatter o'er her hallow'd mould?

And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undeck'd remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

William Gifford.—Born 1756, *Died* 1826.

1142.—GREENWICH HILL.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we pass'd:

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoy'd,
On which we both—and yet, who knows?—
May dwell with pleasure unalloy'd,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant, from that dome-crown'd hill,
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the chequer'd light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaim'd the noon-tide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, "nothing loath,"
We to our simple meal retired;

The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toy'd and wanton'd for awhile,
And, sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part
(As close to mine thy cheek was laid),
Thine eyes had open'd all thy heart.

Then, then I mark'd the chasten'd joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid (my sweet employ),
From truth, from innocence of soul:

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft (and yet it seem'd to thrill),
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And O! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Play'd lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments wing'd their flight,
Till now the boatmen on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recall'd us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share,
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still follow'd by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we pass'd on Greenwich Hill.

William Gifford.—Born 1756, *Died* 1826.

1143.—TO A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

Sweet flowers! that from your humble beds
Thus prematurely dare to rise,
And trust your unprotected heads
To cold Aquarius' watery skies;

Retire, retire! these tepid airs
Are not the genial brood of May;
That Sun with light malignant glares,
And flatters only to betray.

Stern winter's reign is not yet past—
Lo! while your buds prepare to blow,
On icy pinions comes the blast,
And nips your root, and lays you low.

Alas, for such ungentle doom!
But I will shield you, and supply
A kindlier soil on which to bloom,
A nobler bed on which to die.

Come then, ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

Ye droop, fond flowers! but, did ye know
What worth, what goodness there reside,
Your cups with liveliest tints would glow,
And spread their leaves with conscious pride;

For there has liberal nature join'd
Her riches to the stores of art,
And added to the vigorous mind
The soft, the sympathizing heart.

Come then, ere yet the morning ray
Has drunk the dew that gems your crest,
And drawn your balmiest sweets away;
O come, and grace my Anna's breast.

O! I should think—that fragrant bed
Might I but hope with you to share—
Yes—a of anxiety repaid
By one short hour of transport there.

May bless'd your lot, ye there shall live
Your little day; and when ye die,
Sweet flowers! the grateful Muse shall give
A verse—the sorrowing maid a sigh.

While I, alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

William Gifford.—Born 1756, *Died* 1826.

1144.—THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day,
"Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game?
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first—
Wretch whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

George Canning.—Born 1770, *Died* 1827.

1145.—SONG BY ROGERO IN "THE ROVERS."

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—
Alas, Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-
niversity of Gottingen.
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I enter'd at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

George Canning.—Born 1770, *Died* 1827.

1146.—LINES ON THE DEATH OF HIS ELDEST SON.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeach'd decrees,
Which made that shorten'd span one long disease;
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fix'd on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure!
Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away)!
By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

George Canning.—Born 1770, *Died* 1827.

1147.—THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curl'd white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin, soon *peccavi* cried;
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed whitewash'd pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"
"Confound it!" cried the t'other, "'tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!

But, brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happen'd, burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1148.—DR. JOHNSON'S STYLE.

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat;
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1149.—ADVICE TO LANDSCAPE PAINTERS.

Whate'er you wish in landscape to excel,
London 's the very place to mar it;
Believe the oracles I tell,
There's very little landscape in a garret.
Whate'er the flocks of fleas you keep,
'Tis badly copying them for goats and sheep;
And if you'll take the poet's honest word,
A bug must make a miserable bird.

A rushlight in a bottle's neck, or stick,
Ill represents the glorious orb of morn;
Nay, though it were a candle with a wick,
'Twould be a representative forlorn.

I think, too, that a man would be a fool,
For trees, to copy legs of a joint stool;
Or even by them to represent a stump:
Also by broomsticks—which, though well he rig
Each with an old fox-colour'd wig,
Must make a very poor autumnal clump.

You'll say, "Yet such ones oft a person sees
In many an artist's trees;
And in some paintings we have all beheld
Green baize hath surely sat for a green field:
Bolsters for mountains, hills, and wheaten mows;
Cats for ram-goats, and curs for bulls and cows."

All this, my lads, I freely grant;
But better things from you I want.
As Shakspeare says (a bard I much approve),
"List, list! oh, list! if thou dost painting love."

Claude painted in the open air!
Therefore to Wales at once repair,
Where scenes of true magnificence you'll find;
Besides this great advantage—if in debt,
You'll have with creditors no tête-à-tête;
So leave the bull-dog bailiffs all behind;
Who, hunt you with what noise they may,
Must hunt for needles in a stack of hay.

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1150.—THE APPLE DUMPLINGS AND A KING.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck
(The horse and rider wet as muck),
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, "What's this? what's this? what, what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple:
he cried,
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?" The dame replied,
Low curtsying, "Please your majesty, the apple."
"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoin'd the king.
"'Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?"

"Sir, there's no seam," quoth she; "I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings sew."
"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin;
"How, how the devil got the apple in?"

On which the dame the curious scheme reveal'd
By which the apple lay so sly conceal'd,
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repair'd,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.

There did he labour one whole week to show
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seem'd the lodging of a baker!

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1151.—WHITBREAD'S BREWERY VISITED BY THEIR MAJESTIES.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen, "My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brewhouse seen!"
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
To Mister Whitbread forth he sent a page,
To say that majesty proposed to view,
With thirst of wondrous knowledge deep inflamed,
His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheads famed,
And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
Most rev'rently the brewer bow'd;
So humbly (so the humble story goes),
He touch'd e'en terra firma with his nose;

Then said unto the page, hight Billy Ramus,
"Happy are we that our great king should name us
As worthy unto majesty to show
How we poor Chiswell people brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:
To majesty the welcome tidings brought,
How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
And trembled; then the civil things he said;
On which the king did smile and nod his head;
For monarchs like to see their subjects quake;

Such horrors unto kings most pleasant are,
Proclaiming reverence and humility:
High thoughts, too, all these shaking fits declare,
Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
Look on the humbler sons of earth,
Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!
High stations are like Dover's towering cliffs,
Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
The people walking on the strand like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made:
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools, were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christen'd Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charm'd with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt join'd the raree show,
And fix'd all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devour'd the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon:
And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man;

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
"What's this? hae hae? What's that?
What's this?
What's that?"
So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of great whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of small:
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried,
"What, if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?"
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonish'd, neigh'd;
The brewer's dog, too, pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Ask'd Whitbread if his porter equall'd theirs.

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the Man of Cask
That even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of asses'-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

MEMORANDUM.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.

MEM.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer.
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

QUÆRE.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

MEM.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

MEM.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

MEM.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now, having pencill'd his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses'-skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd majesty to say,
"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"
"Yes, please your majesty," in humble notes
The brewer answer'd—"Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an't please your majesty, are grains."

"Grains, grains!" said majesty, "to fill their crops?
Grains, grains!—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?"
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
"Sire," cried the humble brewer, "give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt."

"True," said the cautious monarch with a smile,
"From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."
"Yes," with the sweetest bow, rejoin'd the brewer,
"An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure."
"Yes," answer'd majesty, with quick reply,
"I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I."

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.
And now before their sovereign's curious eye—

Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their stye—
Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer, swallow'd up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaim'd, "O heavens! and can my swine
Be deem'd by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?"

To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bow'd, and said, "Good God!"
Then wink'd significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,
Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Cross'd her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way,
"Whitbread, d'ye nick th' exciseman now and then?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread 's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

D'ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old;
You'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread! you have feather'd well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?"
Now Whitbread inward said, "May I be curst
If I know what to answer first."
Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turn'd round,
Skipp'd off, and balk'd the honour of reply.

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1152.—LORD GREGORY.

"Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies."

"Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room."

"Alas! thou heard'st a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part;
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart."

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1153.—MAY DAY.

The daisies peep from every field,
And violets sweet their odour yield;
The purple blossom paints the thorn,
And streams reflect the blush of morn.
Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is nature's holiday.

Let lusty Labour drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest the plough.
Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note!
What warbles he, with merry cheer?
"Let Love and Pleasure rule the year!"
Then lads, &c.

Lo! Sol looks down with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around his sky;
Embracing hill, and vale, and stream,
And warming nature with his beam.
Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with zephyr every flower;
Shall these our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to Love?
Then lads, &c.

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1154.—EPIGRAM ON SLEEP.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;

How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1155.—TO MY CANDLE.

Thou lone companion of the spectred night!
I wake amid thy friendly watchful light,
To steal a precious hour from lifeless sleep.
Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! and hark,
Hell's genius roams the regions of the dark,
And swells the thundering horrors of the deep.

From cloud to cloud the pale moon hurrying flies,
Now blacken'd, and now flashing through the skies;
But all is silence here beneath thy beam.
I own I labour for the voice of praise—
For who would sink in dull oblivion's stream?
Who would not live in songs of distant days?

Thus while I wondering pause o'er Shakspere's page,
I mark in visions of delight the sage,
High o'er the wrecks of man, who stands sublime;
A column in the melancholy waste
(Its cities humbled and its glories past),
Majestic 'mid the solitude of time.
Yet now to sadness let me yield the hour—
Yes, let the tears of purest friendship shower!

I view, alas! what ne'er should die—
A form that wakes my deepest sigh—
A form that feels of death the leaden sleep—
Descending to the realms of shade,
I view a pale-eyed panting maid;
I see the Virtues o'er their favourite weep.

Ah! could the Muse's simple prayer
Command the envied trump of fame,
Oblivion should Eliza spare—
A world should echo with her name.
Art thou departing, too, my trembling friend?
Ah, draws thy little lustre to its end?
Yes, on thy frame Fate too shall fix her seal—
O let me pensive watch thy pale decay;
How fast that frame, so tender, wears away,
How fast thy life the restless minutes steal!

How slender now, alas! thy thread of fire!
Ah! falling—falling—ready to expire!
In vain thy struggles, all will soon be o'er.
At life thou snatchest with an eager leap;
Now round I see thy flame so feeble creep,
Faint, lessening, quivering, glimmering, now no more!

Thus shall the sons of science sink away,
And thus of beauty fade the fairest flower—
For where's the giant who to Time shall say
"Destructive tyrant, I arrest thy power!"

Dr. Wolcot.—Born 1738, *Died* 1819.

1156.—SCOTLAND.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed!
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reach'd thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark! thy little stream,
Like ray of column'd light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!
And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland! thee and thine I e'er forget.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1157.—A SPRING SABBATH WALK.

Most earnest was his voice! most mild his look,
As with raised hands he bless'd his parting flock.
He is a faithful pastor of the poor;
He thinks not of himself; his Master's words,
"Feed, feed my sheep," are ever at his heart,
The cross of Christ is aye before his eyes.
Oh how I love with melted soul to leave
The house of prayer, and wander in the fields
Alone! What though the opening spring be chill!

What though the lark, cheek'd in his airy path,
Eke out his song, perch'd on the fallow clod,
That still o'ertops the blade! What though no branch
Have spread its foliage, save the willow wand,
That dips its pale leaves in the swollen stream!
What though the clouds oft lower! their threats but end
In sunny showers, that scarcely fill the folds
Of moss-couch'd violet, or interrupt
The merle's dulcet pipe—melodious bird!
He, hid behind the milk-white sloe-thorn spray
(Whose early flowers anticipate the leaf),
Welcomes the time of buds, the infant year.
Sweet is the sunny nook to which my steps
Have brought me, hardly conscious where I roam'd,
Unheeding where—so lovely, all around,
The works of God, array'd in vernal smile!
Oft at this season, musing I prolong
My devious range, till, sunk from view, the sun
Emblaze, with upward-slanting ray, the breast
And wing unquivering of the wheeling lark,
Descending vocal from her latest flight,
While, disregardful of yon lonely star—
The harbinger of chill night's glittering host—
Sweet redbreast, Scotia's Philomela, chants
In desultory strains his evening hymn.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1158.—A SUMMER SABBATH WALK.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these elms
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ring-dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft-pausing chirp—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.
Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills, its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble shoots,
With brier and hazel branch, and hawthorn spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air: grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But, oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing him who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes! my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline, to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discern'd,
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.

How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roof'd shieling; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1159.—AN AUTUMN SABBATH WALK.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the wither'd grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillock'd graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash
Had dimm'd, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range
(It was not wide); no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.
As yet the blue-bells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appears,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leaf'd thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load; the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along, and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's cluster'd branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1160.—A WINTER SABBATH WALK.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a foot-fall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reach'd
The powder'd key-stone of the churchyard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And show the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretch'd far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.

But let me now explore the deep-sunk dell.
No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heap'd by the blast fills up the shelter'd glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night-winds sweep the gathering drift away:
So the great Shepherd leads the heaven-y flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimm'd with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1161.—THE BURIAL OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

But wood and wild, the mountain and the dale,
The house of prayer itself,—no place inspires
Emotions more accordant with the day,
Than does the field of graves, the land of rest:—
Oft at the close of evening prayer, the toll,
The solemn funeral-toll, pausing, proclaims
The service of the tomb: the homeward crowds
Divide on either hand; the pomp draws near;
The choir to meet the dead go forth, and sing,
"I am the resurrection and the life."
Ah me! these youthful bearers robed in white,
They tell a mournful tale; some blooming friend
Is gone, dead in her prime of years:—'Twas she,
The poor man's friend, who, when she could not give,
With angel tongue pleaded to those who could;
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye,
That ne'er besought in vain, save when she pray'd
For longer life, with heart resign'd to die,—
Rejoiced to die; for happy visions bless'd
Her voyage's last days, and hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh:——O what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused! Those eyes are closed;
But all her loveliness is not yet flown:
She smiled in death, and still her cold pale face
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,
Is shocted by a nightly frost with ice,
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.
Again that knell! The slow procession stops:
The pall withdrawn, Death's altar, thick emboss'd
With melancholy ornaments—(the name,
The record of her blossoming age),—appears
Unveil'd, and on it dust to dust is thrown,
The final rite. Oh! hark that sullen sound!
Upon the lower'd bier the shovell'd clay
Falls fast, and fills the void.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1162.—A SCOTTISH COUNTRY WEDDING.

Now, 'mid the general glow of opening blooms,
Coy maidens blush consent, nor slight the gift
From neighbouring fair brought home, till now refused.
Swains, seize the sunny hours to make your hay,
For woman's smiles are fickle as the sky:
Bespeak the priest, bespeak the minstrel too,
Ere May, to wedlock hostile, stop the banns.
Th' appointed day arrives, a blithesome day
Of festive jollity; yet not devoid
Of soft regret to her about to leave
A parent's roof; yes, at the word, join hands,
A tear reluctant starts, as she beholds
Her mother's looks, her father's silvery hairs.
But serious thoughts take flight, when from the barn,
Soon as the bands are knit, a jocund sound
Strikes briskly up, and nimble feet beat fast
Upon the earthen floor. Through many a reel
With various steps uncouth, some new, some old,
Some all the dancer's own, with Highland flings
Not void of grace, the lads and lasses strive
To dance each other down; and oft when quite
Forespent, the fingers merrily crack'd, the bound,

The rallying shout well-timed, and sudden change
To sprightlier tune, revive the flagging foot,
And make it feel as if it tripp'd in air.
When all are tired, and all his stock of reels
The minstrel o'er and o'er again has run,
The cheering flagon circles round; meanwhile,
A soften'd tune, and slower measure, flows
Sweet from the strings, and stills the boisterous joy.
May be The Bonny Broom of Cowdenknowes
(If simply play'd, though not with master hand),
Or Patie's Mill, or Bush aboon Traquair,
Inspire a tranquil gladness through the breast;
Or that most mournful strain, the sad lament
For Flodden-field, drives mirth from every face,
And makes the firmest heart strive hard to curb
The rising tear; till, with unpausing bow,
The blithe strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm (nor old the tale),
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried—tartan hose and bonnet blue!
No more shall beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich!
No more amid the pauses of the dance
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy—like autumn sun
Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloaming hour; or willing cheer,
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal day!
But light now failing, glimmering candles shine
In ready chandeliers of moulded clay
Stuck round the walls, displaying to the view
The ceiling rich with cobweb-drapery hung.
Meanwhile, from mill and smiddy, field and barn,
Fresh groups come hastening in; but of them all,
The miller bears the gree, as rafter high
He leaps, and, lighting, shakes a dusty cloud all round.
In harmless merriment, protracted long,
The hours glide by. At last, the stocking thrown,
And duly every gossip rite perform'd,
Youths, maids, and matrons, take their several ways;
While drouthy carles, waiting for the moon,
Sit down again, and quaff till daylight dawn.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1163.—THE IMPRESSED SAILOR BOY.

Low in a glen,
Down which a little stream had furrow'd deep,
'Tween meeting birchen boughs, a shelvy channel,
And brawling mingled with the western tide;
Far up that stream, almost beyond the roar
Of storm-bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks
With furious dash, a lowly dwelling lurk'd,
Surrounded by a circlet of the stream.
Before the wattled door, a greensward plat,
With daisies gay, pastured a playful lamb;
A pebbly path, deep worn, led up the hill,
Winding among the trees, by wheel untouch'd,
Save when the winter fuel was brought home—
One of the poor man's yearly festivals.
On every side it was a shelter'd spot,
So high and suddenly the woody steeps
Arose. One only way, downward the stream,
Just o'er the hollow, 'tween the meeting boughs,
The distant wave was seen, with now and then
The glimpse of passing sail; but when the breeze
Crested the distant wave, this little nook
Was all so calm, that, on the limberest spray,
The sweet bird chanted motionless, the leaves
At times scarce fluttering. Here dwelt a pair,
Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
Their William, happy lived at home to bless
Their downward years; he, simple youth,
With boyish fondness, fancied he could love
A seaman's life, and with the fishers sail'd,
To try their ways far 'mong the western isles,
Far as St. Kilda's rock-wall'd shore abrupt,
O'er which he saw ten thousand pinions wheel
Confused, dimming the sky: those dreary shores
Gladly he left—he had a homeward heart:
No more his wishes wander to the waves.
But still he loves to cast a backward look,
And tell of all he saw, of all he learn'd;
Of pillar'd Staffa, lone Iona's isle,
Where Scotland's kings are laid; of Lewis, Skye,
And of the mainland mountain-circled lochs;
And he would sing the rowers' timing chant
And chorus wild. Once on a summer's eve,
When low the sun behind the Highland hills
Was almost set, he sung that song to cheer

The aged folks; upon the inverted quern
The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
Forgot, and backward twirl'd the half-spun thread;
Listening with partial, well-pleased look, she gazed
Upon her son, and inly bless'd the Lord,
That he was safe return'd. Sudden a noise
Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
Glare all around, then single out their prey.
In vain the mother clasps her darling boy;
In vain the sire offers their little all:
William is bound; they follow to the shore,
Implore, and weep, and pray; knee-deep they stand,
And view in mute despair the boat recede.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1164.—TO MY SON.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps totter'd o'er the ground;
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, oh! it would a joy in death impart
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look bedimm'd with tears,
And tell, regretful, how I look'd and spoke;
What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and farther still my view I bend,
And now I see a child thy steps attend;
To yonder churchyard-wall thou takest thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, There thy grandsire lies.

James Grahame.—Born 1765, *Died* 1811.

1165.—TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first question'd Winter's sway,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1166.—SONNET.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?

Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1167.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1168.—A HYMN FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

And wilt thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.

O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

Thus chasten'd, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1169.—THE CHRISTIAD.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1170.—THE SHIPWRECKED SOLITARY'S SONG.—TO THE NIGHT.

Thou, spirit of the spangled night!
I woo thee from the watch-tower high,
Where thou dost sit to guide the bark
Of lonely mariner.

The winds are whistling o'er the wolds,
The distant main is moaning low;
Come, let us sit and weave a song—
A melancholy song!

Sweet is the scented gale of morn,
And sweet the noontide's fervid beam,
But sweeter far the solemn calm
That marks thy mournful reign.

I've pass'd here many a lonely year,
And never human voice have heard;
I've pass'd here many a lonely year
A solitary man.

And I have linger'd in the shade,
From sultry noon's hot beam; and I
Have knelt before my wicker door,
To sing my evening song.

And I have hail'd the gray morn high
On the blue mountain's misty brow,
And tried to tune my little reed
To hymns of harmony.

But never could I tune my reed,
At morn, or noon, or eve, so sweet
As when upon the ocean shore
I hail'd thy star-beam mild.

The day-spring brings not joy to me,
The moon it whispers not of peace!
But oh! when darkness robes the heavens,
My woes are mix'd with joy.

And then I talk, and often think
Aërial voices answer me;
And oh! I am not then alone—
A solitary man.

And when the blustering winter winds
Howl in the woods that clothe my cave,
I lay me on my lonely mat,
And pleasant are my dreams.

And Fancy gives me back my wife;
And Fancy gives me back my child;
She gives me back my little home,
And all its placid joys.

Then hateful is the morning hour
That calls me from the dream of bliss,
To find myself still lone, and hear
The same dull sounds again.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1171.—FROM CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo! in the west, fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which, with the dawn, from yonder dingle broke;
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows assembling, seek their wind-rock'd bed.
Still'd is the village hum—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below,
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft, on its hinge, rebounds the jarring gate:
Or, when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire:
Or, where the town's blue turrets dimly rise
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin:
Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.
And oh! thou sacred power, who rear'st on high
Thy leafy throne where waving poplars sigh!
Genius of woodland shades! whose mild control
Steals with resistless witchery to the soul,
Come with thy wonted ardour and inspire
My glowing bosom with thy hallow'd fire.
And thou, too, Fancy! from thy starry sphere,
Where to the hymning orbs thou lend'st thine ear,
Do thou descend, and bless my ravish'd sight,
Veil'd in soft visions of serene delight.
At thy command the gale that passes by
Bears in its whispers mystic harmony.
Thou wavest thy wand, and lo! what forms appear!
On the dark cloud what giant shapes career!
The ghosts of Ossian skim the misty vale,
And hosts of sylphids on the moon-beam sail.

This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
Where meeting trees create eternal night;
Save when from yonder stream the sunny ray
Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day;
Recalls endearing to my alter'd mind,
Times, when beneath the boxen hedge reclined
I watch'd the lapwing to her clamorous brood;
Or lured the robin to its scatter'd food;
Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
And at each gay response delighted, smiled.
How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,

And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering on the eddying storm;
And heard, while awe congeal'd my inmost soul,
His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
With secret joy, I view'd with vivid glare,
The volley'd lightnings cleave the sullen air;
And, as the warring winds around reviled,
With awful pleasure big,—I heard and smiled.
Beloved remembrance!—Memory which endears
This silent spot to my advancing years.
Here dwells eternal peace, eternal rest,
In shades like these to live, is to be blest,
While happiness evades the busy crowd,
In rural coverts loves the maid to shroud.
And thou, too, Inspiration, whose wild flame
Shoots with electric swiftness through the frame,
Thou here dost love to sit, with up-turn'd eye,
And listen to the stream that murmurs by,
The woods that wave, the gray-owl's silken flight,
The mellow music of the listening night.
Congenial calms more welcome to my breast
Than maddening joy in dazzling lustre drest,
To heaven my prayers, my daily prayers I raise,
That ye may bless my unambitious days,
Withdrawn, remote, from all the haunts of strife
May trace with me the lowly vale of life,
And when her banner Death shall o'er me wave,
May keep your peaceful vigils on my grave.
Now, as I rove, where wide the prospect grows,
A livelier light upon my vision flows.
No more above, th' embracing branches meet;
No more the river gurgles at my feet,
But seen deep down the cliff's impending side
Through hanging woods, now gleams its silver tide.
Dim is my upland path,—across the Green
Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
The chequer'd glooms, the moon her chaste ray sheds,
Where knots of blue-bells droop their graceful heads,
And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees,
Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

Say, why does man, while to his opening sight
Each shrub presents a source of chaste delight,
And Nature bids for him her treasures flow,
And gives to him alone his bliss to know,
Why does he pant for Vice's deadly charms?
Why clasp the siren Pleasure to his arms?
And suck deep draughts of her voluptuous breath,
Though fraught with ruin, infamy, and death?
Could he, who thus to vile enjoyments clings,
Know what calm joy from purer sources springs,
Could he but feel how sweet, how free from strife,
The harmless pleasures of a harmless life,
No more his soul would pant for joys impure,
The deadly chalice would no more allure,
But the sweet potion he was wont to sip,
Would turn to poison on his conscious lip.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1172.—A HYMN.

O Lord, my God, in mercy turn;
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To Thee I call, to Thee I cry,
Oh! leave me, leave me not to die!

I strove against Thee, Lord, I know;
I spurn'd thy grace, I mock'd thy law;
The hour is past—the day 's gone by,
And I am left alone to die.

O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.

For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, Justice, let thy thunders roll!
Now, Vengeance, smile—and with a blow,
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

Yet, Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling;
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross; and, holding there,
Even me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

H. Kirke White.—Born 1785, *Died* 1806.

1173.—THE PARISH WORKHOUSE AND APOTHECARY.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door:
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed,
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of wo,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1174.—ISAAC ASHFORD, A NOBLE PEASANT.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind:
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd:
(Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbours find)
Yet far was he from stoic-pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.
He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came, no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct:
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze."
In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,

Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife and saw his children poor;
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent,—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:
"Kind are your laws ('tis not to be denied)
That in yon house for ruin'd age provide,
And they are just; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish-bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need:
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."
Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.
I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there: . . . .
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1175.—PHŒBE DAWSON.

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossom'd there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily cross'd the green,
In haste to see and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes express'd,
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her beauty won them and her worth retain'd;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd away;
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordain'd to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own;
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue;
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brush'd the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth:—she sigh'd and look'd consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green
(Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each style;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loiter'd at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden — soothed — intreated — forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compell'd her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:—
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,
One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;
Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that infant in her arms,
But nearer cause her anxious soul alarms;
With water burden'd then she picks her way,
Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,
And deeply plunges in the adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,
While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes;
For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows.
And now her path but not her peace she gains,
Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;
Her home she reaches, open leaves the door,
And placing first her infant on the floor,
She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising fits;
In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd,
Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd;
The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel, and flies
With all the aid her poverty supplies;
Unfee'd, the calls of nature she obeys,
Not led by profit, not allured by praise;
And waiting long, till these contentions cease,
She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace.
Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid,
She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.
But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love."
But ah! too soon his looks success declared,
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1176.—AN ENGLISH FEN—GIPSIES.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straiten'd flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below,
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom,
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had rear'd;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet;
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes;
Train'd, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He mark'd the features of her vagrant race,

When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd
The vice implanted in her youthful breast;
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face.
Within the father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stain'd;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
With gipsy state engross'd the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look; with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits;
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half-supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1177.—THE DYING SAILOR.

Yes! there are real mourners.—I have seen
A fair, sad girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention (through the day) her duties claim'd,
And to be useful as resign'd she aim'd:
Neatly she drest, nor vainly seem'd t' expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But, when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past display'd,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid:
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestion'd truth;
In every place she wander'd, where they'd
been,
And sadly-sacred held the parting scene,
Where last for sea he took his leave—that
place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say,
Each time he sail'd,—"This once, and then
the day:"
Yet prudence tarried; but, when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.

Happy he sail'd, and great the care she
took,
That he should softly sleep, and smartly
look;
White was his better linen, and his cheek
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow:
For he to Greenland sail'd, and much she
told,
How he should guard against the climate's
cold,
Yet saw not danger; dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood:
His messmates smiled at flushings on his
cheek,
And he too smiled, but seldom would he
speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain;
Hope was awaken'd, as for home he sail'd,
But quickly sank, and never more prevail'd.

He call'd his friend, and prefaced with a
sigh
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die:
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing, go!—if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake;
Yes! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze,
blow on!
Give me one look, before my life be gone,
Oh! give me that, and let me not despair,
One last fond look—and now repeat the
prayer."

He had his wish, had more; I will not
paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint,—
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,
"Yes! I must die;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts,
meantime,
Were interchanged, and hopes and views
sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away:

With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer;
Apart, she sigh'd; alone, she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the book of prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said; but, as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past!

She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved—an offering of her love;
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead;
She would have grieved, had friends presumed to spare
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.

Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But, if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

Forbear, sweet maid! nor be by fancy led,
To hold mysterious converse with the dead;
For sure at length thy thoughts, thy spirit's pain,
In this sad conflict, will disturb thy brain;
All have their tasks and trials; thine are hard,
But short the time, and glorious the reward;
Thy patient spirit to thy duties give,
Regard the dead, but, to the living, live

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1178.—REFLECTIONS.

When all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth);
When the deluded soul in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to tr
And how to spare, to spend, to give
(Our prudence kind, our pity just),
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.
Its weakness when the body feels;
Nor danger in contempt defies;
To reason when desire appeals,
When on experience hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend,
But use it, as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose:—
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.
Yet thus, when we our way discern,
And can upon our care depend,
To travel safely, when we learn,
Behold! we're near our journey's end;
We've trod the maze of error round,
Long wandering in the winding glade;
And, now the torch of truth is found,
It only shows us where we stray'd:
Light for ourselves, what is it worth,
When we no more our way can choose?
For others, when we hold it forth,
They, in their pride, the boon refuse.
By long experience taught, we now
Can rightly judge of friends and foes,
Can all the worth of these allow,
And all their faults discern in those;
Relentless hatred, erring love,
We can for sacred truth forego;
We can the warmest friend reprove,
And bear to praise the fiercest foe:
To what effect? Our friends are gone
Beyond reproof, regard, or care;
And of our foes remains there one,
The mild relenting thoughts to share
Now 'tis our boast that we can quell
The wildest passions in their rage;
Can their destructive force repel,
And their impetuous wrath assuage:
Ah! Virtue, dost thou arm, when now
This bold rebellious race are fled;
When all these tyrants rest, and thou
Art warring with the mighty dead?
Revenge, ambition, scorn and pride,
And strong desire, and fierce disdain,
The giant-brood by thee defied,
Lo! Time's resistless strokes have slain.
Yet Time, who could that race subdue
(O'erpowering strength, appeasing rage),
Leaves yet a persevering crew,
To try the failing powers of age.
Vex'd by the constant call of these,
Virtue awhile for conquest tries;
But weary grown, and fond of ease,
She makes with them a compromise:

Avarice himself she gives to rest,
But rules him with her strict commands,
Bids Pity touch his torpid breast,
And Justice hold his eager hands.
Yet is there nothing men can do,
When chilling age comes creeping on?
Cannot we yet some good pursue?
Are talents buried? genius gone?
If passions slumber in the breast,
If follies from the heart be fled;
If laurels let us go in quest,
And place them on the poet's head.
Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,
And to neglected studies flee;
We'll build again the lofty rhyme,
Or live, Philosophy, with thee:
For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,
Eternal fame reward shall be;
And to what glorious heights we'll climb,
The admiring crowd shall envying see.
Begin the song! begin the theme!—
Alas! and is Invention dead?
Dream we no more the golden dream?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled?
Yes, 'tis too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate;
And thus th' important point decides,
For laurels, 'tis, alas! too late.
What is possess'd we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.
Beware then, Age, that what was won,
If life's past labours, studies, views,
Be lost not, now the labour's done,
When all thy part is,—not to lose;
When thou canst toil or gain no more,
Destroy not what was gain'd before.
For, all that's gain'd of all that's good,
When time shall his weak frame destroy
(Their use then rightly understood),
Shall man in happier state enjoy.
Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know th' enjoyment will be thine,
In that renew'd, that endless life!

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1179.—THE WIFE'S FUNERAL.

Then died, lamented, in the strength of life,
A valued mother, and a faithful wife:
Called not away, when time had loosed each hold
On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold;
But when, to all that knit us to our kind,
She felt fast bound, as charity can bind;—
Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care,
The drooping spirit for its fate prepare;
And, each affection failing, leaves the heart
Loosed from life's charm, and willing to depart:—
But all her ties the strong invader broke,
In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!
Sudden and swift the eager pest came on,
And terror grew, till every hope was gone,
Still those around appear'd for hope to seek:
But view'd the sick, and were afraid to speak.
Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead;
When grief grew loud, and bitter tears were shed,
My part began: a crowd drew near the place,
Awe in each eye, alarm in every face;
So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind,
That fear with pity mingled in each mind;
Friends with the husband came, their griefs to blend;
For good-man Frankford was to all a friend.
The last-born boy they held above the bier;
He knew not grief, but cries express'd his fear;
Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain,
In now a louder, now a lower strain!
While the meek father, listening to their tones,
Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans.
The elder sister strove her pangs to hide,
And soothing words to younger minds applied:
"Be still, be patient," oft she strove to stay!
But fail'd as oft, and weeping turned away.
Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill,
The village lads stood melancholy still;
And idle children, wandering to and fro,
As nature guided, took the tone of woe.
Arrived at home, how then they gazed around.
In every place—where she—no more was found:—
The seat at table she was wont to fill;
The fire-side chair, still set, but vacant still;
The garden-walks, a labour all her own;
The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;
The Sunday pew she filled with all her race,—
Each place of hers was now a sacred place:
That, while it called up sorrows in the eyes,
Pierced the full heart, and forced them still to rise.
Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried,
Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide;
If thou art mine (and who shall proudly dare
To tell his Maker, he has had a share?)
Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent,
And be my guide, and not my punishment!

George Crabbe.—Born 1754, *Died* 1832.

1180.—FROM THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
Stilled is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak

The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.
See, through the fractured pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptured shield,
The martin's old hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!

* * * *

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her cauldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel led;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
And heroes fled the sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray),
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt:
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sigh'd to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give.

* * *

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar.
What different spheres to human bliss assign'd!
What slow gradations in the scale of mind!
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought!
Th' adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's pray'r,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, woo'd the gale
That, rising, swell'd their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watch'd the streaming signal from the mast;

Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had bless'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipp'd the feathery surge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues portray'd
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the shore.
And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steer'd through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
Pelides-like, he leap'd the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet in honour'd dust disclosed,
Th' immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul?
And hence that calm delight the portrait gives:
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid;
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade!
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep:
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,
Won by the raptures of a game at play;
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.
What though the iron school of war erase
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace;
What though the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast;
Still shall this active principle preside,
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.
Th' intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild
Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguiled,
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.
Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:
Say why Vespasian loved his Sabine farm?
Why great Navarre, when France and freedom bled,
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed?
When Dioclesian's self-corrected mind
Th' imperial fasces of a world resign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his spade
In calm Salona's philosophic shade?
Say, when contentious Charles renounced a throne,
To muse with monks unletter'd and unknown,
What from his soul the parting tribute drew?
What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu?
The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppress'd.
Undamp'd by time, the generous Instinct glows
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest
On every form of varied life impress'd.
The social tribes its choicest influence hail:
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.
Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,
And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind;

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near:
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from the door,
Though all that knew him know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest or the vows of love?
Say, through the clouds what compass points her flight?
Monarchs have gazed, and nations bless'd the sight.
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies:
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wild she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When, with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dared not hope relief,
Want with her babes round generous Valour clung,
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand when welcomed from the sky.
Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon—'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confined!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew?
Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

* * *

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,
The stranger greets each native of his isle;
So scenes of life, when present and confest,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,
With every claim of close affinity!

* * *

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1181.—FROM "HUMAN LIFE."

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;

For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brew'd, in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled."
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wond'rous change,
As any that the wand'ring tribes require,
Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

* * *

The day arrives, the moment wish'd and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom press'd,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard,
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!
But soon a nobler task demands her care.
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there!
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1182.—FROM "THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS."

The sails were furl'd; with many a melting close,
Solemn and slow the evening anthem rose,
Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,
When setting suns o'er summer seas display
A path of glory, opening in the west
To golden climes and islands of the blest;
And human voices, on the silent air,
Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there!
Chosen of men! 'Twas thine, at noon of night,
First from the prow to hail the glimmering light
(Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray
Enters the soul and makes the darkness day!):
"Pedro! Rodrigo! there methought it shone!
There—in the west; and now, alas! 'tis gone!—
'Twas all a dream! we gaze and gaze in vain!
But mark and speak not, there it comes again!
It moves!—what form unseen, what being there
With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?
His instincts, passions, say, how like our own!
Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

Long on the deep the mists of morning lay,
Then rose, revealing as they roll'd away
Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods
Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:
And say, when all, to holy transport given,
Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,
When one and all of us, repentant, ran,
And, on our faces, bless'd the wondrous man;
Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies
Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?
"Glory to God!" unnumber'd voices sung,
"Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,
Voices that hail'd creation's primal morn,
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.
Slowly, bareheaded, through the surf we bore
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kiss'd the shore.
But what a scene was there! Nymphs of romance,
Youths graceful as the fawn, with eager glance,
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,
"Come and behold the children of the Sun!"
When hark, a signal shot! The voice, it came
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,
As in a picture, all at once were still!
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,
Check'd their light footsteps—statue-like they stood
As worshipp'd forms, the Genii of the Wood!
At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!
Still where it moves the wise in council wait!
See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,
And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold;
These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass
The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.
What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,
Kindling with stars at noon th' ethereal dome!
'Tis here: and here circles of solid light
Charm with another self the cheated sight;
As man to man another self disclose,
That now with terror starts, with triumph glows!
Then Cora came, the youngest of her race,
And in her hands she hid her lovely face;
Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,
And now with playful step the mirror pass'd,
Each bright reflection brighter than the last!
And oft behind it flew, and oft before;
The more she search'd, pleased and perplex'd the more!
And look'd and laugh'd, and blush'd with quick surprise!
Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes!
But soon the telescope attracts her view:
And lo, her lover in his light canoe
Rocking, at noontide, on the silent sea,
Before her lies! It cannot, cannot be.
Late as he left the shore, she linger'd there,
Till, less and less, he melted into air!
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,
And say—that murmur—was it not his name?
She turns, and thinks, and, lost in wild amaze,
Gazes again, and could for ever gaze!

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1183.—GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arch'd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" Her vest of gold
'Broider'd with flowers, and clasp'd from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronét of pearls. But then her face,

So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remain'd to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And fill'd his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guess'd
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"Ginevra." There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she conceal'd herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fasten'd her down for ever!

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1184.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow:
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know!

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!
Her fair hands folded on her breast:
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above controul
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee:
And may the secret of thy soul
Remain within its sanctuary!

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1185.—A WISH.

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1186.—AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound;
Of crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1187.—TO THE BUTTERFLY.

Child of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day.

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1188.—ON A TEAR.

Oh that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.
The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

Samuel Rogers.—Born 1762, *Died* 1855.

1189.—LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1190.—THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn:
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1191.—ON KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the architect who plann'd,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deem'd the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on, as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1192.—LINES.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1193.—LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1194.—A PORTRAIT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1195.—TINTERN ABBEY.

Five years have pass'd; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
Which on a wild, secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees,
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
Though absent long,
These forms of beauty have not been to me,
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration—feelings, too,
Of unremember'd pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lighten'd; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turn'd to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrow'd from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have follow'd, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while

May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1196.—TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

Sweet Highland girl! a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And those gray rocks; that household lawn;
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, unfolding thus, ye seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
Th' embarrass'd look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech;
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be—
Thy father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her;
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1197.—AN OLD MAN'S REFLECTIONS.

Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside the fountain's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd;
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet, the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

But we are press'd with heavy laws;
And, often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1198.—ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and
stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see
no more!

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the
earth.

* * * *

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your
jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel,—I feel it
all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen,
While the earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines
warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm.

I hear, I hear, what joy I hear!
—But there 's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is
gone;
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat.
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But, trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's
mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

* * * *

The thought of our past years in me doth
breed
Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his
breast:—

Not for these I raise
The songs of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man, nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy:
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from thy sight,—
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy,
Which, having been, must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Think not of any severing of your loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight,
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live;
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears;
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1199.—YARROW VISITED.

And is this Yarrow?—this the stream
Of which my fancy cherished,
So faithfully, a waking dream?
An image that hath perish'd!
Oh that some minstrel's harp were near,
To utter notes of gladness,
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontroll'd meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here t' admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,

Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary!
The shatter'd front of Newark's towers,
Renown'd in border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength;
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
It promises protection
To studious ease, and generous cares,
And every chaste affection!

How sweet on this autumnal day,
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on my true love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreath'd my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt—and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1200.—TO A DISTANT FRIEND.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak!—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1201.—TO THE SKYLARK.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
—'Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond—
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1202.—TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice:
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place
That is fit home for Thee!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1203.—COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY, 1803.

Degenerate Douglas! O the unworthy lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these
Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:

For shelter'd places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1204.—UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.
Sept. 3, 1802.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1205.—ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER.

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
—The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode—O do not sigh
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

—Think what the home would be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd would melt away!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1206.—THE REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;
I listen'd till I had my fill;
And as I mounted up the hill
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1207.—THE DAFFODILS.

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1208.—TO THE DAISY.

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over,
The shape will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent Creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1209.—BY THE SEA.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walk'st with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1210.—TO SLEEP.

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one; the sound of rain, and bees

Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;—

I've thought of all by turns, and still I lie
Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first utter'd from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more I lay
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1211.—WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1212.—THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.

We walk'd along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun;
And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said
"The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering gray;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
And by the steaming rills,
We travell'd merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought?"

A second time did Matthew stop;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply:

"Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky that April morn
Of this the very brother.

With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And coming to the church stopp'd short
Beside my daughter's grave.

Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang:—she would have been
A very nightingale.

Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more—
For so it seem'd,—than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

And turning from her grave, I met
Beside the churchyard yew
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripp'd with foot so free;
She seem'd as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I look'd at her, and look'd again:
And did not wish her mine!"

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand,
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

Wordsworth.—Born 1770, *Died* 1850.

1213.—THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

I.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orb'd glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widow'd mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wish'd their lot like hers:
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race;
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunn'd with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood.
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fix'd countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turn'd her eyes
To Heaven, exclaiming, "Praised be the Lord!
He gave, He takes away!
The Lord our God is good!"

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1214.—A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

How calmly, gliding through the dark blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly-scatter'd leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh! how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars,
Which in that brightest moonlight well nigh quench'd,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attemper'd mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1215.—THE HOLLY TREE.

Oh, Reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those, who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;—
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they;
But, when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1216.—THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He know how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity account with Heaven,—
Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old Arch-Lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.
* * * *
Who should lament for him, Sir, in whose heart
Love had no place, nor natural charity?
The parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
With creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
How could it be but thus? Arithmetic
Was the sole science he was ever taught;
The multiplication-table was his Creed,
His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
The open air and sunshine of the fields,
To give his blood its natural spring and play,
He, in a close and dusky counting-house,
Smoke-dried, and sear'd, and shrivell'd up his heart.
So, from the way in which he was train'd up,
His feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
Poor muckworm! through his three-score years and ten,
And when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,
If that which served him for a soul were still
Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1217.—LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly, these passions are of earth,
They perish where they have their birth:
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1218.—THE MISER'S MANSION.

Thou mouldering mansion, whose embattled side
Shakes as about to fall at every blast;
Once the gay pile of splendour, wealth, and pride,
But now the monument of grandeur past.

Fallen fabric! pondering o'er thy time-traced walls,
Thy mouldering, mighty, melancholy state;
Each object to the musing mind recalls
The sad vicissitudes of varying fate.

Thy tall towers tremble to the touch of time,
The rank weeds rustle in thy spacious courts;
Fill'd are thy wide canals with loathly slime,
Where, battening undisturb'd, the foul toad sports.

Deep from her dismal dwelling yells the owl,
The shrill bat flits around her dark retreat;
And the hoarse daw, when loud the tempests howl,
Screams as the wild winds shake her secret seat.

'Twas here Avaro dwelt, who daily told
His useless heaps of wealth in selfish joy;
Who loved to ruminate o'er hoarded gold,
And hid those stores he dreaded to employ.

In vain to him benignant Heaven bestow'd
The golden heaps to render thousands blest;
Smooth agèd penury's laborious road,
And heal the sorrows of affliction's breast.

For, like the serpent of romance, he lay
Sleepless and stern to guard the golden sight;
With ceaseless care he watch'd his heaps by day,
With causeless fears he agonized by night.

Ye honest rustics, whose diurnal toil
Enrich'd the ample fields this churl possest;
Say, ye who paid to him the annual spoil,
With all his riches, was Avaro blest?

Rose he, like you, at morn, devoid of fear,
His anxious vigils o'er his gold to keep?
Or sunk he, when the noiseless night was near,
As calmly on his couch of down to sleep?

Thou wretch! thus curst with poverty of soul,
What boot to thee the blessings fortune gave?
What boots thy wealth above the world's control,
If riches doom their churlish lord a slave?

Chill'd at thy presence grew the stately halls,
Nor longer echoed to the song of mirth;
The hand of art no more adorn'd thy walls,
Nor blazed with hospitable fires the hearth.

On well-worn hinges turns the gate no more,
Nor social friendship hastes the friend to meet;
Nor, when the accustom'd guest draws near the door,
Run the glad dogs, and gambol round his feet.

Sullen and stern Avaro sat alone,
In anxious wealth amid the joyless hall,
Nor heeds the chilly hearth with moss o'ergrown,
Nor sees the green slime mark the mouldering wall.

For desolation o'er the fabric dwells,
And time, on restless pinion, hurried by;
Loud from her chimney'd seat the night-bird yells,
And through the shatter'd roof descends the sky.

Thou melancholy mansion! much mine eye
Delights to wander o'er thy sullen gloom,
And mark the daw from yonder turret fly,
And muse how man himself creates his doom.

For here, had justice reign'd, had pity known
With genial power to sway Avaro's breast,
These treasured heaps which fortune made his own,
By aiding misery might himself have blest.

And charity had oped her golden store,
To work the gracious will of Heaven intent,
Fed from her superflux the craving poor,
And paid adversity what Heaven had lent.

Then had thy turrets stood in all their state,
Then had the hand of art adorn'd thy wall,
Swift on its well-worn hinges turn'd the gate,
And friendly converse cheer'd the echoing hall.

Then had the village youth at vernal hour
Hung round with flowery wreaths thy friendly gate,
And blest in gratitude that sovereign power
That made the man of mercy good as great.

The traveller then to view thy towers had stood,
Whilst babes had lisp'd their benefactor's name,
And call'd on Heaven to give thee every good,
And told abroad thy hospitable fame.

In every joy of life the hours had fled,
Whilst time on downy pinions hurried by,
'Till age with silver hairs had graced thy head,
Wean'd from the world, and taught thee how to die.

And, as thy liberal hand had shower'd around
The ample wealth by lavish fortune given,
Thy parted spirit had that justice found,
And angels hymn'd the rich man's soul to heaven.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1219.—AFTER BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found
He came to ask what he had found;
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly:
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . nay . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1220.—THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1221.—YOUTH AND AGE.

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
Administer delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide,
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Sorely along the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age!

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1222.—THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain?
The rich man ask'd of me; . . .

Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His looks were thin and white:
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night:

The cold was keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold:
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold:

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast:

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
When the night-wind was so chill:
She turn'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still;

Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye,
Who with a wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passers-by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse:
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he, . . .
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1223.—THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future; whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God,
And He hath not forgotten my age."

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1224.—THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The good old Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surges' swell,
The Mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
And he fix'd his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the priest of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go,
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sank the bell, with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Can'st hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
Cried they, "It is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide,

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1225.—BISHOP HATTO.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store;
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of rats, that only consume the corn."

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from the farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly," quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes,
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd; it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And up the tower their way is bent
To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or score,
By thousands they come, and by myriads and more;
Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgment had never been witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1226.—MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she seek;
Nor for raiment nor food doth she care:
Through her tatters the winds of the winter blow bleak
On that wither'd breast, and her weather-worn cheek
Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The traveller remembers who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And, smoking in silence with tranquil delight,
They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside
To hear the wind whistle without."
"What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied,
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win—for I know she will venture there now
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she enter'd, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent save when the rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fearlessly pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listen'd, nought else could she hear;
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column half breathless with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse they did bear.

Then Mary could feel the heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd,—
She felt, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—what a cold horror then thrill'd through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the Common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy;
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1227.—ST. ROMUALD.

One day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopt at an inn door:
The Landlord came to welcome him and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.
"Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell?"

The Traveller ask'd, "or is the old man dead?"
"No; he has left his loving flock, and we
So great a Christian never more shall see,"
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.
"Ah, sir, we knew his worth!
If ever there did live a saint on earth!
Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night.
Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with Dirt!
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

There has been perilous work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell;
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight,
All through a winter's night,
From sunset until morn.
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;
The Devil spitting fire with might and main,
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid:
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking cell.
This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt . . . O dear, how he did smell!

Then, sir, to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,

Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
"O belly, belly,
You would be gormandizing now, I know;
But it shall not be so!
Home to your bread and water, home, I tell ye!"

"But," quoth the Traveller, "wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?"
"Why," said the Landlord, "Sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour; and you know
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went."

"What might this honour be?" the Traveller cried.
"Why, sir," the host replied,
"We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave.
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he'll be made a saint of, to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night."

Robert Southey.—Born 1774, *Died* 1843.

1228.—TO HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1229.—A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimèd lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.
Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,

That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of thee meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And these forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys;
Where, though I, by sour physician,
And debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1230.—THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1231.—ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work;
A flow'ret crushèd in the bud
A nameless piece of Babyhood
Was in her cradle-coffin lying;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimèd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark
Why human buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
—Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells, and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity?

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1232.—THE CHRISTENING.

Array'd—a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the Font doth bring
The little helpless, nameless thing
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing.
Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assoil the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day;"
Now frighted clings to nurse's hold,
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
Strange words—The World, The Flesh, The Devil—
Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day
With quiet conscience, he can say,
"I have in part redeem'd the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce for me."

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1233.—THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

"Suck, baby, suck! mother's love *grows* by giving;
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting:

Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.

Kiss, baby, kiss! mother's lips shine by kisses;
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings:
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

Hang, baby, hang! mother's love loves such forces;
Strain the fond neck that bends still to thy clinging:
Black manhood comes, when violent lawless courses
Leave thee a spectacle in rude air swinging."

So sang a wither'd beldam energetical,
And bann'd the ungiving door with lips prophetical.

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1234.—CHILDHOOD.

In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope,
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled,)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the press'd daisy scarce declined her head.

Charles Lamb.—Born 1775, *Died* 1835.

1235.—STAFFA.

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I pass'd beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillar'd cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind forgot to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreath'd with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that rear'd the pile,
I hail'd the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt his presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

William Sotheby.—Born 1757, *Died* 1833.

1236.—APPROACH OF SAUL AND HIS GUARDS AGAINST THE PHILISTINES.

Hark! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of martial movement regular; the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war;
Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
Of beat on silver bars; and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose match'd voices fill'd the air afar
With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn;
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaim'd. Before him, youths
In robes succinct for swiftness; oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warn'd the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots roll'd with each an arm'd band;
Earth groan'd afar beneath their iron wheels:
Part arm'd with scythe for battle, part adorn'd
For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects,
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour: some
In silver cased, scale over scale, that play'd
All pliant to the litheness of the limb;
Some mail'd in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,

When act of war the strength of man provoked,
The motion of the muscles, as they work'd
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the 'broider'd baldric; each right hand
Grasp'd a long-shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs
Array'd; save on their shields of solid ore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war;
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
Gracefully play'd; where the wing'd shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
Broidure of many-colour'd figures rare.
Bright glow'd the sun, and bright the burnish'd mail
Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to song kept time;
And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
And flaunt of banners flashing to and fro
The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
Wide glitter'd. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mail'd, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flow'd
A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starr'd
With blaze of orient gems; the clasp that bound
Its gather'd folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire; and o'er his casque, where rubies burnt,
A cherub flamed and waved his wings in gold.

William Sotheby.—Born 1757, *Died* 1833.

1237. — SONG OF THE VIRGINS CELEBRATING THE VICTORY.

Daughters of Israel! praise the Lord of Hosts!
Break into song! With harp and tabret lift
Your voices up, and weave with joy the dance;
And to your twinkling footsteps toss aloft
Your arms; and from the flash of cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, measuring the giddy maze.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. I saw them in their rage;
I saw the gleam of spears, the flash of swords,
That rang against our gates. The warders' watch
Ceased not. Tower answer'd tower: a warning voice
Was heard without; the cry of woe within:
The shriek of virgins, and the wail of her,
The mother, in her anguish, who fore-wept,
Wept at the breast her babe as now no more.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Sing a new song. Spake not the insulting foe?
I will pursue, o'ertake, divide the spoil.
My hand shall dash their infants on the stones;
The ploughshare of my vengeance shall draw out
The furrow, where the tower and fortress rose.
Before my chariot Israel's chiefs shall clank
Their chains. Each side their virgin daughters groan;
Erewhile to weave my conquest on their looms.
Shout ye! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Thou heard'st, O God of battle! Thou, whose look
Snappeth the spear in sunder. In thy strength
A youth, thy chosen, laid their champion low.
Saul, Saul pursues, o'ertakes, divides the spoil;
Wreathes round our necks these chains of gold, and robes
Our limbs with floating crimson. Then rejoice,
Daughters of Israel! from your cymbals shake
Sweet clangour, hymning God! the Lord of Hosts!
Ye! shout! and ye! make answer, Saul hath slain
His thousands; David his ten thousands slain.
Such the hymned harmony, from voices breathed
Of virgin minstrels, of each tribe the prime
For beauty, and fine form, and artful touch
Of instrument, and skill in dance and song;
Choir answering choir, that on to Gibeah led
The victors back in triumph. On each neck
Play'd chains of gold; and, shadowing their charms
With colour like the blushes of the morn,
Robes, gift of Saul, round their light limbs, in toss
Of cymbals, and the many-mazed dance,
Floated like roseate clouds. Thus, these came on
In dance and song; then, multitudes that swell'd
The pomp of triumph, and in circles ranged

Around the altar of Jehovah, brought
Freely their offerings; and with one accord
Sang, "Glory, and praise, and worship unto God."
Loud rang the exultation. 'Twas the voice
Of a free people from impending chains
Redeem'd; a people proud, whose bosom beat
With fire of glory and renown in arms
Triumphant. Loud the exultation rang.
There, many a wife, whose ardent gaze from far
Singled the warrior whose glad eye gave back
Her look of love. There, many a grandsire held
A blooming boy aloft, and 'midst the array
In triumph, pointing with his staff, exclaim'd,
"Lo, my bravé son! I now may die in peace."
There, many a beauteous virgin, blushing deep,
Flung back her veil, and, as the warrior came,
Hail'd her betrothed. But, chiefly, on one alone
All dwelt.

William Sotheby.—Born 1757, *Died* 1833.

1238.—TO TIME.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1239.—HOPE.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

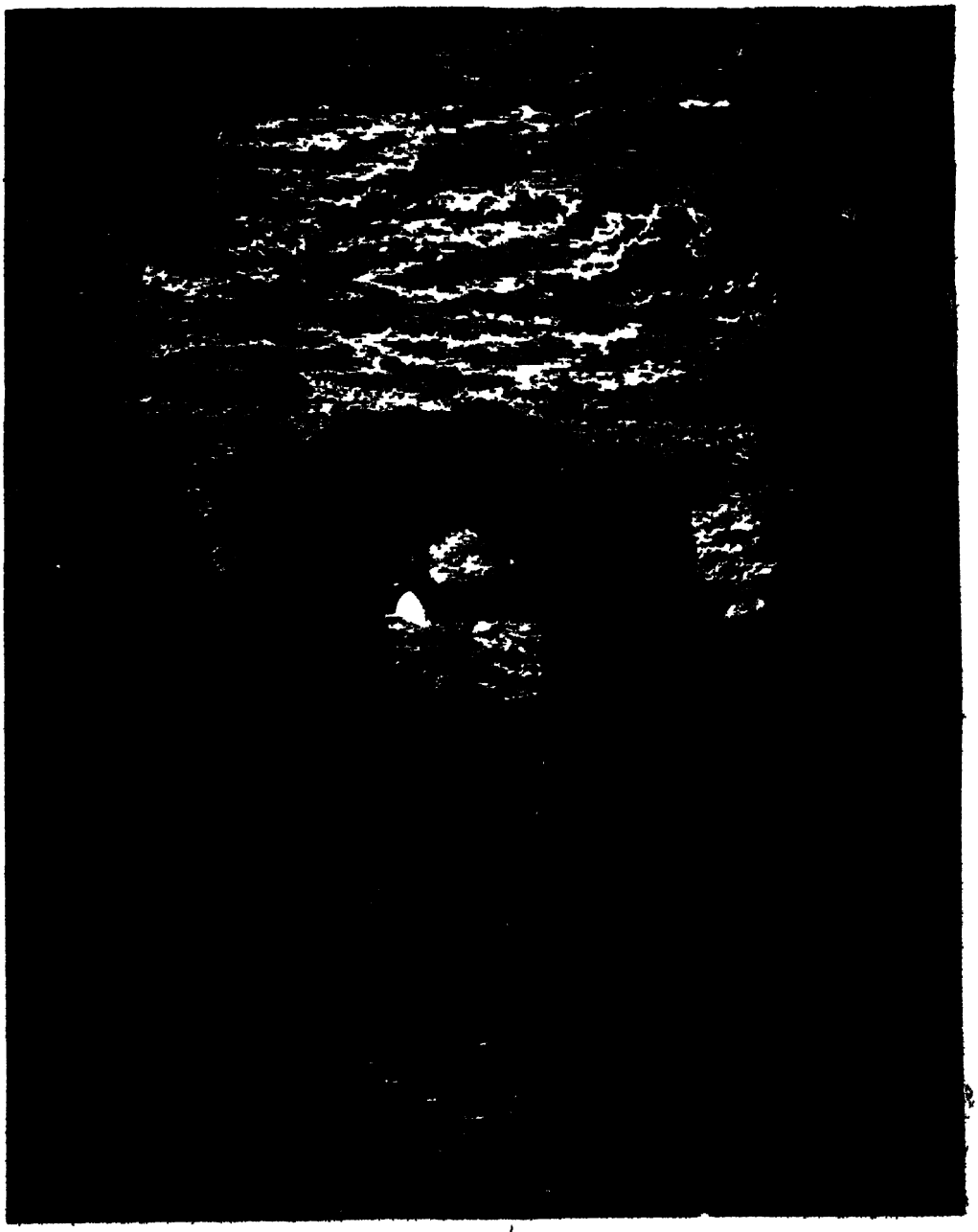
1240.—THE GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

When evening listen'd to the dripping oar,
Forgetting the loud city's ceaseless roar,
By the green banks, where Thames, with conscious pride,
Reflects that stately structure on his side,
Within whose walls, as their long labours close,
The wanderers of the ocean find repose,
We wore in social ease the hours away,
The passing visit of a summer's day.

Whilst some to range the breezy hill are gone,
I linger'd on the river's marge alone;
Mingled with groups of ancient sailors gray,
And watch'd the last bright sunshine steal away.

As thus I mused amidst the various train
Of toil-worn wanderers of the perilous main,
Two sailors—well I mark'd them (as the beam
Of parting day yet linger'd on the stream,
And the sun sunk behind the shady reach)—
Hasten'd with tottering footsteps to the beach.
The one had lost a limb in Nile's dread fight;
Total eclipse had veil'd the other's sight
For ever! As I drew more anxious near,
I stood intent, if they should speak, to hear;
But neither said a word! He who was blind
Stood as to feel the comfortable wind
That gently lifted his gray hair: his face
Seem'd then of a faint smile to wear the trace.

The other fix'd his gaze upon the light
Parting; and when the sun had vanish'd quite,
Methought a startling tear that Heaven might bless,
Unfelt, or felt with transient tenderness,
Came to his aged eyes, and touch'd his cheek!
And then, as meek and silent as before,
Back hand-in-hand they went, and left the shore.



A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

"How calmly gliding through the dark blue —
The moon ascends! Her placid beams
Through thinly-scattered leaves and boughs grotesque."

[Poem 12/1.

As they departed through the unheeding crowd,
A caged bird sung from the casement loud;
And then I heard alone that blind man say,
"The music of the bird is sweet to-day!"
I said, "O Heavenly Father! none may know
The cause these have for silence or for wo!"
Here they appear heart-stricken or resign'd
Amidst the unheeding tumult of mankind.

There is a world, a pure unclouded clime,
Where there is neither grief, nor death, nor time!
Nor loss of friends! Perhaps when yonder bell
Beat slow, and bade the dying day farewell,
Ere yet the glimmering landscape sunk to night,
They thought upon that world of distant light;
And when the blind man, lifting light his hair,
Felt the faint wind, he raised a warmer prayer;
Then sigh'd, as the blithe bird sung o'er his head,
"No morn will shine on me till I am dead!"

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1241.—THE GREENWOOD.

Oh! when 't is summer weather,
And the yellow bee, with fairy sound,
The waters clear is humming round,
And the cuckoo sings unseen,
And the leaves are waving green—
Oh! then 't is sweet,
In some retreat,
To hear the murmuring dove,
With those whom on earth alone we love,
And to wind through the greenwood together.

But when 't is winter weather,
And crosses grieve,
And friends deceive,
And rain and sleet
The lattice beat,—
Oh! then 't is sweet
To sit and sing
Of the friends with whom, in the days of Spring,
We roam'd through the greenwood together.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1242.—COME TO THESE SCENES OF PEACE.

Come to these scenes of peace,
Where, to rivers murmuring,
The sweet birds all the Summer sing,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease!
Stranger, does thy heart deplore
Friends whom thou wilt see no more?
Does thy wounded spirit prove
Pangs of hopeless, sever'd love?
Thee, the stream that gushes clear—
Thee, the birds that carol near
Shall soothe, as silent thou dost lie
And dream of their wild lullaby;
Come to bless these scenes of peace,
Where cares, and toil, and sadness cease.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1243.—ON THE FUNERAL OF CHARLES I.,

AT NIGHT IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The castle clock had toll'd midnight,
With mattock and with spade—
And silent, by the torches' light—
His corpse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name; that those
Of other years might know,
When earth its secret should disclose,
Whose bones were laid below.

"Peace to the dead!" no children sung,
Slow pacing up the nave;
No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
In many a sullen gust,
As o'er the open grave inclined,
We murmured, "Dust to dust!"

A moonbeam from the arch's height
Stream'd, as we placed the stone
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then
That shook along the walls,
Whilst the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing on the stalls.

'T is gone!—Again on tombs defaced
Sits darkness more profound;
And only by the torch we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilling, freezing air
Without blew long and loud;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer,
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—
No name, no trace appears!
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1244.—AT OXFORD, 1786.

Bereave me not of Fancy's shadowy dreams,
Which won my heart, or when the gay career
Of life begun, as when at times a tear

Sat sad on memory's cheek—though loftier themes
Await th' awaken'd mind, to the high prize
Of wisdom, hardly earn'd with toil and pain,
Aspiring patient; yet on life's wide plain
Left fatherless, where many a wanderer sighs
Hourly, and oft our road is lone and long,
'T were not a crime, should we a while delay
Amid the sunny field; and happier they
Who, as they journey, woo the charm of song,
To cheer their way—till they forget to weep,
And the tired sense is hush'd, and sinks to sleep.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1245.—WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND, AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore: and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the grey battlement,
And yon forsaken tow'r that Time has rent:—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep!
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's breast
A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1246.—AT BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

Ye holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep!
For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
Oft list'ning tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1247.—TO THE RIVER WENSBECK.

While slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
Wensbeck! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
To the dark woods above, that waving seem
To bend o'er some enchanted spot; removed
From life's vain coil, I listen to the wind,
And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclined
O'er the forsaken tomb of one she loved!—
Fair scenes! ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
To him who passes weary on his way—
The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
Shall thank you;—and whene'er of pleasures flown
His heart some long-lost image would renew,
Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850

1248.—TO THE RIVER TWEED.

O Tweed! a stranger, that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile
(If so his weary thoughts he might beguile),
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches that romantic bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850

1249.—SONNET.

Evening, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill,
And wood, I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tired mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1250.—ON LEAVING A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

Clysdale, as thy romantic vales I leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where fond attention seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I may return your varied views to mark,
Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
And many a soften'd image of the past
Pleased I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
To soothe me with fair views and fancies rude,
When I pursue my path in solitude.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1251.—SONNET.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient show'r
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1252.—ON A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

Ah! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
Above the wave, once more my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails!
Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave!
Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1253.—TO THE RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

Cherwell! how pleased along thy willow'd hedge
Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge!
And now reposing on thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music on my melancholy way
I woo'd: amid thy waving willows hoar
Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below:
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1254.—SONNET.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed with slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
In varying forms fantastic wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight.
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1255.—APRIL, 1793.

Whose was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promised methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love, and social scenes, it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That, oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
"No peace be thine," exclaim'd; "away, away!"

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1256.—NETLEY ABBEY.

Fall'n pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their prime
And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee: pale and forlorn,
Their brow, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift, majestic yet; as they would scorn
This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1257.—MAY, 1793.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flow'rs shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the songs of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle in the transient beam;
The shrubs and laurels which I loved to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1258.—ON REVISITING OXFORD.

I never hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford! and chime harmonious, but I say
(Sighing to think how time has worn away),
"Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
Heard after years of absence, from the vale
Where Cherwell winds." Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scatter'd wide
By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
Each better hope, since my poor ***** died,
What I have owed to thee, my heart can ne'er forget!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1259.—ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM BENWELL.

Thou camest with kind looks, when on the brink

Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
Though smitten sore: Oh, I did little think
That thou, my friend, would'st the first victim fall
To the stern King of Terrors! thou didst fly,
By pity prompted, at the poor man's cry;
And soon thyself wert stretch'd beneath the pall,
Livid Infection's prey. The deep distress
Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
To whom thy faith was vow'd, thy soul was true,
What pow'rs of falt'ring language shall express?
As friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
And sorrowing say, "Pure spirit, thou art gone!"

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1260.—ON REVIEWING THE FOREGOING.

I turn these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,
"Alas! how many friends of youth are dead,
How many visions of fair hope have fled,
Since first, my Muse, we met:"—So speeds away
Life, and its shadows; yet we sit and sing,
Stretch'd in the noontide bower, as if the day
Declined not, and we yet might trill our lay
Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
That fans us, while aloft the gay clouds shine!
Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,
Religion, may we bless thy purer light,
That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
On the vain visions of our passing days!

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1261.—PATH OF LIFE.

Oh Lord—in sickness and in health,
To every lot resign'd,
Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
A meek and thankful mind.

As life, thy upland path we tread,
And often pause in pain,
To think of friends and parents dead,
Oh! let us not complain.

The Lord may give or take away,
But nought our faith can move,
While we to Heaven can look, and say,
"Our Father lives above."

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762 *Died* 1850.

1262.—SUN-RISE.

When from my humble bed I rise,
And see the morning Sun;
Who, glorious in the eastern skies,
His journey has begun;

I think of that Almighty power,
Which call'd this orb from night;
I think how many at this hour
Rejoice beneath its light.

And then I pray, in every land,
Where'er this light is shed,
That all who live may bless the hand
Which gives their daily bread.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1263.—SUMMER'S EVENING.

As homeward by the evening star
I pass along the plain,
I see the taper's light afar
Shine through our cottage-pane.

My brothers and my sisters dear,
The child upon the knee,
Spring, when my hastening steps they hear,
And smile to welcome me.

And when the fire is growing dim,
And mother's labours cease,
I fold my hands, and say my hymn,
And "lay me down in peace."

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1264.—SPRING.—CUCKOO.

The bee is humming in the sun,
The yellow cowslip springs,
And hark! from yonder woodland's side,
Again the cuckoo sings!

"Cuckoo—Cuckoo!" no other note,
She sings from day to day;
But I, though a poor cottage-girl,
Can work, and read, and pray.

And whilst in knowledge I rejoice,
Which heavenly truth displays,
Oh! let me still employ my voice,
In my Redeemer's praise.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1265.—SHEEP-FOLD.

The sheep were in the fold at night;
And now, a new-born lamb
Totters and trembles in the light,
Or bleats beside its dam.

How anxiously the mother tries,
With every tender care,
To screen it from inclement skies,
And the cold morning air!

The hail-storm of the east is fled,
She seems with joy to swell,
While ever as she bends her head,
I hear the tinkling bell.

So while for me a mother's prayer
Ascends to Heaven above,
May I repay her tender care
With gratitude and love.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1266.—PRIMROSE.

'Tis the first primrose! see how meek,
Yet beautiful it looks;
As just a lesson it may speak
As that which is in books.

While gardens show in flow'ring pride,
The lily's stately ranks,
It loves its modest head to hide
Beneath the bramble-banks.

And so the little cottage-maid
May bloom unseen and die;
But she, when transient flow'rets fade,
Shall live with Christ on high.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1267.—BIRD'S NEST.

In yonder brake there is a nest,
But come not, George, too nigh,
Lest the poor mother frighten'd thence,
Should leave her young, and fly.

Think with what pain, through many a day,
Soft moss and straw she brought;
And let our own dear mother's care
Be present to our thought.

And think how must her heart deplore,
And droop with grief and pain,
If those she rear'd, and nursed, and loved,
She ne'er should see again.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1268.—WINTER.—REDBREAST.

Poor Robin sits and sings alone,
When showers of driving sleet,
By the cold winds of winter blown,
The cottage casement beat.

Come, let us share our chimney-nook,
And dry his dripping wing;
See, little Mary shuts her book,
And cries, "Poor Robin, sing."

Methinks I hear his faint reply—
"When cowslips deck the plain,
The lark shall carol in the sky,
And I shall sing again.

But in the cold and wintry day
To you I owe a debt,
That in the sunshine of the May,
I never can forget."

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1269.—BUTTERFLY AND BEE.

Methought I heard a butterfly
Say to a labouring bee,
"Thou hast no colours of the sky,
On painted wings like me!"

"Poor child of vanity, those dyes
And colours bright and rare
(With mild reproof the bee replies),
Are all beneath my care.

Content I toil from morn to eve,
And scorning idleness,—
To tribes of gaudy sloth I leave
The vanities of dress."

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1270.—GLOW-WORM.

Oh! what is this which shines so bright,
And in the lonely place
Hangs out his small green lamp at night,
The dewy bank to grace?

It is a glow-worm—Still and pale
It shines the whole night long,
When only stars, Oh! nightingale,
Seem list'ning to thy song.

And so, amid the world's cold night,
Through good report or ill,
Shines out the humble Christian's light,
As lonely and as still.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1271.—STAR-LIGHT FROST.

The stars are shining over head,
In the clear frosty night;
So will they shine when we are dead,
As countless and as bright.

For brief the time and short the space
That e'en the proudest have,
Ere they conclude their various race
In silence and the grave.

But the pure soul from dust shall rise,
By our great Saviour's aid,
When the last trump shall rend the skies,
And all the stars shall fade.

W. L. Bowles.—Born 1762, *Died* 1850.

1272.—THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke: yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1273.—THE BRIER.

My brier that smelledst sweet,
When gentle Spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that could'st injure none,
But would'st be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet-breathing brier,
Hung fondly ill or well?
And yet, methinks, with thee
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet; but, freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1274.—CHILDREN.

Children are what the mothers are.
No fondest father's fondest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.

His startled eyes with wonder see
A father near him on his knee,
Who wishes all the while to trace
The mother in his future face;
But 't is to her alone uprise
His wakening arms; to her those eyes
Open with joy and not surprise.

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1275.—IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON.

Iphigenia, when she heard her doom
At Aulis, and when all beside the king
Had gone away, took his right hand, and said:
"O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
Distinctly what the goddess spake;—old age
Obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
My voice so well, sometimes misunderstood,
While I was resting on her knee both arms,
And hitting it to make her mind my words,
And looking in her face, and she in mine,
Might not he, also, hear one word amiss,
Spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?"
The father placed his cheek upon her head,
And tears dropt down it; but the king of men
Replied not. Then the maiden spake once more:
"O father! sayest thou nothing? Hearest thou not
Me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
Listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
To hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
When it was inarticulate as theirs,
And the down deadened it within the nest?"
He moved her gently from him, silent still;
And this, and this alone, brought tears from her,
Although she saw fate nearer. Then with sighs:
"I thought to have laid down my hair before
Benignant Artemis, and not dimmed
Her polished altar with my virgin blood;
I thought to have selected the white flowers

To please the nymphs, and to have asked of each
By name, and with no sorrowful regret,
Whether, since both my parents willed the change,
I might at Hymen's feet bend my clipt brow;
And (after these who mind us girls the most)
Adore our own Athene, that she would
Regard me mildly with her azure eyes—
But, father, to see you no more, and see
Your love, O father! go ere I am gone!"
Gently he moved her off, and drew her back,
Bending his lofty head far over hers;
And the dark depths of nature heaved and burst.
He turned away—not far, but silent still.
She now first shuddered; for in him, so nigh,
So long a silence seem'd the approach of death,
And like it. Once again she raised her voice:
"O father! if the ships are now detain'd,
And all your vows move not the gods above,
When the knife strikes me there will be one prayer
The less to them; and purer can there be
Any, or more fervent, than the daughter's prayer
For her dear father's safety and success?"
A groan that shook him shook not his resolve.
An aged man now entered, and without
One word, stepped slowly on, and took the wrist
Of the pale maiden. She look'd up, and saw
The fillet of the priest and calm cold eyes.
Then turn'd she where her parent stood, and cried:
"O father! grieve no more: the ships can sail."

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1276.—TO MACAULAY.

The dreamy rhymer's measured snore
Falls heavy on our ears no more;
And by long strides are left behind
The dear delights of womankind,
Who wage their battles like their loves,
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,
And have achieved the crowning work
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.
Another comes with stouter tread,
And stalks among the statelier dead:
He rushes on, and hails by turns
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns;
And shows the British youth, who ne'er
Will lag behind, what Romans were,
When all the Tuscans and their Lars
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1277.—THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

The wisest of the wise
Listen to pretty lies,
And love to hear them told;
Doubt not that Solomon
Listen'd to many a one—
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among
The choir of Wisdom's song,
But pretty lies loved I
As much as any king—
When youth was on the wing,
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not
The pleasant hour forgot,
When one pert lady said—
"O, Landor!—I am quite
Bewilder'd with affright;
I see (sit quiet now!) a white hair on your head!"

Another, more benign,
Drew out that hair of mine,
And in her own dark hair
Pretended she had found
That one, and twirl'd it round.—
Fair as she was, she never was so fair.

W. S. Landor.—Born 1775, *Died* 1864.

1278.—'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of Summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1279.—WREATHE THE BOWL.

Wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!
Should Love amid
The wreaths be hid
That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
No danger fear
While wine is near—
We'll drown him if he stings us.
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

'Twas nectar fed
Of old, it's said,
Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
And man may brew
His nectar too;
The rich receipt's as follows:—
Take wine like this;
Let looks of bliss
Around it well be blended;
Then bring Wit's beam
To warm the stream,
And there's your nectar, splendid!
So wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreathe the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest Wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heav'n to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780 *Died* 1852.

1280.—FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Wit's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes
As when through the frame
It shoots from brimming glasses.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Sages can, they say,
Grasp the lightning's pinions,
And bring down its ray
From the starred dominions:—
So we, sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers bright'ning,
From the heaven of wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Would'st thou know what first
Made our souls inherit
This ennobling thirst
For wine's celestial spirit?
It chanced upon that day,
When, as bards inform us,
Prometheus stole away
The living fires that warm us:

The careless Youth, when up
To glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh his joy, when, round
The halls of heaven spying
Among the stars, he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying!

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,
With which the sparks of soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.
Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair!
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1281.—AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then?

Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link.
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1282.—FRIEND OF MY SOUL.

Friend of my soul! this goblet sip—
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, O! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade—
These flowers were culled at noon;
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But ah! not half so soon:
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
The heart can bloom no more.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1283.—GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE!

Go where glory waits thee;
But, while Fame elates thee,
O still remember me!
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me!
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee—
All the joys that bless thee
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me!

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me!
Think when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O, thus remember me!
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them;
O then remember me!

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O, still remember me!
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee—
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
O then remember me!

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1284.—FLY TO THE DESERT.

Fly to the desert, fly with me—
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, O! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough; but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair—
Lonely and sweet, nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare; but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree—
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loveliness.

O! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
Now as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn;

Come, if the love thou hast for me,
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place—

Then, fare thee well; I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1285.—THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1286.—SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the free;
And, there, the last unfinish'd word
He dying wrote, was "Liberty!"

At night a sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea;—
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty!

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1287.—O! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

O! breathe not his name! let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
As the night dew that falls on the grave o'er his head.

But the night dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1288.—THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1289.—ARRANMORE.

O! Arranmore, loved Arranmore,
How oft I dream of thee!
And of those days when by thy shore
I wander'd young and free.
Full many a path I've tried since then,
Through pleasure's flowery maze,
But ne'er could find the bliss again
I felt in those sweet days.

How blithe upon the breezy cliffs
At sunny morn I've stood,
With heart as bounding as the skiffs
That danced along the flood!
Or when the western wave grew bright
With daylight's parting wing,
Have sought that Eden in its light
Which dreaming poets sing—

That Eden where th' immortal brave
Dwell in a land serene—
Whose bowers beyond the shining wave,
At sunset, oft are seen;
Ah, dream, too full of saddening truth!
Those mansions o'er the main
Are like the hopes I built in youth—
As sunny and as vain!

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1290.—MIRIAM'S SONG.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1291.—ECHOES.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

Yet Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only Dear
Breathed back again.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1292.—THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1293.—THE JOURNEY ONWARDS.

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us!

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us!

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

Thomas Moore.—Born 1780, *Died* 1852.

1294.—MR. MURRAY'S PROPOSAL.

I've a proposal here from Mr. Murray.
He offers handsomely—the money down;
My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front parlour for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think;
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes;
By Monday next I'll compass a new pair
Come now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up. Arms and the Monks I sing.

J. H. Frere.—Born 1769, *Died* 1846.

1295.—THE GIANTS AND THE ABBEY.

Oft that wild untutor'd race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environ'd them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each would venture—"Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
In music!"

J. H. Frere.—Born 1769, *Died* 1846.

1296.—WAR SONG ON THE VICTORY OF BRUNNENBURG.

The gates were then thrown open,
and forth at once they rush'd,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
back to the camp were push'd;
The camp was all in tumult,
and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
the battle soon must join,
"My men stand here in order,
ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank
before I give the sign."

Pero Bermuez heard the word,
but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
he gave his horse the rein;
"You see yon foremost squadron there,
the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
for there your banner goes!
Let him that serves and honours it,
show the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid call'd out,
"For heaven's sake be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold,"
so eager was his will.
He spurr'd his horse, and drove him on
amid the Moorish rout:
They strove to win the banner,
and compass'd him about.
Had not his armour been so true,
he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid call'd out again,
"For heaven's sake succour him!"
Their shields before their breasts,
forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest
lovell'd fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down
towards the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
his shout was heard afar,
"I am Rui Diaz,
the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
for sweet mercies' sake!"
There where Bermuez fought
amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred banner'd knights,
it was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they kill'd,
a man at every blow:
When they wheel'd and turn'd,
as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances,
and level them again.
There you might see the breastplates,
how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield
lie scatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white
mark'd with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild
whose riders had been slain.

J. H. Frere.—Born 1769, *Died* 1846.

1297.—HOPE TRIUMPHANT IN DEATH.

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return;
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the Phœnix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—

Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1298.—DOMESTIC LOVE.

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway;
Free on the sunny slope or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes, and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep;
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend by nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky;
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1299.—MATERNAL CARE.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy:
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire, the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
Shall soothe this aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,
I lay my head beneath the willow tree;
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come, at evening hour, to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply:
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1300.—BATTLE OF WYOMING, AND DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star—
And sounds that mingled laugh, and shout, and scream,
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd,
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd:
And ay, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wailed.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints—she falters not—the heroic fair,
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace—he clasp'd his dearest care;
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade!
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade!

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
His plumèd host the dark Iberian joins;
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle shines.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer
To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng,
Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts;
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, erelong
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr-light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle-flash is faster driven—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight yon distant towers to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relax'd to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's wo!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy wo's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-loved shroud—
While woman's softer soul in wo dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,

He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came,
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"And I could weep," the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in wo!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1301.—TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary laborer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven,
By absence from the heart.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1302.—SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!

Yet, remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has rueing;
Other smiles may make you fickle;
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly;
Bind its odor to the lily;
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver;
Then bind Love to last for ever!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1303.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

——Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. O! Mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1304.—HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steeds to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1305.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1306.—BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line—

It was ten of April morn by the chime.
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king."

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light;
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst thy wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1307.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing—
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd through storm and shade
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!"

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1308.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1309.—HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallow'd ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallow'd ground where, mourn'd and miss'd,
The lips repose our love has kiss'd:—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallow'd down to earth's profound,
And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptur'd piles you heap!—
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—But Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace! love!—the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Made music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime,
Immortal dawn.

What's hallow'd ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallow'd ground!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1310.—THE PARROT.

A parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chatter'd many a day:
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1311.—NAPOLEON AND THE SAILOR.

A TRUE STORY.

Napoleon's banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffer'd him—I know not how—
Unprison'd on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over,
With envy, they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banish'd sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day laborious; lurking
Until he launch'd a tiny boat
By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 'twas a thing beyond
Description wretched: such a wherry
Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
Or cross'd a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea-field,
It would have made the boldest shudder;
Untarr'd, uncompass'd, and unkeel'd,
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
And thus equipp'd he would have pass'd
The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
His little Argo sorely jeering;
Till tidings of him chanced to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace and danger;
And in his wonted attitude,
Address'd the stranger:—

"Rash man that wouldst yon channel pass
On twigs and staves so rudely fashion'd;
Thy heart with some sweet British lass
Must be impassion'd."

"I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
"But—absent long from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye've both my favour fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipp'd to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparte.

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1312.—ADELGITHA.

The ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
And sad pale Adelgitha came,
When forth a valiant champion bounded,
And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, deliver'd from her danger;
But when he knelt to claim her glove—
"Seek not," she cried, "oh! gallant stranger,
For hapless Adelgitha's love.

For he is in a foreign far land
Whose arms should now have set me free;
And I must wear the willow garland
For him that 's dead or false to me."

"Nay! say not that his faith is tainted!"
He raised his visor—at the sight
She fell into his arms and fainted;
It was indeed her own true knight!

Thomas Campbell.—Born 1777, *Died* 1844.

1313.—ALONZO THE BRAVE AND THE FAIR IMOGINE.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's, the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!"

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle toll'd—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he utter'd no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he look'd not around—
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled—"I pray
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His vizor he slowly unclosed;
Oh, God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
All turn'd with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported in his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogine:

"Behold me, thou false one, behold me!" he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

M. G. Lewis.—Born 1773, *Died* 1818.

1314.—DESCRIPTION OF MELROSE ABBEY.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruin'd central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Show'd many a prophet and many a saint;
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moonbeam kiss'd the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1315.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now and what hath been,
Seems as to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my wither'd cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1316.—DEATH OF MARMION.

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost.
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain wide,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She——died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,

Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung;
"Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1317.—YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all!
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!
There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grœmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1318.—JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye—
Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye shall be his bride;
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,
Sae comely to be seen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley dale:
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair,
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfry fresh and fair;
And you the foremost of them a'
Shall ride, our forest queen."—
But ay she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide;
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And knight and dame are there:
They sought her both by bower and ha';
The ladye was not seen.—
She 's o'er the border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1319.—SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come, with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
And if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my dear bride and me, Mary!

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1320.—SONG.

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow—
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again."
He turn'd his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore;
He gave his bridle reins a shake,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1321.—BORDER BALLAD.

March, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale!
Why the de'il dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale!
All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border!
Many a banner spread
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready, then,
Sons of the mountain glen,
Fight for the Queen and our old Scottish glory.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing;
Come from the glen of the buck and the roe;
Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing;
Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
Trumpets are sounding;
War-steeds are bounding;
Stand to your arms, and march in good order.
England shall many a day
Tell of the bloody fray,
When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1322.—PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU.

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil!

Come away, come away—
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and Commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one;
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come when
Navies are stranded!
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster—
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

Fast they come, fast they come—
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1323.—CORONACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font re-appearing
From the rain-drops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The Autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1324.—HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze—
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And O, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, the blood of goats,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize—
A contrite heart, and humble thoughts,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

Sir W. Scott.—Died 1771, *Born* 1832.

1325.—CADYOW CASTLE.

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Then, thrilling to the harp's gay sound,
So sweetly rung each vaulted wall,
And echoed light the dancer's bound,
As mirth and music cheer'd the hall.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,
And vaults by ivy mantled o'er,
Thrill to the music of the shade,
Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still of Cadyow's faded fame
You bid me tell a minstrel tale,
And tune my harp of border frame
On the wild banks of Evandale.

For thou, from scenes of courtly pride,
From pleasure's lighter scenes can turn,
To draw oblivion's pall aside,
And mark the long-forgotten urn.

Then, noble maid, at thy command
Again the crumbled walls shall rise;
Lo, as on Evan's bank we stand,
The past returns—the present flies.

Where, with the rocks' wood-covered side,
Were blended late the ruins green,
Rise turrets in fantastic pride,
And feudal bannors flaunt between:

Where the rude torrent's brawling course
Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,
The ashler buttress braves its force,
And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shades of keep and spire
Obscurely dance on Evan's stream;
And on the wave the warder's fire
Is chequering the moonlight beam.

Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
The weary warder leaves his tower;
Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
And merry hunters quit the bower.

The drawbridge falls—they hurry out—
Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
As, dashing o'er, the jovial rout
Urge the shy steed and slack the rein.

First of his troop the chief rode on;
His shouting merry-men shout behind;
The steed of princely Hamilton
Was fleeter than the mountain wind.

From the thick copse the roebucks bound,
The startled red deer scuds the plain,
For the hoarse bugle's warrior-sound
Has roused their mountain haunts again.

Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
What sullen roar comes down the gale,
And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quiver'd hand
He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown,
Struggling in blood the savage lies;
His roar is sunk in hollow groan,—
Sound, merry huntsmen, sound the pryse!

'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
The hunters rest the idle spear;
Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man
That bore the name of Hamilton.

"Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?"

Stern Claude replied, with darkening face
(Grey Paisley's haughty lord was he),
"At merry feast or buxom chase
No more the warrior wilt thou see.

Few suns have set since Woodhouselee
Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
When to his hearths, in social glee,
The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

There, wan from her maternal throes,
His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
Sat in her bower, a pallid rose,
And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

Oh, change accursed! pass'd are those days;
False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk through woodland flows,
Her arms enfold a shadowy child,—
Oh! is it she, the pallid rose?

The 'wilder'd traveller sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe,—
'Revenge,' she cries, 'on Murray's pride,
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!'"

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
Burst mingling from the kindred band,
And half arose the kindling chief,
And half unsheathed his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream, and rock,
Rides headlong with resistless speed,
Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eyeballs glare,
As one some vision'd sight that saw;
Whose hands are bloody, lose his hair?—
'Tis he, 'tis he, 'tis Bothwellhaugh!

From gory selle and reeling steed
Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
And, reeking from the recent deed,
He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—"'Tis sweet to hear
In good greenwood the bugle blown,
But sweeter to Revenge's ear
To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trode
At dawning morn o'er dale and down,
But prouder base-born Murray rode
Through old Linlithgow's crowded town.

From the wild Border's humbled side
In haughty triumph marchèd he;
While Knox relax'd his bigot pride,
And smiled the traitorous pomp to see.

But can stern power with all her vaunt,
Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
Or change the purpose of Despair?

With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
Dark as the purposed deed, I chose;
And mark'd where, mingling in his band,
Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

Dark Morton, girt with many a spear,
Murder's foul minion, led the van;
And clash'd their broadswords in the rear
The wild Macfarlane's plaided clan.

Glencairn and stout Parkhead were nigh,
Obsequious at their regent's rein,
And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
Proud Murray's plumage floated high;
Scarce could his trampling charger move,
So close the minions crowded nigh.

From the raised vizor's shade his eye,
Dark rolling, glanced the ranks along;
And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
A passing shade of doubt and awe;
Some fiend was whispering in his breast—
Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh.

The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
Wild rises tumult's startling roar!
And Murray's plumy helmet rings—
Rings on the ground—to rise no more.

What joy the raptured youth can feel
To hear her love the loved one tell—
Or he who broaches on his steel
The wolf by whom his infant fell!

But dearer to my injured eye
To see in dust proud Murray roll;
And mine was ten times trebled joy
To hear him groan his felon soul.

My Margaret's spectre glided near,
With pride her bleeding victim saw,
And shriek'd in his death-deafen'd ear,
Remember injured Bothwellhaugh!

Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault!
Spread to the wind thy banner'd tree!
Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow!
Murray is fallen and Scotland free!"

Vaults every warrior to his steed;
Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
"Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed!
Couch, Arran, couch thy spear of flame!"

But see, the minstrel vision fails,—
The glimmering spears are seen no more;
The shouts of war die on the gales,
Or sink in Evan's lonely roar.

For the loud bugle, pealing high,
The blackbird whistles down the vale,
And sunk in ivied ruins lie
The banner'd towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
And Vengeance shouting o'er the slain,
Lo! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may peace and pleasure own
The maids who list the minstrel's tale;
Nor e'er a ruder guest be known,
On the fair banks of Evandale.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1326.—THE OUTLAW.

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily:
"O Brignall Banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen."

"If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfry good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood."
"A Ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she, "Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die!
The fiend, whose lantern lights the mead,
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,
What once we were we all forgot,
Nor think what we are now."

CHORUS.

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer-queen.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1327.—A SERENADE.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To Beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1328.—WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

Where shall the lover rest
Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast
Parted for ever?
Where, through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die
Under the willow.
Eleu loro
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day
Cool streams are laving:
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted for ever,
Never again to wake
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin, and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying;
Eleu loro
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
O'er the falsehearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted:
Shame and dishonour sit
By his grave ever;
Blessing shall hallow it
Never, O never!
Eleu loro
Never, O never!

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1329.—THE MAID OF NEIDPATH.

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her Love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.



HUNTING AND HAWKING.

"Waken, lords and ladies gay—
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting spear."

[*Poem* 1332.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1330.—THE PRIDE OF YOUTH.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?"
—"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"
—"The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady."

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1331.—ROSABELLE.

O listen, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?"

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle."

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!

And each Saint Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1332.—HUNTING SONG.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming,
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;

We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay;
Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay
Waken, lords and ladies gay!
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay!

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1333.—THE PALMER.

"Open the door, some pity to show!
Keen blows the northern wind!
The glen is white with the drifted snow,
And the path is hard to find.

No outlaw seeks your castle gate,
From chasing the king's deer,
Though even an outlaw's wretched state
Might claim compassion here.

A weary Palmer worn and weak,
I wander for my sin;
O, open, for our Lady's sake!
A pilgrim's blessing win!

The hare is crouching in her form,
The hart beside the hind;
An aged man, amid the storm,
No shelter can I find.

You hear the Ettrick's sullen roar,
Dark, deep, and strong is he,
And I must ford the Ettrick o'er,
Unless you pity me.

The iron gate is bolted hard,
At which I knock in vain;
The owner's heart is closer barr'd,
Who hears me thus complain.

Farewell, farewell! and Heaven grant,
When old and frail you be,
You never may the shelter want,
That's now denied to me!"

The Ranger on his couch lay warm,
And heard him plead in vain;
But oft, amid December's storm,
He'll hear that voice again:

For lo, when through the vapours dank
Morn shone on Ettrick fair,
A corpse, amid the alders rank,
The Palmer welter'd there.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1334.—THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

The Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lords pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
When spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess but dare not tell;
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight's lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange this rude unhallow'd noise;

To-day th' ill-omen'd chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who, for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?

Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray;
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend.
Halloo, halloo! and, hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right,
Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs from yonder tangled thorn
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rang the Wildgrave's horn,
"Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way:
He gasps, the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still "Forward, forward!" on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with autumn's blessing crown'd;
See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
A husbandman, with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
"Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd,
In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
Th' impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born!
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rang his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done; a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale;
While follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man, and horse, and hound, and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along;
While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestic herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall;
"O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! To stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd in ruthless scorn
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near;
The murderous cries the stag appal,—
Again he starts new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid the forest's gloom
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man, and horse, and horn, and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With "Hark away! and holla, ho!"

All mild amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer;
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain;
Revere His altar, and forbear!

The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey:
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs' sainted song,
Not God himself shall make me turn!"

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse, and man, and horn, and hound,
And clamour of the chase was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed th' affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn;
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark, as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke,

"Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate spirits' hardened tool!
Scorner of God, scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

Be chased for ever through the wood;
For ever roam th' affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forest's brown;
Up rose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
A louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn;
And "Hark away, and holla, ho!"

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1335.—CHRISTMAS.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear,
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all:
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of "post and pair."
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1236.—HYMN FOR THE DEAD.

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!

Sir W. Scott.—Born 1771, *Died* 1832.

1337.—TO THOMAS MOORE.

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

Here's a sigh for those that love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1338.—MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go.

By those tresses unconfined,
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,

By that lip I long to taste;
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe.

Maid of Athens! I am gone
Think of me, sweet, when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1339.—THE GIRL OF CADIZ.

I.

Oh, never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely Girl of Cadiz.
Although her eyes be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses',
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

II.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes;
And as along her bosom steal
In lengthen'd flow her raven tresses,
You'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
And curl'd to give her neck caresses.

III.

Our English maids are long to woo,
And frigid even in possession;
And if their charms be fair to view,
Their lips are slow at Love's confession;
But, born beneath a brighter sun,
For love ordain'd the Spanish maid is,
And who,—when fondly, fairly won,—
Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

IV.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
Nor joys to see a lover tremble;
And if she love, or if she hate,
Alike she knows not to dissemble.
Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold—
Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
And, though it will not bend to gold,
'Twill love you long, and love you dearly.

V.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial;
For every thought is bent to prove
Her passion in the hour of trial.
When thronging foemen menace Spain
She dares the deed and shares the danger;
And should her lover press the plain,
She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

VI.

And when, beneath the evening star,
She mingles in the gay Bolero;
Or sings to her attuned guitar
Of Christian knight or Moorish hero;
Or counts her beads with fairy hand
Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper;
Or joins devotion's choral band
To chant the sweet and hallow'd vesper:

VII.

In each her charms the heart must move
Of all who venture to behold her.
Then let not maids less fair reprove,
Because her bosom is not colder;
Through many a clime 'tis mine to roam
Where many a soft and melting maid is,
But none abroad, and few at home,
May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1340.—STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep;
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee.
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1341.—THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world—
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality;
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts;
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being; they become

A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of Eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will;
They shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—the mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision, which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

II.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity; the last,
As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array—so fix'd,
Not by the sport of Nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath;
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers; but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers;
She was his voice; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words; she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much;
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him—
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another. Even now she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
There was an ancient mansion; and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd.
Within an antique oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro. Anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook, as 'twere
With a convulsion—then arose again;
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet. As he paused,
The lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then; and yet
She knew she was by him beloved; she knew—
How quickly comes such knowledge! that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched; but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced; and then it faded as it came.
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired; but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles. He pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall;
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Boy was sprung to manhood. In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not

Himself like what he had been; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all; and in the last he lay,
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in Heaven.

V.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better. In her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,—
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty. But behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved;
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affection, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

VI.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Wanderer was return'd—I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair; but was not that which made
The starlight of his Boyhood. As he stood,
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet; and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words;
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny—came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

VII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Lady of his love—O! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling; and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable, and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

VIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream:
The Wanderer was alone, as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation—compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him; until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons; and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment. He lived
Through that which had been death to many men;
And made him friends of mountains. With the stars,
And the quick spirit of the Universe,
He held his dialogues! and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries;
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret—Be it so.

IX.

My dream was past: it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1342.—WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I know thee,
Who knew thee too well.
Long, long, shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
In silence and tears.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1343.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath flown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail;
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1344.—SONG OF THE GREEK POET.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore

The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain! strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1345.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

Eternal spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom—
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard!—May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

I.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears;
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose;
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death.
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven, who now are one—
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd—
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars, of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left—
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp;
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er;
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone;
And we were three—yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together, yet apart—
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each—
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,
As they of yore were wont to be;
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three;
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do, and did, my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven—
For him my soul was sorely moved;
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free),
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone—
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was, as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for naught but other's ills;
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the wo
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy; but not in chains to pine.
His spirit wither'd with their clank;
I saw it silently decline—
And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine!
But yet I forced it on, to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
A thousand feet in depth below,
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave,
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd.
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high,
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd;
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined;
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men,
Like brutes, within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart or limb;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—he died.

I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: I found him not.
I only stirr'd in this black spot;
I only lived—I only drew.
Th' accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and ther
I know not well—I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none:
Among the stones I stood a stone;
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist:
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime;
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death—
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

X.

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then, by dull degrees, came back
My senses to their wonted track:
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!

I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine—
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile!—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate—
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun—
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall:
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me;
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more upon the mountains high
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them—and they were the same;
They were not changed, like me, in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide, long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile—
The only one in view;
A small, green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous, each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast—
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as in a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save;
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be;
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus, when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their [illegible] trade;
Had seen the mice by m[illegible]n the[illegible] play—
And why should I feel [illegible]tives[illegible]n they?
We were all inmates of [illegible]ous[illegible]ace,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, Died 1824.

1346.—THE GLADIATOR.

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread
power!
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight
hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from
fear;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls
rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and
clear,
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing, but
unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-
man.
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but
because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. Wherefore
not?
What matters where we fall to fill the
maws
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors
rot.

I see before me the gladiator lie.
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing
slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and
now
The arena swims around him: he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd
the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far
away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at
play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their
sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
All this rush'd with his blood. Shall he
expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut
your ire!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1347.—APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I
steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—
roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in
vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his
control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery
plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth
remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling
groan—
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and
unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy
fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee, the vile strength
he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all
despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the
skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful
spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply
lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let
him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the
walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take,—
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy
flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of
Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all
save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage,—what are
they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were
free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey,
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay

Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole; or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee: thou goes forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1348.—DESCRIPTION OF HAIDEE.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reach'd her heels; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1349. — HAIDEE VISITS THE SHIPWRECKED DON JUAN.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,
Taking her for her sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,
Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepp'd
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept:
And then she stopp'd and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd; and there
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the mean time some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket.

* * * *

And now, by dint of fingers, and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look:
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book:
Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean

When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste kiss;—
I learn'd the little that I know by this.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1350.—HAIDEE AND JUAN AT THE FEAST.

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, border'd with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appear'd quite new;
The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun emboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bled to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such-like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver—by command,
The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haidee's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white, was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow,
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd round her.

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretch'd and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorn'd its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold:
The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A light gold bar, above her instep roll'd,
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starr'd with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fasten'd with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furl'd
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves, down to her heel
Flow'd like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allow'd at large to run,
And still they seem'd resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged
(It is the country's custom), but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but again
The power of art was turn'd to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

The henna should be deeply dyed, to make
The skin relieved appear more fairly fair;
She had no need of this—day ne'er will break
On mountain-tops more heavenly white than her;

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,
She was so like a vision; I might err,
But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly
"To gild refined gold, or paint the lily."

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the milky-way apparent;
His turban, furl'd in many a graceful fold,
An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in't
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet;
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to show it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalms say, "inditing a good matter."

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1351.—THE DEATH OF HAIDEE.

Africe is all the sun's, and as her earth,
Her human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour,
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye show'd deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth and tempest to the air,
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she view'd an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent still;
No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole.

The ruling passion, such as marble shows
When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay there,
But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect throws
O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;
O'er the Laocoon's all eternal throes,
And ever-dying gladiator's air,
Their energy like life forms all their fame,
Yet looks not life, for they are still the same.

She woke at length, but not as sleepers wake,
Rather the dead, for life seem'd something new;
A strange sensation which she must partake
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view
Struck not on memory, though a heavy ache
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat still true
Brought back the sense of pain without the cause—
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,
On many a token without knowing what;
She saw them watch her without asking why,
And rock'd not who around her pillow sat:
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not a sigh
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and quick chat
Were tried in vain by those who served; she gave
No sign, save breath, of having left the grave.

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherish'd in their day;
They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;

At length those eyes, which they would fain
be weaning
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful
meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turn'd, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her
heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the
theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck
through all
. Her recollection; on her flash'd the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded
brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in
rain.

Short solace, vain relief! thought came too
quickly
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she
arose
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the sick,
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,
Although her paroxysm drew towards its
close;
Hers was a frenzy which disdain'd to rave,
Even when they smote her, in the hope to save.

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus; at
last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to
show
A parting pang, the spirit from her pass'd:
And they who watch'd her nearest could
not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the
black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

She died, but not alone; she held within
A second principle of life, which might
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave unborn, wherein
Blossom and bough lie wither'd with one
blight;
In vain the dews of heaven descend above
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of love.

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light or shame. She was not
made
Through years or moons the inner weight to
bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are
laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stay'd
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd away,
None but her own and father's grave is there;
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No one is there to show, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1352.—ALL FOR LOVE.

O talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our
glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-
twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so
plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow
that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew
besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that
is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only
give glory?

O Fame!—if I e'er took delight in thy
praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding
phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one
discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love
her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I
found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that
surround thee;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright
in my story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1353.—SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1354.—ELEGY ON THYRZA.

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And forms so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed:
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1355.—YOUTH AND AGE.

There 's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;

'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1356.—VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom pass'd away,
He, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light and worthless clay;
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone;
The Mede is at his gate!
The Persian on his throne!"

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1357.—TO BELSHAZZAR.

Belshazzar! from the banquet turn,
Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;
Behold! while yet before thee burn
The graven words, the glowing wall,
Many a despot men miscall
Crown'd and anointed from on high;
But thou, the weakest, worst of all—
Is it not written, thou must die?

Go! dash the roses from thy brow—
Grey hairs but poorly wreathe with them;
Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,
More than thy very diadem,
Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—
Then throw the worthless bauble by,
Which, worn by thee, even slaves contemn;
And learn like better men to die!

Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,
And ever light of word and worth,
Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,
And left thee but a mass of earth.
To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:
But tears in Hope's averted eye
Lament that even thou hadst birth—
Unfit to govern, live, or die.

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1358.—THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet

To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

Lord Byron.—Born 1788, *Died* 1824.

1359.—OPENING OF QUEEN MAB.

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?

Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralize?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile.

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillow'd:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sigh;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

* *Shelley.—Born* 1792, *Died* 1822.

1360.—THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves, remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and upbuild it again.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1361.—TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1362.—LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of Thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber-window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine
O belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
O! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1363.—I FEAR THY KISSES.

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1364.—LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1365.—TO THE NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where all the long and lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee

Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1366.—THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

When the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead;
When the cloud is scatter'd,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1367.—ONE WORD IS TOO OFTEN PROFANED.

One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not:
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1368.—INVOCATION.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure;—
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure;—
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me
What diff'rence? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—

Thou art love and life! O come!
Make once more my heart thy home!

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1369.—STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light:
The breath of the moist air is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds', the birds', the ocean-floods'-
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that Content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1370.—OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT.

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1371.—TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR.

Ariel to Miranda:—Take
This slave of music, for the sake
Of him, who is the slave of thee;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness, for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own;
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel;
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen Star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity:
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has track'd your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not;
And now, alas! the poor sprite is
Imprison'd for some fault of his
In a body like a grave—
From you he only dares to crave
For his service and his sorrow
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this viol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Fell'd a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rock'd in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine;

And dreaming, some of autumn past,
And some of spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be!—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again:
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own;
Whispering in enamour'd tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells;
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicéd fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound
Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way:
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The spirit that inhabits it;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as it answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For one beloved Friend alone.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1372.—ODE TO THE WEST WIND.

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill;
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and Preserver; Hear, O hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: O hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summer-dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams
Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear
And tremble and despoil themselves: O hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than Thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip the skyey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision, I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,

Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like wither'd leaves to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1373.—AUTUMN.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying;
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead
Is lying.
Come, Months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array,—
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling.
Come, Months, come away;
Put on white, black, and grey;
Let your light sisters play;
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1374.—THE WIDOW BIRD.

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1375.—HYMN TO INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us—visiting
This various world with as inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams, that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance,
Like hues and harmonies of evening,
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Spirit of beauty, that dost consecrate
With thine own hues all thou dost shine upon
Of human thought or form, where art thou gone?
Why dost thou pass away and leave our state,
This dim, vast vale of tears, vacant and desolate?
Ask why the sunlight not for ever
Weaves rainbows o'er yon mountain river;
Why aught should fail and fade that once is shown;
Why fear, and dream, and death, and birth
Cast on the daylight of this earth
Such gloom; why man has such a scope
For love and hate, despondency and hope?

No voice from some sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given;
Therefore the names of demon, ghost, and heaven,
Remain the records of their vain endeavour—
Frail spells, whose utter'd charm might not avail to sever
From all we hear and all we see
Doubt, chance, and mutability.
Thy light alone, like mist o'er mountains driven,
Or music by the night wind sent
Through strings of some still instrument,
Or moonlight on a midnight stream,
Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream.

Love, hope, and self-esteem, like clouds depart,
And come, for some uncertain moments lent.
Man were immortal and omnipotent
Didst thou, unknown and awful as thou art,
Keep with thy glorious train firm state within his heart.
Thou messenger of sympathies
That wax and wane in lover's eyes!
Thou that to human thought art nourishment,

Like darkness to a dying flame!
Depart not as thy shadow came!
Depart not, lest the grave should be,
Like life and fear, a dark reality.

While yet a boy I sought for ghosts, and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave, and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead.
I call'd on poisonous names with which our youth is fed;
I was not heard; I saw them not.
When musing deeply on the lot
Of life, at that sweet time when winds are wooing
All vital things that wake to bring
News of birds and blossoming,
Sudden thy shadow fell on me—
I shriek'd, and clasp'd my hands in ecstasy!

I vow'd that I would dedicate my powers
To thee and thine; have I not kept the vow?
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours
Each from his voiceless grave. They have in vision'd bowers
Of studious zeal or love's delight
Outwatch'd with me the envious night:
They know that never joy illumed my brow
Unlink'd with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery—
That thou, O awful loveliness,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express.

The day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past; there is a harmony
In Autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which through the summer is not heard nor seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been!
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm—to one who worships thee,
And every form containing thee—
Whom, Spirit fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself, and love all human kind.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1376.—MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay
Tempts, and then flies;
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy, and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou! and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

Shelley.—Born 1792, *Died* 1822.

1377.—PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Senaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek;
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies! How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory!
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain?
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train;
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the main?"

'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood;
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads. The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell;
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, and sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head;
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain;
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed;
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage light'ning through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!" The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!" From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand.
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep;
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast.
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.
Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below!
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war;
Alas, how few! Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude,
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress't,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread—
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1378.—FROM BISHOP HEBER'S JOURNAL.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1379.—AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Our task is done!—on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride:
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through—
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;
Now (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on; no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake—
Child of the sun, he loves to lie
'Midst nature's embers, parch'd and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe,
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on; yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom;
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower—
The ceiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly glade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air;
With pendant train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
But thought on England's "good greenwood;"
And bless'd, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade;
And breath'd a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought—the jackal's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark, as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes—
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still as we pass, in soften'd hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the dram:
Still as we pass, from bush and brier
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre;
And what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven.

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1380.—EPIPHANY.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean—
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1381.—THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and, its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt linger'd long,
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1382.—SPRING.

When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow and the flood,—
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that love the shade,
The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the drowsy glade,
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on his way,
The moon and stars their Master's name in silent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky—
Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise deny?
No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Saviour, honour thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the bird forsake the shade,
The winds be lull'd, the sun and moon forget their old decree,—
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling to thee!

Bishop Heber.—Born 1783, *Died* 1826.

1383.—LINES WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tin twhich it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allow'd,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have wither'd and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the Dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfill'd;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeath'd us them both when He rose to the skies.

Herbert Knowles.—Born 1798, *Died* 1817.

1384.—NIGHT.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perish'd young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1385.—THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish; O, my mother earth!
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild—I rave:
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am the Grave!

The Grave, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more:
Be silent, pride!

Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool! to find
A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell!
By the dread secrets of my womb!
By death and hell!

I charge thee live! repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy; go thy way,
And sin no more.

Art thou a mourner? Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights?
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

O live! and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
Live! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

To friendship didst thou trust thy fame?
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast, to aim
A surer blow?

Live! and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

Go, seek that treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

Did woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with her smile,
And sold thy love?

Live! 'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening beauty's eye!
To ask—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply!

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

Whate'er thy lot, whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

A bruised reed he will not break;
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake;
He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

Now, traveller in the vale of tears!
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground;

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1386.—ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
Up to the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
O! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1387.—THE COMMON LOT.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man!

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1388.—PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say "Behold he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone:
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1389.—HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1390.—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A Mother's Love,—how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's love?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that can grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's Love grow cold?
Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
Is this a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow;
Yet, ah! remember this,—
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
—Is this a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Even with a Mother's Love.

Blest infant! whom his mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son
—'Time is Eternity begun:
Behold that Mother's Love.

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear, of God:
Ah, youth! like him enjoy your prime;
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
What was that Mother's Love?
—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
This was that Mother's Love.

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1391.—TO A DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower
With silver crest and golden eye,

That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine;
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem;
The wild bee murmurs on its breast;
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the skylark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page—in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer reign;
The Daisy never dies!

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1392.—THE REIGN OF CHRIST ON EARTH.

Hail to the Lord's anointed—
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be feared
While sun and moon endure—
Beloved, obey'd, revered;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee,
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend—
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—Love.

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1393.—THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crost me on my way,

Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd. Not a word He spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He bless'd it, brake,
And ate;—but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drain'd my cup,
Dipp'd, and return'd it running o'er;—
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest—
Laid Him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stripp'd, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; He was heal'd.
I had, myself, a wound conceal'd—
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd Him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spake; and my poor name he named—
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not! thou didst them unto Me."

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1394.—THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand—
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock—
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there,
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain—
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.—Born 1771, *Died* 1854.

1395.—BETH GÊLERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,
"Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

Oh where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?"

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gêlert fed;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smear'd with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn pass'd,
And on went Gêlert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view.

O'erturn'd his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stain'd covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied—
He search'd with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devour'd,"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Conceal'd beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kiss'd.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir:

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's wo;
"Best of thy kind adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as Evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gêlert's Grave."

Hon. W. R. Spencer.—Born 1770, *Died* 1834.

1396.—WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

When the black-letter'd list to the gods was presented
(The list of what fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipp'd in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintain'd he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of—wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colours defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers
How bless'd was his home with—wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter old ages of glory
For one happy day with—wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with—wife, children, and friends.

The day-spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of—wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favourite bends;
Over me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedew'd with the tears of—wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavour
The glass which I fill to—wife, children, and friends.

Hon. W. R. Spencer.—Born 1770, *Died* 1834.

1397.—ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Behold where thou dost lie,
Heeding naught, remote on high!
Naught of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Naught of planet's love nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rain'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctor's learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee!

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1398.—TO T. L. H., SIX YEARS OLD, DURING A SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways:
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! firstborn of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand in hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say "He has departed"—
"His voice"—"his face"—"is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering as a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finish'd here."

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1399.—TO THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In-doors and out, summer and winter, mirth.

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1400.—CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles—and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright star, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how Heaven loves colour;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues made solely to be seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of her flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary-eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man or May-fly profit of the balm;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Even the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine.
Elfin court 't would seem,
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not,
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,

And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May;
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the Spring;
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the gloomy thicks with dark-some antheming;
Beneath the very burden
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace—a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill;
Their red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step that bled for thee the rosy brier adorning.

O! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things—yet no fables they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore—
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old pathway;
Grossest hand can test us—
Fools may prize us never—
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say we sprang not there—
And came not down, that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?
O! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1401.—THE NUN.

I.

If you become a nun, dear,
A friar I will be;
In any cell you run, dear,
Pray look behind for me.
The roses all turn pale, too;
The doves all take the veil, too;
The blind will see the show:
What! you become a nun, my dear?
I'll not believe it, no!

II.

If you become a nun, dear,
The bishop Love will be;
The Cupids every one, dear,
Will chant, "We trust in thee!"
The incense will go sighing,
The candles fall a dying,
The water turn to wine:
What! you go take the vows, my dear?
You may—but they'll be mine.

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1402.—ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd—"The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1403.—JAFFAR.

Jaffar, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer.
Jaffar was dead, slain by a doom unjust;
And guilty Haroun, sullen with mistrust
Of what the good, and e'en the bad might say,
Ordain'd that no man living from that day
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeor.—He, proud to show
How far for love a grateful soul could go,
And facing death for very scorn and grief
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),
Stood forth in Bagdad, daily in the square
Where once had stood a happy house, and there
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar
On all they owed to the divine Jaffar.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried: the, man
Was brought, was gazed upon. The mutes began
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;
"From bonds far worse Jaffar deliver'd me;
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;
Restor'd me, loved me, put me on a par
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffar?"

Haroun, who felt that on a soul like this
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate
Might smile upon another half as great.
He said, "Let worth grow frenzied if it will;
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.
Go, and since gifts so move thee, take this gem,
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffar."

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1404.—MAHMOUD.

There came a man, making his hasty moan
Before the Sultan Mahmoud on his throne,
And crying out—"My sorrow is my right,
And I will see the Sultan, and to-night."

"Sorrow," said Mahmoud, "is a reverend thing:
I recognise its right as king with king;
Speak on." "A fiend has got into my house,"
Exclaim'd the staring man, "and tortures us:
One of thine officers;—he comes, the abhorr'd,
And takes possession of my house, my board,
My bed:—I have two daughters and a wife,
And the wild villain comes and makes me mad with life."

"Is he there now?" said Mahmoud. "No, he left
The house when I did, of my wits bereft;
And laugh'd me down the street because I vow'd
I'd bring the prince himself to lay him in his shroud.
I'm mad with want, I'm mad with misery,
And Oh, thou Sultan Mahmoud, God cries out for thee!"

The Sultan comforted the man and said,
"Go home, and I will send thee wine and bread
(For he was poor), and other comforts. Go;
And should the wretch return let Sultan Mahmoud know."

In two days' time, with haggard eyes and beard,
And shaken voice, the suitor re-appeared,
And said, "He's come."—Mahmoud said not a word,
But rose and took four slaves each with a sword,
And went with the vext man. They reach the place,
And hear a voice and see a female face,
That to the window flutter'd in affright.
"Go in," said Mahmoud, "and put out the light;
But tell the females first to leave the room;
And when the drunkard follows them, we come."

The man went in. There was a cry, and hark!
A table falls, the window is struck dark;
Forth rush the breathless women, and behind
With curses comes the fiend in desperate mind.
In vain: the sabres soon cut short the strife,
And chop the shrieking wretch, and drink his bloody life.

"Now light the light," the Sultan cried aloud.
'Twas done; he took it in his hand and bow'd
Over the corpse, and look'd upon the face;
Then turn'd and knelt beside it in the place,
And said a prayer, and from his lips there crept
Some gentle words of pleasure, and he wept.

In reverent silence the spectators wait,
Then bring him at his call both wine and meat;
And when he had refresh'd his noble heart,
He bade his host be blest, and rose up to depart.

The man amaz'd, all mildness now and tears,
Fell at the Sultan's feet with many prayers,
And begg'd him to vouchsafe to tell his slave,
The reason first of that command he gave
About the light: then when he saw the face,
Why he knelt down; and lastly, how it was
That fare so poor as his detain'd him in the place.

The Sultan said, with much humanity,
"Since first I heard thee come, and heard thy cry,
I could not rid me of a dread that one
By whom such daring villanies were done,
Must be some lord of mine, perhaps a lawless son.
Whoe'er he was, I knew my task, but fear'd
A father's heart, in case the worst appear'd.
For this I had the light put out. But when
I saw the face and found a stranger slain,
I knelt and thank'd the sovereign arbiter,
Whose work I had perform'd through pain and fear.
And then I rose and was refresh'd with food,
The first time since thou c.m'st and marr'd'st my solitude."

Leigh Hunt.—Born 1784, *Died* 1859.

1405.—TO THE GLOWWORM.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scatter'd, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless colour'd dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smother'd pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree,
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gilding and glistering in the dewdrop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1406.—FROM "THE FATE OF AMY."

The flowers the sultry summer kills
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
Her eyes bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloom'd,
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where cankerworms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath its sickly gale.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1407.—WHAT IS LIFE?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each flowret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
No where at all, save heaven and the grave.

Then what is Life? When stripp'd of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.
'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortal how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's call'd to claim it in the skies.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1408.—SUMMER MORNING.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretch'd beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book.

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wish'd delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burthen lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossom'd bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1409.—THE PRIMROSE.

A SONNET.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The schoolboy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoy'd to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1410.—THE THRUSH'S NEST.

A SONNET.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And modell'd it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witness'd, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1411.—FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loth to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
I hasten'd unto thee!
Scarce nine days pass'd us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1412.—DAWNINGS OF GENIUS.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds

(That necessary tool of wealth and pride),
While moil'd and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shapèd stone and shell:
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms, and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;
And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul 's perplex'd
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise, and Fancy strive again.
So have I mark'd the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight:
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smother'd in a thousand sighs.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1413.—SCENES AND MUSINGS OF THE PEASANT POET.

Each opening season, and each opening scene,
On his wild view still teem'd with fresh delight;
E'en winter's storms to him have welcome been,
That brought him comfort in its long dark night,
As joyful listening, while the fire burnt bright,
Some neighbouring labourer's superstitious tale,
How "Jack-a-lantern," with his wisp alight,
To drown a 'nighted traveller once did fail,
He knowing well the brook that whimper'd down the vale.

And tales of fairy-land he loved to hear,
Those mites of human forms, like skimming bees,
That fly and flirt about but everywhere;
The mystic tribes of night's unnerving breeze,
That through a lock-hole even creep with ease:
The freaks and stories of this elfin crew,
Ah! Lubin gloried in such things as these;
How they rewarded industry he knew,
And how the restless slut was pinchèd black and blue.

How ancient dames a fairy's anger fear'd,
From gossip's stories Lubin often heard;
How they on every night the hearthstone clear'd,
And, 'gainst their visits, all things neat prepared,
As fays nought more than cleanliness regard;
When in the morn they never fail'd to share
Or gold or silver as their meet reward,
Dropt in the water superstition's care,
To make the charm succeed, had cautious placèd there.

And thousands such the village keeps alive;
Beings that people superstitious earth,
That e'er in rural manners will survive,
As long as wild rusticity has birth
To spread their wonders round the cottage-hearth.
On Lubin's mind these deeply were impress'd;
Oft fear forbade to share his neighbour's mirth:
And long each tale, by fancy nightly dress'd,
Brought fairies in his dreams, and broke his infant rest.

He had his dreads and fears, and scarce could pass
A churchyard's dreary mounds at silent night,
But footsteps trampled through the rustling grass,
And ghosts 'hind grave-stones stood in sheets of white;
Dread monsters fancy moulded on his sight;

Soft would he step lest they his tread should hear,
And creep and creep till past his wild affright;
Then on wind's wings would rally, as it were,
So swift the wild retreat of childhood's fancied fear.

And when fear left him, on his corner-seat
Much would he chatter o'er each dreadful tale;
Tell how he heard the sound of 'proaching feet,
And warriors jingling in their coats of mail;
And lumping knocks as one would thump a flail;
Of spirits conjured in the charnel floor;
And many a mournful shriek and hapless wail,
Where maids, self-murder'd, their false loves deplore;
And from that time would vow to tramp on nights no more.

O! who can speak his joys when spring's young morn,
From wood and pasture, open'd on his view!
When tender green buds blush upon the thorn,
And the first primrose dips its leaves in dew:
Each varied charm how joy'd would he pursue,
Tempted to trace their beauties through the day;
Grey-girdled eve and morn of rosy hue
Have both beheld him on his lonely way,
Far, far remote from boys, and their unpleasing play.

Sequester'd nature was his heart's delight;
Him would she lead through wood and lonely plain,
Searching the pooty from the rushy dike;
And while the thrush sang her long-silenced strain,
He thought it sweet, and mock'd it o'er again;
And while he pluck'd the primrose in its pride,
He ponder'd o'er its bloom 'tween joy and pain;
And a rude sonnet in its praise he tried,
Where nature's simple way the aid of art supplied.

The freshen'd landscapes round his routes unfurl'd,
The fine-tinged clouds above, the woods below,
Each met his eye a new-revealing world,
Delighting more as more he learn'd to know;
Each journey sweeter, musing to and fro,
Surrounded thus, not Paradise more sweet;
Enthusiasm made his soul to glow;
His heart with wild sensations used to beat;
As nature seemly sang, his mutterings would repeat.

Upon a molehill oft he dropt him down,
To take a prospect of the circling scene,
Marking how much the cottage roof's thatch brown
Did add its beauty to the budding green
Of sheltering trees it humbly peep'd between;
The stone-rock'd waggon with its rumbling sound;
The windmill's sweeping sails at distance seen;
And every form that crowds the circling round,
Where the sky, stooping, seems to kiss the meeting ground.

And dear to him the rural sports of May,
When each cot-threshold mounts its hailing bough,
And ruddy milkmaids weave their garlands gay,
Upon the green to crown the earliest cow;
When mirth and pleasure wear a joyful brow;
And join the tumult with unbounded glee,
The humble tenants of the pail and plough:
He loved "old sports," by them revived, to see,
But never cared to join in their rude revelry.

O'er brook-banks stretching, on the pasture-sward
He gazed, far distant from the jocund crew;
'Twas but their feats that claim'd a slight regard;
'Twas his—his pastimes lonely to pursue—
Wild blossoms creeping in the grass to view,
Scarce peeping up the tiny bent as high,
Betinged with glossy yellow, red or blue,
Unnamed, unnoticed but by Lubin's eye,
That like low genius sprang, to bloom their day and die.

O! who can tell the sweets of May-day's morn,
To waken rapture in a feeling mind;
When the gilt east unveils her dappled dawn,
And the gay woodlark has its nest resign'd,
As slow the sun creeps up the hill behind;
Morn reddening round, and daylight's spotless hue,
As seemingly with rose and lily lined;
While all the prospect round beams fair to view,
Like a sweet opening flower with its unsullied dew.

Ah! often brushing through the dripping grass,
Has he been seen to catch this early charm,
Listening the "love-song" of the healthy lass
Passing with milk-pail on her well-turn'd arm;
Or meeting objects from the rousing farm—
The jingling plough-teams driving down the steep,
Waggon and cart; and shepherd-dogs' alarm,
Raising the bleatings of unfolding sheep,
As o'er the mountain top the red sun 'gins to peep.

Nor could the day's decline escape his gaze;
He loved the closing as the rising day,
And oft would stand to catch the setting rays,
Whose last beams stole not unperceived away;
When, hesitating like a stag at bay,
The bright unwearied sun seem'd loath to drop,
Till chaos' night-hounds hurried him away,
And drove him headlong from the mountain top,
And shut the lovely scene, and bade all nature stop.

With contemplation's stores his mind to fill,
O doubly happy would he roam as then,
When the blue eve crept deeper round the hill,
While the coy rabbit ventured from his den,
And weary labour sought his rest again;
Lone wanderings led him haply by the stream,
Where unperceived he 'joy'd his hours at will,
Musing the cricket twittering o'er its dream,
Or watching o'er the brook the moonlight's dancing beam.

And here the rural muse might aptly say,
As sober evening sweetly siles along,
How she has chased black ignorance away,
And warm'd his artless soul with feelings strong,
To teach his reed to warble forth a song;
And how it echoed on the even-gale,
All by the brook the pasture-flowers among:
But ah! such trifles are of no avail—
There's few to notice him, or hear his simple tale.

O Poverty! thy frowns were early dealt
O'er him who mourn'd thee, not by fancy led
To whine and wail o'er woes he never felt,
Staining his rhymes with tears he never shed,
And heaving sighs a mock song only bred:
Alas! he knew too much of every pain
That shower'd full thick on his unsheltered head;
And as his tears and sighs did erst complain,
His numbers took it up, and wept it o'er again.

John Clare.—Born 1793, *Died* 1864.

1414.—THE THEATRE.—BY THE REV. G. C. [CRABBE.]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touch'd by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widen'd pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. * *
What various swains our motley alls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court;
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice baulk
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;
Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seem'd to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;

But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polish'd Stubbs's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred
(At number twenty-seven, it is said),
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down:
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-hair'd youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jennings in the upper gallery sat;
But, leaning forward, Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurn'd the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers, "Take my handkerchief."
"Thank you;" cries Pat, "but one won't make a line."
"Take mine," cried Wilson. "And," cried Stokes, "take mine."
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies.
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeign'd,
Regain'd the felt, and felt what he regain'd,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touch'd the ransom'd hat. * *

James and Horace Smith.—About 1812.

1415.—THE BABY'S DEBUT.—BY W. W. [WORDSWORTH.]

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, oh my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she shan't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brush'd it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

You've only got to curtsey, whisper, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

James and Horace Smith.—About 1812.

1416.—A TALE OF DRURY LANE.—BY W. S. [SCOTT.]

* * * *

As chaos, which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flash'd upon her eyes:
So London's sons in nightcap woke,
In bedgown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
"The playhouse is in flames."
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport,
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell:
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide,
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn,
In borrow'd lustre seem'd to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise,
It seem'd that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!

The summon'd firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnail'd shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,
Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thunder'd through the street,
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. * *

E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo "Heads below!"
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Conceal'd them from the astonish'd crowd.
At length the mist awhile was clear'd,
When lo! amid the wreck uprear'd,
Gradual a moving head appear'd,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
"A Muggins to the rescue, ho!"
And pour'd the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For rallying but to fall again,
He totter'd, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire
(His fireman's soul was all on fire)
His brother chief to save;
But ah! his reckless generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelm'd him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
"Whitford and Mitford ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;

Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they fear'd on? fools—'od rot 'em!"
Were the last words of Higginbottom. * *

James and Horace Smith.—About 1812.

1417.—THE UPAS IN MARYBONE LANE.

A tree grew in Java, whose pestilent rind
A venom distill'd of the deadliest kind;
The Dutch sent their felons its juices to draw,
And who return'd safe, pleaded pardon by law.

Face-muffled, the culprits crept into the vale,
Advancing from windward to 'scape the death-gale;
How few the reward of their victory earn'd!
For ninety-nine perish'd for one who return'd.

Britannia this Upas-tree bought of Mynheer,
Removed it through Holland, and planted it here;
'Tis now a stock-plant of the genus wolf's-bane,
And one of them blossoms in Marybone Lane.

The house that surrounds it stands first in the row,
Two doors at right angles swing open below;
And the children of misery daily steal in,
And the poison they draw they denominate Gin.

There enter the prude, and the reprobate boy,
The mother of grief, and the daughter of joy,
The serving-maid slim, and the serving-man stout,
They quickly steal in, and they slowly reel out.

Surcharged with the venom, some walk forth erect,
Apparently baffling its deadly effect;
But, sooner or later, the reckoning arrives,
And ninety-nine perish for one who survives.

They cautious advance with slouch'd bonnet and hat,
They enter at this door, they go out at that;
Some bear off their burden with riotous glee,
But most sink in sleep at the foot of the tree.

Tax, Chancellor Van, the Batavian to thwart,
This compound of crime at a sovereign a quart;
Let gin fetch per bottle the price of champagne,
And hew down the Upas in Marybone Lane.

James Smith.—Born 1775, *Died* 1839.

1418.—ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dumby;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinion'd flat,
Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropp'd a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doff'd thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when arm'd,
Has any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalm'd,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that wither'd tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world look'd when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;

Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contain'd no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumber'd,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures number'd?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
March'd armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erturnrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confess'd,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbb'd beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have roll'd:
Have children climb'd those knees, and kiss'd that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecay'd within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalm'd and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

Horace Smith.—Born 1779, *Died* 1849.

1419.—HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Ye matin worshippers! who bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath plann'd;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral Apostles! that in dewy splendour
"Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,"
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender
Your lore sublime!

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours;
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist!
With which thou paintest Nature's wide-spread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers! though made for pleasure:
Blooming o'er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

Horace Smith.—Born 1779, *Died* 1849.

1420.—ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE III.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I saw him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green—
Blithely the birds were singing;
The cymbals replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken—
When every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drums, deep rolling,
While the minute gun, with its solemn roar,
Drown'd the death-bells' tolling.

The time—since he walk'd in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried—
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son,
And a son's sole child, have perish'd;
And sad was each heart, save only the one
By which they were fondest cherish'd;

For his eyes were seal'd and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness—
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard, o'er a bosom spread
Unver'd by life's commotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him Oblivion's waters lay,
Though the stream of life kept flowing;
When they spoke of our king, 'twas but to say
The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust,
Death's hand his slumbers breaking;
For the coffin'd sleep of the good and just
Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

Horace Smith.—Born 1779, *Died* 1849.

1421.—TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue,
That stray along that forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doom'd to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or, art thou, what thy form would seem,
A phantom of a blessèd dream?
A human shape I feel thou art—
I feel it at my beating heart,
Those tremors both of soul and sense
Awoke by infant innocence!
Though dear the forms by Fancy wove,
We love them with a transient love;
Thoughts from the living world intrude
Even on her deepest solitude:
But, lovely child! thy magic stole
At once into my inmost soul,
With feelings as thy beauty fair,
And left no other vision there.
To me thy parents are unknown;
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!
Though in thy face no family line
Might sweetly say, "This babe is mine!"

In time thou wouldst become the same
As their own child,—all but the name.
How happy must thy parents be
Who daily live in sight of thee!
Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek
Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak,
And feel all natural griefs beguiled
By thee, their fond, their duteous child.
What joy must in their souls have stirr'd
When thy first broken words were heard—
Words, that, inspired by heaven, express'd
The transports dancing in thy breast!
And for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow,
Even while I gaze, are kindling now.
I call'd thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous, thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to nature, and to love!
To God!—for thou, a harmless child,
Hast kept his temple undefiled:
To nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwell'st in love, and love in thee.
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams?
Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years;
Thou smilest as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring.
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on, than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the seraphim?
But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake.
What grief! if thou wouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf;
I see thou art a darling child,
Among thy playmates bold and wild;
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love, delight.
And live thou surely must; thy life
Is far too spiritual for the strife
Of mortal pain; nor could disease
Find heart to prey on smiles like these.
Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright—
To those thou lovest, a saving light—
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth, and stubborn prime;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp—so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!
Thrice blessèd he whose stars design
His pure spirit to lean on thine,
And watchful share, for days and years,
Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears!

For good and guiltless as thou art,
Some transient griefs will touch thy heart—
Griefs that along thy alter'd face
Will breathe a more subduing grace
Than even those looks of joy that lie
On the soft cheek of infancy.
Though looks, God knows, are cradled there,
That guilt might cleanse, or soothe despair.
Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure, as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave, the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise;
And years, so Fate hath order'd, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.
Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace,
Such as the gladness of thy face,
O sinless babe, by God are given
To charm the wanderer back to heaven.
No common impulse hath me led
To this green spot, thy quiet bed,
Where, by mere gladness overcome,
In sleep thou dreamest of thy home.
When to the lake I would have gone,
A wondrous beauty drew me on—
Such beauty as the spirit sees
In glittering fields and moveless trees,
After a warm and silent shower
Ere falls on earth the twilight hour.
What led me hither, all can say
Who, knowing God, his will obey.
Thy slumbers now cannot be long;
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities;
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes.
Thou wakest, and starting from the ground,
In dear amazement look'st around,
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half conceal'd
The light of soul, and half reveal'd.
While thy hush'd heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought;
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek—
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright—
Till thou awokest; then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace—
A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will:
As sometimes o'er a sleeping lake
Soft airs a gentle rippling make,

Till, ere we know, the strangers fly,
And water blends again with sky
O happy sprite! didst thou but know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes! a holier feeling
From their blue light could ne'er be stealing;
But thou wouldst be more loth to part,
And give me more of that glad heart.
Oh! gone thou art! and bearest hence
The glory of thy innocence.
But with deep joy I breathe the air
That kiss'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair,
And feel, though fate our lives must sever,
Yet shall thy image live for ever!

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1422.—THE SABBATH-DAY.

When by God's inward light, a happy child,
I walk'd in joy, as in the open air,
It seem'd to my young thought the Sabbath smiled
With glory and with love. So still, so fair,
The heavens look'd over on that hallow'd morn,
That, without aid of memory, something there
Had surely told me of its glad return.
How did my little heart at evening burn,
When, fondly seated on my father's knee,
Taught by the lip of love, I breathed the prayer,
Warm from the fount of infant piety!
Much is my spirit changed; for years have brought
Intenser feeling and expanded thought;
—Yet, must I envy every child I see!

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1423.—LINES WRITTEN IN A LONELY BURIAL-GROUND IN THE HIGHLANDS.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguish'd kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath moulder d with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer-twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For Hope with Memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steep'd in woe!
Here, they who perish'd on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwreck'd seaman's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwreck'd before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wreck'd them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dash'd at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-hair'd fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!
Oh! I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woeful ghost sits here,

All weeping with their fixèd eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretchèd prey!

And lo! a white-wing'd vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast-freshening from yon isle of pines
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.
I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smear'd with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue swollen lip!
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the gladsome cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of woe
He drives her shivering from the steep,
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1424.—THE MIDNIGHT OCEAN.

It is the midnight hour:—the beauteous
sea,
Calm as the cloudless heaven, the heaven
discloses,
While many a sparkling star, in quiet glee,
Far down within the watery sky reposes.
As if the Ocean's heart were stirr'd
With inward life, a sound is heard,
Like that of dreamer murmuring in his sleep;
'Tis partly the billow, and partly the air,
That lies like a garment floating fair
Above the happy deep.
The sea, I ween, cannot be fann'd
By evening freshness from the land,
For the land it is far away;
But God hath will'd that the sky-born breeze
In the centre of the loneliest seas
Should ever sport and play.
The mighty Moon she sits above,
Encircled with a zone of love,
A zone of dim and tender light
That makes her wakeful eye more bright:
She seems to shine with a sunny ray,
And the night looks like a mellow'd day!
The gracious Mistress of the Main
Hath now an undisturbèd reign,
And from her silent throne looks down,
As upon children of her own,
On the waves that lend their gentle breast
In gladness for her couch of rest!

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1425.—THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to
blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is
given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1426.—PLAGUE SCENES.

Together will ye walk through long, long
streets,
All standing silent as a midnight church.
You will hear nothing but the brown red
grass
Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating
Of your own hearts will awe you; the small
voice
Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
Look up to heaven, and there the sultry
clouds,
Still threatening thunder, lour with grim
delight,
As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
Darkening the city with the shadows of death.
Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
A tumult like an echo! On it comes,
Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning
prayer;
And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
But are these houses near you tenantless?
Over your heads, from a window, suddenly
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot
eyes,
Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls,
As if struck by lightning, down upon the
stones,
Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
And let the Pest's triumphant chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings! a miserable cart,
Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd alor
By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wret

Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
Would you look in? Gray hairs and golden tresses,
Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years,
And many a rosy visage smiling still;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all,
Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,
For haply, 'mid the faces glimmering there,
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.
Let me sit down beside you. I am faint
Talking of horrors that I look'd upon
At last without a shudder.

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1427.—ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast,
the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill:
he hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
Magnificent prison enclosing the free;
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice crown'd—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes: fierce looks thy nature, e'en hush'd in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The buglehorn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that once trod, must be trod no more—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:
—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?

On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1428.—MARY.

Three days before my Mary's death,
We walk'd by Grassmere shore;
"Sweet Lake!" she said, with faltering breath,
"I ne'er shall see thee more!"

Then turning round her languid head,
She look'd me in the face,
And whisper'd, "When thy friend is dead,
Remember this lone place."

Vainly I struggled at a smile,
That did my fears betray;
It seem'd that on our darling isle
Foreboding darkness lay.

My Mary's words were words of truth;
None now behold the Maid;
Amid the tears of age and youth,
She in her grave was laid.

Long days, long nights, I ween, were past
Ere ceased her funeral knell;
But to the spot I went at last
Where she had breathed "farewell!"

Methought, I saw the phantom stand
Beside the peaceful wave;
I felt the pressure of her hand—
Then look'd towards her grave.

Fair, fair beneath the evening sky
The quiet churchyard lay:
The tall pine-grove most solemnly
Hung mute above her clay.

Dearly she loved their arching spread,
Their music wild and sweet,
And, as she wish'd on her deathbed,
Was buried at their feet.

Around her grave a beauteous fence
Of wild-flowers shed their breath,
Smiling like infant innocence
Within the gloom of death.

Such flowers from bank of mountain brook
At eve we used to bring,
When every little mossy nook
Betray'd returning Spring.

Oft had I fix'd the simple wreath
Upon her virgin breast;
But now such flowers as form'd it, breathe
Around her bed of rest.

Yet all within my silent soul,
As the hush'd air, was calm;
The natural tears that slowly stole,
Assuaged my grief like balm.

The air that seem'd so thick and dull
For months unto my eye;
Ah me! how bright and beautiful
It floated on the sky!

A trance of high and solemn bliss
From purest ether came;
'Mid such a heavenly scene as this,
Death is an empty name!

The memory of the past return'd
Like music to my heart,—
It seem'd that causelessly I mourn'd,
When we were told to part.

"God's mercy," to myself I said,
"To both our souls is given—
To me, sojourning on earth's shade;
To her—a Saint in heaven!"

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1429.—THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
"O merciful Heaven! when I am gone
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
Into the room; the babe awoke,
And from its cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,—
"Forgive me that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
"The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair!"

John Wilson.—Born 1788, *Died* 1854.

1430.—THUS STOOD HIS MIND.

Thus stood his mind, when round him came a cloud.
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
Of ills we mention not; enough to say,
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul; but fainted not at first,
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst;
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out;
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.
He call'd Philosophy, and with his heart
Reason'd. He call'd Religion, too, but call'd
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatch'd by earthly woes,
He sought, and sought with eye that dimm'd apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain,
Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
At length he sank; and Disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was pass'd. His interest in life,
In being, ceased: and now he seem'd to feel,
And shudder'd as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
The vigorous weak became; the clear, obscure;
Memory gave up her charge; decision reel'd;
And from her flight Fancy return'd, return'd
Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens wither'd; and the moon and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening wither'd; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women, wither'd,
Wither'd to him; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appear'd, but now
Was dead, and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope, wish'd to forget his vow,
Wish'd to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
That was his last; enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seem'd, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.
Oh! who can tell what days, what nights he spent,
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!
And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted, and pined, and vanish'd from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there!

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1431.—HELL.

Equipp'd and bent for heaven, I left yon world,
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach,
Rolling around her central sun, far out
On utmost verge of light: but first to see
What lay beyond the visible creation,
Strong curiosity my flight impell'd.
Long was my way, and strange. I pass'd the bounds
Which God doth set to light, and life, and love;
Where darkness meets with day—where order meets
Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild; and down
The dark, eternal, uncreated night
Ventur'd alone. Long, long on rapid wing
I sail'd through empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter Nothing dwells, unform'd and void.
There neither eye, nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute, finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought but yourself alone.
But why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like, which is and yet is not?
This past, my path descending, led me still
O'er unclaim'd continents of desert gloom
Immense, where gravitation, shifting, turns
The other way; and to some dread, unknown,
Infernal centre downwards weighs: and now,
Far travell'd from the edge of darkness, far
As from that glorious mount of God, to light's
Remotest limb, dire sights I saw, dire sounds
I heard; and suddenly, before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,
Wall, mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused and look'd

And saw, where'er I look'd upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remark'd
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something look'd,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tales, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipp'd with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each a sting,
Fork'd, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasp'd,
Malignantly, what seem'd a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for,
Howe'er it turn'd—and oft it vainly turn'd—
These complicated foldings held it fast.
And still the monstrous beast, with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I search'd to know;
And while I stood and gazed, and wonder'd long,
A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one
I saw, distinctly whisper'd in my ear
These words: "This is the worm that never dies."
Fast by the side of this unsightly thing
Another was portray'd, more hideous still;
Who sees it once, shall wish to see't no more:
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold:
Far out it thrust a dart, that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being, pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
Original the being seem'd, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous woe
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and utter'd mimic groans;
And tried and wish'd, and ever tried and wish'd
To die: but could not die. Oh! horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listen'd, and heard this voice
Approach my ear: "This is eternal death."
Nor these alone: upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were limn'd
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate woe.
And prominent in characters of fire,
Where'er the eye could light, these words you read:
"Who comes this way behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretoken'd within a dangerous abode.
But yet to see the worst, a wish arose:
For Virtue, by the holy seal of God
Accredited and stamp'd, immortal all,
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.
As easy as my wish, as rapidly,
I through the horrid rampart pass'd, unscathed
And unopposed; and, poised on steady wing,
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
Of God! tell me, if you can tell, what then
I saw—what then I heard! Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest toss'd perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead
And all around, wind warr'd with wind, storm howl'd
To storm, and lightning, fork'd-lightning cross'd,
And thunder answer'd thunder,—muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath, and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings walk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
For ever wasting, yet enduring still;
Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wander'd lonely in the desert flames,
And some, in fell encounter, fiercely met,
With curses loud and blasphemous, that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought
And cursed, and gnash'd their teeth, and wish'd to die,
Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sigh'd, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair
Among them walk'd; and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listen'd, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death!
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition
Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear:
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
And back again recoil'd a deeper groan:
A deeper groan! oh, what a groan was that!
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,

With unaccustom'd thoughts conversing, back
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light.

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1432.—A SCENE OF EARLY LOVE.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seem'd,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought
Conversing with itself. Vesper look'd forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon,
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneel'd, to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offer'd, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had call'd
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave; and hither now repair'd,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy humble attitude she kneel'd,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, press'd
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturn'd, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour stream'd,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce utter'd, soft as zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wander'd on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning time,
On yonder willows, by the stream of life.
On her the moon look'd steadfastly; the stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal throne,
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting love
Gave gracious audience to her prayers sincere.
O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for ofttimes Providence,
With unexpected joy, the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Return'd from long delay
With glory crown'd of righteous actions won'
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneel'd herself to pray.
Wrapp'd in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seem'd too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneel'd,
Beseeching for his ward, before the throne,
Seem'd fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, form'd for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embower'd
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them minister'd,
And God, approving, bless'd the holy joy!

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1433.—THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG MOTHER.

Our sighs were numerous, and profuse our tears,
For she we lost was lovely, and we loved
Her much. Fresh in her memory, as fresh
As yesterday, is yet the day she died:
It was an April day; and blithely all
The youth of nature leap'd beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood; and our hearts
Were glad, and round them danced the lightsome blood,
In healthy merriment, when tidings came
A child was born; and tidings came again,
That she who gave it birth was sick to death:
So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy!
We gather'd round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the Throne
Of Mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven; and Mercy, in her love, refused:
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least!
Most gracious, when she seem'd the most to frown!
The room I well remember and the bed
On which she lay, and all the faces, too,
That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there and mother, bending stood;
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness. Her husband, too, was there,
And brothers, and they wept; her sisters, too,
Did weep, and sorrow comfortless; and I,
Too, wept, though not to weeping given; and all

Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well; but better still
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew as nearer death approach'd:
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell
Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scatter'd far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe; 'twas brought, and by her placed;
She look'd upon its face, that neither smiled,
Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon't, and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seem'd to penetrate
The heavens, unutterable blessings, such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world.
"God keep my child!" we heard her say, and heard
No more. The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale.
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.
They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempest of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1434.—FRIENDSHIP.

Not unremember'd is the hour when friends
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder those—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair,
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend,
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
O, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that utter'd all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing, heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talk'd the speech, and ate the food of heaven!
These I remember, these selectest men,
And would their names record; but what avails
My mention of their names? Before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,
And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.
Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large.
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouch'd
By hand of heart, where nature sow'd herself,
And reap'd her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose heroes storms;
Whose warriors mighty winds; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now wall'd with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss
The lonely bard enjoy'd when forth he walk'd,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And sought—sought neither heaven nor earth—sought nought,
Nor meant to think; but ran meantime through vast
Of visionary things, fairer than aught
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,

Which men of common stature never saw,
Greater than aught that largest worlds could hold,
Or give idea of, to those who read.
He enter'd into Nature's holy place,
Her inner chamber, and beheld her face
Unveiled; and heard unutterable things,
And incommunicable visions saw;
Things then unutterable, and visions then
Of incommunicable glory bright;
But by the lips of after-ages form'd
To words, or by their pencil pictured forth;
Who, entering farther in, beheld again,
And heard unspeakable and marvellous things,
Which other ages in their turn reveal'd,
And left to others greater wonders still.

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1435.—HAPPINESS.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talk'd and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And woo'd her with the love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness,
Was self-approving, God approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?
True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirr'd the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.
The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will.
True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fann'd; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But there apart, in sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.
A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it look'd
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, thought never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reason'd, will'd,
And triumph'd in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourn'd.
What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflow'd
The mother's tender heart while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisp'd her name
As living jewels dropp'd unstain'd from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravish'd, as she pass'd
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relax'd
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands a-field,
And watch them run and crop the tempting flower—
Which oft, unask'd, they brought me, and bestow'd
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise—and answer'd curious questions, put
In much simplicity, but ill to solve;
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I look'd upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,

And fairest imagery around me throng'd;
Dewdrops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life,
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
So beautiful, so full of life, they seem'd
As made entire of beams of angels' eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad
In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night!

Robert Pollok.—Born 1799, *Died* 1827.

1436.—THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1437.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main?
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar—
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! Those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1438.—THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have call'd me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1439.—THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, on earth!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1440.—MARGUERITE OF FRANCE.

The Moslem spears were gleaming
Round Damietta's towers,
Though a Christian banner from her wall
Waved free its lily-flowers.
Ay, proudly did the banner wave,
As queen of earth and air;
But faint hearts throbb'd beneath its folds
In anguish and despair.

Deep, deep in Paynim dungeon
Their kingly chieftain lay,
And low on many an eastern field
Their knighthood's best array.
'Twas mournful when at feasts they met,
The wine-cup round to send;
For each that touch'd it silently
Then miss'd a gallant friend!

And mournful was their vigil
On the beleaguer'd wall,
And dark their slumber, dark with dreams
Of slow defeat and fall.
Yet a few hearts of chivalry
Rose high to breast the storm,
And one—of all the loftiest there—
Thrill'd in a woman's form.

A woman meekly bending
O'er the slumber of her child,
With her soft, sad eyes of weeping love,
As the Virgin Mother's mild.
Oh! roughly cradled was thy babe,
'Midst the clash of spear and lance,
And a strange, wild bower was thine, young queen!
Fair Marguerite of France!

A dark and vaulted chamber,
Like a scene for wizard-spell,
Deep in the Saracenic gloom
Of the warrior citadel;
And there 'midst arms the couch was spread,
And with banners curtain'd o'er,
For the daughter of the minstrel-land
The gay Provençal shore!

For the bright queen of St Louis,
The star of court and hall!
But the deep strength of the gentle heart
Wakes to the tempest's call!
Her lord was in the Paynim's hold,
His soul with grief oppress'd,
Yet calmly lay the desolate,
With her young babe on her breast!

There were voices in the city,
Voices of wrath and fear—
"The walls grow weak, the strife is vain—
We will not perish here!
Yield! yield! and let the Crescent gleam
O'er tower and bastion high!
Our distant homes are beautiful—
We stay not here to die!"

They bore those fearful tidings
To the sad queen where she lay—
They told a tale of wavering hearts,
Of treason and dismay:
The blood rush'd through her pearly cheek,
The sparkle to her eye—
"Now call me hither those recreant knights
From the bands of Italy!"

Then through the vaulted chambers
Stern iron footsteps rang;
And heavily the sounding floor
Gave back the sabre's clang.

They stood around her—steel-clad men,
Moulded for storm and fight,
But they quail'd before the loftier soul
In that pale aspect bright.

Yes! as before the falcon shrinks
The bird of meaner wing,
So shrank they from the imperial glance
Of her—that fragile thing!
And her flute-like voice rose clear and high
Through the din of arms around—
Sweet, and yet stirring to the soul,
As a silver clarion's sound.

"The honour of the Lily
Is in your hands to keep,
And the banner of the Cross, for Him
Who died on Calvary's steep:
And the city which for Christian prayer
Hath heard the holy bell—
And is it these your hearts would yield
To the godless infidel?

Then bring me here a breastplate
And a helm, before ye fly,
And I will gird my woman's form,
And on the ramparts die!
And the boy whom I have borne for woe,
But never for disgrace,
Shall go within mine arms to death
Meet for his royal race.

Look on him as he slumbers
In the shadow of the lance!
Then go, and with the Cross forsake
The princely babe of France!
But tell your homes ye left one heart
To perish undefiled;
A woman, and a queen, to guard
Her honour and her child!"

Before her words they thrill'd, like leaves
When winds are in the wood;
And a deepening murmur told of men
Roused to a loftier mood,
And her babe awoke to flashing swords,
Unsheathed in many a hand,
As they gather'd round the helpless One,
Again a noble band!

"We are thy warriors, lady!
True to the Cross and thee;
The spirit of thy kindling words
On every sword shall be!
Rest, with thy fair child on thy breast!
Rest—we will guard thee well!
St. Denis for the Lily-flower
And the Christian citadel!"

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1441.—BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreathe the cup ere the wine is pour'd!

Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale:
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror's path!
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath:
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush'd in his chariot's track,
The turf looks red where he won the day.
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way!

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell!
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell—
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth. Bring him flowers, wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear!
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side.
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer—
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1442.—CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A brave though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone;"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father, must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy!—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds, that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing that perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1443.—THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Warrior that, from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1444.—PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array:
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced on sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart,
Alas! that there Decay
Should claim from Love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends! friends!—oh! shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay
When we mingled sympathies
"Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest from earth's vain show
To pass away!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1445.—THE BETTER LAND.

I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs?
Not there; not there, my child.

Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?
Not there; not there, my child.

Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?
Not there; not there, my child.

Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there; it is there, my child.

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1446.—A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hush'd, but not forsaken, seem'd,
Still, but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A Father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair,
And touch'd the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm benignant eye;
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality!
Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives:
While every feature said—"I know
That my Redeemer lives!"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?

Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1447.—TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently?—of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent—her accents gravely mild,
Breathed out thy love: whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wander'd on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest: yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost;—for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1448.—THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

"Oh! call my Brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my Brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my Brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He could not hear thy voice, fair child,
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy Brother is in heaven!"

"And has he left his birds and flowers,
And must I call in vain?
And, through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my Brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more."

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1449.—WILLOW SONG.

Willow! in thy breezy moan
I can hear a deeper tone;
Through thy leaves come whispering low
Faint sweet sounds of long ago—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a mournful tale of old
Heart-sick Love to thee hath told,
Gathering from thy golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow—
Willow, sighing willow!

Many a swan-like song to thee
Hath been sung, thou gentle tree;
Many a lute its last lament
Down thy moonlight stream hath sent—
Willow, sighing willow!

Therefore, wave and murmur on,
Sigh for sweet affections gone,
And for tuneful voices fled,
And for Love, whose heart hath bled,
Ever, willow, willow!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1450.—THE WANDERING WIND.

The Wind, the wandering Wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones amongst the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the long, tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The Wind, the wondering Wind!
No, no! the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not from the osiers,
Nor the fir-trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Nor of the cavern'd hill;
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill:
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble,
To the Wind, the wandering Wind!

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1451.—THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

The breaking waves dash'd high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New-England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1452.—THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild—
A straw-roof'd cabin, with lowly wall;
Mine is a fair and pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer's day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know:
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell;
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well:
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountain heard."

"Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For the cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the freak winds blow
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

Mrs. Hemans.—Born 1793, *Died* 1835.

1453.—POWER AND GENTLENESS, OR THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—O! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard: its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sun-shine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allow'd to plead?

What are the trophies gain'd
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstain'd,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturb'd:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curb'd!

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1454.—TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Fair flower that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
The cup of paly gold;
Be thine the offering owing long
To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the while,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup,
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star,
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1455.—THERE BE THOSE.

There be those who sow beside
The waters that in silence glide,
Trusting no echo will declare
Whose footsteps ever wander'd there.

The noiseless footsteps pass away,
The stream flows on as yesterday;
Nor can it for a time be seen
A benefactor there had been.

Yet think not that the seed is dead
Which in the lonely place is spread;
It lives, it lives—the Spring is nigh,
And soon its life shall testify.

That silent stream, that desert ground,
No more unlovely shall be found;
But scatter'd flowers of simplest grace
Shall spread their beauty round the place.

And soon or late a time will come
When witnesses, that now are dumb,
With grateful eloquence shall tell
From whom the seed, there scatter'd, fell.

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1456.—NOT OURS THE VOWS.

Not ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And render'd us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1457.—STANZAS ON THE SEA.

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole
o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness open'd before
me.
As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its
strand,
I felt new ideas within me expand,
Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
And my spirit was mute in the presence of
power!
In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it
round,
In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's
rebound,
In its white-drifted foam, and its dark-heaving
green,
Each moment I gazed, some fresh beauty was
seen.
And thus, while I wander'd on ocean's bleak
shore,
And survey'd its vast surface, and heard its
waves roar,
I seem'd wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
And haunted by majesty, glory, and might!

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1458.—THE SOLITARY TOMB.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me
was stirr'd,
Though a breath might have moved it so
lightly;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west, where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were
blending.

And the evening star, with its ray so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its
sphere
Its dewy delightful splendour.

And I stood all alone on that gentle hill,
With a landscape so lovely before me;
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,
Seem'd silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
By its winding banks was sweeping;
And just at the foot of the hill where I stood
The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place
seem'd!
An enclosure which care could not enter;
And how sweetly the gray lights of evening
gleam'd
On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When at morn or at eve I have wander'd near,
And in various lights have view'd it,
With what differing forms, unto friendship
dear,
Has the magic of fancy endued it!

Sometimes it has seem'd like a lonely sail,
A white spot on the emerald billow;
Sometimes like a lamb, in a low grassy vale,
Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife,
Has it ever given birth to one minute;
For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas
Was a far and a fearless ranger;
Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the
breeze,
Counted lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still
kept
All the freshness of gentle feeling;
Nor in woman's warm eye has a tear ever
slept
More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He lived, and he loved, and he died too;
Oh! why was affection, which death could
outlast,
A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to

But here he slumbers! and many there are
Who love that lone tomb and revere it;
And one far off who, like eve's dewy star,
Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1459.—BISHOP HUBERT.

'Tis the hour of even now,
When, with pensive, thoughtful brow,
Seeking truths as yet unknown,
Bishop Hubert walks alone.
Fain would he, by earnest thought,
Nature's secret laws be taught;
Learn the destinies of man,
And Creation's wonders scan.
From these data he would trace
Hidden mysteries of grace,
Dive into a deeper theme,
Solve Redemption's glorious scheme.
So he flings aside to-day
Mitre's pomp and crozier's sway,
Seeks the desert's silent scene
And the marge of ocean green.
Far he has not roam'd before,
On that solitary shore,
He has found a little child,
By its seeming play beguiled.
On the drifted, barren sand
It has scoop'd, with baby hand,
Small recess, in which might float
Sportive Fairy's tiny boat.
From a hollow shell, the while,
See! 'tis filling, with a smile,
Pool, as shallow as may be,
With the waters of the sea.
Hear the smiling Bishop ask,
What can mean such infant task?
Mark that infant's answer plain:
"'Tis to hold yon mighty main!"
"Foolish trifler," Hubert cries,
"Open, if thou canst, thine eyes.
Can a shallow scoop'd by thee
Hope to hold yon boundless sea?
Know'st thou not its space transcends
All thy fancy comprehends?
Ope thy childish eyes, and know
Fathomless its depths below."
Soon that child, on ocean's brim,
Opes its eyes, and turns to Him!
Well does Hubert read its look—
Glance of innocent rebuke;
While a voice is heard to say:
"If the pool, thus scoop'd in play,
Cannot hold yon mighty sea,
Vain must thy researches be.
Canst thou hope to make thine own
Secrets known to God alone?
Can thy faculties confined
Fathom the Eternal Mind?"
Bishop Hubert turns away;
He has learnt enough to-day—
Learnt how little man can know
While a pilgrim here below.

Bernard Barton.—Born 1784, *Died* 1849.

1460.—FROM THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I loved him as young Genius loves;
When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
The love, the life, by passion given.
I loved him, too, as woman loves—
Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
That, with him, I could not have borne!
I had been nursed in palaces;
Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
That I should not have thought a home
In Paradise, had he been near!
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves, and flowers;
And nestling birds to sing the hours!
Our home, beneath some chestnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made:
Our vesper hymn, the low wone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale;
And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved: my love had been the same
In hush'd despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
In tears, in bondage by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
This world had power to give beside!
My heart was wither'd—and my heart
Had ever been the world to me:
And love had been the first fond dream,
Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude,
Like a young bird upon the wing,
To meet the arrow; so I met
My poison'd shaft of suffering.
And as that bird, with drooping crest
And broken wing, will seek his nest,
But seek in vain: so vain I sought
My pleasant home of song and thought.
There was one spell upon my brain,
Upon my pencil, on my strain;
But one face to my colours came;
My chords replied but to one name—
Lorenzo!—all seem'd vow'd to thee,
To passion, and to misery!

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1461.—CRESCENTIUS.

I look'd upon his brow—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;

He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now;
Around he look'd with changeless brow,
On many a torture nigh;
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands throng'd the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breastplate, were of gold,
And graved with many dint, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chain'd and alone,
The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than did his now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncover'd eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
Who throng'd to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1462.—THE SHEPHERD BOY.

Like some vision olden
Of far other time,
When the age was golden,
In the young world's prime,
Is thy soft pipe ringing,
O lonely shepherd boy:
What song art thou singing,
In thy youth and joy?

Or art thou complaining
Of thy lonely lot,
And thine own disdaining,
Dost ask what thou hast not?
Of the future dreaming,
Weary of the past,
For the present scheming—
All but what thou hast.

No, thou art delighting
In thy summer home;
Where the flowers inviting
Tempt the bee to roam;
Where the cowslip, bending
With its golden bells,
Of each glad hour's ending
With a sweet chime tells.

All wild creatures love him
When he is alone;
Every bird above him
Sings its softest tone.
Thankful to high Heaven,
Humble in thy joy,
Much to thee is given,
Lowly shepherd boy.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1463.—LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my Childhood;
Thou art summon'd by a spell
From the green leaves of the wildwood,
From beside the charmed well,
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

The fields were cover'd over
With colours as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
Below her footsteps bent;
Summer shed its shining store;
She was happy as she press'd them
Beneath her little feet;
She pluck'd them and caress'd them;
They were so very sweet,
They had never seem'd so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light,
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore!

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1464.—NIGHT AT SEA.

The lovely purple of the noon's bestowing
Has vanish'd from the waters, where it flung
A royal colour, such as gems are throwing
Tyrian or regal garniture among.
'Tis night, and overhead the sky is gleaming,
Thro' the slight vapour trembles each dim star;
I turn away—my heart is sadly dreaming
Of scenes they do not light, of scenes afar.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

By each dark wave around the vessel sweeping,
Farther am I from old dear friends removed;
Till the lone vigil that I now am keeping,
I did not know how much you were beloved.
How many acts of kindness little heeded,
Kind looks, kind words, rise half reproachful now!
Hurried and anxious, my vex'd life has speeded,
And memory wears a soft accusing brow.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The very stars are strangers, as I catch them
Athwart the shadowy sails that swell above;
I cannot hope that other eyes will watch them
At the same moment with a mutual love.
They shine not there, as here they now are shining;
The very hours are changed.—Ah, do ye sleep?
O'er each home pillow midnight is declining—
May some kind dream at least my image keep!
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Yesterday has a charm, To-day could never
Fling o'er the mind, which knows not till it parts
How it turns back with tenderest endeavour
To fix the past within the heart of hearts.
Absence is full of memory, it teaches
The value of all old familiar things;
The strengthener of affection, while it reaches
O'er the dark parting, with an angel's wings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

The world, with one vast element omitted—
Man's own especial element, the earth;
Yet, o'er the waters is his rule transmitted
By that great knowledge whence has power its birth.
How oft on some strange loveliness while gazing
Have I wish'd for you—beautiful as new,
The purple waves like some wild army raising
Their snowy banners as the ship cuts through.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Bearing upon its wings the hues of morning,
Up springs the flying fish like life's false joy,
Which of the sunshine asks that frail adorning
Whose very light is fated to destroy.
Ah, so doth genius on its rainbow pinion
Spring from the depths of an unkindly world;
So spring sweet fancies from the heart's dominion—
Too soon in death the scorch'd-up wing is furl'd.
My friends, my absent friends!
Whate'er I see is link'd with thoughts of you.

No life is in the air, but in the waters
Are creatures, huge, and terrible and strong;

The sword-fish and the shark pursue their slaughters,
War universal reigns these depths along.
Like some new island on the ocean springing,
Floats on the surface some gigantic whale,
From its vast head a silver fountain flinging,
Bright as the fountain in a fairy tale.
My friends, my absent friends!
I read such fairy legends while with you.

Light is amid the gloomy canvas spreading,
The moon is whitening the dusky sails,
From the thick bank of clouds she masters, shedding
The softest influence that o'er night prevails.
Pale is she like a young queen pale with splendour,
Haunted with passionate thoughts too fond, too deep;
The very glory that she wears is tender,
The very eyes that watch her beauty fain would weep.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, as I think of you?

Sunshine is ever cheerful, when the morning
Wakens the world with cloud-dispelling eyes;
The spirits mount to glad endeavour, scorning
What toil upon a path so sunny lies.
Sunshine and hope are comrades, and their weather
Calls into life an energy like Spring's;
But memory and moonlight go together,
Reflected in the light that either brings.
My friends, my absent friends!
Do you think of me, then? I think of you.

The busy deck is hush'd, no sounds are waking
But the watch pacing silently and slow;
The waves against the sides incessant breaking,
And rope and canvas swaying to and fro.
The topmast-sail, it seems like some dim pinnacle
Cresting a shadowy tower amid the air;
While red and fitful gleams come from the binnacle,
The only light on board to guide us—where?
My friends, my absent friends!
Far from my native land, and far from you.

On one side of the ship, the moonbeam's shimmer
In luminous vibrations sweeps the sea,
But where the shadow falls, a strange, pale glimmer
Seems, glow-worm like, amid the waves to be.
All that the spirit keeps of thought and feeling,
Takes visionary hues from such an hour;
But while some phantasy is o'er me stealing,
I start—remembrance has a keener power:
My friends, my absent friends!
From the fair dream I start to think of you.

A dusk line in the moonlight—I discover
What all day long vainly I sought to catch;
Or is it but the varying clouds that hover
Thick in the air, to mock the eyes that watch?
No; well the sailor knows each speck, appearing,
Upon the tossing waves, the far-off strand;
To that dark line our eager ship is steering.
Her voyage done—to-morrow we shall land.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1465.—THE AWAKENING OF ENDYMION.

Lone upon a mountain, the pine-trees wailing round him,
Lone upon a mountain the Grecian youth is laid;
Sleep, mystic sleep, for many a year has bound him,
Yet his beauty, like a statue's, pale and fair, is undecay'd.
When will he awaken?

When will he awaken? a loud voice hath been crying
Night after night, and the cry has been in vain;
Winds, woods, and waves found echoes for replying,
But the tones of the beloved ones were never heard again.
When will he awaken?
Ask'd the midnight's silver queen.

Never mortal eye has look'd upon his sleeping;
Parents, kindred, comrades, have mourn'd for him as dead;
By day the gather'd clouds have had him in their keeping,
And at night the solemn shadows round his rest are shed.
When will he awaken?

Long has been the cry of faithful Love's imploring;
Long has Hope been watching with soft eyes fix'd above;
When will the Fates, the life of life restoring,
Own themselves vanquish'd by much-enduring Love?
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's weary queen.

Beautiful the sleep that she has watch'd untiring,
Lighted up with visions from yonder radiant sky,
Full of an immortal's glorious inspiring,
Soften'd by a woman's meek and loving sigh.
When will he awaken?

He has been dreaming of old heroic stories,
And the Poet's world has enter'd in his soul;
He has grown conscious of life's ancestral glories,
When sages and when kings first upheld the mind's control.
When will he awaken?
Asks the midnight's stately queen.

Lo, the appointed midnight! the present hour is fated!
It is Endymion's planet that rises on the air;
How long, how tenderly his goddess love has waited,
Waited with a love too mighty for despair!
Soon he will awaken.

Soft amid the pines is a sound as if of singing,
Tones that seem the lute's from the breathing flowers depart;
Not a wind that wanders o'er Mount Latmos but is bringing
Music that is murmur'd from Nature's inmost heart.
Soon he will awaken
To his and midnight's queen!

Lovely is the green earth,—she knows the hour is holy;
Starry are the heavens, lit with eternal joy;
Light like their own is dawning sweet and slowly
O'er the fair and sculptured forehead of that yet dreaming boy.
Soon he will awaken!

Red as the red rose towards the morning turning,
Warms the youth's lip to the watcher's near his own;
While the dark eyes open, bright, intense, and burning
With a life more glorious than, ere they closed, was known.
Yes, he has awaken'd
For the midnight's happy queen!

What is this old history, but a lesson given,
How true love still conquers by the deep strength of truth—
How all the impulses, whose native home is heaven,
Sanctify the visions of hope, and faith, and youth?
'Tis for such they waken!

When every worldly thought is utterly forsaken,
Comes the starry midnight, felt by life's gifted few;
Then will the spirit from its earthly sleep awaken
To a being more intense, more spiritual, and true.
So doth the soul awaken,
Like that youth to night's fair queen!

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1466.—HANNIBAL'S OATH.

And the night was dark and calm,
There was not a breath of air;
The leaves of the grove were still,
As the presence of death was there;—

Only a moaning sound
Came from the distant sea;
It was as if, like life,
It had no tranquillity.

A warrior and a child
Pass'd through the sacred wood,
Which, like a mystery,
Around the temple stood.

The warrior's brow was worn
With the weight of casque and plume,
And sun-burnt was his cheek,
And his eye and brow were gloom.

The child was young and fair,
But the forehead large and high,
And the dark eyes' flashing light
Seem'd to feel their destiny.

They enter'd in the temple,
And stood before the shrine;
It stream'd with the victim's blood,
With incense and with wine.

The ground rock'd beneath their feet,
The thunder shook the dome;
But the boy stood firm, and swore
Eternal hate to Rome.

There's a page in history
O'er which tears of blood were wept,
And that page is the record
How that oath of hate was kept.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1467.—THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.

'Twas in the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Look'd down on the dead and dying;
And the wind pass'd o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.

With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful chief: but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.

A reckless rover, 'mid death and doom,
Pass'd a soldier, his plunder seeking.
Careless he stept, where friend and foe
Lay alike in their life-blood reeking.

Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
The soldier paused beside it:
He wrench'd the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.

He loosed his hold, and his English heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honour'd the brave who died sword in hand,
As with soften'd brow he leant o'er him.

"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.

Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life hath trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping!

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1468.—THE TROUBADOUR.

He raised the golden cup from the board,
It sparkled with purple wealth,
He kiss'd the brim her lip had prest,
And drank to his ladye's health.

Ladye, to-night I pledge thy name,
To-morrow thou shalt pledge mine;
Ever the smile of beauty should light
The victor's blood-red wine.

There are some flowers of brightest bloom
Amid thy beautiful hair,
Give me those roses, they shall be
The favour I will wear.

For ere their colour is wholly gone,
Or the breath of their sweetness fled,
They shall be placed in thy curls again,
But dyed of a deeper red.

The warrior rode forth in the morning light,
And beside his snow-white plume
Were the roses wet with the sparkling dew,
Like pearls on their crimson bloom.

The maiden stood on her highest tower,
And watch'd her knight depart;
She dash'd her tear aside, but her hand
Might not still her beating heart.

All day she watch'd the distant clouds
Float on the distant air,
A crucifix upon her neck,
And on her lips a prayer.

The sun went down, and twilight came
With her banner of pearlin grey,
And then afar she saw a band
Wind down the vale their way.

They came like victors, for high o'er their ranks
Were their crimson colours borne,
And a stranger pennon droop'd beneath,
But that was bow'd and torn.

But she saw no white steed first in the ranks,
No rider that spurr'd before;
But the evening shadows were closing fast,
And she could see no more.

She turn'd from her watch on the lonely tower
In haste to reach the hall,
And as she sprang down the winding stair,
She heard the drawbridge fall.

A hundred harps their welcome rung,
Then paused, as if in fear;
The ladye enter'd the hall, and saw
Her true knight stretch'd on his bier.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1469.—LAST VERSES OF L. E. L.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seem'd to answer to my thought,
It call'd the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turn'd the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none look'd up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

L. E. Landon.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1470.—ADDRESS TO MISS AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Agnes, gleam'd with joy and dash'd with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stoop'd to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that cross'd our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within.
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy vision'd form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighbouring poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's later scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.

'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorr'd, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
"What! is this story all thine own invention?"

Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mix'd world began;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy
(A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not conceal'd) did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vex'd with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.

With thee my humours, whether grave or gay,
Or gracious or untoward, have their way.
Silent if dull—oh, precious privilege!—
I sit by thee; or if, cull'd from the page
Of some huge ponderous tome which, but thyself,
None e'er had taken from its dusty shelf,
Thou read'st me curious passages to speed
The winter night, I take but little heed,
And thankless say, "I cannot listen now."
'Tis no offence; albeit, much do I owe

To these, thy nightly offerings of affection,
Drawn from thy ready talent for selection;
For still it seem'd in thee a natural gift
The letter'd grain from letter'd chaff to sift.

By daily use and circumstance endear'd,
Things are of value now that once appear'd
Of no account, and without notice pass'd,
Which o'er dull life a simple cheering cast;
To hear thy morning steps the stair descending,
Thy voice with other sounds domestic blending;
After each stated nightly absence, met
To see thee by the morning table set,
Pouring from smoky spout the amber stream
Which sends from saucer'd cup its fragrant steam:
To see thee cheerly on the threshold stand,
On summer morn, with trowel in thy hand
For garden-work prepared; in winter's gloom
From thy cold noonday walk to see thee come,
In furry garment lapt, with spatter'd feet,
And by the fire resume thy wonted seat;
Ay, even o'er things like these soothed age has thrown
A sober charm they did not always own—
As winter's carfrost makes minutest spray
Of bush or hedgeweed sparkle to the day
In magnitude and beauty, which, bereaved
Of such investment, eye had ne'er perceived.

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners link'd, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorn'd, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delay'd.
Words of affection, howsoe'er express'd,
The latest spoken still are deem'd the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

Joanna Baillie.—Born 1762, *Died* 1851.

1471.—THE BLACK COCK.

Good-morrow to thy sable beak,
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek;
Thy crimson moon and azure eye—
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy!
I see thee slowly cowering through
That wiry web of silver dew,
That twinkles in the morning air
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,
Who, peeping from her early bower,
Half shows, like thee, with simple wile,
Her braided hair and morning smile.
The rarest things, with wayward will,
Beneath the covert hide them still;
The rarest things, to light of day,
Look shortly forth and break away.

One fleeting moment of delight
I warm'd me in her cheering sight;
And short, I ween, the time will be
That I shall parley hold with thee.
Through Snowdon's mist, red beams the day;
The climbing herd-boy chants his lay;
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring;
Thou art already on the wing.

Joanna Baillie.—Born 1762, *Died* 1851.

1472.—THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

All white hung the bushes o'er Elaw's sweet stream,
And pale from its banks the long icicles gleam;
The first peep of morning just peers through the sky,
And here, at thy door, gentle Mary, am I.

With the dawn of the year, and the dawn of the light,
The one that best loves thee stands first in thy sight;
Then welcomed, dear maid, with my gift let me be,
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

Last year, of earth's treasures I gave thee my part,
The new year before it I gave thee my heart;
And now, gentle Mary, I greet thee again,
When only this hand and a blessing remain!

Though time should run on with his sack full of care,
And wrinkle thy cheek, maid, and whiten thy hair,

Yet still on this morn shall my offering be
A ribbon, a kiss, and a blessing for thee!

Joanna Baillie.—Born 1762, *Died* 1851.

1473.—THE KITTEN.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.

* * * *

The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud,
But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, thy feats repay:
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone by cottage-fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with alter'd air
To see thee climb his elbow-chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind.
Whence hast thou, then, thou witless Puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey,
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,
An emblem view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becomest a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favour'd playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love;
Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life is past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast,
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid,
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

Joanna Baillie.—Born 1762, *Died* 1851.

1474.—OPENING OF THE "SONGS OF ZION."

Harp of Zion, pure and holy,
Pride of Judah's eastern land,
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,
Since the dawn of childhood's day;
Since a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay;
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit bless'd her
With a blessing caught from thee!

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
Whilst the eve of age is creeping
Round the widow'd spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain:
Harp of Zion, let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again!

William Knox.—Born 1789, *Died* 1825.

1475.—DIRGE OF RACHEL.

And Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping;
With mouldering heart and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

William Knox.—Born 1789, *Died* 1825.

1476.—A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

Thou asketh what hath changed my heart,
And where hath fled my youthful folly?
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

Her eye—as soft and blue as even,
When day and night are calmly meeting—
Beams on my heart like light from heaven,
And purifies its beating.

The accents fall from Tamar's lip
Like dewdrops from the rose-leaf dripping,
When honey-bees all crowd to sip,
And cannot cease their sipping.

The shadowy blush that tints her cheek,
For ever coming—ever going,
May well the spotless fount bespeak
That sets the stream aflowing.

Her song comes o'er my thrilling breast
Even like the harp-string's holiest measures,
When dreams the soul of lands of rest
And everlasting pleasures.

Then ask not what hath changed my heart,
Or where hath fled my youthful folly—
I tell thee, Tamar's virtuous art
Hath made my spirit holy.

William Knox.—Born 1789, *Died* 1825.

1477.—CONCLUSION OF THE "SONGS OF ISRAEL."

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay;
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight;
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

William Knox.—Born 1789, *Died* 1825

1478.—AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanish'd too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remember'd of none,
My high aims abandon'd, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand
(The only law of the Desert land);
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnoo, the gazelle, and the harte-beest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the Vley, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshen'd by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturb'd by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagha's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quiver'd Koranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osier'd sides;
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capp'd mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,

And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's Solitude.

And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the cavern'd stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A "still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying "Man is distant, but God is near!"

Thomas Pringle.—Born 1788, *Died* 1834.

1479.—THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Wouldst thou view the lion's den?
Search afar from haunts of men—
Where the reed-encircled rill
Oozes from the rocky hill,
By its verdure far descried
'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
Couchant, lurks the lion grim;
Watching till the close of day
Brings the death-devoted prey.
Heedless at the ambush'd brink,
The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
Upon him straight, the savage springs
With cruel joy. The desert rings
With clanging sound of desperate strife—
The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
Plunging off with frantic bound
To shake the tyrant to the ground,
He shrieks—he rushes through the waste,
With glaring eye and headlong haste.
In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
Rides proudly—tearing as he flies.
For life—the victim's utmost speed
Is muster'd in this hour of need.
For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streak'd with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and, with convulsive throe,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling over head,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

Thomas Pringle.—Born 1788, *Died* 1834.

1480.—THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell, ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have loved so long.

Farewell, the blithesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonny Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

Thomas Pringle.—Born 1788, *Died* 1834.

1481.—THE STARRY HEAVENS.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapp'd in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams,
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,
In lambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
Still'd by the presence of her living Lord!
And now, while through the ocean-mantling haze
A dizzy chain of yellow lustre plays,

And moonlight loveliness hath veil'd the land,
Go, stranger, muse thou by the wave-worn strand:
Centuries have glided o'er the balanced earth,
Myriads have bless'd, and myriads cursed their birth;
Still, yon sky-beacons keep a dimless glare,
Unsullied as the God who throned them there!
Though swelling earthquakes heave the astounded world,
And king and kingdom from their pride are hurl'd,
Sublimely calm, they run their bright career,
Unheedful of the storms and changes here.
We want no hymn to hear, or pomp to see,
For all around is deep divinity!

Robert Montgomery.—Born 1807, *Died* 1855.

1482.—PICTURE OF WAR.

Spirit of light and life! when battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears;
When red-mouth'd cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore,
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dead notes of anguish and despair!
Unseen, thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain!

List! war-peals thunder on the battle-field;
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat their stormy drum!
And now are seen the youthful and the gray,
With bosoms firing to partake the fray;
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed!
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!

But mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With thought and valour mirror'd in his eye!
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away;
The home of love, and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles:
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
Ah no! remember'd home's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm;
For this he supplicates the god afar,
Fronts the steel'd foe, and mingles in the war!

The cannon's hush'd!—nor drum, nor clarion sound:
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!

And see! on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle-steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids the white swell'd eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shivering knees,
A widow o'er her martyr'd soldier moans,
Loading the night-wind with delirious groans!
Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan he!
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's smile!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more!

Robert Montgomery.—Born 1807, *Died* 1855.

1483.—LOST FEELINGS.

Oh! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting time is seen,
Around the form and in the face
Where beauty's bloom has been.

But mourn the inward wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Robert Montgomery.—Born 1807, *Died* 1855.

1484.—TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "O rus!"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn,
I scent no flowery gust;
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney-pot!

Oh! but to hear the milkmaid blithe;
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!
My grass is of that sort—alas!
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip cups—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow-buds I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese—or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau reviewed
His periwinkles!—mine are strewed!
My rose blooms on a gown!
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown.

Where are ye, birds, that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet, lark, and thrush,
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes!

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
The Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly—here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwholesome fumes;
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear:
Shades—vernal shades!—where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bowers,
And gardens redolent of flowers
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more:
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood—St. John's.

No pastoral scenes procure me peace;
I hold no Leasowes in my lease,
No cot set round with trees:
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
With brokers—not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh "O rus!"
Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1485.—SONG.

It was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

That churlish season never frown'd
On early lovers yet;
Oh no!—the world was newly crown'd
With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

What else could peer my glowing cheek,
That tears began to stud?
And when I ask'd the like of love,
You snatch'd a damask bud—

And oped it to the dainty core,
Still blowing to the last;
It was the time of roses—
We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1486.—A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from nature's mint,
(Where did he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymenial nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!

Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamblike frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write unless he's sent above!)

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

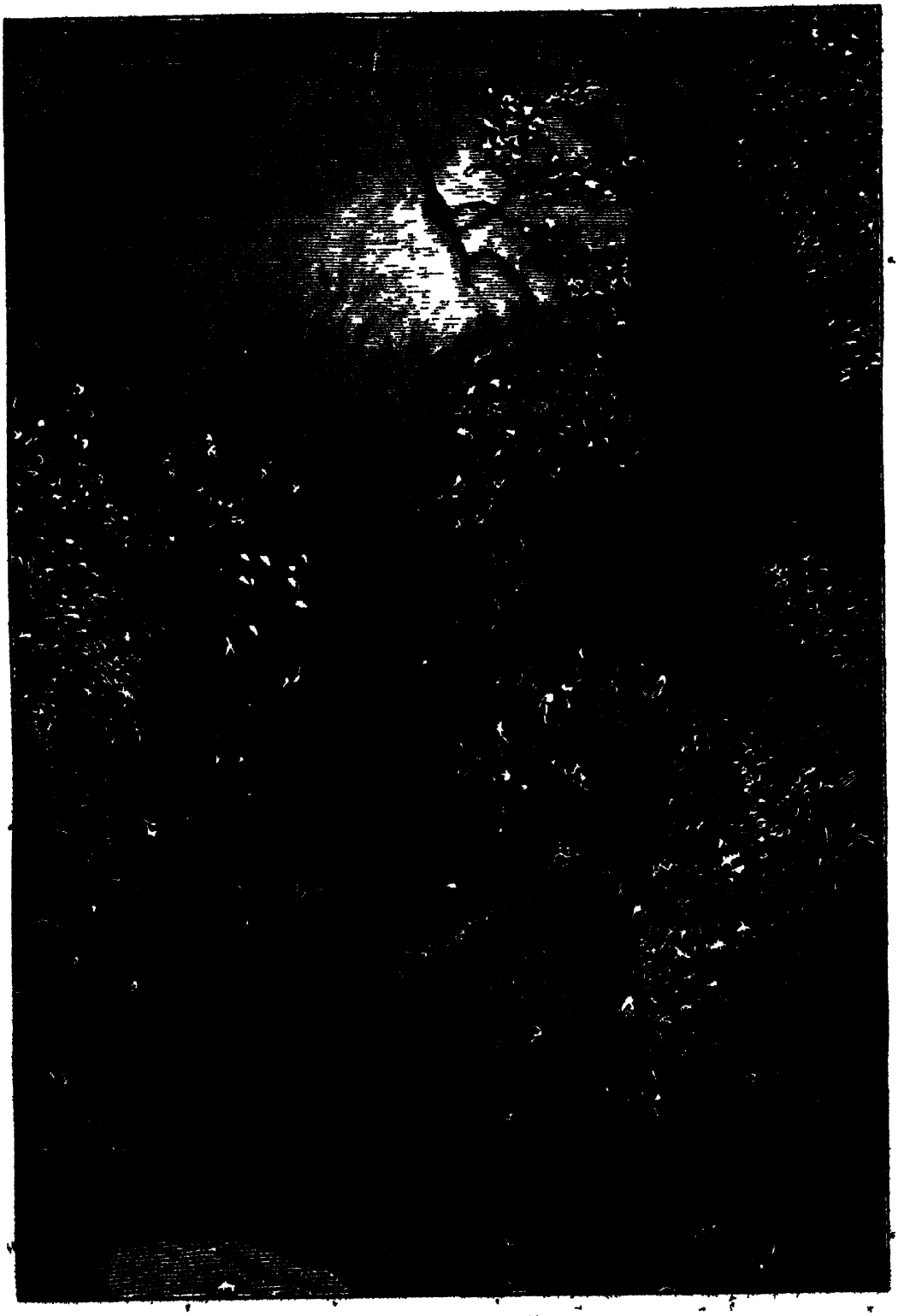
1487.—FLOWERS.

I will not have the mad Clytie,
Whose head is turn'd by the sun;
The tulip is a courtly quean,
Whom, therefore, I will shun;
The cowslip is a country wench,
The violet is a nun;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
The queen of every one.

The pea is but a wanton witch,
In too much haste to wed,
And clasps her rings on every hand;
The wolfsbane I should dread;—
Nor will I dreary rosemarye,
That always mourns the dead;—
But I will woo the dainty rose,
With her cheeks of tender red.

The lily is all in white, like a saint,
And so is no mate for me—
And the daisy's cheek is tipp'd with a blush,
She is of such low degree;
Jasmine is sweet, and has many loves,
And the broom's betrothed to the bee;—
But I will plight with the dainty rose,
For fairest of all is she.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

"The Autumn is old,
The sere leaves are flying."

[*Poem* 1488.

1488.—AUTUMN.

The Autumn is old;
The sere leaves are flying;
He hath gather'd up gold,
And now he is dying:
Old age, begin sighing!

The vintage is ripe;
The harvest is heaping;
But some that have sow'd
Have no riches for reaping:—
Poor wretch, fall a-weeping!

The year's in the wane;
There is nothing adorning;
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold Winter gives warning!

The rivers run chill;
The red sun is sinking;
And I am grown old,
And life is fast shrinking;
Here's enow for sad thinking!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1489.—TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER.

I.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again,—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

II.

Gaze upon her living eyes,
And mirror back her love for thee,—
Hereafter thou may'st shudder sighs
To meet them when they cannot see.
Gaze upon her living eyes!

III.

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told,—
Hereafter thou may'st press in woe,
And kiss them till thine own are cold.
Press her lips the while they glow!

IV.

Oh, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Too early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Oh! revere her raven hair!

V.

Pray for her at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her.
Pray for her at eve and morn!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1490.—TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

I.

Dear Fanny! nine long years ago,
While yet the morning sun was low,
And rosy with the eastern glow
The landscape smiled;
Whilst low'd the newly-waken'd herds—
Sweet as the early song of birds,
I heard those first, delightful words,
"Thou hast a child!"

II.

Along with that uprising dew
Tears glisten'd in my eyes, though few,
To hail a dawning quite as new
To me, as Time:
It was not sorrow—not annoy—
But like a happy maid, though coy,
With grief-like welcome, even Joy
Forestalls its prime.

III.

So may'st thou live, dear! many years
In all the bliss that life endears,
Not without smiles, nor yet from tears
Too strictly kept.
When first thy infant littleness
I folded in my fond caress,
The greatest proof of happiness
Was this—I wept.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1491.—I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1492.—FAIR INES.

I.

O saw ye not fair Ines?
She's gone into the west,
To dazzle when the sun is down,
And rob the world of rest;
She took our daylight with her,
The smiles that we love best,
With morning blushes on her cheek,
And pearls upon her breast.

II.

O turn again, fair Ines,
Before the fall of night,
For fear the moon should shine alone,
And stars unrivall'd bright;
And bless'd will the lover be
That walks beneath their light,
And breathes the love against thy cheek
I dare not even write!

III.

Would I had been, fair Ines,
That gallant cavalier
Who rode so gayly by thy side,
And whisper'd thee so near!—
Were there no bonny dames at home,
Or no true lovers here,
That he should cross the seas to win
The dearest of the dear?

IV.

I saw thee, lovely Ines,
Descend along the shore,
With bands of noble gentlemen,
And banners waved before;
And gentle youth and maidens gay,
And snowy plumes they wore;—
It would have been a beauteous dream,
—If it had been no more!

V.

Alas! alas! fair Ines!
She went away with song,
With music waiting on her steps,
And shoutings of the throng;
But some were sad, and felt no mirth,
But only Music's wrong,
In sounds that sang Farewell, Farewell
To her you've loved so long.

VI.

Farewell, farewell, fair Ines!
That vessel never bore
So fair a lady on its deck,
Nor danced so light before—
Alas for pleasure on the sea,
And sorrow on the shore!
The smile that blest one lover's heart
Has broken many more!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1493.—RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were blackest none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1494.—THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!

For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!

Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!

And, lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame;—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

My head was like an ardent coal—
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groan'd—the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
The sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle Boy, remember! this
Is nothing but a dream!

Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

O Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!

I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim!

And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round
With fingers bloody red!

All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime—

One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight—
I never heard it sing;
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there—
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret there was one
That earth refused to keep—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful Boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1495.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it—think of it!
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly—
Lift her with care!
Fashion'd so slenderly—
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurn'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity
Burning insanity
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1496.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

O, Men, with sisters dear!
O, Men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a Shirt!

But why do I talk of Death—
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own
Because of the fasts I keep;

O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band—
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

Work—work—work
In the dull December light!
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright!—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

Oh! but for one short hour—
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart:
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
And eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1497.—THE DEATH-BED.

We watched her breathing thro' the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1498.—THE WATER LADY.

I.

Alas! that moon should ever beam
To show what man should never see!—
I saw a maiden on a stream,
And fair was she!

II.

I staid awhile, to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With clouds of jet.

III.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water—tender blue,
Daintily spread.

IV.

I staid to watch, a little space,
Her parted lips, if she would sing;
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

V.

And still I staid a little more—
Alas! she never comes again!
I throw my flowers from the shore,
And watch in vain.

VI.

I know my life will fade away—
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay,
But she's divine.

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1499.—SONG.

O Lady, leave thy silken thread
And flowery tapestries—
There 's living roses on the bush,
And blossoms on the trees.

Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
Some random bud will meet;
Thou canst not tread but thou wilt find
The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom;
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There 's crimson buds, and white and blue—
The very rainbow showers
Have turn'd to blossoms where they fell,
And sown the earth with flowers.

There 's fairy tulips in the east—
The garden of the sun;
The very streams reflect the hues,
And blossom as they run;
While morn opes like a crimson rose,
Still wet with pearly showers:
Then, lady, leave the silken thread
Thou twinest into flowers!

Thomas Hood.—Born 1798, *Died* 1845.

1500.—TO HIS WIFE.

Oh! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labour'd words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have profess'd
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn,
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take:
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

T. Haynes Bayly.—Born 1797, *Died* 1839.

1501.—THINK NOT OF THE FUTURE.

Think not of the future, the prospect is uncertain;
Laugh away the present, while laughing hours remain:
Those who gaze too boldly through Time's mystic curtain,
Soon will wish to close it, and dream of joy again.
I, like thee, was happy, and, on hope relying,
Thought the present pleasure might revive again:
But receive my counsel—Time is always flying;
Then laugh away the present, while laughing hours remain.

I have felt unkindness, keen as that which hurts thee;
I have met with friendship, fickle as the wind;
Take what friendship offers, ere its warmth deserts thee;
Well I know the kindest may not long be kind.
Would you waste the pleasure of the summer-season,
Thinking that the winter must return again?
If our summer 's fleeting, surely that 's a reason
For laughing off the present, while laughing hours remain.

T. Haynes Bayly.—Born 1797, *Died* 1839.

1502.—O! WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

O! where do fairies hide their heads,
When snow lies on the hills—
When frost has spoil'd their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain;
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells,
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathed shells
That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,
Carousals they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,
And music in the air,
And fairy wings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere,
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof,
When green leaves come again.

T. Haynes Bayly.—Born 1797, *Died* 1839.

1503.—THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off; unhand me, gray-beard loon;"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmer'd the white moonshine.

"God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?" With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em wo;
For all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
Ah, wretch, said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averr'd I had kill'd the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow follow'd free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had follow'd us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than
We had been choked with soot.

Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

There pass'd a weary time. Each throa
Was parch'd, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it near'd and near'd:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tack'd, and veer'd.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I suck'd the blood,
And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! I cried, she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel.

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd
With broad and burning face.

Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death, and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listen'd and look'd sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogg'd moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turn'd his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan),
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropp'd down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or wo!
And every soul it pass'd me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.

PART IV.

"I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown."
Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropp'd not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I look'd upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gush'd,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they look'd on me
Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charm'd water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watch'd the water snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they rear'd, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watch'd their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coil'd and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gush'd from my heart,
And I bless'd them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I bless'd them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remain'd,
I dreamt that they were fill'd with dew;
And when I woke it rain'd.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reach'd the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steer'd, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pull'd at one rope,
But he said nought to me.
"I fear thee, ancient mariner!"
Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawn'd, they dropp'd their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies pass'd.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mix'd, now one by one.

Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seem'd to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailèd on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fix'd her to the ocean;
But in a minute she 'gan stir
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

How long in that same fit I lay
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life return'd,
I heard and in my soul discern'd
Two voices in the air.

"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross!

The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

But tell me! tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fix'd on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never pass'd away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more
I view'd the ocean green,
And look'd far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailèd softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steep'd in silentness
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turn'd my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat;
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but O! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the pilot's cheer;
My head was turn'd perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The pilot and the pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

This hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair
That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the hermit said—
"And they answer'd not our cheer!
The planks look'd warp'd! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were
Brown skeletons of leaves that lag

My forest-brook along;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The pilot made reply)
I am a-feard"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirr'd;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reach'd the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

Stunn'd by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drown'd
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the pilot shriek'd,
And fell down in a fit:
The holy hermit raised his eyes,
And pray'd where he did sit.

I took the oars; the pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laugh'd loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The hermit stepp'd forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The hermit cross'd his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrench'd
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding-guest
Turn'd from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1504.—HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? so long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,

Did'st vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1505.—LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

But sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace,
And bending back her head, look'd up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1506.—THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relict of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West; no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring; it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still;
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the Nightingale begins its song—
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird! Oh, idle thought!
In Nature there is nothing melancholy.
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love
(And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrow)—he, and such as he,
First named these notes a melancholy strain.
And many a poet echoes the conceit—
Poet who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight; to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit; of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in Nature's immortality—
A venerable thing!—and so his song

Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved like Nature! But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deepening twilights of the Spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still,
Full of meek sympathy, must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My friend, and thou, our sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices, always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

And I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood;
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass,
Thin grass and kingcups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales. And far and near,
In wood and thicket, over the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's song,
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such a harmony
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moon-lit bushes,
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glowworm in the shade
Lights up her love-torch.

A most gentle maid,
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vow'd and dedicate
To something more than Nature in the grove),
Glides through the pathways—she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon,
Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
With one sensation, and these wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if some sudden gale had swept at once
A hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd
Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
On blossomy twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve;
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! And I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening-star; and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream),
I hurried with him to our orchard-plot,
And he beheld the moon; and, hush'd at once,
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes, that swam with undropp'd tears,
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! 'Well!—
It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy.—Once more, farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1507.—FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelp'd by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark again! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude which suits
Abstruser musings: save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village!—sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings on of life
Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks its motion in this hush of Nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,

Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
By its own moods interprets, everywhere
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of thought.
But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars
To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft,
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birthplace, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirr'd and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fix'd with mock'd study on my swimming book—
Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd
A hasty glance; and still my heart leap'd up,
For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My playmate when we both were clothed alike!
Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw naught lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags. So shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee:
Whether the Summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1508.—SONG.

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep, long, lingering knell.

And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chaunter, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chaunt for thee—
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the quiet moonlight sea;
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere Domine!

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1509.—KUBLA KHAN.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens, bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O! that deep romantic chasm, which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced,
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles, meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale, the sacred river ran—

Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
There was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1510.—SEVERED FRIENDSHIP.

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1511.—EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there.

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1512.—ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION.

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, and thrush say "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and for ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me."

Coleridge.—Born 1772, *Died* 1834.

1513.—THE COMMENCEMENT OF "DARTMOOR."

Lovely Devonia! land of flowers and songs!
To thee the duteous lay. Thou hast a cloud
For ever in thy sky—a breeze, a shower,
For ever on thy meads;—yet where shall man,
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh
His eye with scenes more beauteous than adorn
Thy fields of matchless verdure! Not the south—
The glowing south, with all its azure skies,
And aromatic groves, and fruits that melt
At the rapt touch, and deep-hued flowers that light
Their tints at zenith suns—has charms like thine,
Though fresh the gale that ruffles thy wild seas,
And wafts the frequent cloud. I own the power
Of local sympathy, that o'er the fair
Throws more divine allurement, and o'er all
The great more grandeur; and my kindling muse,
Fired by the universal passion, pours,
Haply, a partial lay. Forgive the strain,
Enamour'd, for to man in every clime,
The sweetest, dearest, noblest spot below,
Is that which gives him birth; and long it wears
A charm unbroken, and its honour'd name,
Hallow'd by memory, is fondly breathed
With his last lingering sigh.

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1514.—DARTMOOR.

In sunlight and in shade—
Repose and storm,—wide waste! I since have trod
Thy hill and dale magnificent. Again
I seek thy solitudes profound, in this
Thy hour of deep tranquillity, when rests
The sunbeam on thee, and thy desert seems
To sleep in the unwonted brightness—calm
But stern: for, though the spirit of the spring
Breathes on thee, to the charmer's whisper kind
Thou listenest not, nor ever puttest on
A robe of beauty, as the fields that bud
And blossom near thee. Yet I love to tread
Thy central wastes when not a sound intrudes
Upon the ear, but rush of wing, or leap
Of the hoarse waterfall. And, oh, 'tis sweet
To list the music of thy torrent streams;
For thou too hast thy minstrelsies for him
Who from their liberal mountain-urn delights
To trace thy waters, as from source to sea
They rush tumultuous.

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1515.—THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherish'd: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so bless'd the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall; the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravish'd oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains, and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and fill'd
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!
The very streams
Brighten'd with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charm'd waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp pass'd to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Look'd on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!
And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air; and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touch'd
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seem'd greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
Leap'd in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lighten'd with living splendours; and the flowers,
Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!
The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
These potent elves. They steer'd the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
The tempest; and, anon, they rein'd its rage
In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown
Before the wand of Science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1516.—ENGLAND'S LANDSCAPE.

Fair is thy level landscape, England, fair
As ever nature form'd! Away it sweeps,
A wide, a smiling prospect, gay with flowers
And waving grass, and trees of amplest growth,
And sparkling rills, and rivers winding slow

Through all the smooth immense. Upon the eye
Arise the village and the village spire,
The clustering hamlet and the peaceful cot
Clasp'd by the woodbine, and the lordly dome,
Proud peering 'mid the stately oak and elm
Leaf-loving. Sweet the frequent lapse of brook,
The poetry of groves, the voice of bells
From aged towers, and labour's manly song
From cultured fields upswelling. Sweet the hues
Of all the fertile land; and when the sun
And shower alternate empire hold, how fresh,
How gay, how all-enchanting to the view,
Beheld at first, the broad champaign appears!

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1517.—BIRD, BEE, AND BUTTERFLY.

Bird, bee, and butterfly—the favourite three
That meet us ever on our summer path!
And what, with all her forms and hues divine,
Would summer be without them? Though the skies
Were blue, and blue the streams, and fresh the fields,
And beautiful, as now, the waving woods,
And exquisite the flowers; and though the sun
Beam'd from his cloudless throne from day to day,
And, with the breeze and shower, more loveliness
Shed o'er this lovely world; yet all would want
A charm, if those sweet denizens of earth
And air made not the great creation teem
With beauty, grace, and motion! Who would bless
The landscape, if upon his morning walk
He greeted not the feathery nations, perch'd,
For love or song, amid the dancing leaves;
Or wantoning in flight from bough to bough,
From field to field: ah! who would bless thee, June,
If silent, songless were the groves,—unheard
The lark in heaven?—And he who meets the bee
Rifling the bloom, and listless hears his hum,
Incessant ringing through the glowing day;
Or loves not the gay butterfly that swims
Before him in the ardent noon, array'd
In crimson, azure, emerald, and gold;
With more magnificence upon his wing—
His little wing—than ever graced the robe
Gorgeous of royalty—is like the kine
That wander 'mid the flowers which gem the meads,
Unconscious of their beauty.

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1518.—LOVE AND NATURE.

Long
He wooed a maid all innocence and truth,
And lovely as the loveliest nymph that treads
Thy banks, swift rushing Rhone; and she return'd
His passionate suit, and every day that came
Strengthen'd the indissoluble charm that wound
Itself round their young hearts. Thy skies are blue,
Fair Provence, and thy streams are clear, and fringed
By the lush vine, that in thy quiet vales
Hangs out its full frank clusters, glowing deep
With richest amethystine tint; and thou
Hast songs of witching minstrelsy from bowers
Of fragrance; and amid the deepening shade
Of groves, sweet cots—abodes of health and peace
By woodbine, rose, and myrtle sweetly deck'd.
But love has power to fling an added charm
Even on the beautiful; and when these met,
At magic eve, the soft, the sunny south
Yet more enchanting seem'd;—the hills, the vales
Wore an unearthly charm;—the crystal streams
Roll'd on with new-born minstrelsies;—the woods
Wore greener, fairer; and this world arose
To their quick-beaming and delighted eyes,
With all the hues and forms of Paradise.

N. T. Carrington.—Born 1777, *Died* 1830.

1519.—PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.

In the recesses of the forest vale,
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,
I wander lonely, communing with God.

When the faint sickness of a wounded heart
Creeps in cold shudderings through my sinking frame,
I turn to thee—that holy peace impart,
Which soothes the invokers of thy awful name!

O all-pervading Spirit! sacred beam!
Parent of life and light! Eternal Power!
Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam
Of thy bright essence in my dying hour!

W. Beckford.—Born 1760, *Died* 1844.

1520.—ECHO AND SILENCE.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As 'mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And, lo, she's gone!—In robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,
With far-heard step, she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

Sir Egerton Brydges.—Born 1762, *Died* 1837.

1521.—TO AUTUMN, NEAR HER DEPARTURE.

Thou Maid of gentle light! thy straw-wove vest,
And russet cincture; thy loose pale-tinged hair;
Thy melancholy voice, and languid air,
As if, shut up within that pensive breast,
Some ne'er-to-be-divulged grief was prest;
Thy looks resign'd, that smiles of patience wear,
While Winter's blasts thy scatter'd tresses tear;
Thee, Autumn, with divinest charms have blest!
Let blooming Spring with gaudy hopes delight
That dazzling Summer shall of her be born;
Let Summer blaze; and Winter's stormy train
Breathe awful music in the ear of Night;
Thee will I court, sweet dying Maid forlorn,
And from thy glance will catch the inspired strain.

Sir Egerton Brydges.—Born 1762, *Died* 1837.

1522.—BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

With some good ten of his chosen men, Bernardo hath appear'd
Before them all in the Palace hall, the lying King to beard;
With cap in hand and eye on ground, he came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frown'd and flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee!" cries the King, "who com'st unbid to me;
But what from traitor's blood should spring, save traitors like to thee?
His sire, Lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance our Champion brave
May think it were a pious part to share Don Sancho's grave."

"Whoever told this tale the King hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "Here my gage I fling before THE LIAR'S feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—
Below the throne what knight will own the coward calumny?

The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—
The life of King Alphonso I saved at Ronceval,—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense abundant for it all.

Your horse was down—your hope was flown—
I saw the faulchion shine,
That soon had drank your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done doserteth the ingrate,
And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

Ye swore upon your kingly faith, to set Don Sancho free,
But, curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,
And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

The King that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black,
No Spanish Lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—
The King hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."

"Seize—seize him!"—loud the King doth scream—"There are a thousand here—
Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! caitiffs, do ye fear?
Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—
Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the faulchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,
And all the hall was still as death: cries Bernard, "Here am I,

And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares his point—King, Condé, or Grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew—(it hung below his cloak)—
His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke;
With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—
But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling pass'd away—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

J. G. Lockhart.—Born 1794, *Died* 1854.

1523.—ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropt into the well,
And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell."—
'Twas thus Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter,—
"The well is deep, far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water—
To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,
And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget,
That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those ear-rings pale—
When he comes back and hears that I have dropt them in the well,
Oh what will Muça think of me, I cannot, cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! he'll say they should have been,
Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere—
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting well—
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think when I to market went, I loiter'd by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them, my rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper of his flame—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token.
My ear-rings! my ear-rings! oh! luckless, luckless well!
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça, and I hope he will believe—
That I have thought of him at morning, and thought of him at eve:
That musing on my lover, when down the sun was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone:
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from my hand they fell,
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well."

J. G. Lockhart.—Born 1794, *Died* 1854.

1524.—THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF THE CID.

It was when from Spain across the main the Cid had come to Rome,
He chanced to see chairs four and three beneath Saint Peter's dome.
"Now tell, I pray, what chairs be they?"—
"Seven kings to sit thereon,
As well doth suit, all at the foot of the holy Father's throne.

The Pope he sitteth above them all, that they may kiss his toe,
Below the keys the Flower-de-lys doth make a gallant show;
For his great puissance, the King of France, next to the Pope may sit,
The rest more low, all in a row, as doth their station fit."—



THE CONVICT SHIP.

"Morn on the waters, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light."

[*Poem* 1525.

"Ha!" quoth the Cid, "now God forbid! it is a shame, I wiss,
To see the Castle planted beneath the Flower-de-lys.
No harm, I hope, good Father Pope—although I move thy chair."—
In pieces small he kick'd it all ('twas of the ivory fair).

The Pope's own seat he from his feet did kick it far away,
And the Spanish chair he planted upon its place that day;
Above them all he planted it, and laugh'd right bitterly;
Looks sour and bad, I trow he had, as grim as grim might be.

Now when the Pope was aware of this, he was an angry man,
His lips that night, with solemn right, pronounced the awful ban;
The curse of God, who died on rood, was on that sinner's head—
To hell and woe man's soul must go, if once that curse be laid.

I wot, when the Cid was aware of this, a woeful man was he,
At dawn of day he came to pray, at the blessed Father's knee:
"Absolve, blessed Father, have pity upon me,
Absolve my soul, and penance I for my sin will dree."

"Who is the sinner," quoth the Pope, "that at my foot doth kneel?"
—"I am Rodrigo Diaz—a poor Baron of Castille."—
Much marvell'd all were in the hall, when that name they heard him say.
—"Rise up, rise up," the Pope he said, "I do thy guilt away;—

I do thy guilt away," he said—"and my curse I blot it out—
God save Rodrigo Diaz, my Christian champion stout;—
I trow, if I had known thee, my grief it had been sore,
To curse Ruy Diaz de Bivar, God's scourge upon the Moor."

J. G. Lockhart.—Born 1794, *Died* 1854.

1525.—THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale;

The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;
See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds:
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters!—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The deathbed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory, to wandering eyes,
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs:
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;

Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

T. K. Hervey.—Born 1804, *Died* 1859.

1526.—DRY UP THY TEARS, LOVE.

Dry up thy tears, love!—I fain would be gay!
Sing me the song of my early day!
Give me the music, so witchingly wild,
That solaced my sorrows when I was a child!—
Years have gone by me, both lonely and long,
Since my spirit was soothed by thy voice in that song!
Years have gone by!—and life's lowlands are past,
And I stand on the hill which I sigh'd for, at last:
But I turn from the summit that once was my star,
To the vale of my childhood, been dimly and far;—
Each blight on its beauty seems soften'd and gone,
Like a land that we love, in the light of the morn!
There are the flowers that have wither'd away,
And the hopes that have faded, like fairies at play;
And the eyes that are dimm'd, and the smiles that are gone,
And thou, too, art there!—but thou still art mine own;
Fair as in childhood, and fond as in youth,
Thou, only thou, wert a spirit of truth!
Time hath been o'er thee, and darken'd thine eye,
And thoughts are within thee more holy and high;
Sadder thy smile than in days that are o'er,
And lovelier all that was lovely before;
That which thou wert is not that which thou art,
Thou, too, art alter'd in all—but in heart!
Lie on my bosom, and lead me along
Over lost scenes, by the magic of song!
What if I weep at the vision of years?
Sighs are not sorrows—and joy has her tears!
Sad is my brow, as thy music is sad,
But oh! it is long since my heart was so glad!
But all that is left me of life's promise is here,—
Thou, my young idol, in sorrow more dear!
But thy murmurs remind me of many away,
And though I am glad, love! I cannot be gay!—
All have departed that offer'd like truth,
Save thou—only thou—and the song of my youth!

T. K. Hervey.—Born 1804, *Died*, 1859.

1527.—I AM ALL ALONE.

I am all alone!—and the visions that play
Round life's young days, have pass'd away;
And the songs are hush'd that gladness sings,
And the hopes that I cherish'd have made them wings;
And the light of my heart is dimm'd and gone,
As I sit in my sorrow—and all alone!
And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And friends have departed—one by one;
And memory sits, whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!
And the hour of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet, and the sounds that I hear,
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me—which I cannot see,
And eyes which beam kindness—but not for me!
And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright and bosoms glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart is sad!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!
I wander about like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain;
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,—
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!—
So, I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow—and all alone.

T. K. Hervey.—Born 1804, *Died* 1859.

1528.—AT HIS SISTER'S GRAVE.

The feeling is a nameless one
With which I sit upon thy stone,
And read the tale I dare not breathe,
Of blighted hope that sleeps beneath,
A simple tablet bears above
Brief record of a father's love,
And hints, in language yet more brief,
The story of a father's grief:—
Lost spirit!—thine was not a breast
To struggle vainly after rest!
Thou wert not made to bear the strife,
Nor labour through the storms of life;
Thy heart was in too warm a mould.
To mingle with the dull and cold,

And every thought that wrong'd thy truth
Fell like a blight upon thy youth!—
Thou shouldst have been, for thy distress,
Less pure—and oh, more passionless!
For sorrow's wasting mildew gave
Its tenant to my sister's grave!
But all thy griefs, my girl, are o'er!
Thy fair blue eye shall weep no more!
'Tis sweet to know thy fragile form
Lies safe from every future storm!—
Oft, as I haunt the dreamy gloom
That gathers round thy peaceful tomb,
I love to see the lightning stream
Along thy stone with fitful gleam;
To fancy in each flash are given
Thy spirit's visitings from heaven;—
And smile to hear the tempest rave
Above my sister's quiet grave!

T. K. Hervey.—Born 1804, *Died* 1859.

1529.—PARTING.

My early love, and must we part?
Yes! other wishes win thee now;
New hopes are springing in thy heart,
New feelings brightening o'er thy brow!
And childhood's light and childhood's home
Are all forgot at glory's call.
Yet, cast one thought in years to come
On her who loved thee o'er them all.
When pleasure's bowl is fill'd for thee,
And thou hast raised the cup to sip,
I would not that one dream of me
Should chase the chalice from thy lip:
But should there mingle in the draught
One dream of days that long are o'er,
Then—only then—the pledge be quaff'd
To her who ne'er shall taste it more!
When love and friendship's holy joys
Within their magic circle bind thee,
And happy hearts and smiling eyes,
As all must wear who are around thee!
Remember that an eye as bright
Is dimm'd—a heart as true is broken,
And turn thee from thy land of light,
To waste on these some little token.
But do not weep!—I could not bear
To stain thy cheek with sorrow's trace,
I would not draw one single tear,
For worlds, down that beloved face.
As soon would I, if power were given,
Pluck out the bow from yonder sky,
And free the prison'd floods of heaven,
As call one tear-drop to thine eye.
Yet oh, my love! I know not why
It is a woman's thought!—but while
Thou offer'st to my memory,
The tribute should not be—a smile!
For, though I would not see thee weep,
The heart, methinks, should not be gay,
That would the fast of feeling keep
For her who loves it, far away.
No! give me but a single sigh,
Pure as we breathed in happier hours,
When very sighs were wing'd with joy,
Like gales that have swept over flowers;
That uttering of a fond regret,
That strain my spirit long must pour;
A thousand dreams may wait us yet:
Our holiest and our first is o'er.

T. K. Hervey.—Born 1804, *Died* 1859.

1530.—AUTUMN FLOWERS.

Those few pale Autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the Summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why?—They are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirr'd
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
Ye're types of precious things;
Types of those bitter moments,
That flit, like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings:

Last hours with parting dear ones
(That Time the fastest spends),
Last tears in silence shed,
Last words half utter'd,
Last looks of dying friends.

Who but would fain compress
A life into a day,—
The last day spent with one
Who ere the morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye?

O precious, precious moments!
Pale flowers! ye're types of those;
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because, like those, the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath—
I leave the Summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death.

Caroline Southey.—Born 1786, *Died* 1854.

1531.—THE PAUPER'S DEATHBED.

Tread softly! bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter!—no crowds attend—
Enter!—no guards defend
This palace gate.

That pavement damp and cold
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Lifting with meagre hands
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound—
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppress'd—again
That short deep gasp—and then
The parting groan!

O! change—O! wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

O! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

Caroline Southey.—Born 1786, *Died* 1854.

1532.—THE LAST JOURNEY.

Slowly, with measured tread,
Onward we bear the dead
To his lone home;
Short grows the homeward road—
On with your mortal load!—
O, grave! we come.

Yet, yet—ah! hasten not
Past each remember'd spot
Where he hath been—
Where late he walk'd in glee,
These from henceforth to be
Never more seen!

Rest ye—set down the bier!
One he loved dwelleth here;
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

Hearken!—he speaketh yet!—
"O, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend—more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart link'd in one—
All to each other?

O, friend! I go from thee—
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell;
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
O, friend, farewell!"

Uplift your load again!
Take up the mourning strain—
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail!

Yet, yet—ah! slowly move!
Bear not the form we love
Fast from our sight—
Let the air breathe on him,
And the sun beam on him
Last looks of light.

Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate!
Will the dead speak again—
Utt'ring proud boasts, and vain
Last words of hate?

Lo! the cold lips unclose—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
"O, thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me,
Ere hence I go.

Curse not thy foeman now—
Mark! on his pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pardoning I pass thy way;
Then wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget!"

Now all his labour 's done!
Now, now the goal is won!
O, grave, we come!
Seal up the precious dust—
Land of the good and just,
Take the soul home!

Caroline Southey.—Born 1786, *Died* 1854.

1533.—MARINER'S HYMN.

Launch thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands—
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily;
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee.

Reef in the foresail, there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
There swept the blast.

"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast?
Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
Heave out thy gold;
There—let the ingots go—
Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbour's near—
Lo! the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

Caroline Southey.—Born 1786, *Died* 1854.

1534.—CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
Our fond, dear boy—
The realms where sorrow dare not come,
Where life is joy?
Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
Thy spirit caught no taint from earth;
Even by its bliss we mete our death,
Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
As closed thine eye;
Tears of our anguish may not tell
When thou didst die;
Words may not paint our grief for thee,
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
Of our unfathom'd agony,
Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
To bless us given;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven:
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self than a part
Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
Casa Wappy!

Thy bright brief day knew no decline,
'Twas cloudless joy;
Sunrise and night alone were thine,
Beloved boy!

This morn beheld thee blithe and gay,
That found thee prostrate in decay,
And e'er a third shone, clay was clay,
Casa Wappy!

of our hearth, our household pride,
Earth's undefiled;
Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
Our dear, sweet child!
Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
Yet had we hoped that Time should see
Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still—
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
Till oh! my heart is like to break,
Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek carnation'd bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white,
Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy cloak and bonnet, club and ball;
But where art thou?
A corner holds thine empty chair,
Thy playthings idly scatter'd there,
But speak to us of our despair,
Casa Wappy!

Even to the last thy every word—
To glad, to grieve—
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecay'd,
Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
And like the rainbow thou didst fade,
Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee when blind blank night
The chamber fills;
We pine for thee when morn's first light
Reddens the hills:
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall-flower and wild pea,
Are changed—we saw the world through thee,
Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
An inward birth:
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at thine evening prayer!
All day we miss thee, everywhere,
Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
In life's spring bloom,
Down to the appointed house below,
The silent tomb.
But now the green leaves of the tree,
The cuckoo and "the busy bee,"
Return—but with them bring not thee,
Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be (while flowers
Revive again)—
Man's doom, in death that we and ours
For aye remain?
Oh! can it be, that o'er the grave
The grass renew'd, should yearly wave,
Yet God forget our child to save?—
Casa Wappy!

It cannot be: for were it so
Thus man could die,
Life were a mockery, Thought were woe,
And Truth a lie;
Heaven were a coinage of the brain,
Religion frenzy, Virtue vain,
And all our hopes to meet again,
Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above;
Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God,
Casa Wappy!

Yet 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
Fond, fairest boy,
That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
With him in joy:
There past are death and all its woes,
There beauty's stream for ever flows,
And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
Casa Wappy!

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart!
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart:
Time's shadows like the shuttle flee:
And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
Casa Wappy!

D. M. Moir.—Born 1798, *Died* 1851.

1535.—LANGSYNE.

Langsyne!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As memory roams the sunny track,
From which hope's dreams were loath to part!
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we fret and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne.

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah, where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bowed beneath the scythe
Of death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne!—the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne!—with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

D. M. Moir.—Born 1798, *Died* 1851.

1536.—THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

Who sleeps below? who sleeps below?
It is a question idle all!
Ask of the breezes as they blow,
Say, do they heed, or hear thy call?
They murmur in the trees around,
And mock thy voice, an empty sound!

A hundred summer suns have shower'd
Their fostering warmth, and radiance bright;
A hundred winter storms have lower'd
With piercing floods, and hues of night.
Since first this remnant of his race
Did tenant his lone dwelling-place.

Say, did he come from East, from West?
From Southern climes, or where the Pole,
With frosty sceptre, doth arrest
The howling billows as they roll?
Within what realm of peace or strife
Did he first draw the breath of life?

Was he of high or low degree?
Did grandeur smile upon his lot?
Or, born to dark obscurity,
Dwelt he within some lowly cot,

And, from his youth to labour wed,
From toil-strung limbs wrung daily bread?

Say, died he ripe, and full of years,
Bow'd down, and bent by hoary eld,
When sound was silence to his ears,
And the dim eyeball sight withheld;
Like a ripe apple falling down,
Unshaken, 'mid the orchard brown;

When all the friends that bless'd his prime,
Were vanish'd like a morning dream;
Pluck'd one by one by spareless Time,
And scatter'd in oblivion's stream;
Passing away all silently,
Like snow-flakes melting in the sea:

Or, 'mid the summer of his years,
When round him throng'd his children young,
When bright eyes gush'd with burning tears,
And anguish dwelt on every tongue,
Was he cut off, and left behind
A widow'd wife, scarce half resign'd?

Or, 'mid the sunshine of his spring,
Came the swift bolt that dash'd him down;
When she, his chosen, blossoming
In beauty, deem'd him all her own,
And forward look'd to happier years
Than ever bless'd this vale of tears?

By day, by night, through calm and storm,
O'er distant oceans did he roam,
Far from his land, a lonely form,
The deck his walk, the sea his home:
Toss'd he on wild Biscayan wave,
Or where smooth tides Panama lave?

Slept he within the tented field,
With pillowing daisies for his bed?
Captived in battle, did he yield?
Or plunge to victory o'er the dead?
Oft, 'mid destruction, hath he broke
Through reeking blades and rolling smoke?

Perhaps he perish'd for the faith—
One of that persecuted band,
Who suffer'd tortures, bonds, and death,
To free from mental thrall the land,
And, toiling for the martyr's fame,
Espoused his fate, nor found a name!

Say, was he one to science blind,
A groper in Earth's dungeon dark?
Or one who with aspiring mind
Did, in the fair creation, mark
The Maker's hand, and kept his soul
Free from this grovelling world's control?

Hush! wild surmise!—'tis vain—'tis vain—
The summer flowers in beauty blow,
And sighs the wind, and floods the rain,
O'er some old bones that rot below;
No other record can we trace
Of fame or fortune, rank or race!

Then, what is life, when thus we see
No trace remains of life's career?—
Mortal! whoe'er thou art, for thee
A moral lesson gloweth here;
Putt'st thou in aught of earth thy trust?
'Tis doom'd that dust shall mix with dust.

What doth it matter, then, if thus,
Without a stone, without a name,
To impotently herald us,
We float not on the breath of fame;
But, like the dewdrop from the flower,
Pass, after glittering for an hour?

The soul decays not, freed from earth,
And earthly coils, it bursts away;—
Receiving a celestial birth,
And spurning off its bonds of clay,
It soars, and seeks another sphere,
And blooms through Heaven's eternal year!

Do good; shun evil; live not thou,
As if at death thy being died;
Nor error's siren voice allow
To draw thy steps from truth aside;
Look to thy journey's end—the grave!
And trust in Him whose arm can save.

D. M. Moir.—Born 1798, *Died* 1851.

1537.—HYMN.

Father in Heaven! who gave me breath,
And made this world for such as me,
Remind me, I must give, at death,
Account of all my deeds to Thee!

If from the track of duty o'er
My thoughts would roam, my feet would slide,
Still may I feel that Thou art near,
And pray Thee, Lord, to be my guide.

Yes! from Thine eye's unsleeping lid,
And from Thy presence none can flee;
The secret places are not hid,
And darkness is as light to Thee!

So when I wake to morning light,
My prayers to Thee shall still ascend;
And I will ask Thee, every night,
To bless my slumbers, and defend!

D. M. Moir.—Born 1798, *Died* 1851.

1538.—PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then Eloquence first flash'd below;
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her Ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd, but his wreath was won;
He perish'd in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1539.—THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA.

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invader's pomp afar!
Like pamper'd lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now? A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood,
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rush'd through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reach'd thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretch'd thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and throng'd with dead, till fate
Had fix'd upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shudder'd and rush'd on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch

At once is cover'd with a livid veil;
In mix'd and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answer'd by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famish'd, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And dying, hear the storm but wilder thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven! A human blow
Had crush'd them in the fight, or flung the chain
Round them where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all bestill'd. But Thou! thy battle-plain
Was a whole empire; that devoted train
Must war from day to day with storm and gloom
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain),
Must lie from night to night as in a tomb,
Must fly, toil, bleed for home; yet never see that home.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1540.—TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

High peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone!
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time,
When her rose with the cypress he twined,
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth—and she died!
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1541.—COME, EVENING GALE!

(A.D. 1500.)

Come, eveninge gale! the crimsonne rose
Is drooping for thy sighe of dewe;
The hyacinthe moves thy kisse to close
In slumber sweete its eye of blue.

Shone, eveninge starre! the valley-streame
Hath loste the tinges of the sunne,
And lingers for thy pearlie beame,
To tell its bosome daye is done.

Rise, eveninge moone! thy holie raye
To telle of heavenlie hours is given,
Whenne earthe shall on our eye decaye,
And alle our path, like thine, be heavenne.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1542.—THE PAINTER.

That rock's his haunt. There's not in all our hills
A hunter that can climb like him. He'll watch
Before the lark is up; and, staff in hand,
For hours stand gazing, by the eagle's nest,
Like one enamour'd of the rising sun;
And then he'll make his couch beside a rill,
Which, in his fantasy, he strews with shells,
And hangs with garlands of the weedy flowers.
Some think him love-crost; others that he deals
With spirits: for all such seek loneliness.
And yet I think him holy, for he loves
Our convent walls; and many an evening strays
To see the sunset sleeping on its roof
And its whole arches; or but turns away
To pore upon its image in the stream;
And then he'll spread his book upon his knee,
And make a thousand things of beauty; then
He'll tear the page, and fling it to the wind.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1543.—REBELLION.

I had a vision: evening sat in gold
Upon the bosom of a boundless plain,
Cover'd with beauty;—garden, field, and fold,
Studding the billowy sweep of ripening grain,
Like islands in the purple summer main.
And temples of pure marble met the sun,
That tinged their white shafts with a golden stain;
And sounds of rustic joy, and labour done,
Hallow'd the lovely hour, until her pomp was gone.

The plain was hush'd in twilight, as a child
Slumbers beneath its slow-drawn canopy;
But sudden tramplings came, and voices wild,
And tossings of rude weapons caught the eye;
And on the hills, like meteors in the sky,
Burst sanguine fires; and ever and anon
To the clash'd spears the horn gave fierce reply;
And round their beacons trooping thousands shone,
Then sank like evil things, and all was dark and lone.

'Twas midnight: there was wrath in that wild heaven;
Earth was sepulchral dark. At once a roar
Peal'd round the mountain-tops, like ocean driven
Before the thunders on the eternal shore:
Down rush'd, as if a sudden earthquake tore
The bowels of the hills, a flood of fire:
Like lava, mingled spears and torches pour,
The plain is deluged; higher still and higher
Swell blood and flame, till all is like one mighty pyre.

'Twas dawn: and still the black and bloody smoke
Roll'd o'er the champaign like a vault of stone;
But as the sun's slow wheels the barrier broke,
He lit the image of a fearful one,
Throned in the central massacre, alone—
An iron diadem upon his brow,
A naked lance beside him, that yet shone
Purple and warm with gore; and crouching low,
All men in one huge chain, alike the friend and foe.

The land around him, in that sickly light,
Show'd like th' upturning of a mighty grave:
Strewn with crush'd monuments and remnants white
Of man; all loneliness; but when some slave,
With faint, fond hand, the hurried burial gave,
Then died. The Despot sat upon his throne,
Scoffing to see the stubborn traitors wave
At his least breath. The good and brave were gone
To exile or the tomb. Their country's life was done!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1544.—A LOWERING EVE.

There is a gloomy grandeur in the sun,
That levels his last light along the shore;
The clouds are rolling downwards, stern and dun:
The long, slow wave is streak'd with red, like gore
On some vast field of battle; and the roar
Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.

* * * *

And now the sun sinks deeper; and the clouds,
In folds of sullen fire, still heavier lower,
Till the whole storm the shore and ocean shrouds.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1545.—A CALM EVE.

Look on these waters, with how soft a kiss
They woo the pebbled shore! then steal away,
Like wanton lovers—but to come again,
And die in music! There, the bending skies
See all their stars,—and the beach-loving trees,
Osiers and willows, and the watery flowers,
That wreathe their pale roots round the ancient stones,
Make pictures of themselves!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1546.—SATAN.

FROM A PICTURE BY SIR J. LAWRENCE.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep,
Above thee bends the vaulted fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear uplifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn,
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Aim'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain:
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

No giant pinions round thee cling:
Clouds and the thunder are thy wing;
Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The King is in thine eyeballs' beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole chief of Hell's dark multitude.

Yet brighter than thy brightest hour
Shall rise in glory and in power
The lowliest of the lowly dead,
HIS ransom'd, who shall bruise thy head,
The myriads for HIS blood forgiven;
Kings of the stars, the loved of Heaven!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1547.—THE POET'S HOUR.

When day is done, and clouds are low,
And flowers are honey-dew,
And Hesper's lamp begins to glow
Along the western blue;
And homeward wing the turtle-doves,
Then comes the hour the poet loves.

For in the dimness curtain'd round,
He hears the echoes all
Of cosy vale, or grassy mound,
Or distant waterfall;
And shapes are on his dreaming sight,
That keep their beauty for the night.

And still, as shakes the sudden breeze
The forest's deepening shade,
He hears on Tuscan evening seas
The silver serenade:
Or, to the field of battle borne,
Swells at the sound of trump and horn.

The star that peeps the leaves between,
To him is but the light
That, from some lady's bower of green,
Shines to her pilgrim knight:
Who feels her spell around him twine,
And hastens home from Palestine.

Or, if some wandering peasant's song
Come sweeten'd on the gale,
He sees the cloister's saintly throng—
The crozier, cross, and veil;
Or hears the vespers of the nun,
World-weary, lovely, and undone.

And thus he thinks the hours away
In sweet unworldly folly,
And loves to see the shades of grey,
That feed his melancholy:
Finding sweet speech and thought in all,
Star, leaf, wind, song, and waterfall!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1548.—NOON.

Come, ye brown oaks, and stoop your heavy boughs,
Making sweet eve around my sultry brows!
Wave your white beauty, lilies; hyacinths, sigh;
And, woodbine, from your blossom'd canopy,
Stirring the smoothness of this quiet stream,
Shed on my eyes some deep, Elysian dream;
And come, thou young and silken-pinion'd Wind,
That the pale Virgin May sends forth to find
Her flowers, in Winter's frozen bosom sleeping;
Wing round this leafy bed, in whispers creeping
Like softest music on my slumbering ear;
Until the murmur of the grasshopper,
And the fresh odours of the rose's breath,
Tell me that Day is faint, and nigh to death.
And the small stars are waking one by one;
And to fair Thetis' couch the weary sun is gone!

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1549.—NOTRE DAME.

The organ peals; at once, as some vast wave,
Bend to the earth the mighty multitude,
Silent as those pale emblems of the grave
In monumental marble round them strew'd,
Low at the altar, forms in cope and hood
Superb with gold-wrought cross and diamond twine,
Life in their upturn'd visages subdued,
Toss their untiring censers round the shrine,
Where on her throne of clouds the Virgin sits divine.

But only kindred faith can fitly tell
Of the high ritual at that altar done,
When clash'd the arms, and rose the chorus-swell,
Then sank, as if beneath the grave 'twere gone;
Till broke the spell the mitred abbot's tone,
Deep, touching, solemn, as he stood in prayer,
A dazzling form upon its topmost stone,
And raised, with hallow'd look, the Host in air,
And bless'd with heavenward hand the thousands kneeling there.

Pompous! but love I not such pomp of prayer;
Ill bends the heart 'mid mortal luxury.
Rather let me the meek devotion share,
Where, in their silent glens and thickets high,
England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie.
The spotless table by the eastern wall,
The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,
The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent all;
Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all in all.

If pride be evil; if the holiest sighs
Must come from humblest hearts; if man must turn
Full on his wreck of nature to be wise:
If there be blessedness for those who mourn;
What speak the purple gauds that round us burn?
Ask of that kneeling crowd whose glances stray
So restless round an altar, vestment, urn;
Can guilt weep there? can mild repentance pray?
Ask, when this moment's past, how runs their Sabbath-day?

Their Sabbath-day! alas! to France that day
Comes not; she has a day of looser dress,
A day of thicker crowded ball and play,
A day of folly's hotter, ranker press;
She knoweth not its hallow'd happiness,
Its eve of gather'd hearts and gentle cheer.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1550.—JACOB.

The sun was sinking on the mountain-zone
That guards thy vales of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-Aram's height, abrupt and bare,
A pilgrim toil'd, and oft on day's decline
Look'd pale, then paused for eve's delicious air;
The summit gain'd, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumber'd—darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seem'd to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gather'd round,
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound;
Still deeper roll'd the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound—
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky:
Below, a mighty sea, that spreads incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings;
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose;
Then chariot-wheels—the nearer rush of wings;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows:
It thunders—the resplendent gates unclose.
Far as the eye can glance, on height o'er height
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crown'd brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But, two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fix'd, sun-bright eyes, and looks of high command:
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crown'd with Deity.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1551.—THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD.

There's glory on thy mountains, proud Bengal,
When on their temples bursts the morning sun!
There's glory on thy marble-tower'd wall,
Proud Ispahan, beneath his burning noon!
There's glory—when his golden course is done,
Proud Istamboul, upon thy waters blue!
But fall'n Damascus, thine was beauty's throne,
In morn, and noon, and evening's purple dew,
Of all from ocean's marge to mighty Himmalu.

East of the city stands a lofty mount,
Its brow with lightning delved and rent in sunder;
And through the fragment rolls a little fount,
Whose channel bears the blast of fire and thunder;
And there has many a pilgrim come to wonder;
For there are flowers unnumber'd blossoming,
With but the bare and calcined marble under;
Yet in all Asia no such colours spring,
No perfumes rich as in that mountain's rocky ring.

And some, who pray'd the night out on the hill,
Have said they heard—unless it was their dream,
Or the mere murmur of the babbling rill,—
Just as the morn-star shot its first slant beam,

A sound of music, such as they might deem
The song of spirits—that would sometimes sail
Close to their ear, a deep, delicious stream,
Then sweep away, and die with a low wail;
Then come again, and thus, till Lucifer was pale.

And some, but bolder still, had dared to turn
That soil of mystery for hidden gold;
But saw strange, stifling blazes round them burn,
And died:—by few that venturous tale was told.
And wealth was found; yet, as the pilgrims hold,
Though it was glorious on the mountain's brow,
Brought to the plain it crumbled into mould,
The diamonds melted in the hand like snow;
So none molest that spot for gems or ingots now.

But one, and ever after, round the hill
He stray'd:—they said a meteor scorch'd his sight;
Blind, mad, a warning of Heaven's fearful will.
'Twas on the sacred evening of "the Flight,"
His spade turn'd up a shaft of marble white,
Fragment of some kiosk, the chapiter
A crystal circle, but at morn's first light
Rich forms began within it to appear,
Sceptred and wing'd, and then it sank in water clear.

Yet once upon that guarded mount, no foot
But of the Moslem true might press a flower,
And of them none, but with some solemn suit
Beyond man's help might venture near the bower:
For, in its shade, in beauty and in power,
For judgment sat the Angel of the World:
Sent by the Prophet, till the destined hour
That saw in dust Arabia's idols hurl'd,
Then to the skies again his wing should be unfurl'd.

It came at last. It came with trumpets' sounding,
It came with thunders of the atabal,
And warriors' shouts, and Arab chargers' bounding,
The sacred standard crown'd Medina's wall!
From palace roof and minaret's golden ball
Ten thousand emerald banners floated free,
Beneath, like sunbeams, through the gateway tall,
The emirs led their steel-mail'd chivalry,
And the whole city rang with sports and soldier glee.

This was the eve of eves, the end of war,
Beginning of Dominion, first of Time!
When, swifter than the shooting of a star,
Mahommed saw the "Vision's" pomps sublime;
Swept o'er the rainbow'd sea,—the fiery clime,
Heard from the throne its will in thunders roll'd;
Then glancing on our world of woe and crime,
Saw from Arabia's sands his banner's fold
Wave o'er the brighten'd globe its sacred, conquering gold.

The sun was slowly sinking to the west,
Pavilion'd with a thousand glories' dyes;
The turtle-doves were winging to the nest
Along the mountain's soft declivities;
The fresher breath of flowers began to rise,
Like incense, to that sweet departing sun;
Faint as the hum of bees the city's cries:
A moment, and the lingering disk was gone;
Then were the Angel's task on earth's dim orbit done.

Oft had he gazed upon that lovely vale,
But never gazed with gladness such as now;
When on Damascus' roofs and turrets pale
He saw the solemn sunlight's fainter glow,
With joy he heard Immauns' voices flow
Like breath of silver trumpets on the air;
The vintagers' sweet song, the camels' low,
As home they stalk'd from pasture, pair by pair,
Flinging their shadows tall in the steep sunset glare.

Then at his sceptre's wave, a rush of plumes
Shook the thick dew-drops from the roses' dyes;
And, as embodying of their waked perfumes,
A crowd of lovely forms, with lightning eyes,
And flower-crown'd hair, and cheeks of Paradise,
Circled the bower of beauty on the wing;
And all the grove was rich with symphonies
Of seeming flute, and horn, and golden string,
That slowly rose, and o'er the mount hung hovering.

The Angel's flashing eyes were on the vault,
That now with lamps of diamonds all was hung;
His mighty wings like tissues heavenly-wrought,
Upon the bosom of the air were hung.
The solemn hymn's last harmonies were sung,
The sun was crouching on the distant zone:
"Farewell" was breathing on the Angel's tongue.—
He glanced below. There stood a suppliant one,
The impatient Angel sank in wrath upon his throne.

Yet all was quickly soothed—this labour past,
"His coronet of tenfold light was one."
His glance again upon the form was cast,
That now seem'd dying on the dazzling stone;
He bade it rise and speak. The solemn tone
Of earth's high sovereign mingled joy with fear,
As summer vales of rose by lightning shown;

As the night-fountain in the desert drear;
His voice seem'd sudden life to that fall'n suppliant's ear.

The form arose—the face was in a veil,
The voice was low, and often check'd with sighs;
The tale it utter'd was a simple tale:
"A vow to close a dying parent's eyes
Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis;
The Arab in the Syrian mountains lay,
The caravan was made the robber's prize,
The pilgrim's little wealth was swept away,
Man's help was vain." Here sank the voice in soft decay.

"And this is Earth!" the Angel, frowning, said;
And from the ground he took a matchless gem,
And flung it to the mourner, then outspread
His pinions, like the lightning's rushing beam.
The pilgrim started at the diamond's gleam,
Glanced up in prayer, then, bending near the throne,
Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,
And tried to speak, but tears were there alone;
The pitying Angel said, "Be happy and begone."

The weeper raised the veil; a ruby lip
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue;
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turn'd to golden as the light wind threw
Clusters in the western golden glare.
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
Sought from his glance sweet refuge on the ground;
But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze;
And, as the soul had felt some sudden wound,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound.
He look'd again; the cheek was deadly pale;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;
Yet still one lily hand upheld the veil,
And still one press'd her heart—that sigh told all the tale.

She stoop'd, and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,
And fondly kiss'd, and then with feeble hand
She laid it on the footstool of the bower;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd;
The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet;
Yet even that sweet, slight boon, 'twas Heaven's command,
He must not touch; from her, though doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment seat.

Still lay the flower upon the splendid spot,
The pilgrim turn'd away, as smote with shame;
Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot;
'Twas in his soul a shaft of living flame.
Then bow'd the humbled one, and bless'd his name,
Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
A sudden faintness o'er the Angel came;
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,
She bow'd her face to earth, and o'er it dropp'd her veil.

Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest gaze
Can make the spirit from its centre roll;
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy maze?
Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul;
One glorious vision lighting up the whole
Of the wide world; or one deep, wild desire,
By day and night consuming, sad and sole;
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's own fire
Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams;
Companionship divine, stern solitude;
Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest gleams
That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy food;
Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,
Victim of visions that life's purpose steal,
Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must heal—
Proud Angel, was it thine that mortal woe to feel?

Still knelt the pilgrim cover'd with her veil,
But all her beauty living on his eye;
Still hyacinth the clustering ringlets fell,
Wreathing her forehead's polish'd ivory;
Her cheek unseen still wore the rosebud's dye;
She sigh'd; he heard the sigh beside him swell,
He glanced around—no spirit hover'd nigh—
Touch'd the fall'n flower, and blushing, sigh'd "farewell!"
What sound has stunn'd his ear? A sudden thunder-peal.

He look'd on heaven—'twas calm, but in the vale
A creeping mist had girt the mountain round,
Making the golden minarets glimmer pale;
It scaled the mount—the feeble day was drown'd.
The sky was with its livid hue embrown'd,
But soon the vapours grew a circling sea,
Reflecting, lovely, from its blue profound,

Mountain, and crimson cloud, and blossom'd tree;
Another heaven and earth in bright tranquillity.

And on its bosom swam a small chaloupe,
That like a wild swan sported on the tide;
The silken sail that canopied its poop
Show'd one that look'd an Houri in her pride;
Anon came spurring up the mountain's side
A warrior Moslem all in glittering mail,
That to his country's doubtful battle hied.
He saw the form, he heard the tempter's tale,
And answer'd with his own: for beauty will prevail.

But now in storm uprose the vast mirage;
Where sits she now who tempted him to roam?
How shall the skiff with that wild sea engage?
In vain the quivering helm is turn'd to home.
Darkening above the piles of tumbling foam,
Rushes a shape of woe, and through the roar
Peals in the warrior's ear a voice of doom.
Down plunges the chaloupe.—The storm is o'er;
Heavy and slow the corpse rolls onward to the shore.

The Angel's heart was smote—but that touch'd flower,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,
He felt it strangely chain him to the bower.
He dared not then that pilgrim's eye to meet,
But gazed upon the small unsandall'd feet
Shining like silver on the floor of rose.
At length he raised his glance:—the veil's light net
Had floated backward from her pencill'd brows,
Her eye was fix'd on heaven, in sad, sublime repose.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
And on her crimson lip was murmuring
A village strain, that in the day's sweet rest
Is heard in Araby round many a spring,
When down the twilight vales the maidens bring
The flocks to some old patriarchal well;
Or where beneath the palms some desert-king
Lies, with his tribe around him as they fell!
The thunder burst again—a long, deep, crashing peal.

The Angel heard it not, as round the range
Of the blue hill-tops roar'd the volley on,
Uttering its voice with wild aërial change;
Now sinking in a deep and distant moan,
Like the last echo of a host o'erthrown;
Then rushing with new vengeance down again,
Shooting the fiery flash and thunder-stone;
Till flamed, like funeral pyres, the mountain chain.
The Angel heard it not; its wisdom all was vain.

He heard not even the strain, though it had changed
From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn.
His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious ranged,
Yet all within was dizzy, strange, and dim;
A mist seem'd spreading between heaven and him;
He sat absorb'd in dreams; a searching tone
Came on his ear—oh, how her dark eyes swim
Who breathed that echo of a heart undone,
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone!

Again it changed.—But now 'twas wild and grand—
The praise of hearts that scorn the world's control,
Disdaining all but love's delicious band,
The chain of gold and flowers, the tie of soul.
Again strange paleness o'er her beauty stole,
She glanced above, then stoop'd her glowing eye,
Blue as the star that glitter'd by the pole;
One tear-drop gleam'd: she dash'd it quickly by,
And dropp'd the lyre, and turn'd—as if she turn'd to die.

The night-breeze from the mountains had begun;
And as it wing'd among the clouds of even,
Where, like a routed king, the sultan sun
Still struggled on the fiery verge of heaven;
Their volumes in ten thousand shapes were driven;
Spreading away in boundless palace halls,
Whose lights from gold and emerald lamps were given;
Or airy citadels and battled walls;
Or sunk in valleys sweet, with silver waterfalls.

But, for those sights of heaven the Angel's heart
Was all unsettled; and a bitter sigh
Burst from his burning lip, and with a start
He cast upon the earth his conscious eye.
The whole horizon from that summit high
Spread out in vision, from the pallid line
Where old Palmyra's pomps in ruin lie,
Gilding the Arab sands, to where supine
The western lustre tinged thy spires, lost Palestine!

Yet, loveliest of the vision was the vale
That sloped beneath his own imperial bowers;
Sheeted with colours like an Indian mail,
A tapestry sweet of all sun-painted flowers,
Balsam, and clove, and jasmines' scented showers,
And the red glory of the Persian rose,
Spreading in league on league around the towers,
Where, loved of heaven, and hated of its foes,
The Queen of Cities shines, in calm and proud repose.

And still he gazed—and saw not that the eve
Was fading into night. A sudden thought
Struck to his dreaming heart, that made it heave:
Was he not there in Paradise?—that spot
Was it not lovely as the lofty vault
That rose above him? In his native skies,
Could he be happy till his soul forgot—
Oh! how forget the being whom his eyes
Loved as their light of light? He heard a tempest rise.

Was it a dream? the vale at once was bare,
And o'er it hung a broad and sulphurous cloud;
The soil grew red and rifted with its glare;
Down to their roots the mountain cedars bow'd;
Along the ground a rapid vapour flow'd,
Yellow and pale, thick seam'd with streaks of flame;
Before it sprang the vulture from the shroud;
The lion bounded from it scared and tame;
Behind it, darkening heaven, the mighty whirlwind came.

Like a long tulip bed, across the plain,
A caravan approach'd the evening well,
A long, deep mass of turban, plume, and vane;
And lovely came its distant, solemn swell
Of song, and pilgrim-horn, and camel-bell.
The sandy ocean rose before their eye;
In thunder on their bending host it fell.
Ten thousand lips sent up one fearful cry;
The sound was still'd at once—beneath its wave they lie.

But two escaped that up the mountain sprung,
As those the dead men's treasure downwards drew;
One, with slow steps, but beautiful and young
Was she, who round his neck her white arms threw;
Away the tomb of sand like vapour flew;
There, naked, lay the costly caravan,
A league of piles of silk and gems that threw
A rainbow light, and 'mid them, stiff and wan,
Stretch'd by his camel's flank their transient master, man.

The statelier wand'rer from the height was won,
And cap and sash soon gleam'd with plunder'd gold.
But now the desert rose, in pillars dun,
Glowing with fire like iron in the mould,
That wings with fiery speed, recoil'd, sprang, roll'd;
Before them waned the moon's ascending phase,
The clouds above them shrank the redd'ning fold:
On rush'd the giant columns blaze on blaze,
The sacrilegious died, wrapp'd in the burning haze.

The Angel sat enthroned within a dome
Of alabaster raised on pillars slight,
Curtain'd with tissues of no earthly loom;
For spirits wove the web of blossoms bright,
Woof of all flowers that drink the morning light,
And with their beauty figured all the stone
In characters of mystery and might,
A more than mortal guard around the throne,
That in their tender shade one glorious diamond shone.

And every bud round pedestal and plinth,
As fell the evening, turn'd a living gem.
Lighted its purple lamp the hyacinth;
The dahlia pour'd its thousand-colour'd gleam;
A ruby torch, the wond'ring eye might deem,
Hung on the brow of some night-watching tower,
Where upwards climb'd the broad magnolia's stem.
An urn of lovely lustre every flower,
Burning before the king of that illumined bower.

And nestling in that arbour's leafy twine,
From cedar's top to violet's perfumed bell,
Were birds, now hush'd, of forms and plumes divine,
That, ever as the rays upon them fell,
Shot back such hues as stain the Indian shell,
Touching the deep green shades with light from eyes
Iacinth, and jet, and blazing carbuncle,
And gold-dropt coronets, and wings of dyes
Touch'd by the flowers and stars of their own Paradise.

The Angel knew the warning of that storm;
But saw the shuddering minstrel's step draw near,
And felt the whole deep witchery of her form,
Her sigh was music's echo to his ear;
He loved—and true love ever banish'd fear.
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven wing;
But in the arbour all was splendour clear;
And like twin spirits in its charmed ring,
Shone that sweet child of earth, and that star-diadem'd king.

For whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,
Or that some natural change had on her come,
Her look, though lovely still, was loftier now,
Her tender cheek was flush'd with brighter bloom;
Yet in her azure eye there gather'd gloom,
Like evening's clouds across its own blue star,
Then would a sudden flash its depths illume;
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,
She seem'd instinct with power to make the clouds her car.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as snow,
Gleam'd like a rising meteor through the air,
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow;
She gazed on heaven, as wrapt in solemn prayer;
She still look'd woman, but more proudly fair;

And as she stood and pointed to the sky,
With that fix'd look of loveliness and care,
The Angel thought and check'd it with a sigh,
He saw some spirit fallen from immortality.

The silent prayer was done, and now she moved
Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
Besought her lord, if in his heaven they loved,
That, as she never more his face must see,
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
She turn'd, and pluck'd a cluster from the vine,
And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
Then with bow'd forehead, rear'd before the shrine
The crystal cup. The Angel rose in wrath—
'twas wine!

She stood; she shrank; she totter'd. Down he sprang,
With one hand clasp'd her waist, with one upheld
The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs rang.
His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd;
He glanced upon the brim—its bright draught swell'd
Like liquid rose, its odour touch'd his brain;
He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd;
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

Th' enchantress smiled, as still in some sweet dream,
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,
And on the bending spirit fix'd the beam
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.
The undone Angel gave no more reply,
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
That floated on her neck of ivory,
And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

The heaven was one blue vault, inlaid with gems
Thick as the concave of a diamond mine,
But from the north now shot quick phosphor beams
That o'er the mount their purple net entwine;
The smallest stars through that sweet lustre shine;
It shakes—it spreads, its glorious streamers die:
Again light quivers on the horizon's line,
A surge of violet lustre fills the sky,
Then sinks, still flashing, dancing everlastingly.

But wilder wonder smote their shrinking eyes:
A vapour plunged upon the vale from heaven,
Gloomy as night; it tower'd of mountain size;
From its high crater column'd smokes were driven;
It heaved within, as if pent flames had striven
With mighty winds to burst their prison hold,
Till from the summit to the vale 'twas riven
With angry light, that seem'd in cataracts roll'd,
Silver and sanguine steel, and the fierce burning gold.

The black volcano gave a hollow roar,
An earthquake groan, that told convulsion near:
Out rush'd the burthen of its burning core,
Myriads of fiery globes, as daylight clear,
The sky was fill'd with flashing sphere on sphere,
Shooting straight upwards to the zenith's crown.
The stars were blasted in that splendour drear,
The land beneath in wild distinctness shone
From the far billow to the Desert's pale red zone.

The globes have gone to heights above all gaze,
And now returning, look like moonlight rain;
But half-way down, again out-flash their rays;
War floods the sky, they cross, whirl, burst in twain,
Like mighty serpents draw the mazy train,
Gigantic sweeps of green, gold, scarlet spires,
With pearl and diamond heads instinct with living fires.

The storm of light is on the clouds receding,
The purple streamers wander pale and thin,
But o'er the pole an amber flame is spreading,
In shooting starry points, and far within
Revolves a stooping splendour crystalline.
It opens; but who sits upon that throne?
The Angel knew the punisher of sin.
Check'd on his lip the self-upbraiding groan,
Strain'd with wild arms his love, and joy'd to be undone.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,
And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck.
But even in that swift gaze he could espy
A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
Was it a dream? There echoed in his ear
A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery!
It was a dream—it must be. Oh! that fear,
When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still
Fix'd on the stooping of that burning car;
But through his bosom shot an arrowy thrill
To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare;
She stood, a statue of sublime despair,
But on her lip sat scorn. His spirit froze,—
His footstep reel'd—his wan lip gasp'd for air;
She felt his throb, and o'er him stoop'd with brows
As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of ooze.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye
Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
That it must feed on, or abstaining die;
There was between them now no tear nor sigh;
Theirs was the deep communion of the soul;
Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury;
What was to them or heaven or earth, the whole
Was in that fatal spot where they stood sad, and sole.

Th' enchantress first shook off the silent trance,
And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
Of summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
Beyond the power of his vindictive king.
Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume
A purple cloud, and stood in act to spring
Through that fierce upward sea of storm and foam.
She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

The Angel cheer'd her. "No! let Justice wreak
Her wrath upon them both, or him alone."
The flame of love's pure crimson lit her cheek;
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
With mad delight. "Oh, there is one way, one,
To save us both. Are there not mighty words
Graved on the magnet throne where Solomon
Sits ever guarded by the genii swords,
To give thy servant wings like her resplendent lord's?"

This was the sin of sins! the first, last crime
In earth and heaven, unnamed, unnameable;
This from his gorgeous throne, before all time
Had smitten Eblis brightest first that fell.
He started back. What urged him to rebel?
What led that soft seducer to his bower?
Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell,
Young, lovely, fond—yet but an earthly flower?
But for that fatal cup he had been free that hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.
He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued—
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam:
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream!
A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
The lightning round them shot a broader stream;
He felt her clasp his knees in agony;
He spoke the words of might—the thunder gave reply!

Away! away! the sky is one black cloud,
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on spire;
Now, round the mount its canopy is bow'd,
A vault of stone on columns of red fire,
The stars, like lamps, along its roof expire;
But through its centre bursts an orb of rays;
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire!
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping blaze,
The culprits dared not there their guilty eyeballs raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling sphere
That mortal sense might never hear and live,
They pierced like arrows through the Angel's ear;
He bow'd his head; 'twas vain to fly or strive,
Down comes the final wrath; the thunders give
The doubled peal—the rain in cataracts sweep,
Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rive;
The mountain summits to the valley leap,
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one ruin'd heap.

The storm stands still! a moment's pause of terror!
All dungeon dark! Again the lightnings yawn,
Showing the earth as in a quivering mirror;
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one
Whose love had lost him Paradise was gone:
He dared not see her corpse! he closed his eyes;
A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone
Of the last trump—he glanced upon the skies,
He saw what shook his soul with terror, shame, surprise.

Th' enchantress stood before him; two broad plumes
Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd air,
Her face was glorious still, but love's young blooms
Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair;
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair;
And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,
Her eyeballs shot around a meteor glare,
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size;
'Twas Eblis, king of hell's relentless sovereignties.

The tempter spoke—"Spirit, thou mightst have stood,
But thou hast fall'n a weak and willing slave.
Now were thy feeble heart our serpent's food,
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,
But haughty Heaven controls the power it gave,

Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy sphere
Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave,
Till the sun rolls the grand concluding year,
'Till earth is paradise; then shall thy crime be clear."

The Angel listen'd—risen upon one knee
Resolved to hear the deadliest undismay'd;
His gold-starr'd plume hung round him droopingly,
His brow, like marble, on his hand was staid.
Still through the auburn lock's o'erhanging shade
His face shone beautiful: he heard his ban;
Then came the words of fiercy, sternly said;
He plunged within his hands his visage wan
And the first wild sweet tears from his heart-pulses ran.

The giant grasp'd him as he fell to earth,
And his black vanes upon the air were flung,
A tabernacle dark; and shouts of mirth,
Mingled with shriekings, through the tempest swung;
His arm around the fainting Angel clung.
Then on the clouds he darted with a groan;
A moment o'er the Mount of Ruin hung,
Then burst through space, like the red comet's cone,
Leaving his track on heaven a burning, endless zone.

George Croly.—Born 1780, *Died* 1861.

1552.—TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

Ebenezer Elliott.—Born 1781, *Died* 1849.

1553.—THE EXCURSION.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain bowl;
Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crown'd yon time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
O thank the Lord for all he gives or takes—
The wither'd bud, the living flower, or gem!
And he will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fix'd eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bow'd hawthorn-tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touch'd blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-bless'd day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn grey,

And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unbless'd:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud, and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright! loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know
Thee, cluster'd smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays
The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? O come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a grey rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo! the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there;
And, bursting through the briars, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

Ebenezer Elliott.—*Born* 1781, *Died* 1849.

1554.—PICTURES OF NATIVE GENIUS.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire, amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses, born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden, warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bow'd roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wrong'd her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weigh'd against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile, without fresh cause to weep
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dash'd o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length,
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children (splinters from the mountain's side),
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!

While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspere was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice!
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,
And Hampden, Russell, Sydney, in their eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
Northumbrian vales! ye saw, in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor, yet learn'd, he wander'd young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he woo'd the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue-bell'd paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.
Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and, sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And lo! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!
The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaff'd the raindrop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshen'd lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
Ramp'd the glad colt, and cropp'd the pensile spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirror'd blush;
When calmly seated on his pannier'd ass,
Where travellers hear the steel bias as they pass,
A milkboy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalk'd, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden promise smiled, and thus exclaim'd:—
"Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece!"

Ebenezer Elliott.—Born 1781, *Died* 1849.

1555.—APOSTROPHE TO FUTURITY.

Ye rocks! ye elements! thou shoreless main,
In whose blue depths, worlds, ever voyaging,
Freighted with life and death, of fate complain,
Things of immutability! ye bring
Thoughts that with terror and with sorrow wring
The human breast. Unchanged, of sad decay
And deathless change ye speak, like prophets old,
Foretelling evil's ever-present day;
And as when Horror lays his finger cold
Upon the heart in dreams, appal the bold.
O thou Futurity! our hope and dread,
Let me unveil thy features, fair or foul!
Thou who shalt see the grave untenanted,
And commune with the re-embodied soul!
Tell me thy secrets, ere thy ages roll
Their deeds, that yet shall be on earth, in heaven,
And in deep hell, where rabid hearts with pain
Must purge their plagues, and learn to be forgiven!
Show me the beauty that shall fear no stain,
And still, through age-long years, unchanged remain!
As one who dreads to raise the pallid sheet
Which shrouds the beautiful and tranquil face
That yet can smile, but never more shall meet,
With kisses warm, his ever fond embrace;
So I draw nigh to thee, with timid pace,
And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil.

Ebenezer Elliott.—Born 1781, *Died* 1849.

1556.—A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies—
The Poet of the Poor.

His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the gaol,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother everywhere!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,
He bless'd the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little, more;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd Labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

Ebenezer Elliott.—Born 1781, *Died* 1849.

1557.—A POET'S PRAYER.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard, by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the windflower's blush, the redbreast's lonely song.

Ebenezer Elliott.—Born 1781, *Died* 1849.

1558.—COWPER'S GRAVE.

It is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness
As low as silence languish;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing!
O Christians! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging!
O men! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him,
Who suffer'd once the madness-cloud
Towards his love to blind him;
But gently led the blind along,
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences!
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving!
And timid hares were drawn from woods
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking in his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remain'd,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created.

Mrs. Browning.—Born 1809, *Died* 1861.

1559.—THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all thy playing—
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropp'd away in;
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely;
One cheek, push'd out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly—
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure;
Underneath the lids half-shut
Plants the shining azure;
Open-soul'd in noonday sun,
So, you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too; for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss;
I shall sleep, though losing
As by cradle, so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.
Very soon, too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly—
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—

Differing in this, that I,
Sleeping, must be colder,
And, in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?),
That while I you draw withal
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

Mrs. Browning.—Born 1809, *Died* 1861.

1560.—BERTHA IN THE LANE.

Put the broidery-frame away,
For my sewing is all done!
The last thread is used to-day,
And I need not join it on.
Though the clock stands at the noon,
I am weary! I have sewn,
Sweet, for thee, a wedding-gown.

Sister, help me to the bed,
And stand near me, dearest-sweet!
Do not shrink nor be afraid,
Blushing with a sudden heat!
No one standeth in the street!—
By God's love I go to meet,
Love I thee with love complete.

Lean thy face down! drop it in
These two hands, that I may hold
'Twixt their palms thy cheek and chin,
Stroking back the curls of gold.
'Tis a fair, fair face, in sooth—
Larger eyes and redder mouth
Than mine were in my first youth!

Thou art younger by seven years—
Ah!—so bashful at my gaze
That the lashes, hung with tears,
Grow too heavy to upraise!
I would wound thee by no touch
Which thy shyness feels as such—
Dost thou mind me, dear, so much?

Have I not been nigh a mother
To thy sweetness—tell me, dear,
Have we not loved one another
Tenderly, from year to year?
Since our dying mother mild
Said, with accents undefiled,
"Child, be mother to this child!"

Mother, mother, up in heaven,
Stand up on the jasper sea,
And be witness I have given
All the gifts required of me;—
Hope that bless'd me, bliss that crown'd,
Love that left me with a wound,
Life itself, that turn'd around!

Mother, mother, thou art kind,
Thou art standing in the room,—
In a molten glory shrined,
That rays off into the gloom!
But thy smile is bright and bleak,
Like cold waves—I cannot speak;
I sob in it, and grow weak.

Ghostly mother, keep aloof
One hour longer from my soul—
For I still am thinking of
Earth's warm-beating joy and dole!
On my finger is a ring
Which I still see glittering,
When the night hides everything.

Little sister, thou art pale!
Ah, I have a wandering brain—
But I lose that fever-bale,
And my thoughts grow calm again.
Lean down closer—closer still!
I have words thine ear to fill,—
And would kiss thee at my will.

Dear, I heard thee in the spring,
Thee and Robert—through the trees,—
When we all went gathering
Boughs of May-bloom for the bees.
Do not start so! think instead
How the sunshine overhead
Seem'd to trickle through the shade,

What a day it was, that day!
Hills and vales did openly
Seem to heave and throb away,
At the sight of the great sky;
And the silence, as it stood
In the glory's golden flood,
Audibly did bud—and bud!

Through the winding hedgerows green,
How we wander'd, I and you,—
With the bowery tops shut in,
And the gates that show'd the view—
How we talk'd there! thrushes soft
Sang our pauses out,—or oft
Bleatings took them, from the croft.

Till the pleasure, grown too strong,
Left me muter evermore;
And, the winding road being long,
I walk'd out of sight, before;
And so, wrapt in musings fond,
Issued (past the wayside pond)
On the meadow-lands beyond.

I sat down beneath the beech
Which leans over to the lane,
And the far sound of your speech
Did not promise any pain;
And I bless'd you full and free,
With a smile stoop'd tenderly
O'er the May-flowers on my knee.

But the sound grew into word
As the speakers drew more near—
Sweet, forgive me that I heard
What you wish'd me not to hear.
Do not weep so—do not shake—
Oh,—I heard thee, Bertha, make
Good true answers for my sake.

Yes, and he too! let him stand
In thy thoughts, untouch'd by blame.
Could he help it, if my hand
He had claim'd with hasty claim!
That was wrong perhaps—but then
Such things be—and will, again!
Women cannot judge for men.

Had he seen thee, when he swore
He would love but me alone?
Thou wert absent—sent before
To our kin in Sidmouth town.
When he saw thee, who art best
Past compare, and loveliest,
He but judged thee as the rest.

Could we blame him with grave words,
Thou and I, dear, if we might?
Thy brown eyes have looks like birds
Flying straightway to the light:
Mine are older.—Hush!—look out—
Up the street! Is none without?
How the poplar swings about!

And that hour—beneath the beech—
When I listen'd in a dream,
And he said, in his deep speech,
That he owed me all esteem—
Each word swam in on my brain
With a dim, dilating pain,
Till it burst with that last strain—

I fell flooded with a dark,
In the silence of a swoon—
When I rose, still, cold and stark,
There was night—I saw the moon:
And the stars, each in its place,
And the May-blooms on the grass,
Seem'd to wonder what I was.

And I walk'd as if apart
From myself when I could stand—
And I pitied my own heart,
As if I held it in my hand—
Somewhat coldly—with a sense
Of fulfill'd benevolence,
And a "Poor thing" negligence.

And I answer'd coldly too,
When you met me at the door;
And I only heard the dew
Dripping from me to the floor;
And the flowers I bade you see,
Were too wither'd for the bee—
As my life, henceforth, for me.

Do not weep so—dear—heart-warm!
It was best as it befell!
If I say he did me harm,
I speak wild—I am not well.
All his words were kind and good—
He esteem'd me! Only blood
Runs so faint in womanhood.

Then I always was too grave—
Liked the saddest ballads sung—
With that look, besides, we have
In our faces, who die young.
I had died, dear, all the same—
Life's long, joyous, jostling game
Is too loud for my meek shame.

We are so unlike each other,
Thou and I; that none could guess
We were children of one mother,
But for mutual tenderness.
Thou art rose-lined from the cold,
And meant, verily, to hold
Life's pure pleasures manifold.

I am pale as crocus grows
Close beside a rose-tree's root!
Whosoe'er would reach the rose,
Treads the crocus underfoot—
I, like May-bloom on thorn tree—
Thou, like merry summer-bee!
Fit, that I be pluck'd for thee.

Yet who plucks me?—no one mourns—
I have lived my season out—
And now die of my own thorns
Which I could not live without.
Sweet, be merry! How the light
Comes and goes! If it be night,
Keep the candles in my sight.

Are there footsteps at the door?
Look out quickly. Yea or nay?
Some one might be waiting for
Some last word that I might say.
Nay? So best!—So angels would
Stand off clear from deathly road—
Not to cross the sight of God.

Colder grow my hands and feet—
When I wear the shroud I made,
Let the folds lie straight and neat,
And the rosemary be spread—
That if any friend should come
(To see thee, sweet!), all the room
May be lifted out of gloom.

And, dear Bertha, let me keep
On my hand this little ring,
Which at nights, when others sleep
I can still see glittering.
Let me wear it out of sight,
In the grave—where it will light
All the dark up, day and night.

On that grave, drop not a tear!
Else, though fathom-deep the place,
Through the woollen shroud I wear
I shall feel it on my face.
Rather smile there, blessed one,
Thinking of me in the sun—
Or forget me—smiling on!

Art thou near me? nearer? so!
Kiss me close upon the eyes,
That the earthly light may go
Sweetly as it used to rise—
When I watch'd the morning gray
Strike, betwixt the hills, the way
He was sure to come that day.

So—no more vain words be said!
The hosannahs nearer roll—
Mother, smile now on thy dead—
I am death-strong in my soul!
Mystic Dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation—
Oleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up through angels' hands of fire!—
I aspire while I expire!—

Mrs. Browning.—Born 1809, *Died* 1861.

1561.—THE SLEEP.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout to patriot's vows—
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved—
A little dust to overweep—
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake!—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelid creep,
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold the wailers' heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God makes a silence through you all,
"And giveth His beloved sleep."

His dew drops mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men toil and reap.
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
In such a rest his heart to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I ween their blessed smile is heard—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,
Would now its wearied vision close—
Would, childlike, on His love repose
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say "Not a tear must o'er her fall"—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Mrs. Browning.—Born 1809, *Died* 1861.

1562.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought on the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!

Charles Wolfe.—Born 1791, *Died* 1823.

1563.—THE DEATH OF MARY.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had pass'd,
That time would e'er be o'er—
When I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead.

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smile has been;
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there—I lay thee in the grave.
And now—I am alone.

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking still of thee!
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

Charles Wolfe.—Born 1791, *Died* 1823.

1564.—SONG.

O say not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it—
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view
In rapt and dreamy sadness—
Oft look on those who loved them too,
With fancy's idle gladness;
Again I long'd to view the light
In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern Duty rose, and, frowning, flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He mutter'd as he bound me,—
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given—
But what have slaves with Nature?"

Charles Wolfe.—Born 1791, *Died* 1823.

1565.—THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turn'd the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzell's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as roll'd from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our lord the King."
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turn'd his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mock'd the counsel of the wise, and the valeur of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

Macaulay.—Born 1800, *Died* 1859.

1566.—THE PLAGUE OF HAILSTONES.

"And Moses stretched forth his rod toward heaven; and the LORD sent thunder and hail; and the fire ran along upon the ground."
EXODUS, ix. 23.

The impious Monarch sat upon his throne,
Defying still the God of Israel.—
The sixth foul plague tormented yet the land,
Corroding boils and blains: age, sex, nor rank
Escaped. The hungry infant from the breast

Turn'd, sickening; and the mother from her child.
On the new bride the bridegroom stared aghast;
She upon him, and lifted up her hands,
As at a serpent. Israel's sons alone—
So was the hand of God made manifest—
Walk'd through the tainted air, and knew no spot.

But Pharaoh still was hardened in his pride
And would not let the oppress'd people go.—
Then the seventh time the chosen leader came,
And spake unto the king:—"O hard of heart!
And blind in unbelief! not yet seest thou
That Israel's God is Lord of all the earth?
Six plagues have come on thee, and all the land:
Yea, do ye stink with very loathsomeness—
Wilt thou yet strive against the living God?
And wilt thou yet his chosen nation vex
With stripes, and bondage, and task-masters hard?
Or wilt thou let them go from out the land,
That they may sacrifice unto their God;
Even to Jehovah in the wilderness?"

The awful prophet ceased; and thus the king,
With brow like night, and eye-balls flashing fire,
Upstarting from his golden throne, replied:
"Slave and magician! no, they shall not go!—
Who is your God, that I should be afraid
And hearken to his voice?—I know him not!—
Neither shall Israel go. The things thou didst,
Did not our sorcerors also—or in part—
Even in thy sight?—yet prate they of their God?
What art thou but a blacker sorcerer?
Or who thy God but him they also serve?—
When from thy rod a living serpent came,
Cast they not also every man his rod
That turn'd into a serpent?—When to blood
Thy spells had changed the waters, play'd not they
The cunning trick as well?—And for thy frogs,
Brought they not forth the loathsome reptiles too?—
And comest thou here to boast of Israel's God—
Their God alone?—and say unto the king,
'Let go thy bondsmen now from out the land
That they may sacrifice unto the Lord?'—
Who then is Israel's God? I know him not!—
And Israel shall not go.—And who art thou
That I should hearken thee, and lift not up
My hand to punish? Tell me whence thou art,
And show a sign that I may truly know
If your Jehovah be the God indeed,
Israel his people, and his prophet thou."—

Then Moses lifted up his hands and spake:
"O! harder than the millstone! askest thou
A sign that God is God, and Israel
His people chosen? Six signs hast thou had,
Yet not believed; and the seventh will see,
And harden yet thy heart, and heavier task
The groaning people, and not let them go;
But, at the last, thyself shall send them forth,
And own, in tears, that Israel's God is God.
But hearken to me now, and I will tell
Both whence I come, and by what sign I know
That I indeed the prophet of the Lord
Am chosen to this work. On Horeb's mount,
The holy hill, my father Jethro's flocks
I led to pasture. Suddenly, behold!
A bush, and in the midst a flame of fire;
A fierce flame, yet the bush was unconsumed:
And in the fire the angel of the Lord
Appeared unto me! Trembling I went back,
And turn'd aside, that I this wondrous sight
Might see, and why the bush was unconsumed;
But, from the fire, I heard the voice of God,
That called my name; and, fearing, I replied—
'Here am I!'—Then He spake again, and said,
'Draw not nigh hither; put thy shoes aside
From off thy feet, for where thou standest now
Is holy ground. I am thy father's God,
The God of Abraham, and Isaac's God,
The God of Jacob.'—Then I hid my eyes,
Lest I should look upon the face of God.
And the Lord said, 'I surely have beheld
Th' afflictions of my people, and have heard
Their cry, by reason of their task-masters;
For I do know their sorrows, and am come
From the Egyptians to deliver them,
And bring them from that land unto a land
Flowing with milk and honey. Therefore come,
And I will send thee unto Pharaoh now,
That thou my chosen people may'st bring forth,
The children of Israel, from Egyptian bonds.'

"Then I bow'd down, and said unto the Lord,
'Who am I that to Pharaoh I should go?—
And to the men of Israel when I come,
And say unto them "Lo! your fathers' God
Hath sent me to you," if perchance they ask
"What is his name?" how shall I answer them?'
Then spake the Almighty. 'I AM THAT I AM!—
Thus to the children of Israel shalt thou say,
"I AM hath sent me to you, the Lord God,
Your father's God, the God of Abraham,
The God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob,
Even he hath sent me to you;" this my name
For ever, my memorial to all nations.
Go, gather now the elders of Israel,
And say to them, "The God of Abraham,
The God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob,
Appear'd unto me saying:—Surely I
Have seen that which is done to you in Egypt;
And I will bring you out from your affliction
Unto a land, a good land, and a large,
Flowing with milk and honey." Then go ye—
Thou and the elders—to the king, and say,

"The Lord God of the Hebrews hath appear'd
Unto us: we beseech thee let us go
A three days' journey in the wilderness,
That we may sacrifice unto the Lord."
But I am sure he will not let you go.
And I will stretch out then my hand, and smite
Egypt with all my wonders in the midst
Whereof which I will do; and after that
The king shall let you go.' Then to the Lord
I answer'd, 'Surely they will not believe,
Nor hearken to my voice; for they will say—
Thou hast not seen the Lord.' Then unto me
God spake: 'Cast now thy rod upon the ground.'
And, when I cast it, lo! it was a serpent!
And I fled from it. But he spake again:
'Put forth thy hand and take it.' Then I stoop'd,
And caught the serpent, and it was a rod!
Then said the Lord again: 'Put now thy hand
Into thy bosom.' Then I put my hand
Into my bosom: when I took it out,
Behold! my hand was leperous as snow!
Then said the Lord: 'Put now again thine hand
Into thy bosom.' Then I put my hand
Again into my bosom, and behold!
When I pluck'd forth my hand, it had become
Even as my other flesh! Then said the Lord,
'Surely they may believe their fathers' God,
The God of Abraham, and Isaac's God,
The God of Jacob, hath appearèd unto thee!
And if they will not hearken to the voice
Of the first sign, yet in the second sign
They will believe: but if they still are deaf,
Then shalt thou take this rod into thy hand,
Wherewith thou shalt do signs before the king.'

"And have I not done signs and wonders then?—
Yet art thou harden'd still in unbelief,
And wilt not let th' oppressèd people go?—
Have I not turn'd your waters into blood?
Cover'd the land with frogs? and changed to lice
The dust? and fill'd the air with swarms of flies?
All save the land of Goshen, where abide
The chosen race, the children of Israel?—
And didst thou not, O king! say: 'Ye shall go;
Only entreat for me unto your God
That he may stay his hand'? And, after that,
Didst thou not harden still thy heart and say:
'The people shall not go'? Then sent I not
A murrain on your cattle, that they died?
Horses, and asses, camels, oxen, sheep?—
But in the land of Goshen died there one?—
Last, sent I not this plague upon you all,
Boils, blains, and blotches, upon man and beast,
That the land stinketh with your loathsomeness?—
And art thou harden'd still, and proud of heart,
And wilt not let th' oppressèd people go?"

Then with a stern, hoarse voice the king replied:
"Wily impostor! hence!—out of my sight!
Think not with cunning lies to blind the king!
Thee and thy boasted God of Israel
I do defy! haste, sorcerer! from my sight!
I will not let the accursed people go;
But will oppress them with a heavier hand,
And they shall cry unto their God in vain."
He said, and started from his glittering throne,
And hurl'd his sceptre down.
Then Moses spake:
"Harden'd and proud! the God of Israel
Again shall stretch his rod upon the land,
And thou *shalt* let the afflicted people go.
Behold, to-morrow, even about this time,
The Lord shall send a very grievous hail,
Such as in Egypt never hath been seen.
Send therefore now, and gather from the fields
Thy cattle, and thy sheep, and all thou hast:
For upon every man and beast found there
The hail shall come, that they shall surely die.
So shalt thou know that Israel's God is God,
And shalt repent, and bid the people go."
But yet the king was harden'd in his heart,
And mock'd at Moses and at Israel's God.

Then on the morrow unto Moses spake
The Lord, and said: "Stretch forth thine hand towards the heaven,
That upon every man, and beast, and herb,
Throughout the land of Egypt, may come hail."

Then Moses stretchèd forth his rod towards the heaven,
And o'er the sky came darkness, that the sun,
As with a furnace-smoke, quench'd utterly.
Blackness and death-like silence all the land
Made like a tomb: astonish'd, every tongue
Was mute, and every limb with terror shook.

But soon a sound far off was heard in heaven,
A sound as of a coming multitude,
Horses and chariots, rushing furiously;
Then, like a trumpet opening on the ear
Came down a terrible and mighty wind.
Wide scattering, fell anon, with heavy stroke,
As of a stone from a strong slinger's arm,
The solitary hail; dark fires at length
Amid the black clouds wander'd to and fro;
Earth shook, and heaven with terror seem'd to quake—
And all the plague was loosed.—The voice of God
Spake in ten thousand thunders; fire and hail
Shot howling down, and lightning in a flood,
Mix'd with the hail, and ran upon the ground;
And with the hail, and thunder, and the fire,
A mighty wind, that the huge hailstones smote
Like rocks the quivering ground—like shattering rocks,
Hurl'd from the mountain to the groaning plain—
Smoking and whirling, rush'd the awful hail,

Hailstones and fires, tempests and thunders mix'd,
Fell on the land, that all the people cried,
And trembled at the anger of the Lord.
And every man, and every beast that stood
Within the fields, the hailstones smote and slew;
And every herb and every tree brake down
In all the land of Egypt.—But the sun
Shone in the fields of Goshen pleasantly:
Thunder, nor wind, nor fire, nor hailstones fell
For there the sons of Israel abode,
The favour'd people, chosen of the Lord.

Then Pharaoh, trembling, unto Moses sent,
And Aaron, and besought them bitterly:
"Oh! I have sinn'd! righteous is the Lord,
I and my people wicked. Haste ye now,
And pray unto your God that he will hold
His mighty thunderings, and his dreadful hail
And I will let the chosen people go,
And ye shall stay no longer."
Then to him
Spake Moses, saying: "When I shall be gone
Out of the city, I will spread my hands
Abroad unto the Lord, and he will stay
The thunder and the hail, and they shall cease
So mayst thou know that all the earth is his;
And that Jehovah is the God of Gods.
But as for thee, and thine, I know that still
Ye will not fear the Lord, nor let us go."

Then Moses went from out the city straight,
And spread abroad his hands unto the Lord:
The thunders, and the fire, and hailstones ceased.

Edwin Atherstone.

1566 *a.*—NINEVEH.

But joyous is the stirring city now:
The moon is clear, the stars are coming forth,
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-boss'd, that high on jasper steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honey'd flatteries,
And laud him as a God. All rarest flowers,
Bright-hued and fragrant, in the brilliant light
Bloom as in sunshine: like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
All fruits delicious, and of every clime,
Beauteous to sight, and odoriferous,
Invite the taste; and wines of sunny light,
Rose-hued, or golden, for the feasting Gods
Fit nectar: sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crown'd, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. What pamper'd sense
Of luxury most rare and rich can ask,
Or thought conceive, is there.

But, far away,
The proud and melancholy queen sits lone
In her high chamber, breathing the cool air
That fans in vain her hot, indignant brow.
She loathes the sensual monarch; can not stoop
Her noble soul to share his orgies foul;
Yet once hath loved him, once hath been beloved;
And now she thinks upon the years gone by,
And sighs, and sheds some passionate tears, and looks
On that gigantic city, spread below
Far as the eye can reach, and says, "Alas!
Thou mighty city, am I queen of thee,
Yet desolate?"

Young Dara, flush'd with love,
Through the perfumed shades steals fearfully
Of the proud palace gardens; for his soul
Is with Nehushta, daughter of the king.
Along the broad, dim, moonlight-dappled path
Lightly trips he; oft stops, and looks around;
And flings his dark hair back, and listens oft.
She with two trusted maidens, in a bower
Fragrant with all delicious flowers that breathe
Their richness to the eve, impatient waits,
And blames the murmur of a fountain nigh
That drowns his stealthy footstep; and oft looks
With eager eye along the chequer'd path,
And says, "Oh, Dara, hasten to me, love!"

Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crown'd.
So is that city steep'd in revelry.

Edwin Atherstone.

1566 *b*.—SARDANAPALUS.

He spake, and raised the goblet to his lips,
And pour'd the nectar down: and, when he drank,
His concubines drank also, every one;
And joy was in all eyes. Then went the king,
Flush'd with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm up-raised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and, standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount,
Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
Sufficient deem'd—he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.
At that sight
The plain was in a stir: the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturn'd; and myriads of bright-harness'd steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clash'd together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds: from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
"Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!" Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.
At his height,
A speck scarce visible, the eagle heard,
And felt his strong wing falter: terror-struck,
Fluttering and wildly screaming, down he sank
Down through the quivering air: another shout,
His talons droop, his sunny eye grows dark,
His strengthless pennons fail, plumb down he falls,
Even like a stone. Amid the far off hills,
With eye of fire, and shaggy mane uprear'd,
The sleeping lion in his den sprang up;
Listen'd awhile—then laid his monstrous mouth
Close to the floor, and breathed hot roarings out
In fierce reply.

Edwin Atherstone.

1566 *c*.—TO THE BATTLE.

He comes at length—
The thickening thunder of the wheels is heard:
Upon their hinges roaring, open fly
The brazen gates: sounds then the tramp of hoofs—
And lo! the gorgeous pageant, like the sun,
Flares on their startled eyes. Four snow-white steeds,
In golden trappings, barbed all in gold,
Spring through the gate; the lofty chariot then,
Of ebony, with gold and gems thick strewn,
Even like the starry night. The spokes were gold,
With fellies of strong brass; the naves were brass,
With burnish'd gold o'erlaid, and diamond rimm'd;
Steel were the axles, in bright silver case;
The pole was cased in silver: high aloft,
Like a rich throne, the gorgeous seat was framed,
Of ivory part, part silver, and part gold;
On either side a golden statue stood:
Upon the right—and on a throne of gold—
Great Belus, of the Assyrian empire first,
And worshipp'd as a god; but, on the left,
In a resplendent car by lions drawn,
A goddess; on her head a tower; and, round,
Celestial glory: this the deity
Whom most the monarch worshipt; she whom, since,
Astarte or Derceto men have named,
And Venus, queen of love. Around her waist
A girdle, glittering with all radiant gems,
Seem'd heaving to her breath. Behind the car,
Full in the centre, on the ebon ground,
Flamed forth a diamond sun; on either side,
A horned moon of diamond; and beyond
The planets, each one blazing diamond.
Such was the chariot of the king of kings.

Himself in dazzling armour stands aloft,
And rules the fiery steeds. His shield of gold,
His spear, his helm, his bow and quiver hang
Within the roomy car. Thus, like a god,
From forth the gates he comes; and every knee
Bends to the ground, and every voice cries out,
"Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!" Thrice he smiles,
And waves his hand to all; and thrice the shouts
To heaven go up. Then on his starting horse
Springs every rider; every charioteer
Leaps to his car; and through the sounding streets
The pageant flames, and on the dusty plain
Pours forth; and evermore, from street to street,
Runs on the cry, "The king! the king comes forth!
The king of kings in his war-chariot comes;
Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!"

To the walls
The cry flies on, they hear it on the plains,
The plains cry out, they hear it in the heavens.
On through the bowing host the monarch drives;
High over all conspicuous, the bright crown,
Like an etherial fire, through all the field
Flashing perpetual light. From rank to rank,
From nation unto nation goes he on;
And still all knees are bent, all voices raised
As to a deity.

Edwin Atherstone.

1566 *d.*—NEHUSHTA'S BOWER.

Meantime, within the oft-frequented bower,
Nehushta sat, and Dara. 'Twas a spot
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturb'd.
And by no eye o'erlook'd; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs,
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,
Roses of varied hues—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,
And trees of slender body, fruit, and flower;
At early morn had water'd, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gush'd with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch
The pliant branches, intertwined, were bent;
Flowers some, and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please;
Or, with rich scent, the smell; or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noontide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and with her own sweet voice
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,
A last gleam catching from his closing eye,
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm—
Through orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all; and having reach'd
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love; or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves, or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds;
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them. But oft with one alone,
One faithful, favoured maiden, would she come;
At early morn sometimes, while every flower,
In diamonds glittering, with its proud weight bow'd;
When through the glistering trees the golden beams
Aslant their bright flood pour'd, and every bird
In his green palace sitting sang aloud,
And all the air with youthful fragrance teem'd,
Fresh as at Nature's birth: her pastime then,
The flowers to tend, to look upon the sky,
And on the earth, and drink the perfumed air,
And in the gladness of all things be glad.
But in the placid twilight hour of eve
Not seldom came they: Dara then the harp
Or dulcimer would touch; or, happier still,
His words of love into her listening ear
Distil with sweeter music than from string,
Or breathing pipe, though sweet.

Edwin Atherstone.

1566 *e.*—THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF SARDANAPALUS.

On sight more gorgeous never sun look'd down.
A myriad gonfalons of bright hue stream'd,
A myriad silver trumpets spake to heaven;
Blazed the bright chariots, the gold-spangled steeds
Beneath their flaming riders, proudly trode;
Flash'd helm, and shield of gold, and dazzling mail,
And, with unnumber'd martial instruments
Accompanied, unto the mighty Bel,
And to Sardanapalus, king of kings,
Triumphal hymns the host together sang.
Her brazen gates wide flung the city then,
And on the plain, with acclamations loud
The conqueror hailing, countless multitudes,
Dense thronging, pour'd, and on her walls the throngs
Expecting stood, and on her lofty towers.
Assyria's damsels there, and peerless dames,

Like tulip beds, in richest vesture clad,
Made sunshine seem more bright, and, to the breath
Of the sweet south, a sweeter fragrance breathed.
But, beautiful amidst the beautiful,
Amid a bright heaven the one brightest star,
Assyria's goddess queen, in regal state
Magnificent, to pomp imparting grace,
To triumph majesty, her lord to meet,
From the great central eastern gate came forth.
High throned upon a car, with gold and gems
Refulgent, slowly rode she. Diamond wreaths
Amid her ebon locks luxuriant gleam'd,
Like heaven's lamps through the dark; her ample robe,
Sky-hued, like to a waving sapphire glow'd;
And round one graceful shoulder wreathed, one arm
Of rose-tinged snow, a web-like drapery,
Bright as a ruby streak of morning, hung.
Beneath her swelling bosom, chastely warm,
A golden zone, with priceless gems thick starr'd,
Flash'd gentle lightnings. The unresting fire
Of diamond, and the ruby's burning glow,
With the pure sapphire's gentle beam mix'd there;
The flamy topaz, with the emerald cool,
Like sunshine dappling the spring meadows, play'd;
Gold was the clasp, and diamond. Bracelets light,
Of emerald, and diamond, and gold,
On each fine taper'd, pearly wrist she wore;
And, round her pillar'd neck, majestical,
A slender chain of diamond, the weight
Sustaining of one priceless diamond,
Like dawn faint blushing, radiant as the morn,
That on her creamy bosom, like a spark
Of sun-fire on rich pearl embedded, lay.
With graceful ease and perfect dignity,
Yet womanly softness, like a shape of heaven,
In majesty of beauty, pale, serene,
With eye oft downcast, yet with swelling heart
Proudly exultant, on her gorgeous seat
Reclined, of Tyrian purple, golden fringed,
Of all eyes mutely worshipp'd, she rode on.
So, when, victorious o'er the giant brood,
Back to Olympus came the Thunderer,
Imperial Juno, on her golden car,
By clouds of fire upborne, with smile of love,
Her lord to meet, and ether-brightening brow,
Through heaven's wide open'd portals proudly rode.
In shining cars, behind Assyria's queen,
The sons and daughters also of the king,
To grace the triumph of the conqueror, came.
He in his blazing chariot, like a god,
Exulting rode. His helm and mail laid by,
The sunlike crown upon his head, in robes
Attired, that like one waving gem appear'd,
Amid the thunder of applauding hosts,
Onward he came. His coursers' arching necks
With gems and gold were hung; and, far before,
Behind, and round his chariot, glittering bright
With gold and gems, like a phosphoric sea,
His choicest captains, and his royal guard,
On their proud treading steeds rode gallantly.
The chariot of the queen at hand beheld,
To right and left disparting, ample space
In midst the horsemen left. Low bow'd each head,
As the bright vision pass'd, and silence deep
Of admiration weigh'd upon all lips.
But, when the royal chariots, meeting, paused,
Then first, with blushing cheek, stood up the queen,
And welcome proud unto the conqueror gave.

Edwin Atherstone.

1567.—NASEBY.

O! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,
With your hands and your feet, and your raiment all red?
And wherefore do your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And whence are the grapes of the wine-press that ye tread?

O! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billow on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line:
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his trumpets and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia and pages of White-hall;
They are bursting on our flanks! Grasp your pikes! Close your ranks!
For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are broken —we are gone—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name! and fight it to the last!

Stout Skippen hath a wound—the centre hath given ground.
But hark! what means this trampling of horsemen in the rear?
What banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he! thank God! 'tis he, boys!
Bear up another minute! Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads are stooping low, their pikes all in a row:
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scatter'd the forest of his pikes.
Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar.
And he—he turns! he flies! shame to those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho, comrades! scour the plain, and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make the quest secure;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kiss'd your lily hands to your lemans to-day;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mock'd at heaven, and hell and fate?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets? your diamonds and your spades?

Down! down! for ever down, with the mitre and the crown!
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope!
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham stalls;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the Seven Hills shall mourn her children's ills,[a]
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall tremble when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word!

Macaulay.—Born 1800, *Died* 1859.

1568.—SERMON IN A CHURCHYARD

LET pious Damon take his seat,
With mincing step, and languid smile,
And scatter from his 'kerchief sweet,
Sabæan odours o'er the aisle;
And spread his little jewelled hand,
And smile round all the parish beauties,
And pat his curls and smooth his band,
Meet prelude to his saintly duties.

Let the thronged audience press and stare,
Let stifled maidens ply the fan,
Admire his doctrines and his hair,
And whisper "What a good young man!"
While he explains what seems most clear,
So clearly that it seems perplexed,[a]
I'll stay and read my sermon here;
And skulls, and bones, shall be the text.

Art thou the jilted dupe of fame?
Dost thou with jealous anger pine
Whene'er she sounds some other name,
With fonder emphasis than thine?
To thee I preach; draw near; attend!
Look on these bones, thou fool, and see
Where all her scorns and favours end,
What Byron is, and thou must be.

Dost thou revere, or praise, or trust
Some clod like those that here we spurn;
Something that sprang like thee from dust,
And shall like thee to dust return?
Dost thou rate statesmen, heroes, wits,
At one sear leaf, or wandering feather?
Behold the black, damp, narrow pits,
Where they and thou must lie together.

Dost thou beneath the smile or frown
Of some vain woman bend thy knee?

Here take thy stand, and trample down
Things that were once as fair as she.
Here rave of her ten thousand graces,
Bosom, and lip, and eye, and chin,
While, as in scorn, the fleshless faces
Of Hamiltons and Waldegraves grin.

Whate'er thy losses or thy gains,
Whate'er thy projects or thy fears,
Whate'er the joys, whate'er the pains,
That prompt thy baby smiles and tears;
Come to my school, and thou shalt learn,
In one short hour of placid thought,
A stoicism, more deep, more stern,
Than ever Zeno's porch hath taught.

The plots and feats of those that press
To seize on titles, wealth, or power,
Shall seem to thee a game of chess,
Devised to pass a tedious hour.
What matters it to him who fights
For shows of unsubstantial good,
Whether his Kings, and Queens, and Knights,
Be things of flesh, or things of wood?

We check, and take; exult, and fret;
Our plans extend, our passions rise,
Till in our ardour we forget
How worthless is the victor's prize.
Soon fades the spell, soon comes the night:
Say will it not be then the same,
Whether we played the black or white,
Whether we lost or won the game?

Dost thou among these hillocks stray,
O'er some dear idol's tomb to moan?
Know that thy foot is on the clay
Of hearts once wretched as thy own.
How many a father's anxious schemes,
How many rapturous thoughts of lovers,
How many a mother's cherished dreams,
The swelling turf before thee covers!

Here for the living, and the dead,
The weepers and the friends they weep,
Hath been ordained the same cold bed,
The same dark night, the same long sleep;
Why shouldest thou writhe, and sob, and rave
O'er those with whom thou soon must be?
Death his own sting shall cure—the grave
Shall vanquish its own victory.

Here learn that all the griefs and joys,
Which now torment, which now beguile,
Are children's hurts and children's toys,
Scarce worthy of one bitter smile.
Here learn that pulpit, throne, and press,
Sword, sceptre, lyre, alike are frail,
That Science is a blind man's guess,
And History a nurse's tale.

Here learn that glory and disgrace,
Wisdom and folly, pass away,
That mirth hath its appointed space,
That sorrow is but for a day;
That all we love, and all we hate,
That all we hope, and all we fear,
Each mood of mind, each turn of fate,
Must end in dust and silence here.

Macaulay.—Born 1800, *Died* 1859.

1569.—SONNET.

What was't awaken'd first the untried ear
Of that sole man who was all humankind?
Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind,
Stirring the leaves that never yet were sere?
The four mellifluous streams which flow'd so near,
Their lulling murmurs all in one combined?
The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind
Bursting the brake—in wonder, not in fear,
Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground
Send forth mysterious melody to greet
The gracious presence of immaculate feet?
Did viewless seraphs rustle all around,
Making sweet music out of air as sweet?
Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1570.—ON SHAKSPERE.

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er Love, Hate, Ambition, Destiny,
Or the firm fatal purpose of the heart
Can make of man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1571.—SONNETS TO A FRIEND.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
The need of human love we little noted:
Our love was nature; and the peace that floated
On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills:
One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
That, wisely doting, ask'd not why it doted,
And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.

But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure;
And now the streams may sing for others' pleasure,
The hills sleep on in their eternity.

In the great city we are met again,
Where many souls there are that breathe and die,
Scarce knowing more of Nature's potency
Than what they learn from heat, or cold, or rain—
The sad vicissitude of weary pain:
For busy man is lord of ear and eye,
And what hath Nature but the vast void sky,
And the throng'd river toiling to the main?
Oh! say not so, for she shall have her part
In every smile, in every tear that falls,
And she shall hide her in the secret heart,
Where love persuades, and sterner duty calls:
But worse it were than death, or sorrow's smart,
To live without a friend within these walls.

We parted on the mountains, as two streams
From one clear spring pursue their several ways;
And thy fleet course hath been through many a maze
In foreign lands, where silvery Padus gleams
To that delicious sky, whose glowing beams
Brighten'd the tresses that old poets praise;
Where Petrarch's patient love and artful lays,
And Ariosto's song of many themes,
Moved the soft air. But I, a lazy brook,
As close pent up within my native dell,
Have crept along from nook to shady nook,
Where flow'rets blow and whispering Naiads dwell.
Yet now we meet, that parted were so wide,
O'er rough and smooth to travel side by side.

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1572.—TO CERTAIN GOLDEN FISHES.

Restless forms of living light,
Quivering on your lucid wings,
Cheating still the curious sight
With a thousand shadowings;
Various as the tints of even,
Gorgeous as the hues of heaven,
Reflected on your native streams
In flitting, flashing, billowy gleams.
Harmless warriors clad in mail
Of silver breastplate, golden scale;
Mail of Nature's own bestowing,
With peaceful radiance mildly glowing
Keener than the Tartar's arrow,
Sport ye in your sea so narrow.
Was the sun himself your sire?
Were ye born of vital fire?
Or of the shade of golden flowers,
Such as we fetch from eastern bowers
To mock this murky clime of ours?
Upwards, downwards, now ye glance,
Weaving many a mazy dance;
Seeming still to grow in size,
When ye would elude our eyes.
Pretty creatures! we might deem
Ye were happy as ye seem,
As gay, as gamesome, and as blithe,
As light, as loving, and as lithe,
As gladly earnest in your play,
As when ye gleam'd in fair Cathay;
And yet, since on this hapless earth
There 's small sincerity in mirth,
And laughter oft is but an art
To drown the outcry of the heart,
It may be, that your ceaseless gambols,
Your wheelings, dartings, divings, rambles,
Your restless roving round and round
The circuit of your crystal bound,
Is but the task of weary pain,
An endless labour, dull and vain;
And while your forms are gaily shining,
Your little lives are inly pining!
Nay—but still I fain would dream
That ye are happy as ye seem.

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1573.—SONG.

'Tis sweet to hear the merry lark,
That bids a blithe good-morrow;
But sweeter to hark, in the twinkling dark
To the soothing song of sorrow.
Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

The merry lark, he soars on high,
No worldly thought o'ertakes him;
He sings aloud to the clear blue sky,
And the daylight that awakes him.
As sweet a lay, as loud, as gay,
The nightingale is trilling;
With feeling bliss, no less than his,
Her little heart is thrilling.

Yet ever and anon a sigh
Peers through her lavish mirth;
For the lark's bold song is of the sky,
And hers is of the earth.
By night and day, she tunes her lay,
To drive away all sorrow;
For bliss, alas! to-night must pass,
And woe may come to-morrow.

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1574.—NOVEMBER.

The mellow year is hasting to its close
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glass'd,
Hangs, a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

Hartley Coleridge.—Born 1796, *Died* 1849.

1575.—TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flowret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1576.—AE FOND KISS

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her:
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1577.—MY BONNIE MARY.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankèd ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1578.—MARY MORISON.

Oh Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.
Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
"Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1579.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins.
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1580.—MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1581.—AULD LANG SYNE.

I.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

II.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

III.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

IV.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught
For auld land syne!

V.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1582.—CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.
Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
Then a faulding let us gang,
My bonnie dearie.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine, midnight hours,
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part
My bonnie dearie.

While waters wimple to the sea,
While day blinks in the lift sae hie,
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.
Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1583.—OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIND CAN BLAW.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west;
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And monie a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green—
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1584.—A RED, RED ROSE.

O, my luve 's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luve 's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry—

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1585.—BONNIE LESLIE.

O saw ye bonnie Leslie
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither.

Thou art a queen, fair Leslie—
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Leslie—
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Leslie!
Return to Caledonia!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1586.—HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom?
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But, O! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1587.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace!
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be press'd
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but th' impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear, departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1588.—MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack, we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't,
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1589.—JOHN ANDERSON.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonny brow was brent;
But now your brow is bald, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter doun, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1590.—HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S AWA.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!
It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And hide by the buff and the blue.
Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,
Altho' that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her fra evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write.
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa:
Here's Maitland and Wycombe, and wha does na like 'em
We'll build in a hole o' the wa'.
Here's timmer that's red at the heart,
Here's fruit that's sound at the core!
May he that would turn the buff and blue coat
Be turn'd to the back o' the door.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa;
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!
Here's friends on baith sides o' the Forth,
And friends on baith sides o' the Tweed;
And wha would betray old Albion's rights,
May they never eat of her bread!

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1591.—TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken blellum,
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was na sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
To think how monie counsels sweet,
How monie lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
But to our tale: Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter
And ay the ale was growing better.
The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious

The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure;
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.
But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
That hour o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he takes the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blaw its last;
The rattling showers rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night a child might understand
The Deil had business on his hand.
Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg
(A better never lifted leg),
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
Before him Doon pours all his floods:
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he cared na Deils a bodle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventured forward on the light;
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight—
Warlocks and witches in a dance:
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast—
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large—
To gie them music was his charge;
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafters a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrips sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new cutted fra a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter which a babe had strangled;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft—
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Three lawyers' tongues turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;
And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk:
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amazed, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark.
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping in their teens:
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen;
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock—
I wonder did na turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie.
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For monie a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd monie a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn—
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.
Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,

Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)—
Wae ever graced a dance o' witches!
But here my Muse her wing maun cow'r,
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how Nannie lap and flang
(A souple jad she was and strang);
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd.
Ev'n Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main;
Till first ae caper, syne anither—
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, Weel done, Cutty-sark!
And in an instant a' was dark;
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When Catch the thief! resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs—the witches follow,
Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.
Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss—
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake;
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.
Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
Or cutty-sarks rin in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1592.—THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways—
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh,
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose.
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes—
This night his weekly moil is at an end—
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend;
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, todlin, stacher thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin' in—
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years—
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due:

Their masters' and their mistresses' command
The younkers a' are warned to obey,
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben—
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, ploughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave—
Weel pleased to think her bairn 's respected like the lave.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.

Is there, in human form that bears a heart,
A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child—
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

But now the supper crowns their simple board:
The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food;
The soup their only hawkie does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cud;
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell,
An' aft he's press'd, and aft he ca's it good;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild, warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy o' the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame—
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise—
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page:
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme:
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped—
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear—
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart!

The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide—
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings—
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And, certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, how'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart—
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part—
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art—
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O never, never Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

Robert Burns.—Born 1759, *Died* 1796.

1593.—A VILLAGE SCOLD SURPRISING HER HUSBAND IN AN ALE-HOUSE.

I' the thrang o' stories tellin,
Shakin hands and jokin queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan—
"Mungo! is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin wife.

"Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Bringin wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin here wi' sic a crew!

"Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink 's your night and day's desire;
Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Folk frae every door came lampin,
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clapp'd wi' her hands, and stampin,
Lost her bauchels i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin like a very devil,
Kickin stools and chairs about.

"Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, sir, I'll be your death!
Little hands my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!"

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet
(Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell),
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin aften to himsel—

"Nane are free frae some vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nae mortal vex'd like me."

A. Wilson.—Born 1766, *Died* 1813.

1594.—A PEDLAR'S STORY.

I wha stand here, in this bare scowry coat,
Was ance a packman, worth mony a groat;
I've carried packs as big's your meikle table;
I've scarted pats, and sleepit in a stable:
Sax pounds I wadna for my pack ance taen,
And I could bauldly brag 'twas a' mine ain.

Ay! thae were days indeed, that gar'd me hope,
Aiblins, through time to warsle up a shop;
And as a wife aye in my noddle ran,
I kenn'd my Kate wad grapple at me than.
Oh, Kate was past compare! sic cheeks! sic een!
Sic smiling looks! were never, never seen.
Dear, dear I loed her, and whene'er we met,
Pleaded to have the bridal day but set;
Stapp'd her pouches fu' o' preens and laces,
And thought mysel weel paid wi' twa three kisses:
Yet still she put it aff frae day to day,
And aften kindly in my lug would say,
"Ae half-year langer's no nae unco stop,
We'll marry then, and syne set up a shop."
Oh, sir, but lassos' words are saft and fair,
They soothe our griefs and banish ilka care:
Wha wadna toil to please the lass he loes?
A lover true minds this in all he does.
Finding her mind was thus sae firmly bent,
And that I couldna get her to relent,
There was nought left but quietly to resign,
To heeze my pack for ae lang hard campaign;
And as the Highlands was the place for meet,
I ventured there in spite o' wind and weet.
Cauld now the winter blew, and deep the snaw
For three hale days incessantly did fa';
Far in a muir, amang the whirling drift,
Where nought was seen but mountains and the lift,
I lost my road and wander'd mony a mile,
Maist dead wi' hunger, cauld, and fright, and toil.
Thus wandering, east or west, I kenn'd na where,
My mind o'ercome wi' gloom and black despair,
Wi' a fell ringe I plunged at ance, forsooth,
Down through a wreath o' snaw up to my mouth—
Clean owre my head my precious wallet flew,
But whar it gaed, Lord kens—I never knew!
What great misfortunes are pour'd down on some!
I thought my fearfu' hinder-end was come!
Wi' grief and sorrow was my saul owercast,
Ilk breath I drew was like to be my last;
For aye the mair I warsled roun' and roun',
I fand mysel aye stick the deeper down;
Till ance, at length, wi' a prodigious pull,
I drew my puir cauld carcass frae the hole.
Lang, lang I sought and graped for my pack,
Till night and hunger forced me to come back.
For three lang hours I wander'd up and down,
Till chance at last convey'd me to a town;
There, wi' a trembling hand, I wrote my Kate
A sad account of a' my luckless fate,
But bade her aye be kind, and no despair,
Since life was left, I soon would gather mair,
Wi' whilk I hoped, within a towmont's date,
To be at hame, and share it a' wi' Kate.
Fool that I was! how little did I think
That love would soon be lost for faut o' clink!
The loss o' fair-won wealth, though hard to bear,
Afore this—ne'er had power to force a tear.
I trusted time would bring things round again,
And Kate, dear Kate! would then be a' mine ain:
Consoled my mind in hopes o' better luck—
But, oh! what sad reverse! how thunder-struck!
When ae black day brought word frae Rab my brither,
That—Kate was cried and married on anither!
Though a' my friends, and ilka comrade sweet,
At ance had drapp'd cauld dead at my feet;
Or though I'd heard the last day's dreadful ca',
Nae deeper horror owre my heart could fa':
I cursed mysel, I cursed my luckless fate,
And grat—and sabbing cried, Oh Kate! oh Kate!
Frae that day forth I never mair did weel,
But drank, and ran headforemost to the deil!
My siller vanish'd, far frae hame I pined,
But Kate for ever ran across my mind;
In her were a' my hopes—these hopes were vain,
And now I'll never see her like again.

A. Wilson.—Born 1766, *Died* 1813.

1595.—THE ALE-HOUSE.

In a howm whose bonny burnie
Whimpering row'd its crystal flood,
Near the road where travellers turn aye,
Neat and beild a cot-house stood:

White the wa's wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lown 'mang trees and braes it reekit
Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel-end thick spreading
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back owre firs the high craigs cleadin,
Raised a' round a cosey screen.

Down below a flowery meadow
Join'd the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe the widow
The same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
"Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,"
Painted bright between twa trees.

"Godsake, Tam! here's walth for drinking!
Wha can this new-comer be?"
"Hout," quo' Tam, "there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see."

Hector Macneill.—Born 1746. *Died* 1818

1596.—THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties chirp'd on ilka tree;
Frae the west the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's towers sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks unpeer'd by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka sound and charm delighting,
Will (though hardly fit to gang)
Wander'd on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet dream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

"Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering, fa' wi' deadly skaith!—
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death."

* * *

Silent step he on, poor fallow!
Listening to his guide before,
O'er green knowe and flowery hallow,
Till they reach'd the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet and humble;
Deck'd wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red and lift sae blue.

Entering now in transport mingle
Mother fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle
Bleezing on a clean hearthstane.

"Soldier, welcome! come be cheerie—
Here ye'se rest and tak' your bed—
Faint, waes me! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek sae lately red!"

"Changed I am," sigh'd Willie till her;
"Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be;
Yet, alas! does Jeanie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?"

Hae ye mark'd the dew o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
Rough blasts came and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird fast fleeing,
Drap when pierced by death mair fleet?
Then see Jean wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet.

After three lang years' affliction
(A' their waes now hush'd to rest),
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

Hector Macneill.—Born 1746, *Died* 1818.

1597.—MARY OF CASTLE-CARY.

Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea—
Cross'd she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree;
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses.
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling e'e;
Red were her ripe lips and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature,
She never loved ony till ance she loed me.
Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-Cary,
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, wert fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.

It was then your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary,
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
Sair gloom'd his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red rolling e'e:
Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning,
Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth, smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?
O Jamie, forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

Hector Macneill.—Born 1746, *Died* 1818.

1598.—THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither.

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night breeze is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shieling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer 's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming:
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

Robert Tannahill.—Born 1774, *Died* 1810.

1599.—THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer,
The auld castle turrets are cover'd with snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae,
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie and me.
It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my e'e;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

Robert Tannahill.—Born 1774, *Died* 1810.

1600.—THE FLOWER O' DUMBLANE.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its saft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonnie;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain:
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen:
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.



THE BRAES O' BALQUHITHER.

"Let us go, Lassie, go,
To the Braes o' Balquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonnie Highland heather."

[*Poems* 1598.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Robert Tannahill.—Born 1774, *Died* 1810.

1601.—THE MIDGES DANCE ABOON THE BURN.

The midges dance aboon the burn;
The dews begin to fa';
The pairtricks down the rushy holm
Set up their e'ening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings through the briery shaw,
While flitting gay the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gloamin' sky
The mavis mends her lay;
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the ling'ring day;
While weary yaldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell;
The honeysuckle and the birk
Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yields
Are dearer far to me.

Robert Tannahill.—Born 1774, *Died* 1810.

1602.—GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray,
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
'Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Lavrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Siller saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery brekans fringe the rocks,
Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

Robert Tannahill.—Born 1774, *Died* 1810.

1603.—MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the siller-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O,
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonnie O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither warldly care wad hae,
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

Richard Gall.—Born 1776, *Died* 1801.

1604.—FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare thee weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthrall'd this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae render'd moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh! how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it;
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of wo and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!

Richard Gall.—Born 1776, *Died* 1801.

1605.—LOGAN BRAES.

By Logan streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep and gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane:
Frae kirk and fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I danner out and sit alane;
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

John Mayne.—Born 1761, *Died* 1836.

1606.—HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sigh'd,
For me she wish'd to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-lee!

Where Kirtle-waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind,
Took deadly aim at me:
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rush'd in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-lee!

Though Heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell
And tore my love from me!
For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They center'd all in thee!

Ah! what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain?
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me:
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me!
Then from this world of doubts and sighs,
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-lee!

John Mayne.—Born 1761, *Died* 1836.

1607.—TO THE RIVER NITH.

Hail, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, though far I rove,
The slave of poverty and love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran,
And there to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew.
Blithe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nursed a poet's dream!
Oft have I in forbidden time
(If youth could sanctify a crime),
With hazel rod and frandful fly,
Ensnared thy unsuspecting fry;
In pairs have dragg'd them from their den,
Till, chased by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind,
And when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Return'd successful as before.

John Mayne.—Born 1761, *Died* 1836.

1608.—MUSTERING OF THE TRADES TO SHOOT FOR THE SILLER GUN.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting owre the scene,

When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes ahint them on their yads)
Flock'd in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,
Forth cam our Trades, some ora saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carl,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowling wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Heeh, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sun-burnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and semple, mingling, grown
The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joybells jowing,
Het-pints, weel spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing!

Broil'd kipper, cheese, and bread, and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whisky, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy:

O! weel ken they wha loe their chapin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strapping;
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And even the thowless cook their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

The muster owre, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands;
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Gley'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group review'd elsewhere!
The short, the tall; fat folk, and spare;
Syde coats, and dockit;
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
Round hats, and cockit!

As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrow'd or begg'd, were of a' kinds
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses!

Maist feck, though oil'd to mak them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks!

And then, to show what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans
Neglected lay,
Were furbish'd up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs this day!

"Ohon!" says George, and ga'e a grane,
"The age o' chivalry is gane!"
Syne, having owre and owre again
The hale survey'd,
Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
He snuff'd, and said:

"Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
Shouther your arms! O! ha'd them tosh on,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa!"

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
Through crowds and crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drown'd
In acclamations!

John Mayne.—Born 1761, *Died* 1836.

1609.—JENNY DANG THE WEAVER.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lassies, bonny witches!
Were a' dress'd out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches:
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;

But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith butt and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he, My lass, to speak my mind,
I troth I needna swither;
You've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither:
He humm'd and haw'd, the lass cried, Peugh,
And bade the coof not deave her;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Sir A. Boswell.—Born 1775, *Died* 1822.

1610.—JENNY'S BAWBEE.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' lugs, and faces lang;
I speer'd at neibour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo' he, ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel,
Thought himsel' cunnin' as the de'il,
And here they cam, awa to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined, and back well clad,
March'd round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he, "My goddess, nymph, and queen,
Your beauty 's dazzled baith my een;"
But de'il a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A Norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsen'd naig and siller whup,
Cried, "There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie't till a tree.

What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';"
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs,
A Thing cam neist (but life has rubs),
Foul were the roads, and fou' the dubs,
Ah! waes me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girn'd, "I' faith a bonnie lass!"
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger not to strut sae big,
The lawyer not to be a prig,
The fool cried, "Tehee,

I kent that I could never fail!"
She prined the dish-clout till his tail,
And cool'd him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Sir A. Boswell.—Born 1775, *Died* 1822.

1611.—GOOD NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'.

Good night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charm'd my heart;
May life's fell blasts out owre ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha show'd himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?
But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
But cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.

Sir A. Boswell.—Born 1775, *Died* 1822.

1612.—WHEN THE KYE COMES HAME.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state,
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
O, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonnie lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee,
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift,
Draps down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
O there's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
O, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

James Hogg.—Born 1772, *Died* 1835.

1613.—THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

James Hogg.—Born 1772, *Died* 1835.

1614.—THE MOON WAS A-WANING.

The moon was a-waning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep
That his heart it grew weary;
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets
And embroider'd the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy grander;
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander.

Alas, pretty maiden,
What sorrows attend you!
I see you sit shivering,
With lights at your window;
But long may you wait
Ere your arms shall enclose him;
For still, still he lies,
With a wreath on his bosom!

How painful the task
The sad tidings to tell you!
An orphan you were
Ere this misery befell you;
And far in yon wild,
Where the dead-tapers hover,
So cold, cold and wan,
Lies the corpse of your lover!

James Hogg.—Born 1772, *Died* 1835.

1615.—KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
The scarlet hypp, and the hind berry,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedes-man had pray'd, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane—
When the ingle low'd with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought both holt and den—
By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever was seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"

Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face:
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been—
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.
In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene, Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kenn'd nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'waken'd on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travell'd mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer:
"What spirit has brought this mortal here!"

"Lang have I journey'd the world wide,"
A meek and reverend fere replied;
"Baith night and day I have watch'd the fair
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watch'd o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain,
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw,
As spotless as the morning snaw.
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn in this countrye.
I have brought her away frae the snares of men,
That sin or death she may never ken."

They clasp'd her waist and her hands sae fair;
They kiss'd her cheek, and they kemed her hair;
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here;
Women are freed of the littand scorn;
O, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've gane,
Commission'd to watch fair womankind,
For it's they who nurice the immortal mind.
We have watch'd their steps as the dawning shone,
And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily bower and silken bed
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;

Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time must come,
And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

"O, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind,
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
O, sweet to heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to heaven the words of truth
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!

"O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow and fear—
O, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."—
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walk'd in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wander'd by.
And she heard a song—she heard it sung,
She kenn'd not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn—
"O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken, what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrow'd gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun—
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair;
And the angels shall miss them, travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have died away,
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"—

They bore her away, she wist not how,
For she felt not arm nor rest below;
But so swift they wain'd her through the light,
'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seem'd to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumber'd groves below them grew;
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appear'd like those o'er which they flew
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From whence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow—
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green,
To see what mortal never had seen;
And they seated her high on a purple sward,
And bade her heed what she saw and heard,
And note the changes the spirits wrought;
For now she lived in the land of thought.
She look'd, and she saw nor sun nor skies,
But a crystal dome of a thousand dyes;
She look'd, and she saw nae land aright,
But an endless whirl of glory and light;
And radiant beings went and came,
Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame;
She hid her een frae the dazzling view;
She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas, and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun and the sky and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved and trembled, and gently swung;
On every shore they seem'd to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again;
In winding lake and placid firth—
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth.

Kilmeny sigh'd and seem'd to grieve,
For she found her heart to that land did cleave;
She saw the corn wave on the vale;
She saw the deer run down the dale;
She saw the plaid and the broad claymore,
And the brows that the badge of freedom bore;
And she thought she had seen the land before.

She saw a lady sit on a throne,
The fairest that ever the sun shone on!
A lion lick'd her hand of milk,
And she held him in a leish of silk,
And a leifu' maiden stood at her knee,
With a silver wand and melting e'e—
Her sovereign shield, till Love stole in,
And poison'd all the fount within.

Then a gruff, untoward bedes-man came,
And hundit the lion on his dame;
And the guardian maid wi' the dauntless e'e,
She dropp'd a tear and left her knee;
And she saw till the queen frae the lion fled,
Till the bonniest flower of the world lay dead;
A coffin was set on a distant plain,
And she saw the red blood fall like rain.
Then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew sair,
And she turn'd away, and could look nae mair

Then the gruff, grim carle girnéd amain,
And they trampled him down—but he rose again;
And he baited the lion to deeds of weir,
Till he lapp'd the blood to the kingdom dear:
And, weening his head was danger-preef
When crown'd with the rose and clover leaf,
He growl'd at the carle, and chased him away
To feed wi' the deer on the mountain gray.
He growl'd at the carle, and he geck'd at Heaven;
But his mark was set, and his arles given.
Kilmeny a while her een withdrew;
She look'd again, and the scene was new.

She saw below her, fair unfurl'd,
One half of all the glowing world,
Where oceans roll'd and rivers ran,
To bound the aims of sinful man.
She saw a people fierce and fell,
Burst frae their bounds like fiends of hell;
There lilies grew, and the eagle flew;
And she herkèd on her ravening crow,
Till the cities and towers were wrapt in a blaze,
And the thunder it roar'd o'er the lands and the seas.
The widows they wail'd, and the red blood ran,
And she threaten'd an end to the race of man;
She never lened, nor stood in awe,
Till caught by the lion's deadly paw
Oh! then the eagle swink'd for life,
And brainzell'd up a mortal strife;
But flew she north, or flew she south,
She met wi' the growl of the lion's mouth.

With a mooted wing and waefu' maen,
The eagle sought her eiry again;
But lang may she cower in her bloody nest,
And lang, lang sleek her wounded breast,
Before she sey another flight,
To play wi' the norland lion's might.

But to sing the sights Kilmeny saw,
So far surpassing Nature's law,
The singer's voice wad sink away,
And the string of his harp wad cease to play.
But she saw till the sorrows of man were by,
And all was love and harmony;
Till the stars of heaven fell calmly away,
Like the flakes of snaw on a winter's day.

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when Time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awaken'd, she lay her lane,
All happ'd with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven long years had come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
And O, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maidens' een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keepèd afar frae the haunts of men;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,
The wild beasts of the hills were cheer'd;
The wolf play'd blithely round the field,
The lordly bison low'd and kneel'd;
The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,
And cower'd aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion!
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charm'd and amazed;
Even the dull cattle croon'd and gazed,
And murmur'd and look'd with anxious pain,
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock,
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began;
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooy'd their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kenn'd na whether she was living or dead.
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And return'd to the land of thought again.

James Hogg.—Born 1772, *Died* 1835.

1616.—TO THE COMET OF 1811.

How lovely is this wilder'd scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalm'd in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurl'd?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world?

No, from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roam'd these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scalest the Milky Way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

Oh! on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! O let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn!

James Hogg.—Born 1772, *Died* 1835.

1617.—HAME, HAME, HAME.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree,
The larks shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's begun for to fa',
The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

O there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave;
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my e'e,
"I'll shine on ye yet in yere ain countrie."
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1618.—MY NANIE O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
I'll gang and see my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
My kind and winsome Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie O.

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The world's in love with Nanie O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her long brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew
When coming frae my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;

The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1619.—THE YOUNG MAXWELL.

"Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?"
"I'm gaun to the hill-side, thou sodger gentleman,
To shift my sheep their lair."

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude lang stride took he:
"I trow thou to be a fock auld carle,
Will ye shaw the way to me?"

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
"Light down and gang, thou sodger gentleman,
For here ye canna ride."

He drew the reins o' his bonnie gray steed,
An' lightly down he sprang:
Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown aff his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

"Thou kill'd my father, thou vile Southron
An' ye kill'd my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my e'e!

Draw out yere sword, thou vile Southron!
Red wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapp'd the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

There's ae sad stroke for my dear old father!
There's twa for my brethren three!
An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee."

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1620.—FRAGMENT.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither nae dear,
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784 *Died* 1842.

1621.—SHE'S GANE TO DWELL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
She's gane to dwall in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

O what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul 's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1622.—THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

Oh! my love 's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain—

Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and as fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower,
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1623.—A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1624.—THE TOWN CHILD AND COUNTRY CHILD.

Child of the Country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that sweet tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee:—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof 's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless wood,
Thy rushing deer 's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light 's a lamp,—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the Country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet:
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April while she nursed her young;
The dew beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild blue-bells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:

A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree;
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The poulterer dwells, beside the hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd, clamorous, o'er the city round:
No roses, twin-born on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,
Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the wings of Spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing's sake—'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the Town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind,
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone.
The coachman there careering reels,
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each prosing son
In pelf's pursuit, and halloos "Run!"
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream 's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.
Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower;
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb o'er which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you, from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness, and God.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1625.—THOU HAST VOW'D BY THY FAITH, MY JEANIE.

Thou hast vow'd by thy faith, my Jeanie,
By that pretty white hand o' thine,
And by all the lowing stars in heaven,
That thou wad aye be mine!

And I have sworn by my faith, my Jeanie,
And by that kind heart o' thine,
By all the stars sown thick o'er heaven,
That thou shalt aye be mine!

Then foul fa' the hands wad loose sic bands,
And the heart wad part sic love;
But there's nae hand can loose the band,
But the finger of Him above.
Tho' the wee, wee cot maun be my bield,
An' my clothing e'er so mean,
I should lap up rich in the faulds of love,
Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow to me,
Far softer than the down;
And Love wad winnow o'er us, his kind, kind wings,
And sweetly we'd sleep, an' soun'.
Come here to me, thou lass whom I love,
Come here and kneel wi' me;
The morn is full of the presence of God,
And I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet amang the new flowers:
The wee birds sing saft on the tree,
Our gudeman sits in the bonnie sunshine
And a blithe auld bodie is he.
The Beuk maun be ta'en whan he comes hame,
Wi' the holy psalmodie;
And I will speak of thee whan I pray,
And thou maun speak of me.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1626.—GENTLE HUGH HERRIES.

Go seek in the wild glen
Where streamlets are falling!
Go seek on the lone hill
Where curlews are calling!
Go seek when the clear stars
Shine down without number,
For there shall ye find him,
My true love, in slumber.

They sought in the wild glen—
The glen was forsaken;
They sought on the mountain,
'Mang lang lady-bracken;
And sore, sore they hunted,
My true love to find him,
With the strong bands of iron
To fetter and bind him.

Yon green hill I'll give thee,
Where the falcon is flying,
To show me the den where
This bold traitor 's lying;
O make me of Nithsdale's
Fair princedom the heiress—
Is that worth one smile of
My gentle Hugh Herries?

The white bread, the sweet milk,
And ripe fruits I found him,

And safe in my fond arms
I clasp'd and I wound him;
I warn you go not where
My true lover tarries,
For sharp smites the sword of
My gentle Hugh Herries.

They rein'd their proud war-steeds—
Away they went sweeping;
And behind them dames wail'd, and
Fair maidens went weeping;
But deep in yon wild glen,
'Mang banks of blae-berries,
I dwell with my loved one,
My gentle Hugh Herries.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1627.—THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blithe blink he had
In my ain countrie.
O gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

O it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie:
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

Allan Cunningham.—Born 1784, *Died* 1842.

1628.—FROM ANSTER FAIR.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many-fountain'd Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gown'd Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskin'd feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh! I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnish'd out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-elbow'd Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewell'd shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That strike the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enroll'd,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heaven's blue key-stone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheer'ly sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
On Anster-steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
The town's long colours flare and flap on high,
Whose anchor, blazon'd fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the boltsprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,

Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

William Tennant.—Born 1785, *Died* 1848.

1629.—THE HEROINE OF ANSTER FAIR.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capp'd with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-wash'd, and doubly fulgent from the streams—
The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace
(The prancer seem'd to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace),
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resign'd its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze;
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And play'd at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honour'd palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew heregaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!

So on she rode in virgin majesty,
Charming the thin dead air to kiss her lips,
And with the light and grandeur of her eye
Shaming the proud sun into dim eclipse;
While round her presence clustering far and nigh,
On horseback some, with silver spurs and whips,
And some afoot with shoes of dazzling buckles,
Attended knights, and lairds, and clowns with horny knuckles.

William Tennant.—Born 1785, *Died* 1848.

1630.—DESCRIPTION OF THE COMERS TO THE FAIR.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfine from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
Or foray on the banks of Fortha's fifth;
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;
And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, cramm'd with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreech'd, unhosed;
And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings enclosed,
Where St. Columba oft is seen to waddle
Gown'd round with flaming fire upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr
(Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!);
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock (where
Are nightcaps made, the cheapest and the best),
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapp'd nag,
Or humbly riding asses' backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
To purchase Dutch lintseed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplish'd men o' the counting-room confest,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avow'd freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never own'd they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out·
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkaldy ride,
Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung,
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymer's tongue.

William Tennant.—Born 1785, *Died* 1848.

1631.—JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
Through many a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve of life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en.
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows owre my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time!—sad time!—twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To lear ilk ither lear;
And tones, and looks, and smiles were shed,
Remember'd ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof lock'd in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun owre ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans, laughin', said,
We cleek'd thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays
(The schule then skail't at noon),
When we ran aff to speel the braes—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' schule-time and o' thee.
Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts,
Like simmer blossoms, sprang!

Oh mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung owre our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wud
The throssil whusslit sweet.

The throssil whusslit in the wud,
The burn sung to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' vera gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sinder'd young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd
O' bygane days and me!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1835.

1632.—SWORD CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine:
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I own'd at my birth;
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword
East, west, north, and south, shouting, "There am I lord!"
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee.

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;
I've drunk the sweet music that bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields death's sickle, and garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying son.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart 's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield.
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal 's as true as its polish is bright:
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perish'd by war or by wave;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadow'd in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1835.

1633.—THEY COME! THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of
beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring
thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling
cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful
waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal
tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in
rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful
to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze
is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding
courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless
and welcome thee:
And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whis-
pering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of
yon sky,
But hath its own wing'd mariners to give it
melody:
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their
merry course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who, far
above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent
a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound—from
yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green blade did breathe
his own glad name;
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from
all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft
western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes
are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the
deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-
crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath
this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little
souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of
youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the
reckless, truant boy
Wander'd through greenwoods all day long, a
mighty heart of joy!
I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but O!
I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet
delight to drink;—
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the
calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the
days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round
me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart
that hath wax'd old!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1634.—THE WATER! THE WATER!

The Water! the Water!
The joyous brook for me,
That tuneth through the quiet night
Its ever-living glee.
The Water! the Water!
That sleepless, merry heart,
Which gurgles on unstintedly,
And loveth to impart,
To all around it, some small measure
Of its own most perfect pleasure.

The Water! the Water!
The gentle stream for me,
That gushes from the old gray stone
Beside the alder-tree.
The Water! the Water!
That ever-bubbling spring
I loved and look'd on while a child,
In deepest wondering,—
And ask'd it whence it came and went,
And when its treasures would be spent.

The Water! the Water!
The merry, wanton brook
That bent itself to pleasure me,
Like mine old shepherd crook.
The Water! the Water!
That sang so sweet at noon,
And sweeter still all night, to win
Smiles from the pale, proud moon,
And from the little fairy faces
That gleam in heaven's remotest places.

The Water! the Water!
The dear and blessed thing,
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The Water! the Water!
That murmur'd in my ear
Hymns of a saint-like purity,
That angels well might hear,
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.

The Water! the Water!
Where I have shed salt tears,
In loneliness and friendliness,
A thing of tender years.

The Water! the Water!
Where I have happy been,
And shower'd upon its bosom flowers
Cull'd from each meadow green;
And idly hoped my life would be
So crown'd by love's idolatry.

The Water! the Water!
My heart yet burns to think
How cool thy fountain sparkled forth,
For parchèd lip to drink.
The Water! the Water!
Of mine own native glen—
The gladsome tongue I oft have heard,
But ne'er shall hear again,
Though fancy fills my ear for aye
With sounds that live so far away!

The Water! the Water!
The mild and glassy wave,
Upon whose broomy banks I've long'd
To find my silent grave.
The Water! the Water!
O, blest to me thou art!
Thus sounding in life's solitude
The music of my heart,
And filling it, despite of sadness,
With dreamings of departed gladness.

The Water! the Water!
The mournful, pensive tone
That whisper'd to my heart how soon
This weary life was done.
The Water! the Water!
That roll'd so bright and free,
And bade me mark how beautiful
Was its soul's purity;
And how it glanced to heaven its wave,
As, wandering on, it sought its grave.

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1635.—THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,
Of hopes that bloom'd to die,
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan!
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherish'd
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy—
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1636.—THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed,
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
Be soundes from heaven that come;
And O! the thundering presse of knightes,
Whenas their war cryes swell,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine:
Deathe's couriers, Fame and Honor, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt 's in our hand—
Heart whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe and puling crye;
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1637.—THE BLOOM HATH FLED THY CHEEK, MARY.

The bloom hath fled thy cheek, Mary,
As spring's rath blossoms die;
And sadness hath o'ershadow'd now
Thy once bright eye;
But look! on me the prints of grief
Still deeper lie.
Farewell!

Thy lips are pale and mute, Mary;
Thy step is sad and slow;
The morn of gladness hath gone by
Thou erst did know;
I, too, am changed like thee, and weep
For very woe.
Farewell

It seems as 'twere but yesterday
We were the happiest twain,
When murmur'd sighs and joyous tears,
Dropping like rain,
Discoursed my love, and told how loved
I was again.
Farewell!

'Twas not in cold and measured phrase
We gave our passion name;
Scorning such tedious eloquence,
Our hearts' fond flame
And long-imprison'd feelings fast
In deep sobs came.
Farewell!

Would that our love had been the love
That merest worldlings know,
When passion's draught to our doom'd lips
Turns utter woe,
And our poor dream of happiness
Vanishes so!
Farewell!

But in the wreck of all our hopes
There's yet some touch of bliss,
Since fate robs not our wretchedness
Of this last kiss:
Despair, and love, and madness meet
In this, in this.
Farewell!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1638.—MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
I'm dyin' for your sake!
O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane—
O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie—
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie—
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met—
O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
O, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie—
I downa seek to blame;
But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I ha'e lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun' through my heart;
O, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin,
Ye never sall kiss mair.

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1639.—THE COVENANTERS' BATTLE-CHANT.

To battle! To battle!
To slaughter and strife!
For a sad, broken covenant
We barter poor life.
The great God of Judah
Shall smite with our hand,
And break down the idols
That cumber the land.

Uplift every voice
In prayer, and in song;
Remember the battle
Is not to the strong.
Lo, the Ammonites thicken!
And onward they come,
To the rain noise of trumpet,
Of cymbal, and drum.

They haste to the onslaught,
With hagbut and spear;
They lust for a banquet
That 's deathful and dear.
Now horseman and footman
Sweep down the hill-side;
They come, like fierce Pharaohs,
To die in their pride!

See, long plume and pennon
Stream gay in the air!
They are given us for slaughter—
Shall God's people spare?
Nay, nay; lop them off—
Friend, father, and son
All earth is athirst till
The good work be done.

Brace tight every buckler,
And lift high the sword!
For biting must blades be
That fight for the Lord.
Remember, remember,
How saints' blood was shed,
As free as the rain, and
Homes desolate made!

Among them!—among them!
Unburied bones cry:
Avenge us—or, like us,
Faith's true martyrs die!
Hew, hew down the spoilers!
Slay on, and spare none;
Then shout forth in gladness,
Heaven's battle is won!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1640.—WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD RED EARTH AM SLEEPING.

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break—
When the swoll'n streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make—
Will there be one, whose heart Despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the Night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping—
The great and small—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crown'd,
Will there be then one, versed in misery's story,
Pacing it round?

It may be so—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed—
A weakness and a wickedness, to borrow
From hearts that bleed
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart!
And, though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain—for Time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1641.—SONG OF THE DANISH SEA-KING.

Our bark is on the waters deep, our bright blades in our hand,
Our birthright is the ocean vast—we scorn the girdled land;
And the hollow wind is our music brave, and none can bolder be
Than the hoarse-tongued tempest raving o'er a proud and swelling sea!

Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurl'd billow's foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean as our home!

Our eagle-wings of might we stretch before the gallant wind,
And we leave the tame and sluggish earth a dim, mean speck behind;
We shoot into the untrack'd deep, as earth-freed spirits soar,
Like stars of fire through boundless space—through realms without a shore!

Lords of this wide-spread wilderness of waters, we bound free,
The haughty elements alone dispute our sovereignty;
No landmark doth our freedom let, for no law of man can mete
The sky which arches o'er our head—the waves which kiss our feet!

The warrior of the land may back the wild horse, in his pride;
But a fiercer steed we dauntless breast—the untamed ocean tide;
And a nobler tilt our bark careers, as it quells the saucy wave,
While the Herald storm peals o'er the deep the glories of the brave.

Hurrah! hurrah! the wind is up—it bloweth fresh and free,
And every cord, instinct with life, pipes loud its fearless glee;
Big swell the bosom'd sails with joy, and they madly kiss the spray,
As proudly, through the foaming surge, the Sea-King bears away!

Motherwell.—Born 1797, *Died* 1836.

1642.—THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN

High thoughts!
They come and go,
Like the soft breathings of a listening maiden,
While round me flow
The winds, from woods and fields with gladness laden:
When the corn's rustle on the ear doth come—
When the eve's beetle sounds its drowsy hum—
When the stars, dewdrops of the summer sky,
Watch over all with soft and loving eye—
While the leaves quiver
By the lone river,
And the quiet heart
From depths doth call
And garners all—
Earth grows a shadow
Forgotten whole,
And Heaven lives
In the blessed soul!

High thoughts!
They are with me,
When, deep within the bosom of the forest,
Thy morning melody
Abroad into the sky, thou, throstle, pourest.
When the young sunbeams glance among the trees—
When on the ear comes the soft song of bees—
When every branch has its own favourite bird
And songs of summer, from each thicket heard!—
Where the owl flitteth,
Where the roe sitteth,
And holiness
Seems sleeping there;
While Nature's prayer
Goes up to heaven
In purity,
Till all is glory
And joy to me!

High thoughts!
They are my own
When I am resting on a mountain's bosom,
And see below me strown
The huts and homes where humble virtues blossom;
When I can trace each streamlet through the meadow—
When I can follow every fitful shadow—
When I can watch the winds among the corn,
And see the waves along the forest borne;
Where blue-bell and heather
Are blooming together,
And far doth come
The Sabbath bell,
O'er wood and fell;
I hear the beating
Of Nature's heart;
Heaven is before me—
God! Thou art!

High thoughts!
They visit us
In moments when the soul is dim and darken'd;
They come to bless,
After the vanities to which we hearken'd:
When weariness hath come upon the spirit—
(Those hours of darkness which we all inherit)—
Bursts there not through a glint of warm sunshine
A winged thought, which bids us not repine?
In joy and gladness,
In mirth and sadness,
Come signs and tokens;
Life's angel brings
Upon its wings
Those bright communings
The soul doth keep—
Those thoughts of heaven
So pure and deep!

Robert Nicoll.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1643.—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Robert Nicoll.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1644.—WILD FLOWERS.

Beautiful children of the woods and fields!
That bloom by mountain streamlets 'mid the heather,
Or into clusters, 'neath the hazels, gather;
Or where by hoary rocks you make your bields,
And sweetly flourish on through summer weather:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful flowers! to me ye fresher seem
From the Almighty hand that fashion'd all,
Than those that flourish by a garden-wall;
And I can image you, as in a dream,
Fair, modest maidens, nursed in hamlets small:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth
Are fix'd, as in a queenly diadem;
Though lowly ye, and most without a name,
Young hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth,
As light erewhile into the world came:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful things ye are, where'er ye grow!
The wild red rose—the speedwell's peeping eyes—
Our own bluebell—the daisy, that doth rise
Wherever sunbeams fall or winds do blow;
And thousands more, of blessed forms and dyes:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful nurslings of the early dew!
Fann'd in your loveliness, by every breeze,
And shaded o'er by green and arching trees;
I often wish that I were one of you,
Dwelling afar upon the grassy leas:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful watchers! day and night ye wake!
The evening star grows dim and fades away,
And morning comes and goes, and then the day
Within the arms of night its rest doth take;
But ye are watchful wheresoe'er we stray:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful objects of the wild-bee's love!
The wild-bird joys your opening bloom to see,
And in your native woods and wilds to be.
All hearts, to Nature true, ye strangely move;
Ye are so passing fair—so passing free:—
I love ye all!

Beautiful children of the glen and dell—
The dingle deep—the moorland stretching wide,
And of the mossy fountain's sedgy side!
Ye o'er my heart have thrown a lovesome spell;
And, though the worldling, scorning, may deride:—
I love ye all!

Robert Nicoll.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1645.—DEATH.

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps;
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I, who love them all, shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!—
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray!
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?
Or that which thinks and feels, in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted—steep'd in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;
I have a hope, a faith—from sorrow here
I'm led by Death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that Power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair—
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day, shine on! be glad: days brighter far
Are stretch'd before my eyes than those of mortals are!

Robert Nicoll.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1646.—IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brew'd our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
O! the thocht o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busk'd braw, and our lasses look'd fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seem'd ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk ee:
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seem'd to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas mine:
O! the days o' langsyne—O! the days o' langsyne.

Robert Gilfillan.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1647.—THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh! why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings.
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain;
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

Robert Gilfillan.—Born 1814, *Died* 1837.

1648.—THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

Amang the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance wing'd alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawin coost a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.
But gi'e to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And O! sae blithe through life I'll steer,
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' dauners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
That owre the muir meandering rows;
Or, tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

And when auld Scotland's healthy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains;
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks crow,
O! dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Thomas Cunningham.—Born 18 ? *Died* 1834.

1649.—LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neibours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her,
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the trees sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

"Oh! what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a'thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae bliuk o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just, "Fare ye weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.

Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!'

William Laidlaw.—Born 1810.

1650.—THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, Aiken-drum!

The black dog growling cower'd his tail,
The lassie swarf'd, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'er'd down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard exprest,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees play'd aye knoit between—
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trail'd on the grun' by his taeless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the young ane closer clasp'd her wean,
And turn'd frae Aiken-drum.

But the canny auld wife cam till her breath,
And she deem'd the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it fear'd na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld gudeman;
"What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"
What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenn'd tune,
If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I'll kirn the kirn, an' I'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
I'se tame't," quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' dark
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie auld wife, "The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, "He's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is't'na hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum."

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toil'd wight was he;
While the bairns play'd harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair-missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
O! luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa, ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the sponsible voice o' a hale country side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' look'd roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

William Nicholson.—Born 1805.

1651.—SONG.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang,
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bicker'd down the mountain side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize,
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I cross'd the main;
To see, fo Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;
An' wi' my good claymore I've brou
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
An' though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

Joseph Train.—Born 1810.

1652.—THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
Glisten'd there 'mong the heath bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthen'd and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness,
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heathfowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darken'd their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes turn'd to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep, mournful music were ringing,
The cur'ew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flash'd lightning, as, firm and unbonding,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turn'd on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth, out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

James Hislop.—Born 1798, *Died* 1827.

1653.—MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrained step and spirits free!

No crowd impedes your way,
No city wall impedes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wonder, ye may stray,
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening, the fresh dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers play'd.

The gray and ancient peaks
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in this spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds;
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences. The patriot bands
Were of the hills like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For leary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

Then go forth—earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1654.—THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW.—A MIDSUMMER LEGEND.

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon-Low,
The Midsummer night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary
All up on the Caldon-Low?"
"I saw the blithe sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon-Hill?"
"I heard the drops of the water made,
And the green corn ears to fill."

"Oh, tell me all, my Mary—
All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon-Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother,
And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

And merry was the glee of the harp-strings,
And their dancing feet so small;
But, oh, the sound of their talking
Was merrier far than all!"

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That you did hear them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother—
But let me have my way!

And some they play'd with the water,
And roll'd it down the hill:
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill;

For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man shall the miller be
By the dawning of the day!

Oh, the miller, how he will laugh,
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

And some they seized the little winds,
That sounded over the hill,
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew so sharp and shrill:—

'And there,' said they, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And those shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn:

Oh, the poor, blind old widow—
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be merry enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands stiff and strong!'

And some they brought the brown lintseed,
And flung it down from the Low—
'And this,' said they, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow!

Oh, the poor, lame weaver,
How will he laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

And then up spoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin—
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another—
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother!'

And with that I could not help but laugh,
And I laugh'd out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon-Low,
There was no one left but me.

And all, on the top of the Caldon-Low,
The mists were cold and gray,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

But, as I came down from the hill-top,
I heard, afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how merry the wheel did go!

And I peep'd into the widow's field;
And, sure enough, was seen
The yellow ears of the mildew'd corn
All standing stiff and green.

And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were high;
But I saw the weaver at his gate
With the good news in his eye!

Now, this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prithee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be!"

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1655.—THE MONKEY.

Monkey, little merry fellow,
Thou art Nature's Punchinello;
Full of fun as Puck could be—
Harlequin might learn of thee!

In the very ark, no doubt,
You went frolicking about;
Never keeping in your mind
Drowned monkeys left behind!

Have you no traditions—none,
Of the court of Solomon?
No memorial how ye went
With Prince Hiram's armament?

Look now at him!—slyly peep;
He pretends he is asleep!
Fast asleep upon his bed,
With his arm beneath his head.

Now that posture is not right,
And he is not settled quite;
There! that's better than before—
And the knave pretends to snore!

Ha! he is not half asleep:
See, he slyly takes a peep.
Monkey, though your eyes were shut,
You could see this little nut.

You shall have it, pigmy brother!
What, another! and another!
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack—
Sit down, and begin to crack.

There the little ancient man
Cracks as fast as crack he can!
Now good-by, you merry fellow,
Nature's primest Punchinello.

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1656.—LITTLE STREAMS.

Little streams are light and shadow,
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruin'd abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves, is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.

There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plumy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, their voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary,
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1657.—THE BROOM-FLOWER

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

I know the realms where people say
The flowers have not their fellow;
I know where they shine out like suns,
The crimson and the yellow.

I know where ladies live enchained
In luxury's silken fetters,
And flowers as bright as glittering gems
Are used for written letters.

But ne'er was flower so fair as this,
In modern days or olden;
It groweth on its nodding stem
Like to a garland golden.

And all about my mother's door
Shine out its glittering bushes,
And down the glen, where clear as light
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest; but give me this,
And the bird that nestles in it;
I love it, for it loves the Broom—
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,
And boast of that of Sharon,
Of lilies like to marble cups,
And the golden rod of Aaron

I care not how these flowers may be
Beloved of man and woman;
The Broom it is the flower for me,
That groweth on the common.

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1658.—SUMMER WOODS.

Come ye into the summer woods;
There entereth no annoy;
All greenly wave the chestnut leaves,
And the earth is full of joy.

I cannot tell you half the sights
Of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine,
And many a shady tree.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,
The honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the rose-red campion,
And the dark-blue columbine.

There grows the four-leaved plant, "true-love,"
In some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the enchanter's night-shade,
And the wood forget-me-not.

And many a merry bird is there,
Unscared by lawless men;
The blue-wing'd jay, the woodpecker,
And the golden-crested wren.

Come down, and ye shall see them all,
The timid and the bold;
For their sweet life of pleasantness,
It is not to be told.

And far within that summer wood,
Among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling brook,
The brightest e'er was seen.

There come the little gentle birds,
Without a fear of ill;
Down to the murmuring water's edge,
And freely drink their fill!

And dash about and splash about,
The merry little things;
And look askance with bright black eyes,
And flirt their dripping wings.

I've seen the freakish squirrels drop
Down from their leafy tree,
The little squirrels with the old—
Great joy it was to me!

And down unto the running brook,
I've seen them nimbly go;
And the bright water seemed to speak
A welcome kind and low.

The nodding plants they bowed their heads,
As if in heartsome cheer;
They spake unto these little things,
"'Tis merry living here!"

Oh, how my heart ran o'er with joy!
I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight
All round us, if we would!

And many a wood-mouse dwelleth there,
Beneath the old wood shade,
And all day long has work to do,
Nor is of aught afraid.

The green shoots grow above their heads,
And roots so fresh and fine
Beneath their feet; nor is there strife
'Mong them for mine and thine.

There is enough for every one,
And they lovingly agree;
We might learn a lesson, all of us,
Beneath the green-wood tree.

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1659.—LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the waterside;
Wandering o'er the heathy fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild,
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside:
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean,
Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless everywhere!
In the far isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain-glen,
'Mong the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoe'er a foot hath gone;
Wheresoe'er the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! they in me
Move a kindly sympathy,
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known,
'Mid its labours and its cares,
'Mid its sufferings and its snares;

Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod—
In the presence of your God,
Spotless, blameless, glorified—
Little children, ye abide!

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1660.—CORNFIELDS.

When on the breath of autumn breeze,
From pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating like an idle thought
The fair white thistle-down,
O then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvest hill!

What joy in dreamy ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sun-lit slopes
The piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy wandering o'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yore.

I feel the day—I see the field,
The quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house
Binding the yellow sheaves;
And at this very hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

I see the fields of Bethlehem,
And reapers many a one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke—
And Boaz looking on;
And Ruth, the Moabite so fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

Again I see a little child,
His mother's sole delight,—
God's living gift unto
The kind good Shunammite;
To mortal pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

The sun-bathed quiet of the hills,
The fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ago
Were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

O golden fields of bending corn,
How beautiful they seem;
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves,
To me are like a dream.
The sunshine and the very air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

Mary Howitt.—Born 1804.

1661.—THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOW.

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?

No mortal saw it go:—
But who doth hear
Its summer cheer
As it flitteth to and fro?

So the freed spirit flies!
From its surrounding clay
It steals away
Like the swallow from the skies.

Whither? wherefore doth it go?
'Tis all unknown;
We feel alone
That a void is left below.

William Howitt.—Born 1795.

1662.—MASSACRE OF THE MACPHERSON.

I.

Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan M'Tavish—
Marched into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate the vipers,
With four-and-twenty men,
And five-and-thirty pipers.

II.

But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin'.
They were all he had
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off to drive ta cattle.

III.

"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon—
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh.
Coming wi' his fassals—
Gillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuiné wassails!"

IV.

"Coot tay to you, sir!
Are not you ta Fhairshon?
Was you coming here
To visit any person?

You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more,
Since my glen was plundered."

V.

"Fat is tat you say?
Dar you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is good pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore!"

VI.

"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methusaleh
Gave some warlike howls,
Threw his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels.

VII.

In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood
By trinking up ta water—

VIII.

Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your fery good healths,
And tamn ta whusky tuty!

W. E. Aytoun.—Born 1813, *Died* 1865.

1663.—THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

Sound the fife, and cry the slogan—
Let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day—
Never, since the valiant Douglas
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless—
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græm
Crown'd as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame;
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons,
And the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph,
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled—
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field!
See—Oh, never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that,
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country,
Bade us win the field, or fall!
On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roar'd the swollen torrent,
And the Pass was wrapt in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together
From their lair amidst the broom.
Then we belted on our tartans,
And our bonnets down we drew,
And we felt our broadswords' edges,
And we proved them to be true;
And we pray'd the prayer of soldiers,
And we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
And we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us
On his war-horse black as night—
Well the Cameronian rebels
Knew that charger in the fight!—
And a cry of exultation
From the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se,
And we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence—
"Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten
On Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph,
Or another of the Græmes
Shall have died in battle-harness
For his Country and King James!

Think upon the Royal Martyr—
Think of what his race endure—
Think of him whom butchers murder'd
On the field of Magus Muir:—
By his sacred blood I charge ye,
By the ruin'd hearth and shrine—
By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
By your injuries and mine—
Strike this day as if the anvil
Lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they covenanting traitors,
Or the brood of false Argyle!
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention
How they fared within the North.
Let them tell that Highland honour
Is not to be bought nor sold,
That we scorn their prince's anger
As we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over,
If ye look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest,
Search for him that was Dundee!"

Loudly then the hills re-echoed
With our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded
In the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane,
Not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle.
Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
And they harder drew their breath;
For their souls were strong within them,
Stronger than the grasp of death.
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
Sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses,
And the voices of the foe:
Down we crouch'd amid the bracken,
Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer,
When they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging,
Next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
Marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scatter'd wood of birches,
O'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly,
Till they gain'd the plain beneath;
Then we bounded from our covert.—
Judge how look'd the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain
Start to life with armèd men!
Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel!
Vainly sped the withering volley
'Mongst the foremost of our band—
On we pour'd until we met them,
Foot to foot, and hand to hand.

Horse and man went down like drift-wood
When the floods are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling
In the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done!

And the evening star was shining
On Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords,
And return'd to count the dead.
There we found him gash'd and gory,
Stretch'd upon the cumber'd plain,
As he told us where to seek him,
In the thickest of the slain.
And a smile was on his visage,
For within his dying ear
Peal'd the joyful note of triumph,
And the clansmen's clamorous cheer;
So, amidst the battle's thunder,
Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood
Pass'd the spirit of the Græme!
Open wide the vaults of Atholl,
Where the bones of heroes rest—
Open wide the hallow'd portals
To receive another guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
Last of all that dauntless race,
Who would rather die unsullied
Than outlive the land's disgrace!
O thou lion-hearted warrior!
Reck not of the after-time:
Honour may be doom'd dishonour,
Loyalty be call'd a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true,
Hands that never fail'd their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

W. E. Aytoun.—Born 1813, *Died* 1865.

1664.—SUMMONS OF THE DESTROYING ANGEL TO THE CITY OF BABYLON.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequer'd like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By Him that pour'd thee from thine ancient fountain,

And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts
Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved
Yet toiling Persian breaks the ruining mound,
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And, through the deep and roaring Nahar-malcha,
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. Oh! ye secret and unfathom'd depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance? Fellow-slaves
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
Are open—not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of arm'd men, and cry,
Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath. Upon my shadowy wings
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1665.—THE FAIR RECLUSE.

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man,
Slept, weary of the garish, babbling day.
Dove of the wilderness, thy snowy wing
Droops not in slumber; Lilian, thou alone,
'Mid the deep quiet, wakest. Dost thou rove,
Idolatrous of yon majestic moon,
That like a crystal-throned queen in heaven,
Seems with her present deity to hush
To beauteous adoration all the earth?
Might seem the solemn silent mountain tops
Stand up and worship! the translucent streams
Down the hills glittering, cherish the pure light
Beneath the shadowy foliage o'er them flung
At intervals; the lake, so silver-white,
Glistens; all indistinct the snowy swans
Bask in the radiance cool. Doth Lilian muse
To that apparent queen her vesper hymn?
Nursling of solitude, her infant couch
Never did mother watch; within the grave
She slept unwaking: scornful turn'd aloof
Caswallon, of those pure instinctive joys
By fathers felt, when playful infant grace,
Touch'd with a feminine softness, round the heart
Winds its light maze of undefined delight,
Contemptuous: he with haughty joy beheld
His boy, fair Malwyn; him in bossy shield
Rock'd proudly, him upbore to mountain steep
Fierce and undaunted, for their dangerous nest
To battle with the eagle's clam'rous brood.
But she, the while, from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, play'd on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none: nor strange if learnt
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flowrets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze
That wanton'd with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood, or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird

Nor they of love unconscious, all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous; her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouch'd
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmur'd sounds of joy.

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1666.—THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man,
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away;
Still to the noontide of that nightless day
Shalt thou thy wanted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe;
'Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on falling Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd;
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh! who shall then survive?
Oh! who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
A fiery deluge, and without an ark?
Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheelèd throne,
That in its high meridian moon:
Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and True! thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1667.—BRIDAL SONG.

To the sound of timbrels sweet
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceased;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door,
That the favour'd youth admits
Where the veilèd virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din
At the bridegroom's entering in,
Entering in, a welcome guest,
To the chamber of his rest.

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1668.—HYMN

FOR SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

When our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls—
When our final doom is near:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear:
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1669.—BROTHER, THOU ART GONE.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown—
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and sin released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travell'd o'er,
And hast borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy wandering feet
To reach His blest abode.
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
On his Father's faithful breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor can doubt thy faith assail;
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail.
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovest best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Thus the solemn priest hath said—
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou now hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious, happy guest
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1670.—CHORUS.

King of kings! and Lord of lords!
Thus we move, our sad steps timing
To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,
Where Thy house its rest accords.
Chased and wounded birds are we,
Through the dark air fled to Thee—
To the shadow of Thy wings,
Lord of lords! and King of kings!

Behold, O Lord! the heathen tread
The branches of Thy fruitful vine,
That its luxurious tendrils spread
O'er all the hills of Palestine.
And now the wild boar comes to waste
Even us—the greenest boughs and last,
That, drinking of Thy choicest dew,
On Zion's hill in beauty grew.

No! by the marvels of Thine hand,
Thou wilt save Thy chosen land!
By all Thine ancient mercies shown,
By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown,
By the Egyptian's car-borne host,
Scatter'd on the Red Sea coast—
By that wide and bloodless slaughter
Underneath the drowning water.

Like us, in utter helplessness,
In their last and worst distress—
On the sand and sea-weed lying—
Israel pour'd her doleful sighing;
While before the deep sea flow'd,
And behind fierce Egypt rode—
To their father's God they pray'd,
To the Lord of hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood
With lifted rod the prophet stood;
And the summon'd east wind blew,
And aside it sternly threw
The gather'd waves that took their stand,
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,
Or walls of sea-green marble piled
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay
On the wonder-paved way,
Where the treasures of the deep
In their caves of coral sleep.
The profound abysses, where
Was never sound from upper air,
Rang with Israel's chanted words:
King of kings! and Lord of lords!

Then with bow and banner glancing,
On exulting Egypt came;

With her chosen horsemen prancing,
And her cars on wheels of flame,
In a rich and boastful ring,
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out His cloud,
The Lord look'd down upon the proud;
And the host drave heavily
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell
Prone the liquid ramparts fell;
Over horse, and over car,
Over every man of war,
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold,
The loud thundering billows roll'd,
As the level waters spread
Down they sank—they sank like lead
Down sank without a cry or groan.
And the morning sun, that shone
On myriads of bright-arm'd men,
Its meridian radiance then
Cast on a wide sea, heaving, as of yore,
Against a silent, solitary shore.

H. H. Milman.—Born 1791.

1671.—HOW'S MY BOY?

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my boy—my boy?"
"What's your boy's name, good wife,
And in what ship sail'd he?"

"My boy John—
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship, sailor?
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have ask'd some landsman,
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish
But knows my John.

"How's my boy—my boy?
And unless you let me know
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no—
Brass buttons or no, sailor,
Anchor and crown or no—
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'"—
"Speak low, woman, speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor,
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud
I'd sing him over the town!
Why should I speak low, sailor?"—
"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the ship, sailor—
I was never aboard her.
Be she afloat or be she aground
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her!
I say, how's my John?"—
"Every man on board went down,
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy—my boy?
What care I for the men, sailor?
I'm not their mother—
How's my boy—my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy—my boy?"

Sydney Dobell.—Born 1824.

1672.—LOVE.

Love is the happy privilege of the mind—
Love is the reason of all living things.
A Trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life—
The love of self, our fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintain'd by the other:
All are compatible—all needful; one
To life,—to virtue one,—and one to bliss:
Which thus together make the power, the end,
And the perfection of created Being,
From these three principles doth every deed,
Desire, and will, and reasoning, good or bad, come;
To these they all determine—sum and scheme:
The three are one in centre and in round;
Wrapping the world of life as do the skies
Our world. Hail! air of love, by which we live!
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen—
Void of gross sign—is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial, though it be.
One only simple essence liveth—God,—
Creator, uncreate. The brutes beneath,
The angels high above us, with ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore cored
An elemental sameness of existence;
For God, being Love, in love created all,
As he contains the whole and penetrates.
Seraphs love God, and angels love the good:
We love each other; and these lower lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes,
According to their reason, love us too:
The most intelligent affect us most.
Nay, man's chief wisdom's love—the love of God.
The new religion—final, perfect, pure—
Was that of Christ and love. His great command—
His all-sufficing precept—was't not love?
Truly to love ourselves we must love God,—
To love God we must all his creatures love,—

To love his creatures, both ourselves and Him.
Thus love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy!

Philip James Bailey.—Born 1816.

1673.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken'd air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1674.—MARCELIA.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
And widen'd: all its music died away,
And in the place a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal (cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar) cluster'd, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 'twas strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and look'd, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,
To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disown'd their natural green, and took black
And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms across the rivulet,
Lay like an arm'd sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf straws, wither'd boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcelia's deathbed. Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows, and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there: and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And chequer'd as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
For some misdeed. The story goes—that some
Neglected girl (an orphan whom the world
Frown'd upon) once stray'd thither, and 'twas thought
Cast herself in the stream: you may have heard
Of one Marcelia, poor Nolina's daughter, who
Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
A wealthy man, who mark'd her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
And drown'd herself for love.

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1675.—NIGHT.

Now to thy silent presence, Night!
Is this my first song offer'd: oh! to thee
That lookest with thy thousand eyes of light—
To thee, and thy starry nobility
That float with a delicious murmuring
(Though unheard here, about thy forehead blue),
And as they ride along in order due,

Circling the round globe in their wandering,
To thee their ancient queen and mother sing.
Mother of beauty! veil'd queen!
Fear'd and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence, I
Kneel in star-struck idolatry,
And turn me to thine eye (the moon),
Fretting that it must change so soon:
Toying with this idle rhyme,
I scorn that bearded villain Time,
Thy old remorseless enemy,
And build my link'd verse to thee.
Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee, fair as when the young sun 'wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers;
Mightier than the storm that lours,
Fairer than the virgin hours
That smile when the young Aurora scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.
Not Apollo, when he dies,
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; or when he
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
full regality.

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1676.—THE SLEEPING FIGURE OF MODENA.

Upon a couch of silk and gold
A pale enchanted lady lies,
And o'er her many a frowning fold
Of crimson shades her closèd eyes;
And shadowy creatures round her rise;
And ghosts of women masqued in woe;
And many a phantom pleasure flies:
And lovers slain—ah, long ago!

The lady, pale as now she sleeps,
An age upon that couch hath lain,
Yet in one spot a spirit keeps
His mansion, like a red-rose stain;
And, when lovers' ghosts complain,
Blushes like a new-born flower,
Or as some bright dream of pain
Dawneth through the darkest hour.

Once—but many a thought hath fled,
Since the time whereof I speak—
Once the sleeping lady bred
Beauty in her burning cheek,
And the lovely morn did break
Through the azure of her eyes,
And her heart was warm and meek,
And her hope was in the skies.

But the lady loved at last,
And the passion pain'd her soul,
And her hope away was cast,
Far beyond her own control;
And the clouded thoughts that roll
Through the midnight of the mind,
O'er her eyes of azure stole,
Till they grew deject and blind.

He to whom her heart was given,
When May music was in tune,
Dared forsake that amorous heaven,
Changed and careless soon!
Oh, what is all beneath the moon
When his heart will answer not!
What are all the dreams of noon
With our love forgot!

Heedless of the world she went,
Sorrow's daughter, meek and lone,
Till some spirit downwards bent
And struck her to this sleep of stone.
Look! Did old Pygmalion
Sculpture thus, or more prevail,
When he drew the living tone
From the marble pale?

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1677.—AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
Until they waken;—and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth

(Epi halamium and Pindarique song),
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1678.—TO THE SNOWDROP.

Pretty firstling of the year!
Herald of the host of flowers!
Hast thou left thy cavern drear,
In the hope of summer hours?
Back unto thy earthen bowers!
Back to thy warm world below,
Till the strength of suns and showers
Quell the now relentless snow!

Art still here?—Alive, and blythe?
Though the stormy Night hath fled,
And the Frost hath pass'd his scythe
O'er thy small, unshelter'd head?
Ah! some lie amidst the dead
(Many a giant, stubborn tree,—
Many a plant, its spirit shed),
That were better nursed than thee!

What hath saved thee? Thou wast not
'Gainst the arrowy winter furr'd,—
Arm'd in scale,—but all forgot
When the frozen winds were stirr'd.
Nature, who doth clothe the bird,
Should have hid thee in the earth,
Till the cuckoo's song was heard,
And the Spring let loose her mirth.

Nature,—deep and mystic word!
Mighty mother, still unknown!
Thou didst sure the snowdrop gird
With an armour all thine own!
Thou, who sent'st it forth alone
To the cold and sullen season
(Like a thought at random thrown),
Sent it thus for some grave reason!

If 'twere but to pierce the mind
With a single, gentle thought,
Who shall deem thee harsh or blind
Who that thou hast vainly wrought?
Hoard the gentle virtue caught
From the snowdrop,—reader wise!
Good is good, wherever taught,
On the ground or in the skies!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1679.—SONG OF WOOD-NYMPHS.

Come here, come here, and dwell
In forest deep!
Come here, come here, and tell
Why thou dost weep!
Is it for love (sweet pain!)
That thus thou dar'st complain
Unto our pleasant shades, our summer leaves,
Where nought else grieves?

Come here, come here, and lie
By whispering stream!
Here no one dares to die
For love's sweet dream;
But health all seek, and joy,
And shun perverse annoy,
And race along green paths till close of day,
And laugh—alway!

Or else, through half the year,
On rushy floor,
We lie by waters clear,
While sky-larks pour
Their songs into the sun!
And when bright day is done,
We hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn,
And dream—till morn!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1680.—THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed,
Full of fire, and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known;
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within!
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light.

Look,—how 'round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is in his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins,—
Richer, redder, never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelp
Or O'Brien's blood itself!

He, who hath no peer, was born,
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers dead
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred,
And the last of that great line
Trod like one of race divine!
And yet,—he was but friend to one,
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green;
With him a roving Bedouin,
He lived (none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day),—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1681.—THE SEA.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1682.—THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea—
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast.
The sails are scatter'd abroad like weeds;
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds;
The mighty cables and iron chains;
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,—
They strain and they crack; and hearts like stone
Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down!—up and down!
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam,
The stormy petrel finds a home;
A home, if such a place may be
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them to spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep!—o'er the deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep—
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale—in vain;
For the mariner curseth the warning bird
Which bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still;
Yet he ne'er falters—so, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1683.—THE SEA—IN CALM.

Look what immortal floods the sunset pours
Upon us—Mark! how still (as though in dreams
Bound) the once wild and terrible ocean seems!
How silent are the winds! no billow roars;
But all is tranquil as Elysian shores.
The silver margin which aye runneth round
The moon-enchanted sea, hath here no sound;
Even Echo speaks not on these radiant moors!
What! is the giant of the ocean dead,
Whose strength was all unmatch'd beneath the sun?
No: he reposes! Now his toils are done;
More quiet than the babbling brook is he.
So mightiest powers by deepest calms are fed,
And sleep, how oft, in things that gentlest be!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798

1684.—THE HUNTER'S SONG.

Rise! Sleep no more! 'Tis a noble morn.
The dews hang thick on the fringed thorn,
And the frost shrinks back, like a beaten hound,
Under the steaming, steaming ground,
Behold, where the billowy clouds flow by,
And leave us alone in the clear gray sky!
Our horses are ready and steady.—So, ho!
I'm gone, like a dart from the Tartar's bow.

Hark, hark!—Who calleth the maiden Morn
From her sleep in the woods and the stubble corn?
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, sweet ring of the hunter's horn.

Now, through the copse where the fox is found,
And over the stream at a mighty bound,
And over the high lands, and over the low.
O'er furrows, o'er meadows, the hunters go!
Away!—as a hawk flies full at his prey,
So flieth the hunter, away,—away!
From the burst at the cover till set of sun,
When the red fox dies, and—the day is done!

Hark, hark!—What sound on the wind is borne?
'Tis the conquering voice of the hunter's horn:
The horn,—the horn!
The merry, bold voice of the hunter's horn.

Sound! Sound the horn! To the hunter good
What's the gully deep or the roaring flood?
Right over he bounds, as the wild stag bounds,
At the heels of his swift, sure, silent hounds.
Oh, what delight can a mortal lack,
When he once is firm on his horse's back,
With his stirrups short, and his snaffle strong,
And the blast of the horn for his morning song?

Hark, hark!—Now, home! and dream till morn
Of the bold, sweet sound of the hunter's horn!
The horn,—the horn!
Oh, the sound of all sounds is the hunter's horn!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1685.—THE OWL.

In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral Owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him—
All mock him outright, by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away!
Oh, when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then, is the reign of the Horned Owl!

And the Owl hath a bride who is fond and bold,
And loveth the wood's deep gloom;
And, with eyes like the shine of the moon-stone cold,
She awaiteth her ghastly groom;
Not a feather she moves, not a carol she sings,
As she waits in her tree so still,
But when her heart heareth his flapping wings,
She hoots out her welcome shrill!
Oh, when the moon shines, and dogs do howl,
Then, then, is the joy of the Horned Owl!

Mourn not for the Owl, nor his gloomy plight;
The Owl hath his share of good:
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark greenwood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his ghastly mate—
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder perhaps, since a strange, dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So, when the night falls, and dogs do howl,
Sing Ho! for the the reign of the Horned Owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings by day,
But the King of the night is the bold brown Owl!

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1686.—A SONG FOR THE SEASONS.

When the merry lark doth gild
With his song the summer hours,
And their nests the swallows build
In the roofs and tops of towers,
And the golden broom-flower burns
All about the waste,
And the maiden May returns
With a pretty haste,—
Then, how merry are the times!
The Summer times! the Spring times!

Now, from off the ashy stone
The chilly midnight cricket crieth,
And all merry birds are flown,
And our dream of pleasure dieth;
Now the once blue laughing sky
Saddens into gray,
And the frozen rivers sigh,
Pining all away!
Now, how solemn are the times!
The Winter times! the Night times!

Yet, be merry: all around
Is through one vast change revolving:
Even Night, who lately frown'd,
Is in paler dawn dissolving.
Earth will burst her fetters strange,
And in Spring grow free;
All things in the world will change,
Save—my love for thee!
Sing, then, hopeful are all times!
Winter, Summer, Spring times!

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1687.—THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wing'd wind
When 't bends the flowers,

Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loth,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves;
Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;—
All else is flown!

Ah!—With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look, where our children start,
Like sudden Spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and Time!

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1688.—SOFTLY WOO AWAY HER BREATH.

Soft.y woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life
She hath seen her happy day—
She hath had her bud and blossom;
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth;
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, for evermore—
For ever—evermore!

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1689.—THE MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

Sleep!—The ghostly winds are blowing!
No moon abroad—no star is glowing;
The river is deep, and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angel are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire,
('T was melted away by his looks of fire)—
Forgot my God, and my father's ire,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel—the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for me to do,
But fly—fly
From the cruel sky,
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die?

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1690.—PEACE! WHAT DO TEARS AVAIL?

Peace! what can tears avail?
She lies all dumb and pale,
And from her eye
The spirit of lovely life is fading—
And she must die!
Why looks the lover wroth—the friend upbraiding?
Reply, reply!

Hath she not dwelt too long
'Midst pain, and grief, and wrong?
Then why not die?
Why suffer again her doom of sorrow,
And hopeless lie?
Why nurse the trembling dream until tomorrow?
Reply, reply!

Death! Take her to thine arms,
In all her stainless charms!
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The angels lie!
Wilt bear her there, O Death! in all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

W. B. Procter.—Born 1798.

1691.—A BRIDAL DIRGE.

Weave no more the marriage chain!
All unmated is the lover;
Death has ta'en the place of Pain;
Love doth call on love in vain;
Life and years of hope are over!

No more want of marriage bell!
No more need of bridal favour!
Where is she to wear them well?
You beside the lover, tell!
Gone—with all the love he gave her!

Paler than the stone she lies—
Colder than the winter's morning!
Wherefore did she thus despise
(She with pity in her eyes)
Mother's care, and lover's warning?

Youth and beauty—shall they not
Last beyond a brief to-morrow?
No—a prayer and then forgot!
This the truest lover's lot,
This the sum of human sorrow!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1692.—HERMIONE.

Thou hast beauty bright and fair,
Manner noble, aspect free,
Eyes that are untouch'd by care:
What, then, do we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione?

Thou hast reason quick and strong,
Wit that envious men admire,
And a voice, itself a song!
What then can we still desire?
Hermione, Hermione.

Something thou dost want, O queen!
(As the gold doth ask alloy),
Tears—amid thy laughter seen,
Pity mingled with thy joy.
This is all we ask from thee,
Hermione, Hermione!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1693.—A POET'S THOUGHT.

Tell me, what is a poet's thought?
Is it on the sudden born?
Is it from the starlight caught?
Is it by the tempest taught?
Or by whispering morn?

Was it cradled in the brain?
Chain'd awhile, or nursed in night?
Was it wrought with toil and pain?
Did it bloom and fade again,
Ere it burst to light?

No more question of its birth:
Rather love its better part!
'Tis a thing of sky and earth,
Gathering all its golden worth
From the poet's heart.

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1694.—A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)
Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1695.—SIT DOWN, SAD SOUL.

Sit down, sad soul, and count
The moments flying;
Come—tell the sweet amount
That's lost by sighing!
How many smiles?—a score?
Then laugh, and count no more;
For day is dying!

Lie down, sad soul, and sleep,
And no more measure
The flight of Time, nor weep
The loss of leisure;
But here, by this lone stream,
Lie down with us, and dream
Of starry treasure!

We dream: do thou the same;
We love—for ever;
We laugh, yet few we shame—
The gentle never.
Stay, then, till Sorrow dies;
Then—hope and happy skies
Are thine for ever!

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1696.—LIFE.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas! not I.

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
A life! is all thy song:
"Endure and—die!"

B. W. Procter.—Born 1798.

1697.—THE DEATH OF THE WARRIOR KING.

There are noble heads bow'd down and pale,
Deep sounds of woe arise,
And tears flow fast around the couch
Where a wounded warrior lies;
The hue of death is gathering dark
Upon his lofty brow,
And the arm of might and valour falls,
Weak as an infant's now.

I saw him 'mid the battling hosts,
Like a bright and leading star,
Where banner, helm, and falchion gleam'd,
And flew the bolts of WAR.
When, in his plenitude of power
He trod the Holy Land,
I saw the routed Saracens
Flee from his blood-dark brand.

I saw him in the banquet hour
Forsake the festive throng,
To seek his favourite minstrel's haunt,
And give his soul to song;
For dearly as he loved renown,
He loved that spell-wrought strain
Which bade the brave of perish'd days
Light conquest's torch again.

Then seem'd the bard to cope with Time,
And triumph o'er his doom—
Another world in freshness burst
Oblivion's mighty tomb!
Again the hardy Britons rush'd
Like lions to the fight,
While horse and foot—helm, shield, and lance,
Swept by his vision'd sight!

But battle shout and waving plume,
The drum's heart-stirring beat,
The glittering pomp of prosperous war,
The rush of million feet,
The magic of the minstrel's song,
Which told of victories o'er,
Are sights and sounds the dying king
Shall see—shall hear no more!

It was the hour of deep midnight,
In the dim and quiet sky,
When, with sable cloak and 'broider'd pall,
A funeral train swept by;
Dull and sad fell the torches' glare
On many a stately crest—
They bore the noble warrior king
To his last dark home of rest.

Charles Swain.—Born 1803.

1698.—THE VOICE OF THE MORNING.

The voice of the morning is calling to childhood,
From streamlet, and valley, and mountain it calls,
And Mary, the loveliest nymph of the wild wood,
Is crossing the brook where the mill water falls.
Oh! lovely is Mary, her face like a vision
Once seen leaves a charm that will ever endure;
From her glance and her smile there beams something elysian:
She has but one failing—sweet Mary is poor.

Her bosom is white as the hawthorn, and sweeter,
Her form light and lovesome, as maiden's should be;
Her foot like a fairy's—yet softer and fleeter—
Oh! Mary, the morn hath no lily like thee.
But narrow and low hangs the roof of her dwelling,
Her home it is humble, her birth is obscure;
And though in all beauty and sweetness excelling,
She wanders neglected—for Mary is poor.

Yet, oh! to her heart mother Nature hath given
The kindest affections that mortal can know;
She loves every star that sheds radiance in heaven,
She worships the flowers as God's image below.
Ah! sad 'tis to think that a being resembling
The fairest in beauty, such lot should endure;
But the dews that like tears on the lilies are trembling,
Are types but of Mary—for Mary is poor.

C. Swain.—Born 1803.

1699.—THE MOTHER'S HAND.

A wand'ring orphan child was I,—
But meanly, at the best, attired;
For oh! my mother scarce could buy
The common food each week required;
But when the anxious day had fled,
It seem'd to be her dearest joy,
To press her pale hand on my head,
And pray that God would guide her boy.

But more, each winter, more and more
Stern suffering brought her to decay;
And then an angel pass'd her door,
And bore her lingering soul away!
And I—they know not what is grief
Who ne'er knelt by a dying bed;
All other woe on earth is brief,
Save that which weeps a mother dead.

A seaman's life was soon my lot,
'Mid reckless deeds, and desperate men;
But still I never quite forgot
The prayer I ne'er should hear again;

And oft, when half induced to tread
Such paths as unto sin decoy,
I've felt her fond hand press my head,—
And that soft touch hath saved her boy!

Though hard their mockery to receive,
Who ne'er themselves 'gainst sin had striven,
Her who, on earth, I dared not grieve,
I could not—would not—grieve in heaven:
And thus from many an action dread,
Too dark for human eyes to scan,
The same fond hand upon my head
That bless'd the boy—hath saved the man!

C. Swain.—Born 1803.

1700.—THE ORPHAN BOY.

The room is old,—the night is cold,—
But night is dearer far than day;
For then, in dreams, to him it seems,
That she's return'd who's gone away!
His tears are pass'd,—he clasps her fast,—
Again she holds him on her knee;
And,—in his sleep,—he murmurs deep,
"Oh! mother, go no more from me!"

But morning breaks, the child awakes,—
The dreamer's happy dream hath fled;
The fields look sere, and cold, and drear,—
Like orphans, mourning summer dead!—
The wild birds spring, on shivering wing,
Or, cheerless, chirp from tree to tree;
And still he cries, with weeping eyes,
"Oh! mother dear, come back to me!"

Can no one tell where angels dwell?—
He's call'd them oft till day grew dim;
If they were near,—and they could hear,—
He thinks they'd bring her back to him!—
"Oh! angels sweet, conduct my feet,"
He cries, "where'er her home may be;
Oh! lead me on to where she's gone,
Or bring my mother back to me!"

C. Swain.—Born 1803.

1701.—SABBATH CHIMES.

There's music in the morning air,
A holy voice and sweet,
Far calling to the house of prayer
The humblest peasant's feet.
From hill, and vale, and distant moor,
Long as the chime is heard,
Each cottage sends its tenants poor
For God's enriching word.

Where'er the British power hath trod,
The cross of faith ascends,
And, like a radiant arch of God,
The light of Scripture bends!

Deep in the forest wilderness
The wood-built church is known;
A sheltering wing, in man's distress,
Spread like the Saviour's own!

The warrior from his armèd tent,
The seaman from the tide,
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent
In Christian nations wide,—
Thousands and tens of thousands bring
Their sorrows to his shrine,
And taste the never-failing spring
Of Jesus' love divine!

If, at an earthly chime, the tread
Of million, million feet
Approach whene'er the Gospel's read
In God's own temple-seat,
How blest the sight, from death's dark sleep,
To see God's saints arise;
And countless hosts of angels keep
The sabbath of the skies!

C. Swain.—Born 1803.

1702.—LOVE'S HISTORY.

By sylvan waves that westward flow
A hare-bell bent its beauty low,
With slender waist and modest brow,
Amidst the shades descending.
A star look'd from the paler sky—
The hare-bell gazed, and with a sigh
Forgot that love may look too high,
And sorrow without ending.

By casement hid, the flowers among,
A maiden lean'd and listen'd long;
It was the hour of love and song,
And early night-birds calling:
A barque across the river drew;—
The rose was glowing through and through
The maiden's cheek of trembling hue,
Amidst the twilight falling.

She saw no star, she saw no flower—
Her heart expanded to the hour;
She reck'd not of her lowly dower
Amidst the shades descending
With love thus fix'd upon a height
That seem'd so beauteous to the sight,
How could she think of wrong and blight,
And sorrow without ending.

The hare-bell droop'd beneath the dew,
And closed its eye of tender blue;
No sun could e'er its life renew,
Nor star, in music calling.
The autumn leaves were early shed;
But earlier on her cottage bed
The maiden's loving heart lay dead,
Amidst the twilight falling!

C. Swain.—Born 1803.

1703.—SONG OF THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges;
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots;
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1704.—THE RECONCILIATION.

As through the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,—
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1705.—THE WIDOW AND CHILD.

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1706.—FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

I envy not, in any moods,
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth—
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall—
I feel it, when I sorrow most—
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

With trembling fingers did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth
And sadly fell our Christmas eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence
Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused; the winds were in the beech—
We heard them sweep the winter land;
And in a circle hand in hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang;
We sang, though every eye was dim—
A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang;

We ceased. A gentler feeling crept
Upon us; surely rest is meet;
"They rest," we said, "their sleep is sweet."
And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: "They do not die,
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change:

Rapt from the fickle and the frail,
With gather'd power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.

Rise, happy morn! rise, holy morn!
Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
O Father! touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born!"

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green?

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys—
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play'd at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea,
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands:
"Does my old friend remember me?"

Witch-elms, that counterchange the floor
Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height,
Of foliage, towering sycamore;

How often, hither wandering down,
My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town!

He brought an eye for all he saw;
He mix'd in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusky purlieus of the law.

O joy to him, in this retreat,
Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking through the heat

O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
About him, heart and ear were fed,
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn;

Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp, and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon!

Nor less it pleased, in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,
Or touch'd the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream.

But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For "ground in yonder social mill,
We rub each other's angles down,

And merge," he said, "in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man."
We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall'n into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle deep in flowers,
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honey'd hours.

Thy converse drew us with delight,
The men of rathe and riper years;
The feeble soul, a haunt of fears;
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
The proud was half disarm'd of pride;
Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his treble tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by;
The flippant put himself to school
And heard thee; and the brazen fool
Was soften'd, and he knew not why;

While I, thy dearest, sat apart,
And felt thy triumph was as mine;
And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;

Not mine the sweetness or the skill,
But mine the love that will not tire,
And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
Oh, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand and lips and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold I dream a dream of good
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou, then? I cannot guess;
But though I seem in star and flower
To feel thee, some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
My love is vaster passion now;
Though mix'd with God and Nature thou
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice,
I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee, though I die.

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1707.—LADY CLARE.

Lord Ronald courted Lady Clare,
I trow they did not part in scorn;
Lord Ronald, her cousin, courted her,
And they will wed the morrow morn.

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God 's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said "Not so; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother!" she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

Yet here 's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so;
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare;
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

A lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and deed;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail;
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn;
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next of blood—

If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1708.—DORA.

With farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter; he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora; take her for your wife;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to't;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again!"
But William answer'd madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look'd at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.
Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!"
And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.
Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:
"I have obey'd my uncle until now,
And I have sinn'd, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest; let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child
And bless him for the sake of him that 's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answer'd Mary, "This shall never be.
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him harshness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."
So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peep'd and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said:
"O father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
Oh, sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me.—
I had been a patient wife: but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus;
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turn'd
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have kill'd my son!
I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children!"
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

Alfred Tennyson.—Born 1810.

1709.—TWENTY-EIGHT AND TWENTY-NINE.

I heard a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter:
The Old Year went with mourning by—
The New came dancing after!
Let Sorrow shed her lonely tear—
Let Revelry hold her ladle;
Bring boughs of cypress for the bier—
Fling roses on the cradle

Mutes to wait on the funeral state,
Pages to pour the wine;
A requiem for Twenty-eight,
And a health to Twenty-nine!

Alas for human happiness!
Alas for human sorrow!
Our yesterday is nothingness—
What else will be our morrow?
Still Beauty must be stealing hearts,
And Knavery stealing purses;
Still cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses;
While sages prate, and courts debate,
The same stars set and shine;
And the world, as it roll'd through Twenty-eight,
Must roll through Twenty-nine.

Some king will come, in heaven's good time,
To the tomb his father came to;
Some thief will wade through blood and crime
To a crown he has no claim to;
Some suffering land will rend in twain
The manacles that bound her,
And gather the links of the broken chain
To fasten them proudly round her;
The grand and great will love and hate,
And combat and combine;
And much where we were in Twenty-eight,
We shall be in Twenty-nine.

O'Connell will toil to raise the rent,
And Kenyon to sink the Nation;
And Shiel will abuse the Parliament,
And Peel the Association;
And thought of bayonets and swords
Will make ex-Chancellors merry,
And jokes will be cut in the House of Lords
And throats in the County of Kerry;
And writers of weight will speculate
On the Cabinet's design;
And just what it did in Twenty-eight
It will do in Twenty-nine.

And the goddess of Love will keep her smiles,
And the god of Cups his orgies;
And there'll be riots in St. Giles,
And weddings in St. George's;
And mendicants will sup like kings,
And lords will swear like lacqueys;
And black eyes oft will lead to rings,
And rings will lead to black eyes;
And pretty Kate will scold her mate,
In a dialect all divine;
Alas! they married in Twenty-eight,
They will part in Twenty-nine.

My uncle will swathe his gouty limbs,
And talk of his oils and blubbers;
My aunt, Miss Dobbs, will play longer hymns,
And rather longer rubbers;
My cousin in parliament will prove
How utterly ruin'd trade is;
My brother, at Eton, will fall in love
With half a hundred ladies;
My patron will sate his pride from plate,
And his thirst from Bordeaux wine—
His nose was red in Twenty-eight,
'Twill be redder in Twenty-nine.

And O! I shall find how, day by day,
All thoughts and things look older—
How the laugh of Pleasure grows less gay,
And the heart of Friendship colder;
But still I shall be what I have been,
Sworn foe to Lady Reason,
And seldom troubled with the spleen,
And fond of talking treason;
I shall buckle my skate, and leap my gate,
And throw and write my line;
And the woman I worshipp'd in Twenty-eight
I shall worship in Twenty-nine.

W. M. Praed.—Born 1802, *Died* 1839.

1710.—PICTURE OF TWILIGHT.

Oh, twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting heaven with earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage-window throws.
Still as his heart forestalls his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life—
His rosy children and his sunburnt wife,
To whom *his* coming is the chief event
Of simple days in cheerful labour spent.
The rich man's chariot hath gone whirling past,
And these poor cottagers have only cast
One careless glance on all that show of pride,
Then to their tasks turn'd quietly aside;
But *him* they wait for, him they welcome home,
Fix'd sentinels look forth to see him come;
The fagot sent for when the fire grew dim,
The frugal meal prepared, are all for him;
For him the watching of that sturdy boy,
For him those smiles of tenderness and joy,
For him—who plods his sauntering way along
Whistling the fragment of some village song!
Dear art thou to the lover, thou sweetlight,
Fair fleeting sister of the mournful night!
As in impatient hope he stands apart,
Compassion'd only by his beating heart,
And with an eager fancy oft beholds
The vision of a white robe's fluttering folds.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1711.—THE MOTHER'S HEART.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that any love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and true, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given—
Obedient, easy to be reconciled,
And meekly cheerful—such wert thou, my child.

Not willing to be left: still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn; but pleased to glide
Through the dark room, where I was sadly lying;
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

O boy! of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness—prone to fade—
And bending weakly to the thunder shower—
Still round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung like woodbine shaken in the wind.

Then thou, my merry love, bold in thy glee
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper and thy spirit free,
Didst come as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth:

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark-blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile—the frequent soft caress—
The earnest, tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with thee had reach'd its bound.

At length thou camest—thou, the last and least,
Nicknamed "the emperor" by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile.

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou
An eye of resolute and successful scheming—
Fair shoulders, curling lip, and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for poet's dreaming;
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either by this love's comparing,
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,
But in the mother's heart found room for all.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1712.—TO FERDINAND SEYMOUR.

Rosy child, with forehead fair,
Coral lip, and shining hair,
In whose mirthful, clever eyes
Such a world of gladness lies;
As thy loose curls idly straying
O'er thy mother's cheek, while playing,
Blend her soft lock's shadowy twine
With the glittering light of thine,—
Who shall say, who gazes now,
Which is fairest, she or thou?

In sweet contrast are ye met,
Such as heart could ne'er forget:
Thou art brilliant as a flower,
Crimsoning in the sunny hour;
Merry as a singing-bird,
In the green wood sweetly heard;
Restless as if fluttering wings
Bore thee on thy wanderings;
Ignorant of all distress,
Full of childhood's carelessness.

She is gentle; she hath known
Something of the echo'd tone
Sorrow leaves, where'er it goes,
In this world of many woes.
On her brow such shadows are
As the faint cloud gives the star,
Veiling its most holy light,
Though it still be pure and bright;
And the colour in her cheek
To the hue on thine is weak,
Save when flush'd with sweet surprise,
Sudden welcomes light her eyes;
And her softly chisell'd face
(But for living, moving grace)
Looks like one of those which beam
In th' Italian painter's dream,—
Some beloved Madonna, bending
O'er the infant she is tending;

Holy, bright, and undefiled
Mother of the Heaven-born child;
Who, tho' painted strangely fair,
Seems but made for holy prayer,
Pity, tears, and sweet appeal,
And fondness such as angels feel;
Baffling earthly passion's sigh
With serenest majesty!

Oh! may those enshrouded years
Whose fair dawn alone appears,—
May that brightly budding life,
Knowing yet nor sin nor strife,—
Bring its store of hoped-for joy,
Mother, to thy laughing boy!
And the good thou dost impart
Lie deep-treasured in his heart,
That, when he at length shall strive
In the bad world where we live,
Thy sweet name may still be blest
As one who taught his soul true rest!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1713.—WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade;
Since first beneath the chestnut trees
In infancy we play'd.
But coldness dwells within thy heart—
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laugh'd at little jests;
For the fount of hope was gushing,
Warm and joyous, in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together—
We have wept, with bitter tears,
O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd
The hopes of early years.
The voices which are silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
O! what shall part us now?

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1714.—ALLAN PERCY.

It was a beauteous lady richly dress'd;
Around her neck are chains of jewels rare;
A velvet mantle shrouds her snowy breast,
And a young child is softly slumbering there.

In her own arms, beneath that glowing sun,
She bears him onward to the greenwood tree;
Is the dun heath, thou fair and thoughtless one,
The place where an Earl's son should cradled be?
Lullaby!

Though a proud Earl be father to my child,
Yet on the sward my blessèd babe shall lie;
Let the winds lull him with their murmurs wild,
And toss the green boughs upwards to the sky.
Well knows that Earl how long my spirit pined.
I loved a forester, glad, bold, and free;
And had I wedded as my heart inclined,
My child were cradled 'neath the greenwood tree.
Lullaby!

Slumber thou still, my innocent—mine own,
While I call back the dreams of other days.
In the deep forest I feel less alone
Than when those palace splendors mock my gaze.
Fear not! my arm shall bare thee safely back;
I need no squire, no page with bended knee,
To bear my baby through the wildwood track,
Where Allan Percy used to roam with me.
Lullaby!

Here I can sit; and while the fresh wind blows,
Waving the ringlets of thy shining hair,
Giving thy cheek a deeper tinge of rose,
I can dream dreams that comfort my despair;
I can make visions of a different home,
Such as we hoped in other days might be;
There no proud Earl's unwelcome footsteps come—
There, Allan Percy, I am safe with thee!
Lullaby!

Thou art mine own—I'll bear thee where I list
Far from the dull proud tower and donjon keep;
From my long hair the pearl chains I'll untwist,
And with a peasant's heart sit down and weep.
Thy glittering broider'd robe, my precious one,
Changed for a simpler covering shall be;
And I will dream thee Allan Percy's son,
And think poor Allan guards thy sleep with me.
Lullaby!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1715.—LOVE NOT.

Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossom'd for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the thing ye love may change;
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die—
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
Love not!

Love not! oh warning vainly said
In present hours as in years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
Love not!

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1716.—THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish King
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(O! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers stagger'd and sank;
Bridles were slacken'd, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king look'd back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They pass'd the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropp'd; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying;

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn.
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo return'd on the cold grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearn'd for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king return'd from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gush'd forth which he strove to check;
He bow'd his head on his charger's neck:
"O, steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Born 1808.

1717.—THE BROOK-SIDE.

I wander'd by the brook-side,
I wander'd by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watch'd the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listen'd for a footfall,
I listen'd for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind pass'd by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirr'd—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer—nearer,—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

Lord Houghton.—Born 1809

1718.—THE MEN OF OLD.

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

Still is it true and over true,
  That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
  And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness
  The world has since foregone—
The daylight of contentedness
  That on those faces shone!

With rights, though not too closely scann'd,
  Enjoy'd as far as known—
With will, by no reverse unmann'd—
  With pulse of even tone—
They from to-day and from to-night
  Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
  Had proffer'd them before.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his virtue's diadem
  Puts on, and proudly wears—
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
  As noble boys at play.

* * *

A man's best things are nearest him,
  Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
  That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
  We struggle and aspire—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
  The air of fresh desire.

But, brothers, who up reason's hill
  Advance with hopeful cheer—
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,
  As chill as they are clear;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
  The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
  On all that lies below.

Lord Houghton.—Born 1809.

1719.—THE LONG-AGO.

On that deep-retiring shore
  Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
  Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
  Lose the bitter taste of wo;
Nothing's altogether ill
  In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
  Ghastly tenements of tears,
Where the look of happy shrines
  Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
  Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
  Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
  Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
  Lingers sad and overlong—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
  Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
  And the past its Long-ago.

Lord Houghton.—Born 1809.

1720.—THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair;
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize;
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give
To fit me to die, and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer;
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
And turn'd from her Bible, to bless her child.
Years roll'd on; but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd; my earth-star fled:
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'T is past, 't is past, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died:
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly; and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

Eliza Cook.—Born 1817.

1721.—THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

There's a magical tie to the land of our home,
Which the heart cannot break, though the footstep may roam:
Be that land where it may, at the Line or the Pole;
It still holds the magnet that draws back the soul.
'Tis loved by the freeman, 'tis loved by the slave,
'Tis dear to the coward, more dear to the brave!
Ask of any the spot they like best on the earth,
And they'll answer with pride, "'Tis the land of my birth."

Oh, England! thy white cliffs are dearer to me
Than all the famed coasts of a far foreign sea;
What emerald can peer, or what sapphire can vie,
With the grass of thy fields or thy summer-day sky?
They tell me of regions where flowers are found,
Whose perfume and tints spread a paradise round;
But brighter to me cannot garland the earth
Than those that spring forth in the land of my birth.

Did I breathe in a clime where the bulbul is heard,
Where the citron-tree nestles the soft humming-bird:
Oh! I'd covet the notes of thy nightingale still,
And remember the robin that feeds at my sill.
Did my soul find a feast in the gay "land of song,"
In the gondolier's chant, or the carnival's throng:
Could I ever forget, 'mid their music and mirth,
The national strain of the land of my birth?

My country, I love thee:—though freely I'd rove
Through the western savannah, or sweet orange grove;
Yet warmly my bosom would welcome the gale
That bore me away with a homeward-bound sail.
My country, I love thee!—and oh, mayst thou have
The last throb of my heart, ere 'tis cold in the grave;
Mayst thou yield me that grave, in thine own daisied earth,
And my ashes repose in the land of my birth!

Eliza Cook.—Born 1817.

1722.—THE OLD FARM-GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road-side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trellis of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Was the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warp'd bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernized date,
But I'd rather have look'd on the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play,
In the shadows of twilight, or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks of sand,
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride;
And the car of the victor, or carriage of state,
Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely-comb'd hair?
He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored, at the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet;
And the falling of markets, or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed—
The Parliament doings—the Bill and Debate—
Were all canvass'd and weigh'd at the Old Farm-gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound.
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim;
But none could leap over that postern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pull'd willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of lugging and tugging, he'd stand for his freight,
While I climb'd on his back from the Old Farm-gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments, and gilding our name;
But give me the joy and the freshness of mind,
When, away on some sport—the old gate slamm'd behind—
I've listen'd to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the Old Farm-gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul long'd to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once link'd to the heart;
And the brightest of fortune—the kindliest fate—
Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-gate.

Eliza Cook.—Born 1817.

1723.—THE LOVED ONE WAS NOT THERE.

We gather'd round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed;
But few would taste the wine that pour'd,
Or join the song we raised:
For there was now a glass unfill'd—
A favour'd place to spare;
All eyes were dull, all hearts were chill'd—
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smother'd sorrow seem'd to fling
A gloom in every glance.
The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We miss'd our mate, we mourn'd the blow—
The loved one was not there.

Eliza Cook.—Born 1817.

1724.—THE OLD WATER-MILL.

And is this the old mill-stream that ten years ago
Was so fast in its current, so pure in its flow;
Whose musical waters would ripple and shine
With the glory and dash of a miniature Rhine?

Can this be its bed?—I remember it well
When it sparkled like silver through meadow and dell;
When the pet-lamb reposed on its emerald side,
And the minnow and perch darted swift through its tide.

Yes! here was the miller's house, peaceful abode!
Where the flower-twined porch drew all eyes from the road;
Where roses and jasmine embower'd a door
That never was closed to the wayworn or poor.

Where the miller, God bless him! oft gave us "a dance,"
And led off the ball with his soul in his glance;
Who, forgetting grey hairs, was as loud in his mirth
As the veriest youngsters that circled his hearth.

Blind Ralph was the only musician we had,
But his tunes—oh, such tunes—would make any heart glad!
"The Roast Beef of Old England," and "Green grow the Rushes,"
Woke our eyes' brightest beams, and our cheeks' warmest flushes.

No lustre resplendent its brilliancy shed,
But the wood fire blazed high, and the board was well spread;

Our seats were undamask'd, our partners were rough,
Yet, yet we were happy, and that was enough.

And here was the mill where we idled away
Our holiday hours on a clear summer day;
Where Roger, the miller's boy, loll'd on a sack,
And chorus'd his song to the merry click-clack.

But lo! what rude sacrilege here hath been done!
The streamlet no longer purls on in the sun;
It's course has been turn'd, and the desolate edge
Is now mournfully cover'd with duckweed and sedge.

The mill is in ruins. No welcoming sound
In the mastiff's gruff bark and the wheels dashing round;
The house, too, untenanted—left to decay—
And the miller, long dead: all I loved pass'd away!

This play-place of childhood was graved on my heart
In rare Paradise colours that now must depart;
The old water-mill's gone, the fair vision is fled,
And I weep o'er its wreck as I do for the dead.

Eliza Cook.—Born 1817.

1725.—A HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awaken'd, will never depart:
Turn, turn to that breast like the dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.
Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start;
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

Elisa Cook.—Born 1817.

1726.—A REMEMBRANCE.

Methinks I can remember, when a shade
All soft and flow'ry was my couch, and I
A little naked child, with fair white flesh,
And wings all gold bedropt; and o'er my head
Bright fruits were hanging, and tall, balmy shrubs
Shed odorous gums around me, and I lay
Sleeping and waking in that wondrous air,
Which seem'd infused with glory—and each breeze
Bore, as it wander'd by, sweet melodies,
But whence I knew not: one delight was there,
Whether of feeling, or of sight, or touch,
I know not how—which is not on this earth,
Something all-glorious and all beautiful,
Of which our language speaketh not, and which
Flies from the eager graspings of my thought,
As doth the shade of a forgotten dream.
All knowledge had I, but I cared not then
To search into my soul, and draw it thence:
The blessed creatures that around me play'd,
I knew them all, and where their resting was,
And all their hidden symmetries I knew,
And how the form is link'd unto the soul;
I knew it all; but thought not on it then;
I was so happy.
And upon a time,
I saw an army of bright, beamy shapes,
Fair-faced, and rosy-cinctured, and gold-wing'd,
Approach upon the air; they came to me;
And from a crystal chalice, silver-brimm'd,
Put sparkling potion to my lips and stood
All around me, in the many blooming shade,
Shedding into the centre where I lay
A mingling of soft light; and then they sung
Songs of the land they dwelt in; and the last
Lingereth even till now upon mine ear.
Holy and blest
Be the calm of thy rest,
For thy chamber of sleep
Shall be dark and deep:
They will dig thee a tomb
In the dark, deep womb,
In the warm, dark womb.
Spread ye, spread the dewy mist around him;
Spread ye, spread, till the thick, dark night surround him—
Till the dark, long night has bound him,
Which findeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first cloud is beamy and bright,
The next cloud is mellow'd in light,

The third cloud is dim to the sight,
And it stretch'd away into gloomy night:
Twine ye, twine the mystic threads around him;
Twine ye, twine, till the fast, firm fate surround him—
Till the firm, cold fate hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first thread is beamy and bright,
The next thread is mellow'd in light,
The third thread is dim to the sight,
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.
Sing ye, sing the spirit song around him;
Sing ye, sing, till the dull, warm sleep surround him—
Till the warm, damp sleep hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.
The first dream is beamy and bright,
The next dream is mellow'd in light,
The third dream is dim to the sight,
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.
Holy and blest
Is the calm of thy rest,
For thy chamber of sleep
Is dark and deep;
They have dug thee a tomb
In the dark, deep womb,
The warm, dark womb.
Then dimness pass'd upon me; and that song
Was sounding o'er me when I woke again
To be a pilgrim on the nether earth.
Twine ye, twine the mystic threads around him;
Twine ye, twine, till the fast, firm fate surround him—
Till the firm, cold fate hath bound him,
Which bindeth all before their birth
Down upon the nether earth.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1727.—THE PAST.

Few have lived
As we have lived, unsever'd; our young life
Was but a summer's frolic: we have been
Like two babes passing hand-in-hand along
A sunny bank on flowers—the busy world
Goes on around us, and its multitudes
Pass by me and I look them in the face
But cannot read such meaning as I read
In this of thine; and thou, too, dost but move
Among them for a season, but returnest
With a light step and smiles to our old seats,
Our quiet walks, our solitary bower.
Some we love well; the early presences
That were first round us, and the silvery tones
Of those most far away, and dreary voices
That sounded all about us at the dawn
Of our young life—these, as the world of things
Sets in upon our being like a tide,
Keep with us, and are for ever uppermost.
And some there are, tall, beautiful, and wise,
Whose step is heavenward, and whose souls have past
Out from the nether darkness, and been borne
Into a new and glorious universe,
Who speak of things to come! but there is that
In thy soft eye and long-accustom'd voice
Would win me from them all.
For since our birth,
Our thoughts have flow'd together in one stream;
All through the seasons of our infancy
The same hills rose about us—the same trees,
Now bare, now sprinkled with the tender leaf,
Now thick with full dark foliage—the same church,
Our own dear village church, has seen us pray
In the same seat, with hands clasp'd side by side,—
And we have sung together; and have walk'd,
Full of one thought, along the homeward lane;
And so were we built upwards for the storm
That on my walls hath fallen unsparingly,
Shattering their frail foundations; and which thou
Hast yet to look for, but hast found the help
Which then I knew not—rest thee firmly there!

* * * * *

When first I issued forth into the world,
Well I remember—that unwelcome morn
When we rose long before the accustom'd hour,
By the faint taper-light: and by that gate
We just now swung behind us carelessly,
I gave thee the last kiss; I travell'd on,
Giving my mind up to the world without,
Which pour'd in strange ideas of strange things,—
New towns, new churches, new inhabitants:
And ever and anon some happy child
Beneath a rose-trail'd porch play'd as I pass'd;
And then the thought of thee swept through my soul,
And made the hot drops stand in either eye.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1728.—ONE SUMMER'S NIGHT.

I remember well, one summer's night,
A clear, soft, silver moonlight, thou and I
Sat a full hour together, silently;
Looking abroad into the pure pale heaven.
Perchance thou hast forgotten: but my arm
Was on thy shoulder, and thy clustering locks
Hung lightly on my hand, and my clear eye
Glisten'd beside my forehead: and at length

Thou saidst—"'Tis time we went to rest;" and then
We rose and parted for the night: no words
But those were spoken, and we never since
Have told each other of that moment.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1729.—MORNING AND EVENING.

Evening and Morning—those two ancient names
So link'd with childish wonder, when with arm
Fast wound about the neck of one we loved,
Oft questioning, we heard Creation's tale—
Evening and morning ever brought to me
Strange joy; the birth and funeral of light,
Whether in clear, unclouded majesty
The large sun pour'd his effluence abroad,
Or the grey clouds roll'd silently along,
Dropping their doubtful tokens as they pass'd
Whether above the hills intensely glow'd
Bright lines of parting glory in the west,
Or from the veil of faintly-redden'd mist
The darkness slow descended on the earth;
The passing to a state of things all new—
New fears and new enjoyments—this was all
Food for my seeking spirit: I would stand
Upon the jutting hills that overlook
Our level moor, and watch the daylight fade
Along the prospect: now behind the leaves
The golden twinkles of the westering sun
Deepen'd to richest crimson: now from out
The solemn beech-grove, through the natural aisles
Of pillar'd trunks, the glory in the west
Show'd like Jehovah's presence fire, beheld
In olden times above the Mercy-seat
Between the folded wings of Cherubim;—
I loved to wander, with the evening star
Heading my way, till from the palest speck
Of virgin silver, evermore lit up
With radiance as by spirits minister'd,
She seem'd a living pool of golden light;
I loved to learn the strange array of shapes
That pass along the circle of the year;
Some, for the love of ancient yore, I kept;
And they would call into my fancy's eye
Chaldæan beacons, over the drear sand
Seen faintly from thick-tower'd Babylon,
Against the sunset—shepherds in the field,
Watching their flocks by night—or shapes of men
And high-neck'd camels, passing leisurely
Along the starr'd horizon, where the spice
Swims in the air, in Araby the Blest;
And some, as Fancy led, I figured forth,
Misliking their old names; one circlet bright
Gladdens me often, near the northern wain,
Which, with a childish playfulness of choice
That hath not pass'd away, I loved to call
The crown of glory, by the righteous judge
Against the day of his appearing, laid
In store for him who fought the fight of faith.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1730.—THE CROSS.

Methinks I could have borne to live my days
When by the pathway side, and in the dells,
By shading resting-place, or hollow bank
Where curved the streamlet, or on peeping rock,
Rose sweetly to the traveller's humble eye
The Cross in every corner of our land;
When from the wooded valleys morn and eve
Pass'd the low murmur of the angel-bell;
Methinks I could have led a peaceful life
Daily beneath the triple-vaulted roof,
Chanting glad matins, and amidst the glow
Of mellow evening towards the village tower
Pacing my humble way.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1731.—GENTLEST GIRL.

Gentlest girl,
Thou wert a bright creation of my thought
In earliest childhood—and my seeking soul
Wander'd ill-satisfied, till one blest day
Thine image pass'd athwart it—thou wert then
A young and happy child, sprightly as life;
Yet not so bright or beautiful as that
Mine inward vision;—but a whispering voice
Said softly—This is she whom thou didst choose;
And thenceforth ever, through the morn of life,
Thou wert my playmate—thou my only joy,
Thou my chief sorrow when I saw thee not.—
And when my daily consciousness of life
Was born and died—thy name the last went up,
Thy name the first, before our Heavenly Guide,
For favour and protection. All the flowers
Whose buds I cherish'd, and in summer heats
Fed with mock showers, and proudly show'd their bloom,
For thee I rear'd, because all beautiful
And gentle things reminded me of thee:
Yea, and the morning, and the rise of sun,
And the fall of evening, and the starry host,
If aught I loved, I loved because thy name
Sounded about me when I look'd on them.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1732.—ENGLAND.

We have been dwellers in a lovely land,
A land of lavish lights and floating shades,
And broad green flats, border'd by woody capes
That lessen ever as they stretch away
Into the distant blue; a land of hills,
Cloud-gathering ranges, on whose ancient breast
The morning mists repose: each autumn tide

Deep purple with the heath-bloom; from whose brow
We might behold the crimson sun go down
Behind the barrier of the western sea;
A land of beautiful and stately fanes,
Aërial temples most magnificent,
Rising with clusters of rich pinnacles
And fretted battlements; a land of towers,
Where sleeps the music of deep-voiced bells,
Save when in holyday time the joyous air
Ebbs to the welling sound; and Sabbath morn,
When from a choir of hill-side villages
The peaceful invitation churchward chimes.
So were our souls brought up to love this earth
And feed on natural beauty: and the light
Of our own sunsets, and the mountains blue
That girt around our home, were very parts
Of our young being; link'd with all we knew,
Centres of interest for undying thoughts
And themes of mindful converse. Happy they
Who in the fresh and dawning time of youth
Have dwelt in such a land, turning their souls
To the deep melodies of Nature's laws
Heard in the after-time of riper thought
Reflective on past seasons of delight.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1733.—THERE IS AN ANCIENT MAN.

There is an ancient man who dwells
Without our parish bounds,
Beyond the poplar-avenue,
Across two meadow-grounds;
And whensoe'er our two small bells
To church call merrily,
Leaning on our churchyard gate,
This old man ye may see.

He is a man of many thoughts,
That long have found their rest,
Each in its proper dwelling-place
Settled within his breast:
A form erect, a stately brow,
A set and measured mien—
The satisfied unroving look
Of one who much hath seen.

And once, when young in care of souls,
I watch'd a sick man's bed,
And willing half, and half ashamed,
Linger'd, and nothing said:
The ancient man, in accents mild,
Removed my shame away—
"Listen!" he said; "the minister
Prepares to kneel and pray."

These lines of humble thankfulness
Will never meet his eye;
Unknown that old man means to live
And unremember'd die.
The forms of life have sever'd us—
But when that life shall end,
Fain would I hail that reverend man,
A father and a friend.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1734.—THE FATHER AND CHILD.

"Father, wake—the storm is loud,
The rain is falling fast;
Let me go to my mother's grave,
And screen it from the blast.
She cannot sleep, she will not rest,
The wind is roaring so;
We pray'd that she might lie in peace—
My father, let us go!"

"Thy mother sleeps too firm a sleep
To heed the wind that blows;
There are angel-charms that hush the noise
From reaching her repose.
Her spirit in dreams of the blessèd Land
Is sitting at Jesu's feet;
Child, nestle thee in mine arms and pray
Our rest may be as sweet!"

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1735.—AUTUMN.

How soothing is that sound of far-off wheels
Under the golden sheen of the harvest-moon!
In the shade-chequer'd road it half reveals
A homeward-wending group, with heart in tune
To thankful merriment;—father and boy,
And maiden with her gleanings on her head;
And the last waggon's rumble heard with joy
In the kitchen with the ending-supper spread.
But while I listening stand, the sound hath ceased;
And hark, from many voices lustily
The harvest home, the prelude to the feast,
In measured bursts is pealing loud and high;
Soon all is still again beneath the bright
Full moon, that guides me home this autumn night.

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1736.—MY OWN DEAR COUNTRY.

My own dear country!—thy remembrance comes
Like softly-flowing music on my heart;
With thy green sunny hills, and happy homes,
And cots rose-bower'd, bosom'd in dells apart;
The merry pealing of our village-bells
Gush ever and anon upon mine ear;
And is there not a far-off sound that tells

Of many-voiced laughter shrill and clear?
Oh! were I now with thee—to sit and play
Under the hawthorn on the slope o' th' hill,
As I was wont to do; or pluck all day
The cowslip and the flaunting daffodil,
Till shepherds whistled homeward, and the west
Folded the large sun in crimson breast!

Dean Alford.—Born 1810.

1737.—THE PARTING OF LOVERS.

Now, from his eastern couch, the sun,
Erewhile in cloud and vapour hidden,
Rose in his robes of glory dight;
And skywards, to salute his light,
Upsprang a choir, unbidden,
Of joyous larks, that, as they shook
The dewdrops from their russet pinions,
Peal'd forth a hymn so glad and clear,
That darkness might have paused to hear
(Pale sentinel on morn's dominions),
And envied her the flood of song
Those happy minstrels pour'd along.

The lovers listen'd. Earth and heaven
Seem'd pleased alike to hear the strain;
And Gilbert, in that genial hour,
Forgot his momentary pain:
"Happy," said he, "beloved maid,
Our lives might flow 'mid scenes like this;
Still eve might bring us dreams of joy,
And morn awaken us to bliss.
I could forgive thy jealous brother;
And Mora's quiet shades might be
Bless'd with the love of one another,
A Paradise to thee and me.

Yes, Peace and Love might build a nest
For us amid these vales serene,
And Truth should be our constant guest
Among these pleasant wild-woods green.
My heart should never nurse again
The once fond dreams of young Ambition,
And Glory's light should lure in vain,
Lest it should lead to Love's perdition;
Another light should round me shine,
Beloved, from those eyes of thine!"

"Ah, Gilbert! happy should I be
This hour to die, lest fate reveal
That life can never give a joy
Such as the joy that now I feel.
Oh! happy! happy! now to die,
And go before thee to the sky;
Losing, maybe, some charm of life,
But yet escaping all its strife;
And, watching for thy soul above,
There to renew more perfect love,
Without the pain and tears of this—
Eternal, never palling bliss!"

And more she yet would say, and strives to speak,
But warm, fast tears begin to course her cheek,
And sobs to choke her; so, reclining still
Her head upon his breast, she weeps her fill;
And all so lovely in those joyous tears
To his impassion'd eyes the maid appears;
He cannot dry them, nor one word essay
To soothe such sorrow from her heart away.

At last she lifts her drooping head,
And, with her delicate fingers, dashes
The tears away that hang like pearls
Upon her soft eyes' silken lashes.
Then hand in hand they take their way
O'er the green meadows gemm'd with dew,
And up the hill, and through the wood,
And by the streamlet, bright and blue,
And sit them down upon a stone
With mantling mosses overgrown,
That stands beside her cottage door,
And oft repeat,
When next they meet,
That time shall never part them more.

He's gone! Ah no! he lingers yet,
And all her sorrow, who can tell?
As gazing on her face he takes
His last and passionate farewell.
"One kiss!" said he, "and I depart
With thy dear image in my heart:
One more—to soothe a lover's pain,
And think of till I come again!
One more." Their red lips meet and trembble,
And she, unskilful to dissemble,
Allows, deep blushing, while he presses,
The warmest of his fond caresses.

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1738.—THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A little child, beneath a tree,
Sat and chanted cheerily
A little song, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day long—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

There pass'd a lady by the way,
Moaning in the face of day:
There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yester-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.

She stopp'd and listen'd to the child
That look'd to heaven, and singing, smiled;
And saw not, for her own despair,
Another lady, young and fair,
Who also passing, stopp'd to hear
The infant's anthem ringing clear.

For she but few sad days before
Had lost the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory o'er her stole,
And show'd how bright had been the past,
The present drear and overcast.

And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,
A youth came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested like the twain,
Stopp'd to listen to the strain.

Death had bow'd the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shone,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

And these three listen'd to the song,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strong,
Which that child, the livelong day,
Chanted to itself in play:
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

The widow's lips impulsive moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Soften'd, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conn'd it over to his heart.

And though the child—if child it were,
And not a seraph sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The song still ringing in their ears—
Was it music of the spheres?

Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepest woe
The strain recurr'd, when sorrow grew,
To warn them, and console them too.
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good God reigns over all."

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1739.—UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

I.

Ye who have scorn'd each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here!
Let sinn'd against, and sinning,
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now—
Be links no longer broken;—
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the Holly Bough.

II.

Ye who have loved each other,
Sister, and friend, and brother,
In this fast fading year:
Mother and sire and child,
Young man, and maiden mild,
Come gather here;
And let your hearts grow fonder.
As memory shall ponder
Each past unbroken vow.
Old loves and younger wooing
Are sweet in the renewing,
Under the Holly Bough.

III.

Ye who have nourish'd sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year:
Ye with o'erburden'd mind
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here.
Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow.
If e'er you hoped, hope now—
Take heart;—uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the Holly Bough.

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1740.—WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness;
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies, and wrongs,
All vice and crime, might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1741.—THE GOOD TIME COMING.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth,
But thought 's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The pen shall supersede the sword;
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger;
The happier he the more he has;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
Little children shall not toil
Under, or above, the soil
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Makes the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day;—
Wait a little longer.

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1742.—THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

PART I.

I've a letter from thy sire,
Baby mine, Baby mine.
I can read and never tire,
Baby mine!
He is sailing o'er the sea—
He is coming back to thee,
He is coming home to me,
Baby mine!

He's been parted from us long,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
But if hearts be true and strong,
Baby mine!
They shall brave Misfortune's blast,
And be overpaid at last
For all pain and sorrow pass'd,
Baby mine!

Oh, I long to see his face,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
In his old accustom'd place,
Baby mine!
Like the rose of May in bloom,
Like a star amid the gloom,
Like the sunshine in the room,
Baby mine!

Thou wilt see him and rejoice,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
Thou wilt know him by his voice,
Baby mine!
By his love-looks that endear,
By his laughter ringing clear,
By his eyes that know not fear,
Baby mine!

I'm so glad—I cannot sleep,
Baby mine, Baby mine!
I'm so happy—I could weep,
Baby mine!
He is sailing o'er the sea,
He is coming home to me,
He is coming back to thee,
Baby mine!

PART II.

O'er the blue ocean gleaming
She sees a distant ship,
As small to view
As the white sea-mew
Whose wings in the billows dip.
"Blow favouring gales, in her answering sails!
Blow steadily and free!
Rejoicing, strong,
Singing a song,
Her rigging and her spars among,
And waft the vessel in pride along,
That bears my love to me."

Nearer—still nearer driving,
The white sails grow and swell;
Clear to her eyes
The pennant flies,
And the flag she knows so well.
"Blow favouring gales, in her answering sails!
Waft him, O gentle sea!
And still, O heart!
Thy fluttering start!
Why throb and beat as thou wouldst part,
When all so happy and bless'd thou art?
He comes again to thee!"

The swift ship drops her anchor—
A boat puts off for shore—
Against its prow
The ripples flow,
To the music of the oar.
"And art thou here, mine own, my dear,
Safe from the perilous sea?—
Safe, safe at home,
No more to roam!
Blow, tempests blow—my love has come!
And sprinkle the clouds with your dashing foam!
He shall part no more from me!"

Charles Mackay.—Born 1812.

1743.—LADY BARBARA.

Earl Gawain woo'd the Lady Barbara,—
High-thoughted Barbara, so white and cold!
'Mong broad-branch'd beeches in the summer shaw,
In soft green light his passion he has told.
When rain-beat winds did shriek across the wold,
The Earl to take her fair reluctant ear
Framed passion-trembled ditties manifold;
Silent she sat his am'rous breath to hear,
With calm and steady eyes, her heart was otherwhere.

He sigh'd for her through all the summer weeks;
Sitting beneath a tree whose fruitful boughs
Bore glorious apples with smooth, shining cheeks.
Earl Gawain came and whisper'd, "Lady, rouse!
Thou art no vestal held in holy vows;
Out with our falcons to the pleasant heath."
Her father's blood leapt up unto her brows—
He who, exulting on the trumpet's breath,
Came charging like a star across the lists of death,

Trembled, and pass'd before her high rebuke:
And then she sat, her hands clasp'd round her knee:
Like one far-thoughted was the lady's look,
For in a morning cold as misery
She saw a lone ship sailing on the sea;
Before the north 'twas driven like a cloud,
High on the poop a man sat mournfully:
The wind was whistling through mast and shroud.
And to the whistling wind thus did he sing aloud:—

"Didst look last night upon my native vales,
Thou Sun! that from the drenching sea hast clomb?
Ye demon winds! that glut my gaping sails,
Upon the salt sea must I ever roam,
Wander for ever on the barren foam?
Oh! happy are ye, resting mariners.
O Death, that thou wouldst come and take me home!
A hand unseen this vessel onward steers,
And onward I must float through slow moon-measured years.

"Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,
Frothing the waters, and along our way,
Nor cape nor headland through red mornings shone,
One wept aloud, one shudder'd down to pray,
One howl'd, 'Upon the deep we are astray.'
On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight:
In one short hour my hair was stricken gray,
For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight
As we went driving on through the cold starry night.

"Madness fell on me in my loneliness,
The sea foam'd curses, and the reeling sky
Became a dreadful face which did oppress
Me with the weight of its unwinking eye.
It fled, when I burst forth into a cry—
A shoal of fiends came on me from the deep;
I hid, but in all corners they did pry,
And dragg'd me forth, and round did dance and leap;
They mouth'd on me in dream, and tore me from sweet sleep.

"Strange constellations burn'd above my head,
Strange birds around the vessel shriek'd and flew,
Strange shapes, like shadows, through the clear sea fled,
As our lone ship, wide-wing'd, came rippling through,

Angering to foam the smooth and sleeping blue."
The lady sigh'd, "Far, far upon the sea,
My own Sir Arthur, could I die with you!
The wind blows shrill between my love and me."
Fond heart! the space between was but the apple-tree.

There was a cry of joy, with seeking hands
She fled to him, like worn bird to her nest;
Like washing water on the figured sands,
His being came and went in sweet unrest,
As from the mighty shelter of his breast
The Lady Barbara her head uprears
With a wan smile, "Methinks I'm but half blest:
Now when I've found thee, after weary years,
I cannot see thee, love! so blind I am with tears."

Alexander Smith.—Born 1830.

1744.—LOVE IN THE VALLEY.

Under yonder beech-tree standing on the green sward,
Couch'd with her arms behind her little head,
Her knees folded up, and her tresses on her bosom,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide one arm beneath her!
Press her dreaming lips as her waist I folded slow,
Waking on the instant she could not but embrace me—
Ah! would she hold me, and never let me go?

Shy as the squirrel, and wayward as the swallow;
Swift as the swallow when athwart the western flood
Circleting the surface he meets his mirror'd winglets—
Is that dear one in her maiden bud.
Shy as the squirrel whose nest is in the pine-tops;
Gentle—ah! that she were jealous—as the dove!
Full of all the wildness of the woodland creatures,
Happy in herself is the maiden that I love!

What can have taught her distrust of all I tell her?
Can she truly doubt me when looking on my brows?
Nature never teaches distrust of tender love-tales—
What can have taught her distrust of all my vows?
No, she does not doubt me! on a dewy eventide
Whispering together beneath the listening moon,
I pray'd till her cheek flush'd, implored till she falter'd—
Flutter'd to my bosom—ah! to fly away so soon!

When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror,
Tying up her laces, looping up her hair,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should have more love, and much less care.
When her mother tends her before the bashful mirror,
Loosening her laces, combing down her curls,
Often she thinks—were this wild thing wedded,
I should lose but one for so many boys and girls.

Clambering roses peep into her chamber;
Jasmine and woodbine breathe sweet, sweet,
White-neck'd swallows, twittering of summer,
Fill her with balm and nested peace from head to feet.
Ah! will the rose-bough see her lying lonely,
When the petals fall and fierce bloom is on the leaves?
Will the autumn garners see her still ungather'd,
When the fickle swallows forsake the weeping eaves?

Comes a sudden question—should a strange hand pluck her!
Oh! what an anguish smites me at the thought!
Should some idle lordling bribe her mind with jewels!—
Can such beauty ever thus be bought?
Sometimes the huntsmen prancing down the valley
Eye the village lasses, full of sprightly mirth:
They see, as I see, mine is the fairest!
Would she were older and could read my worth!

Are there not sweet maidens, if she still deny me?
Show the bridal heavens but one bright star?
Wherefore thus, then, do I chase a shadow,
Clattering one note like a brown eve-jar?
So I rhyme and reason till she darts before me—
Through the milky meadows from flower to flower she flies,
Sunning her sweet palms to shade her dazzled eyelids
From the golden love that looks too eager in her eyes.

When at dawn she wakens, and her fair face gazes
Out on the weather through the window panes,
Beauteous she looks! like a white water-lily
Bursting out of bud on the rippled river plains.
When from bed she rises clothed from neck to ankle
In her long night gown, sweet as boughs of May,
Beauteous she looks! like a tall garden lily
Pure from the night and perfect for the day!

Happy, happy time, when the gray star twinkles
Over the fields all fresh with bloomy dew;
When the cold-cheek'd dawn grows ruddy up the twilight,
And the gold sun wakes and weds her in the blue.
Then when my darling tempts the early breezes,
She the only star that dies not with the dark;
Powerless to speak all the ardour of my passion,
I catch her little hand as we listen to the lark.

Shall the birds in vain then valentine their sweethearts?
Season after season tell a fruitless tale?
Will not the virgin listen to their voices?
Take the honey'd meaning, wear the bridal veil?
Fears she frosts of winter, fears she the bare branches?
Waits she the garlands of Spring for her dower?
Is she a nightingale that will not be nested
Till the April woodland has built her bridal bower?

Then come, merry April, with all thy birds and beauties!
With thy crescent brows and thy flowery, showery glee!
With thy budding leafage and fresh green pastures;
And may thy lustrous crescent grow a honey-moon for me!
Come, merry month of the cuckoo and the violet!
Come, weeping Loveliness in all thy blue delight!
Lo! the nest is ready, let me not languish longer!
Bring her to my arms on the first May night.

George Meredith.—Born 1828.

1745.—THE MEN OF FORTY-EIGHT.

They rose in Freedom's rare sunrise,
Like giants roused from wine;
And in their hearts and in their eyes
The god leapt up divine!
Their souls flash'd out like naked swords,
Unsheath'd for fiery fate;
Strength went like battle with their words—
The men of Forty-eight;
Hurrah!
For the men of Forty-eight.

Dark days have fallen, yet in the strife
They bate no hope sublime,
And bravely works the exultant life,
Their heart's pulse through the time;
As grass is greenest trodden down,
So suffering makes men great,
And this dark tide shall richly crown
The work of Forty-eight;
Hurrah!
For the men of Forty-eight.

Some in a bloody burial sleep,
Like Greeks to glory gone,
But in their steps avengers leap
With their proof-armour on;
And hearts beat high with dauntless trust
To triumph soon or late,
Though they be mouldering down in dust—
Brave men of Forty-eight!
Hurrah!
For the men of Forty-eight.

Oh! when the world wakes up to worst
The tyrants once again,
And Freedom's summons-shout shall burst,
Rare music! on the brain,—
With heart to heart, in many a land,
Ye'll find them all elate—
Brave remnant of that Spartan band,
The men of Forty-eight;
Hurrah!
For the men of Forty-eight.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1746.—NO JEWELL'D BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

No jewell'd beauty is my love,
Yet in her earnest face
There's such a world of tenderness,
She needs no other grace.
Her smiles and voice around my life
In light and music twine,
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

Oh joy! to know there's one fond heart
Beats ever true to me:
It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
In sweetest melody;
My soul up-springs, a deity!
To hear her voice divine;
And dear, oh! very dear to me
Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
'Twas all for her, I trow;
And if I win Fame's victor-wreath,
I'll twine it on her brow.
There may be forms more beautiful,
And souls of sunnier shine,
But none, oh! none so dear to me
As this sweet love of mine.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1747.—A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

Her dainty hand nestled in mine, rich and white,
And timid as trembling dove;
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,
As she garnish'd our feast of love:
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,
And she was a poor man's wife!
Oh! little ye'd think how that wee, white hand
Could dare in the battle of life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,
But hath climb'd to heroic height,
And burn'd like a shield in defence of me,
On the sorest field of fight!
And startling as fire, it has often flash'd up
In her eyes, the good heart and rare!
As she drank down her half of our bitterest cup,
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seem'd, with their smile sublime,
Made to look me and light me to heaven,
They have triumph'd through bitter tears many a time,
Since their love to my life was given;
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly wife
Still bringeth the heavens nigher:
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when
I first look'd in her yearning face;
For it shone as the heavens had open'd then,
And clad it with glory and grace!
But dearer its light of healing grew
In our dark and desolate day,
As the rainbow, when heaven hath no break of blue,
Smileth the storm away.

Oh! her shape was the lithest loveliness,—
Just an armful of heaven to enfold!
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress,
With the victor's strength is soul'd!
In her worshipful presence transfigured I stand,
And the poor man's English home
She lights with the beauty of Greece the grand,
And the glory of regallest Rome.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1748.—KISSES.

One kiss more, sweet!
Soft as voluptuous wind of the west,
Or silkenest surge of thy purple-vein'd breast,
Ripe lips all ruddily melting apart,
Drink up the honey and wine of my heart!

One kiss more, sweet!
Warm as a morning sunbeam's dewy gold
Slips in a red rose's fragrantest fold,
Sets its green blood all a-blush, burning up
At the fresh feel of life, in its crimson cup!

One kiss more, sweet!
Full as the flush of the sea-waves grand
Flooding the sheeny fire out of the sand;
On all the shores of my being let bliss
Break with its neap-tide sea in a kiss!

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1749.—SWEET-AND-TWENTY.

Oh! my love's a winsome lady;
Sweeter face ne'er fed Love on!
In a court, or forest shady,
Queenlier beauty never shone.

Like a ladye from a far land
Came my true love, brave to see!
As to heaven its rainbow garland,
Is her beauty rich to me.

In white arms of love she wound me,
And I look'd up in her smile:
In warm arms of love she bound me,
As the sea takes some blest isle.

As some dusky lake may mirror
One fair star that shines above,
So my life—aye growing clearer—
Holds this tremulous star of love.

Oh! to see her life in blossom,
With its bloom of bravery!
Pure the dew lies in the bosom
Of her sweet virginity.

Nearest to my heart I wear her;
As a bark the waves above—
Oh! so proudly do I bear her
On the bosom of my love!

Look you, how she cometh, trilling
Out her gay heart's bird-like bliss!
Merry as a May-morn, thrilling
With the dew and sunshine's kiss.

Ruddy gossips of her beauty
Are her twin cheeks: and her mouth
In its ripe warmth smileth, fruity
As a garden of the south.

Ha! my precious Sweet-and-Twenty,
Husband still your virgin pride!
Just a month, and this dear, dainty
Thing shall be my wedded bride.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1750.—SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
Through all the world we walk apart:
Thou mayst not in my bosom lie:
I may not press thee to my heart,
Nor see love-thinkings light thine eye:
Yet art thou with me. All my life
Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere;
My bravest dreams of thee are rife,
And colour'd with thy presence dear.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
I know how beautiful thou art,
But never tell the starry thought:
I only whisper to my heart,
"She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."
And birds that night and day rejoice,
And fragrant winds, give back to me
A music ringing of thy voice,
And surge my heart's love-tide to thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
The spring and summer, bloom-bedight,
That garland earth with rainbow-showers,
Morn's kissing breath, and eyes of light,
That wake in smiles the winking flowers,
The air with honey'd fragrance fed,
The flashing waters,—soughing tree,—
Noon's golden glory,—sundown red,
Aye warble into songs of thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
When night's soft silence clothes the earth,
And wakes the passionate bird of love;
And stars laugh out in golden mirth,
And yearning souls divinelier move;
When God's breath hallows every spot,
And, lapp'd in feeling's luxury,
The heart's break-full of tender thought;
Then art thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
I listen for thy footfall,—feel
Thy look is burning on me, such
As reads my heart: I sometimes reel
And throb, expectant for thy touch!
For by the voice of woods and brooks,
And flowers with virgin-fragrance wet,
And earnest stars with yearning looks,
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love!
Strange places on me smile, as thou
Hadst pass'd, and left thy beauty's tints:
The wild flowers even the secret know,
And light and shade flash mystic hints.
Mescems, like olden gods, thou'lt come
In cloud; but mine anointed eyes
Shall see the glory burn through gloom,
And clasp thee, Sweet! with large surprise.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1751.—OLD ENGLAND.

There she sits in her Island-home,
Peerless among her peers!
And Humanity oft to her arms doth come,
To ease its poor heart of tears.
Old England still throbs with the muffled fire
Of a past she can never forget;
And again shall she banner the world up higher,
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

They would mock at her now, who of old look'd forth
In their fear, as they heard her afar;
But loud will your wail be, O Kings of the Earth!
When the Old Land goes down to the war.
The avalanche trembles, half-launch'd, and half-riven,
Her voice will in motion set:
Oh ring out the tidings, ye winds of heaven!
There's life in the Old Land yet.

The old nursing mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her Saxon tree;—
Lo! she lifteth a bosom of glory yet,
Through her mists, to the sun and the Sea.
Fair as the Queen of Love, fresh from the foam,
Or a star in a dark cloud set;
Ye may blazon her shame,—ye may leap at her name,—
But there's life in the Old Land yet.

Let the storm burst, it will find the Old Land
Ready-ripe for a rough, red fray!
She will fight as she fought when she took her stand
For the Right in the olden day.
Ay, rouse the old royal soul, Europe's best hope
Is her sword-edge by Victory set!
She shall dash Freedom's foes adown Death's gloomy slope;
For there's life in the Old Land yet.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1752.—ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE.

Now, glory to our England,
As she rises, calm and grand,
With the ancient spirit in her eyes,
The good sword in her hand!
Our royal right on battle ground
Was aye to bear the brunt:
Ho! brave heart! for one passionate bound,
And take thy place in front!
Now glory to our England,
As she rises, calm and grand,
With the ancient spirit in her eyes,
The good sword in her hand!

Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I' the ring, to meet a tyrant's gage,
And glory in the strife?
Her stem is thorny, but doth burst
A glorious rose a-top!
And shall our dear rose wither? First
We'll drain life's dearest drop!
Who would not fight for England?
Who would not fling a life
I' the ring, to meet a tyrant's gage,
And glory in the strife?

To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As lover to the altar, on
A merry marriage-day.
A weary night she stood to watch
The battle-dawn up-roll'd:
And her spirit leaps within, to match
The noble deeds of old.
To battle goes our England,
All as gallant and as gay
As lover to the altar, on
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road:
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints red with blood!
Up with our red-cross banner—roll
A thunder-peal of drums!
Fight on there, every valiant soul,
And courage! England comes!
Now, fair befall our England,
On her proud and perilous road:
And woe and wail to those who make
Her footprints red with blood!

Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land!
And when the storm has pass'd away,
In glory and in calm,
May she sit down i' the green o' the day
And sing her peaceful psalm!
Now, victory to our England!
And where'er she lifts her hand
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,
God bless the dear Old Land!

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1753.—THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spurning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Though it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly,
But have some angel-touch:
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart for ever.
But if men will hanker
Ever for golden dust,
Kingliest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Oh, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1754.—TO A BELOVED ONE.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the Earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The Sea its gems—the grand old Woods
Their songs and greening showers:
The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreathe above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, sweet! we have love.

We walk not with the jewell'd great,
Where Love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine,
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nursed:
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-curst!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy things,
There's love for you and me!

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting through thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But, Love's rich rainbow's built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above!
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But, though nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1755.—A WAIL.

The day goeth down red darkling,
The moaning waves dash out the light,
And there is not a star of hope sparkling,
On the threshold of my night.

The wild winds of autumn go wailing
Up the valley and over the hill,
Like yearning ghosts round the world sailing
In search of the old love still.

A fathomless sea is rolling
O'er the wreck of the bravest bark;
And my pain-muffled heart is toiling
Its dumb-peal down in the dark.

The waves of a mighty sorrow
Have whelmèd the pearl of my life:
And there cometh to me no morrow
Shall solace this desolate strife.

Gone are the last faint flashes,
Set is the sun of my years;
And over a few poor ashes
I sit in my darkness and tears.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1756.—OH, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

Oh, lay thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old, we're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold, that hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine, made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine, like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest, and take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest, and make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head, on this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid, are surely laid.

Oh, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'Twill shelter thee, 'twill shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree, on my young tree:
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown, and songbirds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down, together down.

Gerald Massey.—Born 1828.

1757.—ALMOND BLOSSOM

Blossom of the almond-trees,
April's gift to April's bees,
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling;—
Coming when no flow'rets dare
Trust the cruel outer air;
When the royal king-cup bold
Dares not don his coat of gold;
And the sturdy blackthorn spray
Keeps his silver for the May;—
Coming when no flow'rets would,
Save thy lowly sisterhood,
Early violets, blue and white,
Dying for their love of light.
Almond blossom, sent to teach us
That the spring-days soon will reach us,
Lest, with longing over-tried,
We die as the violets died—
Blossom, clouding all the tree
With thy crimson broidery,
Long before a leaf of green
On the bravest bough is seen;
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond bloom, we greet thee well.

Edwin Arnold.—Born 1831.

1758.—WOMAN'S VOICE.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—
Not in the minstrel's mighty symphonies,
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile
High thoughts in happy hearts, and carking cares beguile.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,
Skimming the water of the sleeping lake,
Stir the still silver with a hundred rings—
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake
To brave the danger, and to bear the harm—
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrow'd—
By patience never tired, from their own trials borrow'd.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness
A mother looks into her infant's eyes—
Smiles to its smiles, and saddens to its sadness—
Pales at its paleness, sorrows at its cries;
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—
All these come ever blent with one low gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—
Leaving with gloom and gladness, joys and cares—
The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving
With strangest thoughts, and wild unwonted fears;
Then, then a woman's low soft sympathy
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tone,
That fears, but longs, to syllable the truth—
How their two hearts are one, and she his own;
It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells
That haunt the trembling tale a bright-eyed maiden tells!

Edwin Arnold.—Born 1831.

1759.—URANIA.

She smiles and smiles, and will not sigh,
While we for hopeless passion die;
Yet she could love, those eyes declare,
Were but men nobler than they are.

Eagerly once her gracious ken
Was turn'd upon the sons of men;
But light the serious visage grew—
She look'd, and smiled, and saw them through.

Our petty souls, our strutting wits,
Our labour'd puny passion-fits—
Ah, may she scorn them still, till we
Scorn them as bitterly as she!

Yet oh, that Fate would let her see
One of some worthier race than we—
One for whose sake she once might prove
How deeply she who scorns can love.

His eyes be like the starry lights—
His voice like sounds of summer nights—
In all his lovely mien let pierce
The magic of the universe!

And she to him will reach her hand,
And gazing in his eyes will stand,
And know her friend, and weep for glee,
And cry—Long, long I've look'd for thee!

Then will she weep—with smiles, till then,
Coldly she mocks the sons of men.
Till then her lovely eyes maintain
Their gay, unwavering, deep disdain.

Matthew Arnold.—Born 1822.

1760.—PHILOMELA.

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!
Oh, wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still—after many years, in distant lands—
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn,
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse,
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes,
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?

Dost thou once more essay
Thy flight; and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change;
Once more; and once more make resound,
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis' and the high Cephisian vale?

Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

Matthew Arnold.—Born 1822.

1761.—EUPHROSYNE.

I must not say that thou wert true,
Yet let me say that thou wert fair.
And they that lovely face who view,
They will not ask if truth be there.

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

But souls whom some benignant breath
Has charm'd at birth from gloom and care,
These ask no love—those plight no faith,
For they are happy as they are.

The world to them may homage make,
And garlands for their forehead weave:
And what the world can give, they take—
But they bring more than they receive.

They smile upon the world; their ears
To one demand alone are coy.
They will not give us love and tears—
They bring us light, and warmth, and joy.

On one she smiled, and he was blest!
She smiles elsewhere—we make a din!
But 'twas not love that heaved his breast,
Fair child! it was the bliss within.

Matthew Arnold—Born 1822.

1762.—THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho! pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win—
This is the way that boys begin,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes,—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear,—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey;
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead—God rest her bier!
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married; but I sit here,
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

W. M. Thackeray.

1763.—DAMAGES, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS.

Special Jurymen of England! who admire your country's laws,
And proclaim a British Jury worthy of the realm's applause,
Gaily compliment each other at the issue of a cause
Which was tried at Guildford 'sizes, this day week as ever was.

Unto that august tribunal comes a gentleman in grief—
(Special was the British jury, and the judge the Baron Chief)—
Comes a British man and husband, asking of the law relief,
For his wife was stolen from him—he'd have vengeance on the thief.

Yes; his wife, the blessed treasure with the which his life was crowned,
Wickedly was ravished from him by a hypocrite profound.
And he comes before twelve Britons, men for sense and truth renowned,
To award him for his damage twenty hundred sterling pound.

He by counsel and attorney there at Guildford does appear,
Asking damage of the villain who seduced his lady dear:
But I can't help asking, though the lady's guilt was all too clear,
And though guilty the defendant, wasn't the plaintiff rather queer?

First the lady's mother spoke, and said she'd seen her daughter cry
But a fortnight after marriage—early times for pitying eye.

Six months after, things were worse, and the
piping eye was black,
And this gallant British husband caned his
wife upon the back!

Three months after they were married, hus-
band pushed her to the door,
Told her to be off and leave him, for he wanted
her no more;
As she would not go, why *he* went—thrice he
left his lady dear;
Left her, too, without a penny, for more than
a quarter of a year.

Mrs. Frances Duncan knew the parties very
well indeed;
She had seen him pull his lady's nose and
make her lip to bleed;
If he chanced to sit at home, not a single word
he said;
Once she saw him throw the cover of a dish
at his lady's head.

Sarah Green, another witness, clear did to the
jury note
How she saw this honest fellow seize his lady
by the throat;
How he cursed her and abused her, beating
her into a fit,
Till the pitying next-door neighbours crossed
the wall and witnessed it.

Next door to this injured Briton Mr. Owers, a
butcher, dwelt;
Mrs. Owers's foolish heart towards this erring
dame did melt—
(Not that she had erred as yet; crime was
not developed in her);
But, being left without a penny, Mrs. Owers
supplied her dinner:
God be merciful to Mrs. Owers, who was
merciful to this sinner!

Caroline Naylor was their servant; said they
led a wretched life,
Saw this most distinguished Briton fling a
teacup at his wife:
He went out to balls and pleasures, and never
once, in ten months' space,
Sate with his wife, or spoke her kindly. This
was the defendant's case.

Pollock, C. B., charged the jury, said the
woman's guilt was clear:
That was not the point, however, which the
jury came to hear.
But the damage to determine which, as it
should true appear,
This most tender-hearted husband, who so
used his lady dear;

Beat her, kicked her, caned her, cursed her,
left her starving, year by year,
Flung her from him, parted from her, wrung
her neck, and boxed her ear;—
What the reasonable damage this afflicted
man could claim,
By the loss of the affections of this guilty
graceless dame?

Then the honest British Twelve, to each other
turning round,
Laid their clever heads together with a wisdom
most profound;
And towards his Lordship looking, spoke the
foreman wise and sound,
"My Lord, we find for this here plaintiff,
damages two hundred pound."

So God bless the Special Jury, pride and joy
of English ground!
And the happy land of England, where true
justice does abound!
British jurymen and husbands, let us hail this
verdict propor,—
If a British wife offends you, Britons, you've
a right to whop her.

Though you promised to protect her, though
you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her, to the devil
you may send her;
You may strike her, curse, abuse her, so
declares our law renowned;
And if after this you lose her—why, you're
paid two hundred pound.

W. M. Thackeray.

1764.—INVOCATION TO RAIN IN SUMMER.

O gentle, gentle summer rain,
Let not the silver lily pine,
The drooping lily pine in vain
To feel that dewy touch of thine—
To drink thy freshness once again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

In heat the landscape quivering lies;
The cattle pant beneath the tree;
Through parching air and purple skies
The earth looks up, in vain, for thee;
For thee—for thee, it looks in vain,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

Come thou, and brim the meadow streams,
And soften all the hills with mist,
O falling dew! from burning dreams
By thee shall herb and flower be kiss'd,
And Earth shall bless thee yet again,
O gentle, gentle summer rain.

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1765.—TO A CRICKET.

Voice of Summer, keen and shrill,
Chirping round my winter fire,
Of thy song I never tire,
Weary others as they will;
For thy song with summer's fill'd—
Fill'd with sunshine, fill'd with June;
Firelight echo of that noon
[illegible] rs in fields when all is still'd

In the golden light of May,
Bringing scents of new-mown hay,
Bees, and birds, and flowers away:
Prithee, haunt my fireside still,
Voice of Summer, keen and shrill!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1766.—BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches;
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round, large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes fill'd with shadeless gladness;
Minutes just as brimm'd with sadness;
Happy smiles and wailing cries;
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes;
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on wind-swept autumn corn;
Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catchings up of legs and arms;
Throwings back and small alarms;
Clutching fingers; straightening jerks;
Twining feet whose each toe works;
Kickings up and straining risings;
Mother's ever new surprisings;
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings;
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning;
Breakings dire of plates and glasses;
Graspings small at all that passes;
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations.
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches;
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be woo'd to light by pressing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings;
Till from sleep we see the breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure;
Pleasure high above all pleasure;
Gladness brimming over gladness;
Joy in care; delight in sadness;
Loveliness beyond completeness;
Sweetness distancing all sweetness;
Beauty all that beauty may be:—
That's May Bennett—that's my baby!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1767.—BABY'S SHOES.

Oh those little, those little blue shoes!
Those shoes that no little feet use.
Oh the price were high
That those shoes would buy,
Those little blue unused shoes!

For they hold the small shape of feet
That no more their mother's eyes meet
That, by God's good will,
Years since, grew still,
And ceased from their totter so sweet.

And oh, since that baby slept,
So hush'd, how the mother has kept,
With a tearful pleasure,
That little dear treasure,
And o'er them thought and wept!

For they mind her for evermore,
Of a patter along the floor;
And blue eyes she sees
Look up from her knees
With the look that in life they wore.

As they lie before her there,
There babbles from chair to chair
A little sweet face
That's a gleam in the place,
With its little gold curls of hair.

Then oh, wonder not that her heart,
From all else would rather part,
Than those tiny blue shoes
That no little feet use,
And whose sight makes such fond tears start!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1768.—THE WORN WEDDING-RING.

Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have pass'd o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen—what cares and pleasures, too,
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new.

Oh, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife;
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you,—
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; ah, how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No—no; no fairer were you then than at this hour to me;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 'tis true;
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

Oh, partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?
Oh, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new.

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife—young voices that are here,
Young faces round our fire that make their mother's yet more dear,
Young, loving hearts, your care each day makes yet more like to you;
More like the loving heart made mine when this old ring was new.

And, bless'd be God! all He has given are with us yet; around
Our table every precious life lent to us still is found;
Though cares we've known, with hopeful hearts the worst we've struggled through:
Bless'd be His name for all His love since this old ring was new!

The past is dear; its sweetness still our memories treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we would not now forget;
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know His goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold;
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And oh, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
Oh, may my parting gaze be bless'd with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes—fond as they were when this old ring was new.

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1769.—WEDDING WORDS.

A jewel for my lady's ear,
A jewel for her finger fine,
A diamond for her bosom dear,
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
Dear looks around her form to twine,
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
Her dear lips that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
Of how my lot she's made divine,
Dear silences my love that show
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares no cloud shall shade her way,
That gladness only on her shine,
That she be happy as the May
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life
And tending thoughts, and dreams divine,
To feed with perfect joy the wife
Whose happiness is mine.

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1770.—MOTHER AND SON.

"Mother, the storm, how it shrieks without!"
"Fit night for the work, son, we're about."

"Mother, the razor's smear'd with blood."
"Fling it far where the river comes down in flood."

"Blood on these hands, blood will be seen."
"Water, my son, will wash them clean."

"What will whiten the sheets and bed?"
"I'll wash them in peace now your father's dead."

"They'll see where the new-turn'd earth looks brown."
"Son, with my feet I trampled it down."

"Oh, that dead face! oh, hide it, night!"
"The quick-lime I strew'd will soon eat that sight."

"God! I can see his mangled throat!"
"Silence, boy! how you drivel and dote."

"Mother, his blood, it sears my soul!"
"Son, on mine alone be the whole."

"Oh, would that my father were here again!"
"Thank God! that wish is wish'd in vain."

"Here, even to drive us mad with blows."
"Thank God! from his heart his life-blood flows!"

"Here, though mad-drunk, to kill us he swore"
"Thank God! such oaths he'll swear no more."

"Here again, though he starved us dead."
"Thank God! now my work will bring us bread."

"Here again, to repent his sin."
"Thank God! to heaven never he'll win."

"Oh, that he were living, and dead were we!"
"Sleep, sleep, my son, and comfort me."

"How dare I sleep! how dare I dream!"
"Without him, our lives like heaven will seem."

"Heaven!—hell, hell, is for you and me!"
"God help us! there will your father be!"

"Hell hereafter! hell here!" "Forgot
"Will be hell's pains if we're where he's not!"

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1771.—TO A LADY I KNOW, AGED ONE.

Oh, sunny curls! oh, eyes of blue!
The hardest natures known,
Baby, would softly speak to you,
With strangely tender tone;
What marvel, Mary, if from such
Your sweetness love would call?
We love you, baby, oh how much!
Most dear of all things small!

Unborn, how, more than all on earth,
Your mother yearn'd to meet
Your dream'd-of face; you, from your birth,
Most sweet of all things sweet!
Even now, for your small hands' first press
Of her full happy breast,
How oft does she God's goodness bless,
And feel her heart too blest!

You came, a wonder to her eyes,
That doated on each grace,
Each charm, that still with new surprise
She show'd us in your face.
Small beauties? ah, to her not small!
How plain to her blest mind!
Though, baby dear, I doubt if all
All that she found could find.

A year has gone, and, mother, say,
Through all that year's blest round,
In her has one sweet week or day
Not some new beauty found?
What moment has not fancied one,
Since first your eyes she met?
And, wife, I know you have not done
With finding fresh ones yet.

Nor I; for, baby, some new charm
Each coming hour supplies,
So sweet, we think change can but harm
Your sweetness in our eyes,
Till comes a newer, and we know,
As that fresh charm we see,
In you, sweet Nature wills to show
How fair a babe can be.

Kind God, that gave this precious gift,
More clung-to every day,
To Thee our eyes we trembling lift—
Take not Thy gift away!
Looking on her, we start in dread,
We stay our shuddering breath,
And shrink to feel the terror said
In that one dark word—death.

Oh, tender eyes! oh, beauty strange!
When childhood shall depart,
Oh, that thou, babe, through every change
Mayst keep that infant heart!
Oh, gracious God! oh, this make sure,
That, of no grace beguiled,
The woman be in soul as pure
As now she is—a child!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1772.—CRADLE SONG.

Lullaby—lullaby, baby dear!
Take thy rest without a fear:
Quiet sleep, for mother is here,
Ever wakeful, ever near,
Lullaby!

Lullaby—lullaby! gone is the light,
Yet let not darkness my baby fright;
Mother is with her amid the night,
Then softly sleep, my heart's delight,
Lullaby!

May thy small dreams no ill things see,
Kind Heaven keep watch, my baby, o'er thee;
Kind angels bright thy guardians be,
And give thee smiling to day and to me,
Lullaby!

Sleep, sleep on! thy rest is deep;
But, ah! what wild thoughts on me creep,
As by thy side my watch I keep,
To think how like to death is sleep!
Lullaby!

But God our Father will hear my prayer,
And have thee, dear one, in His care;
Thee, little one, soft breathing there,
To me the Lord's dear love will spare,
Lullaby!

Sleep on! sleep on! till glad day break,
And with the sunshine gladly wake,
Thy mother's day, how blest to make!
Her life, what joy! through thy dear sake,
Lullaby!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1773.—TO W. G. B.

Soul, not yet from heaven beguiled,
Soul, not yet by earth defiled,
Dwelling in this little child,
  Be, oh, to him be
  All we would have thee!

Through this life of joy and care,
If that grief must be his share,
Make, oh, make him strong to bear
  All God willeth, all
  That to him must fall.

Oh, when passions stir his heart,
Tempting him from good to part,
Make him from the evil start,
  That he walk aright,
  Soilless in God's sight!

Taint him not with mortal sin,
That heaven's palms his hands may win,
That heaven's gates he enter in,
  Of God's favour sure,
  Pure as he is pure!

If he wander from the right,
Oh, through error's darksome night
On to heaven's eternal light,
  Guide, oh guide his way,
  To heaven's perfect day

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1774.—THE QUEEN.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

Yes, wife, I'd be a throned king,
That you might share my royal seat,
That titled beauty I might bring,
And princes' homage to your feet.
How quickly, then, would nobles see
Your courtly grace, your regal mien;
Even duchesses all blind should be
To flaw or speck in you, their queen.

Poor wish! O wife, a queen you are,
To whose feet many a subject brings
A truer homage, nobler far
Than bends before the thrones of kings.
You rule a realm, wife, in this heart,
Where not one rebel fancy's seen,
Where hopes and smiles, how joyous! start
To own the sway of you, their queen.

How loyal are my thoughts by day!
How faithful is each dream of night!
Not one but lives but to obey
Your rule—to serve you, its delight;
My hours—each instant—every breath
Are, wife, as all have ever been,
Your slaves, to serve you unto death;
O wife, you are indeed a queen!

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1775.—SKETCHES FROM A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

A TALE OF TO-DAY.

A broad stream, smooth with deep-grass'd fields,
Through rushy turnings winding slow;
A dam where stirless waters sleep
Till shot on the moss'd wheel below
A dusty mill, whose shadows fall
On the stay'd waters, white o'erall.

A vine-climb'd cottage, redly-tiled,
Deep-nook'd within an orchard's green,
Past which a white road winds away,
That hedgerow elms from summer screen;
A busy wheel's near sound that tells
Within the thriving miller dwells.

A cottage parlour, neatly gay,
With little comforts brighten'd round,
Where simple ornaments, that speak
Of more than country taste, abound,
Where bookcase and piano tell
Of more than village polish toll.

A bluff, blunt miller, well to do,
Of broad, loud laugh—not hard to please;
A kindly housewife, keen and sage—
And busy as her very bees;
A bright-eyed daughter—mirth and health,
Their pride—their wealth above all wealth.

A tripping, fair, light-hearted girl,
Not yet the ripen'd woman quite,
Whose cheerful mirth and thoughtful love
Light up the cottage with delight,
And with a thousand gentle ways
With pleasure brim her parents' days.

A titled slip of lordly blood,
A few weeks' lounger at the hall,
To gain new zest for pall'd delights
And squander'd waste of health recall;
An angler in the millidam's water:
A chatter with the miller's daughter.

A meeting 'neath a summer's night;
Soft smiles—low words—impassion'd sighs;
The trembling clasp of meeting hands;
The hot gaze met with downcast eyes;
Foul perjuries that pollute the air,
With burning hopes and doubts heard there.

A thin, pale face, where autumn sees
No more the smiles that lit the spring;
A foot less light upon the stair;
A low voice heard no more to sing;
One now that lost to all things sits,
Now starts to over-mirth by fits.

Dear tongues that ask a gasping girl
Of what to utter were to kill;
Looks that she feels upon her fix'd;
Eyes that with tears pursue her still;
Care in the old accustom'd place
Of mirth upon her father's face.

A dark, small, whitely-curtain'd room;
A form flung on the unopen'd bed;
Quick sobs that quiver through the gloom;
Tears rain'd from hot eyes swoll'n and red,
And words that through their wild despair
Still strive to shape themselves to prayer.

A winter midnight's starry gloom;
A pausing tread so light, that steals
Across the landing—down the stairs,
That scarce a creak a step reveals;
A stifled sob—a bolt undrawn;
A form—low words—a daughter gone.

A fresh-turf'd, narrow, hoop-bound grave,
Heaping a country churchyard's green,
On whose white headstone, newly carved,
The mill's old master's name is seen,
The wayside mill's, that bears no more
The well-known name so long it bore.

A stooping woman, scarcely old,
Yet with the feeble walk of age,
The dull, faint sense of whose blank mind
No thing around her can engage,
Yet who, when into speech beguiled,
Will mutter of some absent child.

A costly-furnish'd west-end room,
Whose mirrors—pictures—all things show
A stintless and abounding wealth,
An easeful luxury few can know;
A flaunting thing its glare within;
A thing of shame, remorse, and sin.

A noise of quarrel; keen reproach,
Fronted with taunt, loud oath and curse,
Heap'd out with such vile store of scorn
That hate in vain might seek for worse;
Meek pleadings, stricken to a close
With, shame to manhood! brutal blows.

A thing that once was woman; white,
Thin, haggard, hollow-eyed, and wan;
A horror that the shuddering eye
Starts back aghast from resting on;
Whose only joy now left is drink,
Whose fire burns out the power to think.

A ridge, all winter keen with gusts,
On whose cold pathways lies the night;
Stony and desolate and dark,
Save round the gas-lamps' flickering light,
And swept by drifts of icy sleet,
That numb each houseless wretch they meet.

A wintry river, broad and black,
That through dark arches slides along,
Ring'd, where the gaslights on it play,
With coiling eddies swirling strong,
That far below the dizzy height
Of the dark bridge swim through the night.

A crouching form that through the gloom
Paces its stones a hundred times,
That pausing—glancing keenly round,
The dark, high balustrade upclimbs;
A plunge—a shriek:—from all its woes
A weary soul hath calm repose.

A long, bright suit of stately rooms,
Where to soft music's changeful swell
Keeps time the beat of falling feet
And all things but of pleasure tell;
Where, partner gay of noblest hands,
The suicide's seducer stands.

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1776.—FROM INDIA.

"Oh, come you from the Indies, and, soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier, say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer."

"Oh, I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war,
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell."

"And do you know my Robert, now? Oh tell me, tell me true,
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
His very words—my own boy's words—Oh tell me every one!
You litttle know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouch'd by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."

"Oh, thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
Oh, bless'd be God, that turn'd from him the sword and shot away!
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue: O husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he look'd, and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed, and tann'd, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune—
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."

"Oh is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when will it be?
Did you say soon?"—"Well, he is home; keep cool, old dame; he's here."
"O Robert, my own blessed boy!"—"O mother—mother dear!"

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1777.—THE BOAT-RACE.

"There, win the cup and you shall have my girl.
I won it, Ned; and you shall win it too,
Or wait a twelvemonth. Books—for ever books!
Nothing but talk of poets and their rhymes!
I'd have you, boy, a man, with thews and strength
To breast the world with, and to cleave your way,
No maudlin dreamer, that will need her care,
She needing yours. There—there—I love you, Ned,
Both for your own, and for your mother's sake;
So win our boat-race, and the cup, next month,
And you shall have her." With a broad, loud laugh,
A jolly triumph at his rare conceit,
He left the subject; and, across the wine,
We talk'd—or rather, all the talk was his—
Of the best oarsmen that his youth had known,
Both of his set, and others—Clare, the boast
Of Jesus', and young Edmonds, he who fell,
Cleaving the ranks at Lucknow; and, to-day,
There was young Chester might be named with them.
"Why, boy, I'm told his room is lit with cups
Won by his sculls. Ned, if he rows, he wins;
Small chance for you, boy!" And again his laugh,
With its broad thunder, turn'd my thoughts to gall;
But yet I mask'd my humour with a mirth
Moulded on his; and, feigning haste, I went,
But left not. Through the garden-porch I turn'd,
But, on its sun-fleck'd seats, its jessamine shades
Trembled on no one. Down the garden's paths
Wander'd my eye, in rapid quest of one
Sweeter than all its roses; and across
Its gleaming lilies and its azure bells,
There, in the orchard's greenness, down beyond
Its sweetbriar hedge-row, found her—found her there,
A summer blossom that the peering sun
Peep'd at through blossoms,—that the summer airs
Waver'd down blossoms on, and amorous gold,
Warm as that rain'd on Danaë. With a step,
Soft as the sun-light, down the pebbled path
I pass'd; and, ere her eye could cease to count
The orchard daisies, in some summer mood
Dreaming (was I her thought?), my murmur'd "Kate"
Shock'd up the tell-tale roses to her cheek,
And lit her eyes with starry lights of love
That dimm'd the daylight. Then I told her all,
And told her that her father's jovial jest
Should make her mine, and kiss'd her sunlit tears
Away, and all her little trembling doubts,
Until hope won her heart to happy dreams,
And all the future smiled with happy love.
Nor, till the still moon, in the purpling East,
Gleam'd through the twilight, did we stay our talk,
Or part, with kisses, looks, and whisper'd words
Remember'd for a lifetime. Home I went,
And in my college rooms what blissful hopes
Were mine!—what thoughts, that still'd to happy dreams;
Where Kate, the fadeless summer of my life,
Made my years Eden, and lit up my home
(The ivied rectory my sleep made mine),
With little faces, and the gleams of curls,
And baby crows, and voices twin to hers.
Oh, happy night! Oh, more than happy dreams!
But with the earliest twitter from the eaves,
I rose, and, in an hour, at Clifford's yard,
As if but boating were the crown of life,
Forgetting Tennyson, and books, and rhymes,
Even my new tragedy upon the stocks,
I throng'd my brain with talks of lines and curves,
And all that makes a wherry sure to win,
And furbish'd up the knowledge that I had,
Ere study put my boyhood's feats away,
And made me bookworm; all that day my hand
Grew more and more familiar with the oar,
And won by slow degrees, as reach by reach
Of the green river lengthen'd on my sight,
Its by-laid cunning back; so, day by day,

From when dawn touch'd our elm-tops till the moon
Gleam'd through the slumbrous leafage of our lawns,
I flash'd the flowing Isis from my oars,
And dream'd of triumph and the prize to come;
And breathed myself, in sport, one after one,
Against the men with whom I was to row,
Until I fear'd but Chester—him alone.
So June stole on to July, sun by sun,
And the day came; how well I mind that day!
Glorious with summer, not a cloud abroad
To dim the golden greenness of the fields,
And all a happy hush about the earth,
And not a hum to stir the drowsing noon,
Save where along the peopled towing-paths,
Banking the river, swarm'd the city out,
Loud of the contest, bright as humming-birds,
Two winding rainbows by the river's brinks,
That flush'd with boats and barges, silken-awn'd,
Shading the fluttering beauties of our balls,
Our college toasts, and gay with jest and laugh,
Bright as their champagne. One, among them all,
My eye saw only; one, that morning, left
With smiles that hid the terrors of my heart,
And spoke of certain hope, and mock'd at fears—
One, that upon my neck had parting hung
Arms white as daisies—on my bosom hid
A tearful face that sobb'd against my heart,
Fill'd with what fondness! yearning with what love!
O hope, and would the glad day make her mine!
O hope, was hope a prophet, truth alone?
There was a murmur in my heart of "Yes,"
That sung to slumber every wakening fear
That still would stir and shake me with its dread.
And now a hush was on the wavering crowd
That sway'd along the river, reach by reach,
A grassy mile, to where we were to turn—
A barge moor'd midstream, flush'd with fluttering flags.
And we were ranged, and, at the gun, we went,
As in a horse-race, all, at first, a-crowd;
Then, thinning slowly, one by one dropp'd off,
Till, rounding the moor'd mark, Chester and I
Left the last lingerer with us lengths astern,
The victory hopeless. Then I knew the strife
Was come, and hoped 'gainst fear, and, oar to oar,
Strain'd to the work before me. Head to head
Through the wild-cheering river-banks we clove
The swarming waters, raining streams of toil;
But Chester gain'd, so much his tutor'd strength
Held on enduring—mine still waning more,
And parting with the victory, inch by inch,
Yet straining on, as if I strove with death,
Until I groan'd with anguish. Chester heard,
And turn'd a wondering face upon me quick,
And toss'd a laugh across, with jesting words:
"What, Ned, my boy, and do you take it so?
The cup's not worth the moaning of a man,
No, nor the triumph. Tush! boy, I *must* win."
Then from the anguish of my heart a cry
Burst: "Kate, O dearest Kate—O love—we lose!"
"Ah! I've a Kate, too, here to see me win,"
He answer'd; "Faith! my boy, I pity you."
"Oh, if you lose," I answered, "you but lose
A week's wild triumph, and its praise and pride;
I, losing, lose what priceless years of joy!
Perchance a life's whole sum of happiness—
What years with her that I might call my wife!
Winning, I win her!" Oh, thrice noble heart!
I saw the mocking laugh fade from his face;
I saw a nobler light light up his eyes;
I saw the flush of pride die into one
Of manly tenderness and sharp resolve;
No word he spoke; one only look he threw,
That told me all; and, ere my heart could leap
In prayers and blessings rain'd upon his name,
I was before him, through the tracking eyes
Of following thousands, heading to the goal,
The shouting goal, that hurl'd my conquering name
Miles wide in triumph, "Chester foil'd at last!"
Oh, how I turn'd to him! with what a heart!
Unheard the shouts—unseen the crowding gaze
That ring'd us. How I wrung his answering hand
With grasps that bless'd him, and with flush that told
I shamed to hear my name more loud than his,
And spurn'd its triumph. So I won my wife,
My own dear wife; and so I won a friend,
Chester, more dear than all but only her,
And these, the small ones of my college dreams.

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1778.—THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

Oh don't go in to-night, John!
  Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
  Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John;
  There's not a coal, you know;
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
  And cold comes down the snow.
    Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane,
Than I, dear John, and you.
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go! John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong or step as firm
Or cheek as red as you:
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young firm tread,
And bow'd your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in? Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life;
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room.
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbours then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought.
You won't go in to-night

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay!
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has pass'd my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on;
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night

W. C. Bennett.—Born 1820.

1779.—A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strowing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Horatius Bonar.—Born 1810.

1780.—ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest, darkly lowering,
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsever'd union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death, our homes o'ershading,
Shall o'er our harps unstring:
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

Horatius Bonar.—Born 1810.

1781.—IF THAT WERE TRUE!

'Tis long ago—we have toil'd and traded,
Have lost and fretted, have gain'd and grieved,
Since last the light of that fond faith faded;
But, friends—in its day—what we believed!
The poets' dreams and the peasants' stories—
Oh, never will time that trust renew!
Yet they were old on the earth before us,
And lovely tales—had they been true!

Some spake of homes in the greenwood hidden,
Where age was fearless and youth was free—
Where none at life's board seem'd guests unbidden,
But men had years like the forest tree:
Goodly and fair and full of summer,
As lives went by when the world was new,
Ere ever the angel steps pass'd from her—
Oh, dreamers and bards—if that were true!

Some told us of a stainless standard—
Of hearts that only in death grew cold,
Whose march was ever in Freedom's vanguard,
And not to be stay'd by steel or gold.
The world to their very graves was debtor—
The tears of her love fell there like dew;
But there had been neither slave nor fetter
This day in her realms—had that been true!

Our hope grew strong as the giant-slayer.
They told that life was an honest game,
Where fortune favour'd the fairest player,
And only the false found loss and blame—
That men were honour'd for gifts and graces,
And not for the prizes folly drew;
But there would be many a change of places,
In hovel and hall—if that were true!

Some said to our silent souls, What fear ye?
And talk'd of a love not based on clay—
Of faith that would neither wane nor weary,
With all the dust of the pilgrim's day;
They said that Fortune and Time were changers,
But not by their tides such friendship grew;
Oh, we had never been trustless strangers
Among our people—if that were true!

And yet since the fairy time hath perish'd
With all its freshness, from hills and hearts,
The last of its love, so vainly cherish'd,
Is not for these days of schools and marts.
Up, up! for the heavens still circle o'er us;
There's wealth to win and there's work to do,
There's a sky above, and a grave before us—
And, brothers, beyond them all is true!

Frances Browne.—Born 1818.

1782.—IS IT COME?

Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,
Who look'd for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil,
With the desert's sand and the granite grey.
From the pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell us of the tyrant's dread—
Yet there was hope when that day begun.

The Chaldee came, with his starry lore,
And built up Babylon's crown and creed;
And bricks were stamp'd on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' Temple, and Nimrod's Tower,
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestion'd power—
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshipp'd flame,
The ancient bondage its splendour threw;
And once, on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her Freedom's trust was true;
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods, and with god-like men,
No marvel the far-off day seem'd near
To eyes that look'd through her laurels then.

The Romans conquer'd and revell'd too,
Till honour, and faith, and power, were gone;
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew,
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It march'd with letters, it toil'd with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away—
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither, and memories wane
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived vain—
And this is all that our watcher said.

Frances Browne.—Born 1818.

1783.—OH, THE PLEASANT DAYS OF OLD!

Oh, the pleasant days of old, which so often people praise!
True, they wanted all the luxuries that grace our modern days:
Bare floors were strew'd with rushes—the walls let in the cold;
Oh, how they must have shiver'd in those pleasant days of old!

Oh, those ancient lords of old, how magnificent they were!
They threw down and imprison'd kings—to thwart them who might dare?
They ruled their serfs right sternly; they took from Jews their gold—
Above both law and equity were those great lords of old!

Oh, the gallant knights of old, for their valour so renown'd!
With sword and lance, and armour strong, they scour'd the country round;
And whenever aught to tempt them they met by wood or wold,
By right of sword they seiz'd the prize—those gallant knights of old!

Oh, the gentle dames of old! who, quite free from fear or pain,
Could gaze on joust and tournament, and see their champions slain;
They lived on good beefsteaks and ale, which made them strong and bold—
Oh, more like men than women were those gentle dames of old!

Oh, those mighty towers of old! with their turrets, moat, and keep,
Their battlements and bastions, their dungeons dark and deep.
Full many a baron held his court within the castle hold;
And many a captive languish'd there, in those strong towers of old!

Oh, the troubadours of old! with their gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be—
For years they served their ladye-love ere they their passion told—
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!

Oh, those blessed times of old! with their chivalry and state;
I love to read their chronicles, which such brave deeds relate,
I love to sing their ancient rhymes, to hear their legends told—
But, Heaven be thank'd! I live not in those blessed times of old!

Frances Browne.—Born 1818.

1784.—LOSSES.

Upon the white sea-sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known:
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourn'd their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turn'd an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joys had been.

Some talk'd of vanish'd gold,
Some of proud honours told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

Frances Browne.—Born 1818.

1785.—ONE WAY OF LOVE.

I.

All June I bound the rose in sheaves;
Now, rose by rose, I strip the leaves,
And strew them where Pauline may pass.
She will not turn aside? Alas!
Let them lie. Suppose they die?
The chance was they might take her eye.

II.

How many a month I strove to suit
These stubborn fingers to the lute!
To-day I venture all I know.
She will not hear my music? So!
Break the string—fold music's wing.
Suppose Pauline had bade me sing!

III.

My whole life long I learn'd to love;
This hour my utmost art I prove
And speak my passion.—Heaven or hell?
She will not give me heaven? 'T is well!
Lose who may—I still can say,
Those who win heaven, blest are they.

Robert Browning.—Born 1812.

1786.—IN A YEAR.

Never any more,
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun.
I as little understand
Love's decay.

When I sew'd or drew,
I recall
How he look'd as if I sang
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the colour sprang,
Then he heard.

Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touch'd the sweet.
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

"Speak—I love thee best!"
He exclaim'd—
"Let thy love my own foretell."
I confessed:
"Clasp my heart on thine
Now unblam'd,
Since upon thy soul as well
Hangeth mine!"

Was it wrong to own,
Being truth?
Why should all the giving prove
His alone?
I had wealth and ease,
Beauty, youth—
Since my lover gave me love
I gave these.

That was all I meant,
—To be just,
And the passion I had raised
To content.
Since he chose to change
Gold for dust,
If I gave him what he praised
Was it strange?

Would he lov'd me yet,
On and on,
While I found some way undream'd
—Paid my debt!
Gave more life and more,
Till, all gone,
He should smile "She never seem'd
Mine before.

"What—she felt the while,
Must I think?
Love's so different with us men,"
He should smile.
"Dying for my sake—
White and pink!
Can't we touch these bubbles then
But they break?"

Dear, the pang is brief.
Do thy part,
Have thy pleasure. How perplext
Grows belief!
Well, this cold clay clod
Was man's heart.
Crumble it—and what comes next?
Is it God?

Robert Browning.—Born 1812.

1787.—SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER.

I.

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!
Water your damn'd flower-pots, do!
If hate kill'd men, Brother Lawrence,
God's blood, would not mine kill you!
What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?
Oh, that rose has prior claims—
Needs its leaden vase fill'd brimming?
Hell dry you up with its flames!

II.

At the meal we sit together:
Salve tibi! I must hear
Wise talk of the kind of weather,
Sort of season, time of year:
Not a plenteous cork-crop; scarcely
Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:
What's the Latin name for "parsley?"
What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

III.

Whew! We'll have our platter burnish'd,
Laid with care on our own shelf!
With a fire-new spoon we're furnish'd,
And a goblet for ourself,

Rinsed like something sacrificial
Ere 't is fit to touch our chaps—
Mark'd with L. for our initial!
(He, he! There his lily snaps!)

IV.

Saint, forsooth! While brown Dolores
Squats outside the Convent bank,
With Sanchicha, telling stories,
Steeping tresses in the tank,
Blue-black, lustrous, thick, like horsehairs,
—Can't I see his dead eye glow
Bright, as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?
(That is, if he'd let it show)

V.

When he finishes refection,
Knife and fork he never lays
Cross-wise, to my recollection,
As do I, in Jesus' praise.
I the Trinity illustrate,
Drinking water'd orange-pulp—
In three sips the Arian frustrate,
While he drains his at one gulp!

VI.

Oh, those melons! If he's able
We're to have a feast; so nice!
One goes to the Abbot's table;
All of us get each a slice.
How go on your flowers? None double?
Not one fruit-sort can you spy?
Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,
Keep 'em close-nipp'd on the sly!

VII.

There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations—
One sure, if another fails.
If I trip him just a-dying,
Sure of Heaven as sure can be,
Spin him round and send him flying
Off to Hell, a Manichee?

VIII.

Or my scrofulous French novel,
On gray paper with blunt type!
Simply glance at it, you grovel
Hand and foot in Belial's gripe:
If I double down its pages
At the woeful sixteenth print,
When he gathers his green gages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in 't?

IX.

Or, there's Satan!—one might venture
Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave
Such a flaw in the indenture
As he'd miss, till past retrieve,
Blasted lay that rose-acacia
We're so proud of! Hy, Zy, Hine
'St, there 's Vespers! Plena gratia
Ave Virgo! Gr-r-r—you swine!

Robert Browning.—Born 1812.

1788.—THE LOST LEADER.

I.

Just for a handful of silver he left us;
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote.
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allow'd.
How all our copper had gone for his service!
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud!
We that had loved him so, follow'd him, honour'd him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learn'd his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die!
Shakspeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us—they watch from their graves!
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen;
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

II.

We shall march prospering—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us—not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name, then—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again!
Best fight on well, for we taught him—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardon'd in Heaven, the first by the throne!

Robert Browning.—Born 1812.

1789.—EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

The half-seen memories of childish days,
When pains and pleasures lightly came and went;
The sympathies of boyhood rashly spent

In fearful wanderings through forbidden ways;
The vague, but manly, wish to tread the maze
Of life to noble ends; whereon intent,
Asking to know for what man here is sent,
The bravest heart must often pause, and gaze—
The firm resolve to seek the chosen end
Of manhood's judgment, cautious and mature:
Each of these viewless bonds binds friend to friend
With strength no selfish purpose can secure.
My happy lot is this, that all attend
That friendship which first came, and which shall last endure.

Aubrey de Vere.—Born 1814.

1790.—SONG.

I.

Sing the old song, amid the sounds dispersing
That burden treasur'd in your hearts too long;
Sing it with voice low-breathed, but never name her:
She will not hear you, in her turrets nursing
High thoughts—too high to mate with mortal song—
Bend o'er her, gentle Heaven, but do not claim her!

II.

In twilight caves, and secret loneliesses,
She shades the bloom of her unearthly days;
The forest winds alone approach to woo her.
Far off we catch the dark gleam of her tresses;
And wild birds haunt the wood-walks where she strays,
Intelligible music warbling to her.

III.

That spirit charged to follow and defend her,
He also doubtless suffers this love-pain;
And she perhaps is sad, hearing his sighing.
And yet that face is not so sad as tender;
Like some sweet singer's when her sweetest strain
From the heaved heart is gradually dying!

Aubrey de Vere.—Born 1814.

1791.—SONNET.

Sad is our youth, for it is ever going
Crumbling away beneath our very feet;
Sad is our life, for onward it is flowing
In current unperceived, because so fleet;
Sad are our hopes, for they were sweet in sowing—
But tares, self-sown, have overtopp'd the wheat;
Sad are our joys, for they were sweet in blowing—
And still, O still, their dying breath is sweet;
And sweet is youth, although it hath bereft us
Of that which made our childhood sweeter still;
And sweet is middle life, for it hath left us
A nearer good to cure an older ill;
And sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them!

Aubrey De Vere.—Born 1814.

1792.—A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hush'd domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturb'd their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night!
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What rock'd the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable-door
Across his path. He pass'd—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
The world was listening, unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was link'd no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charm'd and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Alfred Dommett.—Born 1815.

1793.—THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?
Who blushes at the name?
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,
Who hangs his head for shame?
He's all a knave, or half a slave,
Who slights his country thus;
But a true man, like you, man,
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
The faithful and the few—
Some lie far off beyond the wave—
Some sleep in Ireland, too;
All, all are gone—but still lives on
The fame of those who died—
All true men, like you, men,
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But, though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam—
In true men, like you, men,
Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;
Among their own they rest;
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast;
And we will pray that from their clay
Full many a race may start
Of true men, like you, men,
To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
To right their native land;
They kindled here a living blaze
That nothing shall withstand.
Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
They fell and pass'd away;
But true men, like you, men,
Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite.
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-eight!

J. K. Ingram.—Born 1820.

1794.—MOONRISE.

What stands upon the highland?
What walks across the rise,
As though a starry island
Were sinking down the skies?

What makes the trees so golden?
What decks the mountain side,
Like a veil of silver folden
Round the white brow of a bride?

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
The waiting world awaking
To a golden fairy feast.

She works, with touch ethereal,
By changes strange to see,
The cypress, so funereal,
To a lightsome fairy tree;

Black rocks to marble turning,
Like palaces of kings;
On ruin windows burning,
A festal glory flings;

The desert halls uplighting,
While falling shadows glance,
Like courtly crowds uniting
For the banquet or the dance;

With ivory wand she numbers
The stars along the sky;
And breaks the billows' slumbers
With a love glance of her eye

Along the cornfields dances,
Brings bloom upon the sheaf;
From tree to tree she glances,
And touches leaf by leaf;

Wakes birds that sleep in shadows;
Through their half-closed eyelids gleams;
With her white torch through the meadows
Lights the shy deer to the streams.

The magic moon is breaking,
Like a conqueror, from the east,
And the joyous world partaking
Of her golden fairy feast.

Ernest Jones.—Born 1820, *Died* 1869.

1795.—APRIL.

Lessons sweet of Spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?

Be your title what it may,
Sweet and longthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea;

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light with heavenly warning,
Your transporting chords ring out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
Winding shore or deepening glen,
Where the landscape in its glory,
Teaches truth to wandering men.
Give true hearts but earth and sky,
And some flowers to bloom and die;
Homely scenes and simple views
Lowly thoughts may best infuse

See the soft green willow springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moss and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled,
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile,
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
Up the stormy vale I wind,
Haply half in fancy grieving
For the shades I leave behind,
By the dusty wayside dear,
Nightingales with joyous cheer
Sing, my sadness to reprove,
Gladlier than in cultured grove

Where the thickest boughs are twining
Of the greenest, darkest tree,
There they plunge, the light declining—
All may hear, but none may see.
Fearless of the passing hoof,
Hardly will they fleet aloof;
So they live in modest ways,
Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

John Keble.—Born 1800, *Died* 1866.

1796.—THE ELDER SCRIPTURE.

There is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need—
Pure eyes and loving hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us, and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Father's love;
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

The dew of heaven is like His grace:
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
By richest fruits is known.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within
Plain as the earth and sky.

Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble.—Born 1800, *Died* 1866.

1797.—ST. PETER'S DAY.

Thou thrice denied, yet thrice beloved,
Watch by Thine own forgiven friend!
In sharpest perils faithful proved,
Let his soul love Thee to the end.

The prayer is heard—else why so deep
His slumber on the eve of death?
And wherefore smiles he in his sleep,
As one who drew celestial breath?

He loves and is beloved again—
Can his soul choose but be at rest?
Sorrow hath fled away, and pain
Dares not invade the guarded nest.

He dearly loves, and not alone;
For his wing'd thoughts are soaring high
Where never yet frail heart was known
To breathe in vain affection's sigh.

He loves and weeps, but more than tears
Have seal'd Thy welcome and his love—
One look lives in him, and endears
Crosses and wrongs where'er he rove—

That gracious chiding look, Thy call
To win him to himself and Thee,
Sweetening the sorrow of his fall
Which else were rued too bitterly;

Even through the veil of sleep it shines,
The memory of that kindly glance;—
The angel, watching by, divines,
And spares awhile his blissful trance.

Or haply to his native lake
His vision wafts him back, to talk
With Jesus, ere his flight he take,
As in that solemn evening walk,

When to the bosom of his friend,
The Shepherd, He whose name is Good,
Did His dear lambs and sheep commend,
Both bought and nourish'd with His blood;

Then laid on him th' inverted tree,
Which, firm embraced with heart and arm,
Might cast o'er hope and memory,
O'er life and death, its awful charm.

With brightening heart he bears it on,
His passport through th' eternal gates,
To his sweet home—so nearly won,
He seems, as by the door he waits,

The unexpressive notes to hear
Of angel song and angel motion,
Rising and falling on the ear
Like waves in Joy's unbounded ocean.

His dream is changed—the tyrant's voice
Calls to that last of glorious deeds—
But as he rises to rejoice,
Not Herod, but an angel leads.

He dreams he sees a lamp flash bright,
Glancing around his prison room;
But 'tis a gleam of heavenly light
That fills up all the ample gloom.

The flame, that in a few short years
Deep through the chambers of the dead
Shall pierce, and dry the fount of tears,
Is waving o'er his dungeon-bed.

Touch'd, he upstarts—his chains unbind—
Through darksome vault, up massy stair,
His dizzy, doubting footsteps wind
To freedom and cool, moonlight air.

Then all himself, all joy and calm,
Though for awhile his hand forego,
Just as it touch'd, the martyr's palm,
He turns him to his task below:

The pastoral staff, the keys of heaven,
To wield awhile in gray-hair'd might—
Then from his cross to spring forgiven,
And follow Jesus out of sight.

John Keble.—Born 1800, *Died* 1866.

1798.—"IS THIS A TIME TO PLANT AND BUILD?"

Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house, and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers—
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?

Is this a time for moonlight dreams
Of love and home, by mazy streams—
For fancy with her shadowy toys,
Aërial hopes and pensive joys,
While souls are wandering far and wide,
And curses swarm on every side?

No—rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part—
To watch, with firm, unshrinking eye,
Thy darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes, and hues of day,
Have faded into twilight gray.

Yes—let them pass without a sigh
And if the world seem dull and dry—
If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers—
Bethink thee what thou art, and where
A sinner in a life of care.

The fire of God is soon to fall—
Thou know'st it—on this earthly ball
Full many a soul, the price of blood
Mark'd by the Almighty's hand for good,
To utter death that hour shall sweep—
And will the saints in heaven dare weep?

Then in His wrath shall God uproot
The trees He set, for lack of fruit;
And drown in rude, tempestuous blaze
The towers His hand had deign'd to raise.
In silence, ere that storm begin,
Count o'er His mercies and thy sin.

Pray only that thine aching heart—
From visions vain content to part,
Strong for love's sake its woe to hide—
May cheerful wait the cross beside:
Too happy if, that dreadful day,
Thy life be given thee for a prey.

Snatch'd sudden from the avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee!

John Keble.—Born 1800, *Died* 1866.

1799.—O MARY, GO AND CALL THE CATTLE HOME.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair—
Above the nest at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They row'd her in across the rolling foam—
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam—
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley.—Born 1819.

1800.—THE FISHERMEN.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West—
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there 's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower
And trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
And they look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the rack it came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are watching and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

Charles Kingsley.—Born 1819.

1801.—THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair—
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
B t that which others most admire, is the thought which fills his mind,
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex'd
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray,—
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee;
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling;
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all; and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years and months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given;
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I),
Where God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the Tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever;
But, if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be—
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

John Moultrie.—Born 1799.

1802.—HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaim'd that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet; but a while the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph; "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water: this reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dash'd the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk for ever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drain'd: then bid thy servants that spill'd water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirr'd—
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

Richard Chenevix Trench.—Born 1807.

1803.—BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;
Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed has birth—
How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little way,
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought
Must have their silent undergrowth, must underground be wrought;
But as sure as there 's a power that makes the grass appear,
Our land shall be green with liberty, the blade-time shall be here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears grow—
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe—

Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown—
And then again day after day, till the ripen'd field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—though yet our hopes are green,
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crown'd with sunny sheen.
Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's harvest day.

Richard Chenevix Trench.—Born 1807.

1804.—FIRST OF MARCH.

I.

Through the gaunt woods the winds are shrilling cold,
Down from the rifted rack the sunbeam pours
Over the cold gray slopes, and stony moors;
The glimmering watercourse, the eastern wold,
And over it the whirling sail o' the mill,
The lonely hamlet with its mossy spire,
The piled city smoking like a pyre,
Fetch'd out of shadow gleam with light as chill.

II.

The young leaves pine, their early promise stay'd;
The hope-deluded sorrow at the sight
Of the sweet blossoms by the treacherous light
Flatter'd to death, like tender love betray'd;
And stepdames frown, and aged virgins chide;
Relentless hearts put on their iron mood;
The hunter's dog lies dreaming of the wood,
And dozes barking by the ingle-side.

III.

Larks twitter, martens glance, and curs from far
Rage down the wind, and straight are heard no more;
Old wives peep out, and scold, and bang the door;
And clanging clocks grow angry in the air
Sorrow and care, perplexity and pain
Frown darker shadows on the homeless one,
And the gray beggar buffeting alone
Pleads in the howling storm, and pleads in vain.

IV.

The field-fires smoke along the champaign drear,
And drive before the north wind streaming down
Bleak hill, and furrow dark, and fallow brown;
Few living things along the land appear
The weary horse looks out, his mane astray,
With anxious fetlock, and uneasy eye,
And sees the market-carts go madly by
With sidelong drivers reckless of the way.

V.

The sere beech-leaves, that trembled dry and red
All the long winter on the frosty bough,
Or slept in quiet underneath the snow,
Fly off, like resurrections of the dead;
The horny ploughman, and his yoked ox,
Wink at the icy blasts; and beldames bold,
Stout, and red-hooded, flee before the cold:
And children's eyes are blinded by the shocks.

VI.

You cannot hear the waters for the wind;
The brook that foams, and falls, and bubbles by,
Hath lost its voice—but ancient steeples sigh,
And belfries moan—and crazy ghosts, confined
In dark courts, weep, and shake the shuddering gates,
And cry from points of windy pinnacles,
Howl through the bars, and 'plain among the bells,
And shriek, and wail like voices of the Fates!

VII.

And who is He, that down the mountain-side,
Swift as a shadow flying from the sun,
Between the wings of stormy winds doth run.
With fierce blue eyes, and eyebrows knit with pride;
Though now and then I see sweet laughters play
Upon his lips, like moments of bright heaven
Thrown 'twix the cruel blasts of morn and even,
And golden locks beneath his hood of grey?

VIII.

Sometimes he turns him back to wave farewell
To his pale sire with icy beard and hair;
Sometimes he sends before him through the air
A cry of welcome down a sunny dell;
And while the echoes are around him ringing,
Sudden the angry wind breathes low and sweet,
Young violets show their blue eyes at his feet,
And the wild lark is heard above him singing!

Frederick Tennyson.

1805.—THE BRIDAL.

I.

Oh, the bells! the morning bells!
Sinking, swelling, soft and clear,
Glad pæan, hark! it tells
Joy is here;
Through light ambrosial dream of earliest morn,
The melody came wafted from afar,
Sweet as the harps of angels earthward borne
On some descending star!

I rose—I lean'd through woodbines o'er the lawn—
'Twas early day, right early—and the dawn
Wax'd like the springtide of a waveless sea
Beyond the dark hills and the umber lea;
And with the breath of the upcoming day,
Ten thousand spirits of the blissful May
From cowslip slopes, green banks, and heathy fells,
Did come and go like those sweet morning bells.

Oh welcome, golden dawn, and summer clime,
Wild bird and dewy flower, and tuneful chime,
Make drunk my sense, and let me dream that I
Am just newborn in some lost isle of joy,
And that the happy gods are hither winging
With blossom incense and the sound of singing,
Oh welcome, Festal Hours; I will away,
I too will haste me, 'tis a marriage day!

There on the hillside is that home of thine
Curtain'd in jasmin-wreaths, and curly vine;
And thou too wakest, Rosa, and the light
Bathes in thy blue eyes searching for delight;
Thy welcome 'tis, thy jubilee a-ringing!
Yet from the fount of Joy a tear is springing,
For oh! the selfsame Love that lights thine eye
Shows thee the beauty of the days gone by.

II.

The marriage bells are ringing,
The merry winds go by,
The summer birds are singing
In the sky!
The bridal bells, ah! merrily, hark! they ring,
Rising and falling like a lover's heart,
Over the hills their silver sounds they fling,
And valleys far apart!

And He too wakes! the glory of the prime
Shines on his brow, and in his heart sublime;
Through charmed light he sees the illumined spring,
With his own joy he hears the skylark sing;
And the young airs that ripple the treetops
Have got their wings from his enchanted hopes;
The dazzling dews that on the roses lie,
The sunlit streams are kindled at his eye!
With heedless heart he looks across the land,
And far as he can see on either hand
Greenwood and garden, and the wealth that fills
The teeming vales, and robes the summer hills
Are his; but from his tower he only sees
One mossy roof half hid among the trees;
There is the priceless treasure that outweighs
All hopes and memories, all delights and praise.

And if his heart is plumed with sudden pride—
"Mine is the noble race that lived or died
For honour; mine the name unstain'd of ill,
Blown from the lips of Fame, with echoes still;
Mine are the sires whom bards have sung—who held
First place in council, first in battlefield;
Yet all is nought"—he sigh'd—"till thou art mine;
Kings might give crowns for that one he art of thine!"

III.

The bridal bells are pealing!
We will rejoice to-day!
The blissful sounds are stealing
Hearts away;
The jocund bells are pealing fast and sweet,
Softly they come and go like lovers' sighs;
In one glad thought the young and old are met,
The simple and the wise.

They reach the woodman in the morning air,
They reach the baron in his carven chair,
The dark-eyed damsel bending o'er the spring,
The scholar in dim cloister murmuring;
The dusty pilgrim stays across the stile;
The smith upon his anvil leans awhile;
Boys whistle — beggars bustle — shepherds sing—
The marriage bells ring merrily; hark, they ring!

The sun is kissing off from woodnymphs' eyes
Their evening tears, and dewy breathings rise
From wildflower urns—o'er waving fields of wheat
Swift shadows stream away, and woodnotes fleet
From frolic finches tremble here and there
'Mid the loud carols and the breezy air—
I hear blithe tongues and tread of rustic feet,
The joyous bells are pealing fast and sweet!

Of life, and love, and luck the countryfolk
Discourse by riverside, and hedgerow oak,
Of fairy gifts, and wondrous fortune after,
They tell with faith, with antique songs and laughter;

If one shrewd tongue should jar and seek to shame
The bride's new honours with her humble name,
Thou in her place wouldst merit thine own jest,"
They cry—'but she is better than their best!"

IV.

The happy bells are chiming;
Here comes the peerless bride,
A mighty host is climbing
The hill side;
Through briary byepath and o'er sunny down
They haste unto the bridal, for to-day
The lord of half the country and the town
Shall lead his bride away.
Who is the bride? a simple village maid—
Beauty and Truth—a violet in the shade,
But she shall show proud Sin and painted Scorn
That Truth and Beauty are to honour born;
He teach proud hearts to feel, proud eyes to see
How strong is Nature, winged Love how free:
Long be their days, their fortunes glad and sure—
His blood is noble and her heart is pure!

Look on her—in that aspect ye may spy
Her mirror'd soul where all sweet pictures lie;
Spring, summer, with their changes o'er it flit,
And morn and eve, twin sisters, look from it;
While memories of green woods and tuneful streams,
Lone songs, and autumn sighs, and April gleams
In shadows of soft melancholy flow
Up from her heart across her crownèd brow.

The little maidens gaze into her face,
And store sweet records for the after-days;
And iron men feel tender moments twine
Their hearts of oak, like tendrils of the vine;
And the faint lightning of an infant mirth
Plays round pale lips—the last they feel on earth—
Of aged women leaning on their staves,
Like early roses dropp'd in open graves.

V.

Hark! the loud-voiced bells
Stream on the world around
With the full wind, as it swells,
Seas of sound!
It is a voice that calls to onward years—
"Turn back, and when delight is fled away,
Look through the evening mists of mortal tears
On this immortal day.'
That memory, like the deep light in the west,
Shall bathe your hearts, before ye sink to rest,
Not only with the glow of good things gone,
But with the faith, that, when your days be done,
Another morn shall rise, but not to set,
And ye shall meet once more, as once ye met,
Your beauty wrought to glory by the Giver,
The joy within ye perfected for ever:
Oh! what rare thoughts are his, oh! what delight
To gaze upon her, hold her in his sight,
To quaff her smiles, as thirsty bees that sup
Nuzzled within a noonday lily's cup,
The last sweets, lest a drop be there in vain;
And in that rapture all remember'd pain
Exhales, and for a moment he can see
A lightning flash of what the Soul shall be!

But she—dear heart—her thoughts are fled once more
To far-off morns, and summer nights of yore,
Mayings, and nuttings, and the old folks' tale,
Hayfield and harvest, and the dance i' the dale;
Home words she loved—quaint hopes whereon she fed,
The songs she sung—the faithful words she read—
Till she has need to look up to his eyes
For all their warmth to sun her timeless sighs.

VI.

Softly the sweet bells fail;
I hear a linnet sing
Among the blossoms pale
Of the spring:
Alone he sings upon a whitethorn spray
And fills the gusty wind—I see between
The odorous branches of the bending May
The bridal pass the green.

"What is more full of hope than infants' dreams?"
He sang, "more blest than a green valley seems
Mid herbless rocks? more pure than mountain streams?
Chaster than light? warmer than imaged beams?
More full of promise than the vernal heaven?
More peaceful than a starry summer's even?
More sweet than moss-rose odours after rain
With violets mix'd? or a two-voiced strain?

"What is more welcome than the dawn of day
To lone men lost in darkness and dismay?
To aged eyes than is the hue of wine?
To weary wanderers than the sound and shine
Of sudden waters in a desert place?
To a sad brother than a sister's face?"
Oh! Love, first Love, so full of hope and truth;
A guileless maiden and a gentle youth.

Through arches of wreathed rose they take their way,
He the fresh Morning, she the better May,
'Twixt jocund hearts and voices jubilant
And unseen gods that guard on either hand,
And blissful tears, and tender smiles that fall
On her dear head—great summer over all!
While Envy, of the triumph half afraid,
Slinks, like a dazzled serpent, to the shade.

VII.

Softly the loud peal dies,
In passing winds it drowns,
But breathes, like perfect joys,
Tender tones;
But clearer comes the wildbird's eager call,
While the robed pomp is streaming out of sight,
But a full sunburst showers the festival,
And crowns farewell with light.

"Farewell! and while the summers wax and wane,
In children's children may ye live again:
Oh! may your beauty from its ashes rise,
Your strength be theirs, your virtues light their eyes!
Your Charity—green vine that clasps the stem
Of wither'd Sorrow—bloom and spread in them;
And while soft mosses clothe the forest tree,
May Might wed Mercy; Pride, Humility.

"Farewell! and like the echoes of these chimes
May your pure concord stir the aftertimes;
Your story be a signal lamp to guide
The generations from the waste of pride;
Like the sun beam that flows before your path,
Your faith right onward scatter clouds of wrath;
And live, oh, live, in songs that shall be sung,
The first true hearts that made the old world young!"

Farewell! and other tongues took up the sound
As though the long-lost Golden Age were found:
That shout of joy went up among the hills
And reach'd a holy hermit bow'd with ills;
And he breathed up a solitary prayer
From his pale lips into the sunny air—
"Oh! that on those young hearts, this day, might rest,
Father, thy blessing"—and they shall be blest!

VIII.

The winds have hush'd their wings,
The merry bells are still,
No more the linnet sings
On the hill;
But tender maidens linger with soft eyes
Under the dim gleam of a throbbing star,
Then close their lattices with low sweet sighs,
Light as the dewless air.

With glittering locks, like summer, he descends
'Mid courteous aspects—flatterers, feers, and friends;
Brothers and uncles on his footsteps wait
Aunts, sisters, cousins, that must bow to Fate;
She takes their forced welcome, and their wiles
For her own Truth, and lifts her head, and smiles;
They shall not change that Truth by any art,
Oh! may her love change them before they part.

The minstrels wait them at the palace-gate,
She hears the flood, and sees the flash of State;
For all the mirth, the tumult, and the song,
Her fond thoughts follow the departing throng;
She turns away, her eyes are dim with tears,
Her mother's blessing lingers in her ears:
"Bless thee, my Child"—the music is unheard,
Her heart grows strong on that remember'd word.

Again in dreams I heard the Marriage bells
Waving from far sweet welcomes and farewells;
And Alleluias from the Deep I heard,
And songs of star-brow'd Seraphim insphered,
That ebb'd unto that Sea without a shore,
Leaving vast awe and silence to adore;
But still, methinks, I hear the dying strain—
"The crooked straight, and the rough places plain!"

Frederick Tennyson.

1806.—THE BLACKBIRD.

I.

How sweet the harmonies of Afternoon!
The Blackbird sings along the sunny breeze
His ancient song of leaves, and Summer boon;
Rich breath of hayfields streams thro' whispering trees;
And birds of morning trim their bustling wings,
And listen fondly—while the Blackbird sings.

II.

How soft the lovelight of the West reposes
On this green valley's cheery solitude,
On the trim cottage with its screen of roses,
On the grey belfry with its ivy hood,
And murmuring mill-race, and the wheel that flings
Its bubbling freshness—while the Blackbird sings.

III.

The very dial on the village church
Seems as 'twere dreaming in a dozy rest;

The scribbled benches underneath the porch
Bask in the kindly welcome of the West;
But the broad casements of the old Three Kings
Blaze like a furnace—while the Blackbird sings.

IV.

And there beneath the immemorial elm
Three rosy revellers round a table sit,
And through gray clouds give laws unto the realm,
Curse good and great, but worship their own wit,
And roar of fights, and fairs, and junketings,
Corn, colts, and curs—the while the Blackbird sings.

V.

Before her home, in her accustom'd seat,
The tidy grandam spins beneath the shade
Of the old honeysuckle, at her feet
The dreaming pug, and purring tabby laid;
To her low chair a little maiden clings,
And spells in silence—while the Blackbird sings.

VI.

Sometimes the shadow of a lazy cloud
Breathes o'er the hamlet with its gardens green,
While the far fields with sunlight overflow'd
Like golden shores of Fairyland are seen;
Again the sunshine on the shadow springs,
And fires the thicket—where the Blackbird sings.

VII.

The woods, the lawn, the peak'd manor-house,
With its peach-cover'd walls, and rookery loud,
The trim, quaint garden alleys, screen'd with boughs,
The lion-headed gates, so grim and proud,
The mossy fountain with its murmurings,
Lie in warm sunshine—while the Blackbird sings.

VIII.

The ring of silver voices, and the sheen
Of festal garments—and my lady streams
With her gay court across the garden green;
Some laugh, and dance, some whisper their love-dreams;
And one calls for a little page: he strings
Her lute beside her—while the Blackbird sings.

IX.

A little while—and lo! the charm is heard;
A youth, whose life has been all summer, steals
Forth from the noisy guests around the board,
Creeps by her softly; at her footstool kneels;
And, when she pauses, murmurs tender things
Into her fond ear—while the Blackbird sings.

X.

The smoke-wreaths from the chimneys curl up higher,
And dizzy things of eve begin to float
Upon the light; the breeze begins to tire.
Half-way to sunset with a drowsy note
The ancient clock from out the valley swings;
The grandam nods—and still the Blackbird sings.

XI.

Far shouts and laughter from the farmstead peal,
Where the great stack is piling in the sun;
Thro' narrow gates o'erladen waggons reel,
And barking curs into the tumult run;
While the inconstant wind bears off, and brings
The merry tempest—and the Blackbird sings.

XII.

On the high wold the last look of the sun
Burns, like a beacon, over dale and stream;
The shouts have ceased, the laughter and the fun;
The grandam sleeps, and peaceful be her dream;
Only a hammer on an anvil rings;
The day is dying—still the Blackbird sings.

XIII.

Now the good vicar passes from his gate
Serene, with long white hair; and in his eye
Burns the clear spirit that hath conquer'd Fate,
And felt the wings of immortality;
His heart is throng'd with great imaginings,
And tender mercies—while the Blackbird sings.

XIV.

Down by the brook he bends his steps, and through
A lowly wicket; and at last he stands
Awful beside the bed of one who grew
From boyhood with him—who with lifted hands
And eyes seems listening to far welcomings
And sweeter music—than the Blackbird sings.

XV.

Two golden stars, like tokens from the blest,
Strike on his dim orbs from the setting sun;
His sinking hands seem pointing to the west;
He smiles as though he said "Thy will be done!"
His eyes, they see not those illuminings;
His ears, they hear not—what the Blackbird sings.

Frederick Tennyson.

1807.—LINES TO FANNY,

WITH A BUNCH OF WHITE PINKS.

Along the garden-walk I stray'd,
To cull a fitting flower for thee;
And musing there I long delay'd,
Uncertain which that flow'r should be.

For, for the maid who wakes my muse,
In heart so pure, in face so fair,
It needful was that I should choose
The purest and the fairest there.

At length, beneath the sheltering shade
Of roses, hiding from the light,
By their own fragrant sweets betray'd,
These white pinks caught my wandering sight.
So chastely delicate their mien,
So sweetly rich their fragrance rare—
"Bright flow'rs!" I cried, "ye are, I ween,
The purest and the fairest there."

I cull'd them, for 'twas known to me,
Thy sire would hold a feast to-night,
And that I there should meet with thee,
Amid the lords and ladies bright.
And still, in simplest garb array'd,
I find thee here, as everywhere;
Though bright the throng, belovèd maid!
The purest and the fairest there.

Take them; and may thy breast be found
As free as they from any blot,
And shed its fragrant virtues round
On those who own a lowlier lot.
So shalt thou, when from death's repose
Thou wakest, heav'nly joys to share,
Still shine amid the throng that shows
The purest and the fairest there.

Peter Spencer.

1808.—SENT WITH A ROSE TO ROSE

Go, blushing flow'r!
And tell her this from me,
That in the bow'r,
From which I gather'd thee,
At evening I will be.

And further tell,
In tearing thee away,
A petal fell;
And, falling, seem'd to say—
"Thy rose is hurt to-day."

And, while I stripp'd
Thy stem of leaves below,
A dew-drop slipp'd,
Slipp'd on my hand, to show—
"And thou hast dealt the blow."

But, while I stand,
The tear, with subtle art,
Dries on my hand;
As wishing to impart—
"And thou canst heal the smart."

Then bid her fly,
When sun-set skirts the West,
To me, that I,
Upon my happy breast,
May soothe her own to rest.

Peter Spencer.

1809.—A THOUGHT AMONG THE ROSES.

The Roses grew so thickly,
I never saw the thorn,
Nor deem'd the stem was prickly,
Until my hand was torn.

Thus, worldly joys invite us,
With rosy-colour'd hue;
But, ere they long delight us,
We find they prick us too.

Peter Spencer.

1810.—MANY, MANY YEARS AGO.

Oh, my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!
Ah! how well do I remember
What a pride it was to know
When my little playmates muster'd
On this old familiar spot,
To select their infant pastimes,
That my name was ne'er forgot;
When with merry, rosy faces,
They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-string,
Or a top of loudest hum;
Or, as proud and prancing horses,
Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!

Oh, my balmy days of boyhood,
Many, many years ago!
When I ranged at will the wild woods,
For the berry or the sloe;
Or the gentle blue-eyed violet,
Traced by its own perfume sweet;
Or with light and cautious footstep
Sought the linnet's snug retreat;
Or with little blooming maidens
To the nutting groves repair'd,
And in warmth of purest boy-love,
The rich clusters with them shared;
Or when hoary-headed winter
Brought his welcome frost and snow,
How we throng'd the frozen streamlets,
Many, many years ago!

Then my days of dawning manhood,
Many, many years ago!
When the future seem'd all brightness
Lit with Love's enchanting glow;
When what hopes and blissful day-dreams
Would my buoyant bosom crowd,
As I forth led my beloved one,
She as fair as I was proud;
Led her forth with lightsome footstep,
Where some happy rustic throng
To old Robin's merry music
Would so gaily dance along.
Or when round came joyous Christmas
Oft beneath the mistletoe,
I have I toy'd with blushing maidens,
Many, many years ago!

Ah, ye golden days! departed,
Yet full oft on memory's wing
Ye return like some bright vision,
And both joy and sorrow bring.
Where are now my boy companions,
Those dear friends of love and truth?
Death hath seal'd the lips of many,
Fair and beautiful in youth.
Robin's lute has long been silent,
And the trees are old and bare;
Silent too the rippling brooklets,
The old playground is not there;
Time hath stolen my fair one's beauty,
And he soon will strike the blow
That will break those ties that bound us
Many, many years ago!

T. Laker.

1811.—THE ANGEL OF THE FLOWERS.

She comes adown the pale blue depths of heaven;
Above her head, an undimm'd wreath of light
Spans the deep ether dome. In either hand
A vase of frosted silver, whence arise
Transparent clouds of incense. On her head
A coronal of snowdrops, like gemm'd tears
Now fallen from sad loving spirits' eyes.
Her spotless wings, like sun-illumined snow,
Fan the ambrosial air, as seedlings rise
In beauty infantine, spreading their leaves
To catch the luscious sighs. She gently comes,

To kiss her sister May,
Who, robed in hawthorn, white,
Like a young fairy sprite,
Sings her enchanted lay.
The honeysuckle bells
The air with perfume swells;
And from the woodland spray
The songster's joy-notes trill,
As the low whispering rill
Breathes forth its calming music till the close of day.

The beauteous pansies rise
In purple, gold, and blue,
With tints of rainbow hue
Mocking the sunset skies;
The modest violets,
Under the hedge-row sets,
Lift up their soft blue eyes;
And the meek daisies show
Their breasts of satin snow,
Bedeck'd with tiny stars of gold 'mid perfume sighs.

Moon-dyed primroses spread
Their leaves, her path to cheer,
As her step draweth near;
And the bronzed wallflowers shed
Rich incense; summer hours
Are by the sweet bell-flowers
Usher'd to life, and fed
By the young zephyrs' wing,
Who elfin music ring,
Luring the bees from out their thyme-wove fragrant bed.

From their calm limpid cells
Fair Naiades arise,
With laughing, sunny eyes;
Casting their witching spells
The beauteous one to greet,
And lave her ivory feet;
At their bright crystal wells
Young buds pout forth their leaves—
Earth a green garland weaves—
Now life and joy from Nature's lovely bosom swells.

She comes with smiles upon her blushing cheek—
With fragrance breathing from her rosy lips;
A paragon of beauty—a desire—
An angel she of gladness. * * * *

Thomas John Ouseley.

1812.—THE SEASONS OF LIFE.

SPRING.

I.

The soft green grass is growing,
O'er meadow and o'er dale;
The silvery founts are flowing
Upon the verdant vale;
The pale snowdrop is springing,
To greet the glowing sun;
The primrose sweet is flinging
Perfume the fields among;
The trees are in the blossom,
The birds are in their song,
As spring upon the bosom
Of Nature's born along.

So the dawn of human life doth green and verdant spring;
It doth little ween the strife that after years will bring;
Like the snowdrop it is fair, and like the primrose sweet;
But its innocence can't scare the blight from its retreat.

SUMMER.

II.

The full ripe corn is bending
In waves of golden light;
The new-mown hay is sending
Its sweets upon the night;
The breeze is softly sighing,
To cool the parchèd flowers;
The rain, to see them dying,
Weeps forth its gentle showers;

The merry fish are playing,
Adown yon crystal stream;
And night from day is straying,
As twilight gives its gleam.

And thus manhood, in its prime, is full and ripe and strong;
And it scarcely deems that time can do its beauty wrong.
Like the merry fish we play adown the stream of life;
And we reck not of the day that gathers what is rife.

AUTUMN.

III.

The flowers all are fading,
Their sweets are rifled now;
And night sends forth her shading
Along the mountain brow;
The bee hath ceased its winging
To flowers at early morn;
The birds have ceased their singing,
Sheaf'd is the golden corn;
The harvest now is gather'd,
Protected from the clime;
The leaves are sear'd and wither'd,
That late shone in their prime.

Thus when fourscore years are gone o'er the frail life of man,
Time sits heavy on his throne, as near his brow we scan;
Like the autumn leaf that falls, when winds the branches wave,
Like night-shadows daylight palls, like all, he finds a grave.

WINTER.

IV.

The snow is on the mountain,
The frost is on the vale,
The ice hangs o'er the fountain,
The storm rides on the gale;
The earth is bare and naked,
The air is cold—and drear,
The sky with snow-clouds flaked,
And dense foul fogs appear;
The sun shines not so brightly
Through the dark murky skies,
The nights grow longer—nightly,
And thus the winter dies.

Thus falls man, his season past, the blight hath ta'en his bloom;
Summer gone, the autumn blast consigns him to the tomb;
Then the winter, cold and drear, with pestilential breath,
Blows upon his silent bier, and whispers—This is Death.

Thomas John Ouseley.

1813.—YE'RE A' THE WARL' TO ME, LASSIE!

Oh, ye're a' the warl' to me, lassie!
Ye're a' the warl' to me;
This heart shall cease to beat for aye,
E're it proves false to thee!

Oh, the soldier loves his country's cause,
And he stands or falls for Fame;
The statesman courts the loud applause
That bodes a deathless name;
In Pleasure's train the thoughtless sweep;
The miser loves his gold;
But they're nought to me, if I could keep
That love that thou hast told.
For, Ye're a' the warl', &c.

Can I forget that gloamin' sweet,
On the banks o' bonny Dee,
Where Nature's wildest beauties meet
To deck the flowery lea;
I wadna gie, I fondly vow,
For gem o' earth or sea,
That sprig o' thyme, though wither'd now,
Ye pull'd and gied to me!
For, Ye're a' the warl', &c.

Blow, favouring winds, and fill those sails
That waft me from this strand,
To streams and glens and heath'ry hills,
My own—my native land!
In foreign climes no more I'll rove,
But, 'neath our trysting tree,
With wither'd flower, I'll claim that love
Ye, trusting, vow'd to me!
For, Ye're a' the warl', &c.

T. M. Gemmell.

1814.—TIME'S SONG.

O'er the level plain—where mountains greet me as I go;—
O'er the desert waste—where fountains at my bidding flow;
On the boundless stream by day, on the cloud by night—
I am rushing hence away: who will chain my flight?

War his weary watch was keeping: I have crushed his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping: I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute-hold, then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold, and her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory: where is now his fame?
Genius said, "I live in story"—who hath heard his name?

Love, beneath a myrtle bough, whispered,
"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow wither'd as I pass'd.

I have heard the heifer lowing o'er the wild wave's bed;
I have seen the billow flowing where the cattle fed.
Where began my wanderings? Mem'ry will not say.
Where shall rest my weary wings? Science turns away.

Anonymous.

1815.—HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

Household treasures, household treasures.
Gems of worth, say, what are they?
Walls of jasper, doors of cedar,
Arras of superb array?
Caskets of the costliest jewels,
Cabinets of ancient store,
Shrines where Art her incense offers,
Volumes of profoundest lore?

Household treasures, home's true jewels,
Deem I better far than those:
Prattling children, blithe and ruddy
As the dew-bespangled rose.
Tempt me not with gold of Ophir,
Wreathe not gems to deck my head;
Winsome hearthlings, home's fond angels,
Are the things I crave instead.

Sweet the song the skylark trilleth,
Bright the hue the rose assumes,
Pure the quiet-wooing lily
That upon the lakelet blooms;
But more sweet, more bright, and purer
Seem the lips and heart of youth;
Blessed seraphs, sent to utter
Syllables of love and truth.

Joyous creatures, choice possessions,
May-flowers in life's winter hour;
Beams of sunshine, chasing over
Shadows that may cross the door;
Drops of rain, when care or anguish
Parch the spirit's genial springs;
Soothing minstrels, when unkindness
Snaps the heart's melodious strings.

Household treasures, household treasures,
Gems of worth, say, what are they?
All that wealth or grandeur proffer,
Soon, alas! must know decay;
But, 'midst amaranths unfading,
With the rose-stain'd cherubim,
Happy children, gone before us,
Swell the everlasting hymn.

J. Greet.

1816.—TO THE FIRST CUCKOO OF THE YEAR.

The flowers were blooming fresh and fair,
The air was sweet and still;
A sense of joy in all things beam'd
From woodland, dale, and hill;
On every spray had fairies hung
Their sparkling lamps of dew,
When first across the meadows rung
Thy welcome voice, cuckoo:
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

The early sun was mildly bright,
The woods were sleeping still,
And scarce a chirp came from the trees,
Or murmur from the rill;
It was as Nature paused to hear
Thy pleasant song again,
And in her expectation hush'd
Each heart-rejoicing strain:
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

And as thy voice rung through the air,
All Nature fairer grew:
The primrose had a brighter tint,
The violet deeper blue,
The cowslip hung a richer bloom,
More sweetly breathed the May,
And greener seem'd the very grass
In listening to thy lay:
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

And, wand'ring through the air, thy song
Was now afar, now near—
A song that in its airiness
Is witchery to hear.
And never is the spring complete
Without thy changeless voice.
And in thy coming to our woods,
O cuckoo, all rejoice.
"Cuckoo! cuckoo!" No blither sound
In all the songs of birds is found.

J. A. Langford.

1817.—"RENDER TO CÆSAR THE THINGS WHICH ARE CÆSAR'S:

"Render to Cæsar things which Cæsar's are,
But to God God's." Ah! me, how eagerly,
Rushing to the world-Cæsar's feet, do we
Bring the red gold and frankincense from far,
To render up! Gold of the heart's young love,
Bartering for Mammon (prudence, its world-name);
Pure aspirations for base, fleeting fame;
And for false joys of earth, a heaven above

What do we lay before "our Father's" throne?
The broken heart the world hath trampled on,
But could not heal; the bruisèd hopes flung back
From Cæsar's throne, when our reward we lack;
Hyssop and vinegar: How oft they be
Our only tribute, Lord, reserved for Thee!

Mary C. Hume.

1818.—THE IVY GREEN.

Oh! a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decay'd,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how close he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten on the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green!

Charles Dickens.—Born 1812.

POEMS OMITTED TO BE PRINTED IN THEIR PROPER ORDER.

1819.—FROM "ENDYMION."

Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increased
The silvery setting of their mortal star.
There they discoursed upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tail'd exhalations;
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess'd offices.
Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
Into Elysium; vying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish'd, 'mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales:
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow-huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famish'd scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms:
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept.
Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close?
Peona, his sweet sister: of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse:
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest.
But. ere it crept upon him, he had prest

Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still, a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace: so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprison'd liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurl'd
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calm'd to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said: "I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom: thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar:
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathéd boar: again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew-tree, for a chosen bow;
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep. So be thou cheeréd, sweet!
And, if thy lute is here, softly entreat
My soul to keep in its resolvéd course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
And earnestly said: "Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
Offensive to the heavenly powers? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a message sent?
Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent,
Sacred to Dian? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green;
And that, alas! is death. No, I can trace
Something more high perplexing in thy face!"

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
And said, "Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows? How is this?
Tell me thine ailment: tell me all amiss!
Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change
Wrought suddenly in me. What, indeed, more strange?
Or more complete to overwhelm surmise?
Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
That toiling years would put within my grasp
That I have sigh'd for: with so deadly gasp
No man o'er panted for a mortal love.
So all have set my heavier grief above
These things which happen. Rightly have they done:
I, who still saw the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world,
Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
My spear aloft, as signal for the chase—
I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
With my own steed from Araby; pluck down
A vulture from his towery perching; frown
A lion into growling, loth retire—
To lose, at once, all my toil-breeding fire,
And sink thus low! but I will ease my breast
Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

"This river does not see the naked sky,
Till it begins to progress silverly
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
Seems at the distance like a crescent moon:
And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eves;
The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth tighten up the golden reins,
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now, when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred dittany, and poppies red:

At which I wonder'd greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flowery spell;
And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
In passing here, his owlet pinions shook;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipp'd his rod in it: such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze most softly lulling to my soul.
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light;
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim,
And then were gulf'd in a tumultuous swim:
And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befel?
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the Milky Way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance:
So kept me stedfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropp'd my vision to the horizon's verge;
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul,
Commingling with her argent spheres, did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where,
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbed brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More blushy vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies."—"Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream!"—"She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand: Ah! 'twas too much;
Methought I fainted at the charméd touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon
I felt upmounted in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd;
Such as aye muster where grey time has scoop'd
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side:
There hollow sounds aroused me, and I sigh'd—
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
The wooing arms which held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
A second self, that each might be redeem'd
And plunder'd of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortal! I even dared to press
Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us; then of honey-cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells

And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

"Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
And so it was, until a gentle creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears,
And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands;—for lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks: the solitary breeze
Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did tease
With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus!—
Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
Were deepest dungeons: heaths and sunny glades
Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
Seem'd sooty, and o'erspread with upturn'd gills
Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns outgrown
Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
In little journeys, I beheld in it
A disguised demon, missioned to knit
My soul with under darkness; to entice
My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
Therefore I eager follow'd, and did curse
The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
These things, with all their comfortings, are given
To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
Of weary life."

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

1820.—THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his death-bell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, soul-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,

If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline;
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere;
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship, all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

X.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:
Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!
Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
We're safe enough; here, in this arm-chair sit,
And tell me how"—"Good Saints! not here, not here;
Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He follow'd through a lowly archèd way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
To venture so: it fills me with amaze
To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
This very night: good angels her deceive!
But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rosé,
Flushing his brow, and in his painéd heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears!"

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
Were never miss'd." Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and their hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy
That he might see her beauty unespied,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd fairies paced the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charméd maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No utter'd syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;

Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathéd pearls her hair she frees;
Unclasps her warméd jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothéd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wild wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervéd arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iceéd stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never, could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mused awhile, entoil'd in wooféd phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called "La belle dame sans mercy."
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan:
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep,
Who knelt, with joinéd hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

XXXV.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows,
Like Love's alarum, patt'ring the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest.
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side:
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old,
Died palsy-twitch'd with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

1821.—TRUE BEAUTY IN WOMAN.

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again;
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,
E'en then my soul with exultation dances
For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
Heavens! how desperately do I adore

Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
Might I be loved by thee like these of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;
Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast;
Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.
From such fine pictures, Heavens! I cannot dare
To turn my admiration, though unpossess'd
They be of what is worthy,—though not drest,
In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.
Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten; but when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah! who can e'er forget so fair a being?
Who can forget her half-retiring sweets?
God! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who intreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near:
Had I e'er seen her from an arbour take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

1822.—ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

I.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

II.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

III.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

IV.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

V.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

VI.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

VII.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

VIII.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

1823.—ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

I.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

II.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

III.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love; more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

IV.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

V.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820

1824.—SONNET.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair

And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

1825.—LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

A BALLAD.

I.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

II.

O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

III.

I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

IV.

I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

V.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

VI.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.

VII.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said—
"I love thee true."

VIII.

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

IX.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill s side.

X.

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
They cried—"La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

XI.

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapéd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

XII.

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

John Keats.—Born 1795, *Died* 1820.

LATER POEMS.

1826.—FROM "LILLIPUT LEVEE."

They seized the keys, they patrolled the street,
They drove the policeman off his beat,
They built barricades, they stationed sentries—
You must give the word, when you come to the entries!

They dressed themselves in the Riflemen's clothes,
They had pea-shooters, they had arrows and bows,
So as to put resistance down—
Order reigns in Lilliput-town!

They made the baker bake hot rolls,
They made the wharfinger send in coals,
They made the butcher kill the calf,
They cut the telegraph-wires in half.

They went to the chemist's, and with their feet
They kicked the physic all down the street;
They went to the school-room and tore the books,
They munched the puffs at the pastrycook's.

They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons,
They sent up several fire-balloons,
They let off crackers, they burnt a guy,
They piled a bonfire ever so high.

They offered a prize for the laziest boy,
And one for the most Magnificent toy;
They split or burnt the canes off-hand,
They made new laws in Lilliput-land.

Never do to-day what you can
Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran;
Late to bed and late to rise,
Was another law which they did devise.

They passed a law to have always plenty
Of beautiful things; we shall mention twenty:
A magic lantern for all to see,
Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree.

A boat, a house that went on wheels,
An organ to grind, and sherry at meals,
Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles,
Whips with whistles let into the handles,
A real live giant, a roc to fly,
A goat to tease, a copper to sky,
A garret of apples, a box of paints,
A saw and a hammer and no complaints.

Nail up the door, slide down the stairs,
Saw off the legs of the parlour-chairs—
That was the way in Lilliput-land,
The children having the upper hand.

They made the Old Folks come to school,
All in pinafores,—that was the rule,—
Saying *Ecker-decker-dinker-duss*,
Kattler-wheeler-whiler-wuss;

They made them learn all sorts of things
That nobody liked. They had catechisings;
They kept them in, they sent them down
In class, in school, in Lilliput-town.

O but they gave them tit-for-tat!
Thick bread-and-butter, and all that;
Stick-jaw pudding that tires your chin
With the marmalade spread ever so thin!

They governed the clock in Lilliput-land,
They altered the hour or the minute-hand,
They made the day fast, they made the day slow,
Just as they wished the time to go.

They never waited for king or for cat:
They never wiped their shoes on the mat
Their joy was great; their joy was greater;
They rode in the baby's perambulator!

There was a Levee in Lilliput-town,
At Pinafore Palace. Smith and Brown,
Jones and Robinson had to attend—
All to whom they cards did send.

Every one rode in a cab to the door;
Every one came in a pinafore;
Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat,
Loud knock, proud knock, opera hat!

The place was covered with silver and gold,
The place was as full as it ever could hold·
The ladies kissed her Majesty's hand;
Such was the custom in Lilliput-land.

W. B. Rands.

1827.—BABY.

O when did Baby come?
When half the world was dumb,
Babe was dressed in white,
In the black, dead night.

O Baby came from where?
That place is very fair;
The middle of the skies,
The heart of Paradise.

O who sent Baby here?
It was an angel dear,
A spirit of purple flame;
Love is that angel's name.

O who was Baby's shield
Down from the heavenly field
Along the pathway dim?
—One of the cherubim;
His sword he took with him.

His golden head he bowed
To cleave the hindering cloud:
A seraph shone behind
Singing through the wind.

Singing and shining thus,
They brought the gift to us,
And in the dead of night,
The child was wrapt in white.

O God,—who art the Lord
Of the cherub with the sword,
And the seraph with the lamp,—
Let both of them encamp

Beside the hushing tent
Of the creature that is sent
From the middle of Thy sky,—
To guard, to beautify;

To make the inaudible breath
More terrible than Death,
And light the unconscious face
As from a heavenly place
With the wonder of Thy ways!

Oh, why are your beautiful eyes so red,
Fair Lady?
They have taken my baby out of my bed,
My baby!

Speak sooth, your babe has gone up to God,
Fair Lady.
His little feet, little feet were not shod,
My Baby.

But the road that leads to the heavenly town
Is all over clouds as soft as down,
Fair Lady.
The way of the clouds is long and dim,
I would I were there to carry him,
My Baby.

He will be holpen by cherubs bright,
A fair new star for a lamp they fight,
Sweet Lady!

The way to the heavenly town is long,
I would I could sing him a cradle song,
My Baby.
Our Lord stands waiting at heaven's door,
And Mary Mother runs on before,
Sweet Lady.

O he will feel strange in the heavenly street,
My Baby.
But the happy Innocents he will meet,
Fair Lady.

For the comely food he will cry, and gays,
My Baby.
They make him a feast in the heavenly place,
Our Lord will be there to speak the grace,
And Mary Mother, with godly gays,
Fair Lady.

The heavenly town will grow so dear,
He will forget his mother here,
My Baby.
He shall think of his mother in all the cheer,
He shall not forget in a thousand year,
Fair Lady.

W. B. Rands.

1828.—THE SECRET WAY.

(*From* "The Lost Tales of Miletus.")

In haste he sent to gather fresh recruits
Among the fiercest tribes his fathers ruled,
They whom a woman led
When to her feet they tossed the head of Cyrus.

And the tribes answered—"Let the Scythian King
Return repentant to old Scythian ways,
And laugh with us at foes.
Wains know no sieges—Freedom moves her cities."

Soon came the Victor with his Persian guards,
And all the rallied vengeance of his Medes;
One night, sprang up dread camps
With lurid watch-lights circling doomed ramparts,

As hunters round the wild beasts in their lair
Marked for the javelin, wind a belt of fire.
Omartes scanned his walls
And said, "Ten years Troy baffled Agamemnon."

Yet pile up walls, out-topping Babylon,
Manned foot by foot with sleepless sentinels,
And to and fro will pass,
Free as the air thro' keyholes, Love and Treason.

Be elsewhere told the horrors of that siege,
The desperate sally, slaughter, and repulse
Repelled in turn the foe,
With Titan ladders scaling cloud-capt bulwarks,

Hurled back and buried under rocks heaved down
By wrathful hands from scatheless battlements.
With words of holy charm,
Soothing despair and leaving resignation.

Mild thro' the city moved Argiope,
Pale with a sorrow too divine for fear;
And when, at morn and eve,
She bowed her meek head to her father's blessing,

Omartes felt as if the righteous gods
Could doom no altars at whose foot she prayed.
Only, when all alone,
Stole from her lips a murmur like complaint,

Shaped in these words, "Wert thou, then, but a dream?
Or shall I see thee in the Happy Fields?"
Now came with stony eye
The livid vanquisher of cities, Famine;

And moved to pity now, the Persian sent
Heralds with proffered peace on terms that seem
Gentle to Asian kings,
And unendurable to Europe's Freemen;

"I from thy city will withdraw my hosts,
And leave thy people to their chiefs and laws,
Taking from all thy realm
Nought save the river, which I make my border,

"If but, in homage to my sovereign throne,
Thou pay this petty tribute once a year;
Six grains of Scythian soil,
One urn of water spared from Scythian fountains."

And the Scyth answered—"Let the Mede demand
That which is mine to give, or gold or life;
The water and the soil
Are, every grain and every drop, my country's:

"And no man hath a country where a King
Pays tribute to another for his crown."
And at this stern reply,
The Persian doomed to fire and sword the city.

Lord Lytton.

1829.—THE APPLE OF LIFE.

(*From* "CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS.")

So she rose, and went forth thro' the city.
And with her the apple she bore
In her bosom: and stood 'mid the multitude, waiting therewith in the door
Of the hall where the King, to give judgment, ascended at morning his throne:
And, kneeling there, cried, "Let the King live for ever! Behold, I am one
"Whom the vile of themselves count the vilest. But great is the grace of my lord.
And now let my lord on his handmaid look down, and give ear to her word."
Thereat, in the witness of all, she drew forth, and, uplifting her head,
Show'd the Apple of Life, which who tastes, tastes not death. "And this apple," she said,
"Last night was deliver'd to me, that thy servant should eat, and not die.
But I said to the soul of thy servant, 'Not so. For behold, what am I?
That the King, in his glory and gladness, should cease from the light of the sun,
Whiles I, that am least of his slaves, in my shame and abasement live on.'
For not sweet is the life of thy servant, unless to thy servant my lord
Stretch his hand, and show favour; for surely the frown of a king is a sword.
But the smile of the King is as honey that flows from the clefts of the rock,
And his grace is as dew that from Horeb descends on the heads of the flock:
In the King is the heart of a host: the King's strength is an army of men:
And the wrath of the King is a lion that roareth by night from his den:
But as grapes from the vines of En-Gedi are favours that fall from his hands,
And as towers on the hill-tops of Shenir the throne of King Solomon stands.
And for this, it were well that for ever the King, who is many in one,
Should sit, to be seen thro' all time, on a throne 'twixt the moon and the sun!
For how shall one lose what he hath not? Who hath, let him keep what he hath.
Wherefore I to the King give this apple."

Then great was King Solomon's wrath.
And he rose, rent his garment, and cried, "Woman, whence came this apple to thee?"
But when he was 'ware of the truth, then his heart was awaken'd. And he
Knew at once that the man who, erewhile, unawares coming to him, had brought
That Apple of Life was, indeed, God's good Angel of Death. And he thought

"In mercy, I doubt not, when man's eyes were open'd and made to see plain
All the wrong in himself, and the wretchedness, God sent to close them again
For man's sake, his last friend upon earth—Death, the servant of God, who is just.
Let man's spirit to Him whence it cometh return, and his dust to the dust!"

Then the Apple of Life did King Solomon seal in an urn that was sign'd
With the seal of Oblivion: and summon'd the Spirits that walk in the wind

Unseen on the summits of mountains, where never the eagle yet flew;
And these he commanded to bear far away,—out of reach, out of view,
Out of hope, out of memory,—higher than Ararat buildeth his throne,
In the Urn of Oblivion the Apple of Life.

But on green jaspar-stone
Did the King write the story thereof for instruction. And Enoch, the seer,
Coming afterward, search'd out the meaning.
And he that hath ears, let him hear.

Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith).

1830.—EPILOGUE.

(*From* "CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS.")

Long of yore, on the mountain, the voice
Of the merciful Master was heard
To the mourners proclaiming "Rejoice":
And, rejoicing, they welcomed his word:
To the hand of the rich man "Restore,"
To the heart of the poor man "Be fed,"
And "Be heal'd," to the souls that were sore,
And to all men "Be brothers," it said.
But, since Christ hath been nail'd to the tree,
Fruits unripe have our hands gather'd of it:
Noisy worship of lip and of knee,
Niggard love, not of love, but of profit.
For the poor is opprest as of old:
And of all men is no man the brother:
And the Churches but gather their gold,
While the nations destroy one another:
Only, all of those things are now done
In another than Cæsar's name:
And all wrongs that are Christless go on
Unashamed of all Christian shame:
By the white man despised is the black:
And the strong hath his heel on the weak:
By the burthen still gall'd is the back:
And the goal is yet distant to seek:
Tho', to guide us, its shining is oft,
Like a fire on the midnight, discern'd:
When the hope of man's heart leaps aloft
From the chain that his anguish hath spurn'd:
As in Germany once: when a priest
Was changed into a man, for man's sake;
And his word, as the dawn fills the East,
Fill'd the West, till a world was awake;
In the letter a soul was created
By the breaking the seals of a book;
And man's conscience in man reinstated,
All conscienceless sovereignties shook.
Shook indeed, but not shatter'd! For straightway
When indignant and bold in the breach
Thought arose, and sped on thro' the gateway,
Whence she beckon'd to all and to each,
They that loosed her lost heart: and, as onward
She explored her companionless track
To the goal of her destiny—sunward,
They wrung hands, and shriek'd to her, "Come back!"
So she pass'd from among them for ever,
And hath left them where, still in the dark,
Blowing watchfires spent, they shall never
Blow the ashes thereof to a spark:
Once in England: when Hampden's high will,
Eliot's truth that was true to the death,
Pym's large speech, and the sword that hath still
"FREEDOM," graven by Law, on its sheath,
Won for England what woe to the day
When England forgets to revere,
Or unheedfully casts it away,
Thro' Futurity helmless to steer!
Once in France: when the storm of the sound
Of the spirits of men rushing free
Shook the shores of the nations around,
As the roar of a jubilant sea;
And the heart of the feeble wax'd strong,
For his friends were as one flesh and blood
In the casting away of time's wrong
And the gathering up of earth's good;
But dull time goeth deafly since when
Those rejoicings were mingled by time
With the moans of the murders of men,
And the cursings of carnage and crime;
All is silent and sullen again:
And again the old cankering forms
Reappear, as when after the rain
From the earth reappear the earth-worms.
O the infinite effort that seems
But in infinite failure to finish!
Man's belief in the good that he dreams
Must each fact, he awakes to, diminish?
God forbid! Whom thank thou for whatever
Of evil remains—understood
As *good* cause for continued endeavour
In the battle 'twixt Evil and Good.
Heed not what may be gain'd or be lost
In that battle. Whatever the odds,
Fight it out, never counting the cost;
Man's the deed is, the consequence God's.

Robert Lytton (Owen Meredith).

1831.—THE OWL AND THE BELL.

"*Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!*"
Sang the Bell to himself in his house at home,
Up in the tower, away and unseen,
In a twilight of ivy, cool and green;
With his *Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!*
Singing bass to himself in his house at home.

Said the Owl to himself, as he sat below
On a window-ledge, like a ball of snow,
"Pest on that fellow, sitting up there,
Always calling the people to prayer!
With his *Bing, Bim, Bang, Bome!*
Mighty big in his house at home!

"I will move," said the Owl. "But it suits
me well;
And one may get used to it, who can tell?"
So he slept in the day with all his might,
And rose and flapped out in the hush of night,
When the Bell was asleep in his tower at
home,
Dreaming over his *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

For the owl was born so poor and genteel,
He was forced from the first to pick and
steal;
He scorned to work for honest bread—
"Better have never been hatched!" he said.
So he slept all day; for he dared not roam
Till night had silenced the *Bing, Bang,*
Bome!

When his six little darlings had chipped the
egg,
He must steal the more: 'twas a shame to beg.
And they ate the more that they did not sleep
well:
"It's their gizzards," said *Ma;* said *Pa,*
"It's the Bell!
For they quiver like leaves in a wind-blown
tome,
When the Bell bellows out his *Bing, Bang,*
Bome!"
But the Bell began to throb with the fear
Of bringing the house about his one ear;
And his people were patching all day long,
And propping the walls to make them strong.
So a fortnight he sat, and felt like a mome,
For he dared not shout his *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

Said the Owl to himself, and hissed as he said,
"I do believe the old fool is dead.
Now—now, I vow, I shall never pounce
twice;
And stealing shall be all sugar and spice.
But I'll see the corpse, ere he's laid in the
loam,
And shout in his ear *Bing, Bim, Bang,*
Bome!—
Hoo! hoo!" he cried, as he entered the
steeple,
"They've hanged him at last, the righteous
people!
His swollen tongue lolls out of his head—
Hoo! hoo! at last the old brute is dead.
There let him hang, the shapeless gnome!
Choked, with his throat full of *Bing, Bang,*
Bome!"

So he danced about him, singing *Too-whoo!*
And flapped the poor Bell, and said, "Is that
you?
Where is your voice with its wonderful tone,
Banging poor owls, and making them groan?
A fig for you now, in your great hall-dome!
Too-whoo is better than *Bing, Bang, Bome!*"

So brave was the Owl, the downy and dapper,
That he flew inside, and sat on the clapper;
And he shouted *Too-whoo!* till the echo
awoke,
Like the sound of a ghostly clapper-stroke:

"Ah, ha!" quoth the Owl, "I am quite at
home—
I will take your place with my *Bing, Bang,*
Bome!"

The Owl was uplifted with pride and self-
wonder;
He hissed, and then called the echo thunder;
And he sat the monarch of feathered fowl
Till—*Bang!* went the Bell—and down went
the Owl,
Like an avalanche of feathers and foam,
Loosed by the booming *Bing, Bang, Bome!*

He sat where he fell, as if nought was the
matter,
Though one of his eyebrows was certainly
flatter.
Said the eldest Owlet, "Pa, you were wrong;
He's at it again with his vulgar song."
"Be still," said the Owl; "you're guilty of
pride:
I brought him to life by perching inside."

"But why, my dear?" said his pillowy wife;
"You know he was always the plague of your
life."
"I have given him a lesson of good for evil;
Perhaps the old ruffian will now be civil."
The Owl looked righteous, and raised his
comb;
But the Bell bawled on his *Bing, Bang,*
Bome!

George Macdonald.

1832.—REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

O my heart, my heart is sick awishing and
awaiting:
The lad took up his knapsack, he went, he
went his way;
And I looked on for his coming, as a prisoner
through the grating
Looks and longs and longs and wishes for
its opening day.

On the wild purple mountains, all alone with
no other,
The strong terrible mountains, he longed,
he longed to be;
And he stooped to kiss his father, and he
stooped to kiss his mother,
And till I said "Adieu, sweet Sir," he quite
forgot me.

He wrote of their white raiment, the ghostly
capes that screen them,
Of the storm winds that beat them, their
thunder-rents and scars,
And the paradise of purple, and the golden
slopes atween them,
And fields, where grow God's gentian bells,
and His crocus stars.

He wrote of frail gauzy clouds, that drop on them like fleeces,
And make green their fir forests, and feed their mosses hoar;
Or come sailing up the valleys, and get wrecked and go to pieces,
Like sloops against their cruel strength: then he wrote no more.

O the silence that came next, the patience and long aching!
They never said so much as "He was a dear loved son;"
Not the father to the mother moaned, that dreary stillness breaking:
"Ah! wherefore did he leave us so—this, our only one?"

They sat within, as waiting, until the neighbours prayed them,
At Cromer, by the sea-coast, 'twere peace and change to be;
And to Cromer, in their patience, or that urgency affrayed them,
Or because the tidings tarried, they came, and took me.

It was three months and over since the dear lad had started:
On the green downs at Cromer I sat to see the view;
On an open space of herbage, where the ling and fern had parted,
Betwixt the tall white lighthouse towers, the old and the new.

Below me lay the wide sea, the scarlet sun was stooping;
And he dyed the waste water, as with a scarlet dye;
And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every bird with white wing swooping
Took his colours, and the cliffs did, and the yawning sky.

Over grass came that strange flush, and over ling and heather,
Over flocks of sheep and lambs, and over Cromer town;
And each filmy cloudlet crossing drifted like a scarlet feather
Torn from the folded wings of clouds, while he settled down.

When I looked, I dared not sigh:—In the light of God's splendour,
With His daily blue and gold, who am I? what am I?
But that passion and outpouring seemed an awful sign and tender,
Like the blood of the Redeemer, shown on earth and sky.

O for comfort, O the waste of a long doubt, and trouble!
On that sultry August eve trouble had made me meek;
I was tired of my sorrow—O so faint, for it was double
In the weight of its oppression, that I could not speak!

And a little comfort grew, while the dimmed eyes were feeding,
And the dull ears with murmur of waters satisfied
But a dream came slowly nigh me, all my thoughts and fancy leading
Across the bounds of waking life to the other side.

And I dreamt that I looked out, to the waste waters turning,
And saw the flakes of scarlet from wave to wave tossed on;
And the scarlet mix with azure, where a heap of gold lay burning
On the clear remote sea reaches; for the sun was gone.

Then I thought a far-off shout dropped across the still water—
A question as I took it, for soon an answer came
From the tall white ruined lighthouse: "If it be the old man's daughter
That we wot of," ran the answer, "what then—who's to blame?"

I looked up at the lighthouse all roofless and storm-broken:
A great white bird sat on it, with neck stretched out to sea;
Unto somewhat which was sailing in a skiff the bird had spoken,
And a trembling seized my spirit, for they talked of me.

I was the old man's daughter, the bird went on to name him;
"He loved to count the starlings as he sat in the sun!
Long ago he served with Nelson, and his story did not shame him:
Ay, the old man was a good man—and his work was done."

The skiff was like a crescent, ghost of some moon departed,
Frail, white, she rocked and curtseyed as the red wave she crossed,
And the thing within sat paddling, and the crescent dipped and darted,
Flying on, again was shouting, but the words were lost.

I said, "That thing is hooded; I could hear but that floweth
The great hood below its mouth:" then the bird made reply,
"If they know not, more's the pity, for the little shrewmouse knoweth,
And the kite knows, and the eagle, and the glead and pye."

And he stooped to whet his beak on the stones of the coping;
And when once more the shout came, in querulous tones he spake,
"What I said was 'more's the pity;'" if the heart be long past hoping,
Let it say of death, "I know it," or doubt on and break.

"Men must die—one dies by day, and near him moans his mother,
They dig his grave, tread it down, and go from it full loth;
And one dies about the midnight, and the wind moans, and no other,
And the snows give him a burial—and God loves them both.

"The first hath no advantage—it shall not soothe his slumber
That a lock of his brown hair his father aye shall keep;
For the last, he nothing grudgeth, it shall nought his quiet cumber,
That in a golden mesh of HIS callow eaglets sleep.

"Men must die when all is said, e'en the kite and glead know it,
And the lad's father knew it, and the lad, the lad too;
It was never kept a secret, waters bring it and winds blow it,
And he met it on the mountain—why then make ado?"

With that he spread his white wings, and swept across the water,
Lit upon the hooded head, and it and all went down;
And they laughed as they went under, and I woke, "the old man's daughter,"
And looked across the slope of grass, and at Cromer Town.

And I said, "Is that the sky, all grey and silver suited?"
And I thought, "Is that the sea that lies so white and wan?
I have dreamed as I remember; give me time —I was reputed
Once to have a steady courage—O, I fear 'tis gone!"

And I said, "Is this my heart? If it be, low 'tis beating,
So he lies on the mountain, hard by the eagles' brood;
I have had a dream this evening, while the white and gold were fleeting,
But I need not, need not tell it—where would be the good?

'Where would be the good to them his father and his mother?
For the ghost of their dead hope appeareth to them still.

While a lonely watchfire smoulders, who its dying red would smother,
That gives what little light there is to a darksome hill?"

I rose up, I made no moan, I did not cry nor falter,
But slowly in the twilight I came to Cromer town.
What can wringing of the hands do that which is ordained to alter?
He had climbed, had climbed the mountain, he would ne'er come down.

But, O my first, O my best, I could not choose but love thee:
O, to be a wild white bird, and seek thy rocky bed!
From my breast I'd give thee burial, pluck the down and spread above thee:
I would sit and sing thy requiem on the mountain head.

Fare thee well, my love of loves! would I had died before thee!
O, to be at least a cloud, that near thee I might flow,
Solemnly approach the mountain, weep away my being o'er thee,
And veil thy breast with icicles, and thy brow with snow!

Jean Ingelow.

1833.—THE SEA.

(*From* "THE TRIUMPH OF TIME.")

I will go back to the great sweet mother—
Mother and lover of men, the Sea.
I will go down to her, I, and none other
Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;
O fair white mother in days long past,—
Born without sister, born without brother,—
Let free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair, green-girdled mother of mine,
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,—
These pure cold, populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships;
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside:

Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were—
Filled full with life to the eyes and the hair,
As a rose is full filled to the rose-leaf tips
With splendid summer, and perfume, and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways—
Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,—
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
A vein in the heart of the streams of the Sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,
Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men say
Thou hast taken, and shalt not render again.
Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as they.
But death is the worst that comes of thee;
Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O Sea.
But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or when,
Having given us love, hast thou taken away?

O, tender-hearted, O, perfect lover,
Thy lips are bitter and sweet thine heart.
The hopes that hurt and the dreams that hover
Shall they not vanish away and apart?
But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than earth;
Thou art strong for death and fruitful of birth;
Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover
From the first thou wert; in the end thou art.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

1834.—MELEAGER (son of Œneus and Althæa) DYING.

(*From* "Atalanta in Calydon.")

Pray thou thy days be long before thy death,
And full of ease and kingdom; seeing in death
There is no comfort and no aftergrowth.
Nor shall one thence look up and see day's dawn,
Nor light upon the land whither I go.
Live thou, and take thy fill of days, and die
When thy day comes; and make not much of death,
Lest ere thy day thou reap an evil thing.
Thou, too, the bitter mother and mother-plague
Of this my weary body—thou, too, queen,
The source and end, the sower and the scythe,
The rain that ripens and the drought that slays,
The sand that swallows and the spring that feeds,
To make me and unmake me,—thou, I say,
Althæa, since my father's ploughshare, drawn
Through fatal seedland of a female field,
Furrowed thy body, whence a wheaten ear
Strong from the sun and fragrant from the rains
I sprang and cleft the closure of thy womb.
Mother,—I, dying, with unforgetful tongue
Hail thee as holy and worship thee as just
Who art unjust and unholy; and with my knees
Would worship, but thy fire and subtlety
Dissundering them, devour me; for these limbs
Are as light dust and crumblings from mine urn
Before the fire has touched them; and my face
As a dead leaf or dead foot's mark on snow,
And all this body a broken barren tree
That was so strong; and all this flower of life
Disbranched and desecrated miserably,
And 'minished all that godlike muscle and might
And lesser than a man's: for all my veins
Fail me, and all my ashen life burns down.
I would thou hadst let me live; but gods averse,
But fortune, and the fiery feet of change,
And time, these would not,—these tread out my life,—
These, and not thou; me, too, thou hast loved, and I
Thee; but this death was mixed with all my life,
Mine end with my beginning; and this law,
This only, slays me, and not my mother at all.
And let no brother or sister grieve too sore,
Nor melt their hearts out on me with their tears,
Since extreme love and sorrowing overmuch
Vex the great gods, and overloving men
Slay and are slain for love's sake; and this house
Shall bear much better children. Why should these
Weep? But in patience let them live their lives,
And mine pass by forgotten: thou alone
Mother, thou sole and only,—thou, not these,
Keep me in mind a little when I die,
Because I was thy firstborn; let thy soul
Pity me, pity even me gone hence and dead,
Though thou wert wroth, and though thou bear again
Much happier sons, and all men later born
Exceedingly excel me; yet do thou
Forget not, nor think shame;—I was thy son.
Time was I did not shame thee; and time was
I thought to live and make thee honourable
With deeds as great as these men's; but they live,

These, and I die; and what thing should have
been
Surely I know not; yet I charge thee, seeing
I am dead already, not to love me less,—
Me, O my mother; I charge thee by these
gods—
My father's, and that holier breast of thine.
By these that see me dying, and that which
nursed,
Love me not less, thy first-born: thou, grief,
come,
Grief only, of me, and of all these great joy.
And shall come always to thee; for thou
knowest,
O mother, O breasts that bare me, for ye
know,
O sweet head of my mother, sacred eyes,
Ye know my soul, albeit I sinned; ye know
Albeit I kneel not, neither touch my knees,
But with my lips I kneel, and with my heart
I fall about thy feet and worship thee.
And ye farewell now, all my friends; and ye
Kinsmen, much younger and glorious more
than I,
Sons of my mother's sister; and all farewell
That were in Colchis with me, and bare down
The waves and wars that met us: and though
times
Change, and though now I be not anything,
Forget not me among you what I did
In my good time; for even by all those days,
Those days and this, and your own living
souls,
And by the light and luck of you that live,
And by this miserable spoil, and me
Dying, I beseech you let my name not die.
But thou, dear, touch me with thy rose-like
hands,
And fasten up my eyelids with thy mouth,
A bitter kiss; and grasp me with thine arms,
Printing with heavy lips my light waste flesh
Made light and thin by heavy-handed fate,
And with thine holy maiden eyes drop dew,
Drop tears for dew upon me who am dead,
Me who have loved thee; seeing without sin
done
I am gone down to the empty, weary house
Where no flesh is, nor beauty, nor swift eyes,
Nor sound of mouth, nor might of hands and
feet;
But thou, dear, hide my body with thy veil,
And with thy raiment cover foot and head,
And stretch thyself upon me, and touch hands
With hands, and lips with lips: be pitiful
As thou art maiden perfect; let no man
Defile me to despise me, saying, This man
Died woman-wise, a woman's offering, slain
Through female fingers in his woof of life,
Dishonourable; for thou hast honoured me.
And now, for God's sake, kiss me once and
twice
And let me go; for the night gathers me,
And in the night shall no man gather fruit.

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

1835.—IRIS, THE RAINBOW.

'Mid the cloud-enshrouded haze
Of Olympus I arise,
With the full and rainy gaze
Of Apollo in mine eyes;
But I shade my dazzled glance
With my dripping pinions white,
Where the sunlight sparkles dance
In a many-tinctured light:
My foot upon the woof
Of a fleecy cloudlet small,
I glimmer through the roof
Of the paven banquet hall.
And a soft, pink radiance dips
Through the floating mists divine—
Touching eyes and cheeks and lips
Of the mild-eyed Gods supine;
And the pinky odour rolls
Round their foreheads, while I stain
With a blush like wine the bowls
Of foam-crusted porcelain:
Till the whole calm place has caught
A deep gleam of rosy fire—
When I darken to the thought
In the eyes of Zeus the Sire.

Then Zeus, arising, stoops
O'er the ledges of the skies,
Looking downward through the loops
Of the starry tapestries:
On the evident dark plain
Speckled with wood and hill and stream,
On the wrinkled tawny main,
Where the ships like snowflakes gleam,
And with finger without swerve
Slightly lifted, swiftly whirled,
He draws a magic curve
O'er the cirrus of the world;
When with waving wings displayed
On the sun-god's threshold bright
I unleap and seem to fade
In a humid flash of light.
But I plunge through vapours dim
To the dark low-lying land,
And I tumble, float, and swim
On the strange curve of the Hand:
From my wings that drip, drip, drip
With cool rains, short jets of fire,
As across green Capes I slip
With the thought of Zeus the Sire.

Thence, with drooping wings bedewed,
Folded close about my form,
I alight with feet unviewed
On the ledges of the storm;
For a moment, cloud-enrolled,
'Mid the murmurous rain I stand,
And with meteor eyes behold
Vapoury ocean, misty land:
Till the thought of Zeus outsprings
From my ripe mouth with a sigh,
And unto my lips it clings
Like a shining butterfly;
When I brighten, gleam, and glow
And my glittering wings unfurl,
And the melting colours flow
To my foot of dusky pearl;

And the ocean, mile on mile,
Gleams through capes, and straits, and bays,
And the vales and mountains smile,
And the leaves are wet with rays,—
While I wave the humid Bow
Of my wings with flash of fire,
And the tempest, crouched below,
Knows the thought of Zeus the Sire.

R. Buchanan.—Born 1841.

1836.—INCITEMENT TO PERSEVERANCE.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain;
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
As things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes fears may be liars,
It may be in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the flyers
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no powerful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. Clough.—Born 1819, *Died* 1861.

1837.—TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

Lips, lips, open!
Up comes a little bird that lives inside,
Up comes a little bird and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,
Up he comes and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world while nobody can know.

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away round the world while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home.

Round the round world, and back thro' the air,
When the morning comes the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird and looks, and in he flies,
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird 's away,
Little bird will come again by the peep of day.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes, sleep, sleep sound.

A. H. Clough.—Born 1819, *Died* 1861.

1838.—THE EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON.

Adieu to Ballyshannon! where I was bred and born;
Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as night and morn,
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems my own;
There's not a house or window, there's not a field or hill,
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect them still.
I leave my warm heart with you, though my back I'm forced to turn—
So adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon to the fall.
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily she creeps,
Cast off, cast off!—she feels the oars, and to her berth she sweeps;
Now fore and aft keep hauling, and gathering up the clue,
Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among the crew.
Then they may sit, with pipes a-lit, and many a joke and "yarn";—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the tide,
When all the green-hill'd harbour is full from side to side—
From Portnasum to Bulliebawns, and round the Abbey Bay,
From rocky Inis Saimer to Coolnargit sand-hills grey;
While far upon the southern line, to guard it like a wall,
The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue, gaze calmly over all,
And watch the ship sail up or down, the red flag at her stern;—
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks of Erne!

* * * *

Farewell to every white cascade from the Harbour to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-shaded creek;

The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash
and holly grow,
The one split yew-tree gazing on the curving
flood below;
The Lough, that winds through islands under
Turraw mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with
tranquil bays between;
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the
heath and fern,—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding
banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves
the livelong summer day;
The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with
wild flowers gay;
The girls will bring their work and sing be-
neath a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path
among the growing corn;
Along the river side they go, where I have
often been,—
O, never shall I see again the days that I
have seen!
A thousand chances are to one I never may
return,—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks
of Erne!

William Allingham.

1839.—FROM "THE LOVES OF GUDRUN."

Alone she was, her head against the wall
Had fallen; her heavy eyes were shut when he
Stood on the threshold; she rose quietly,
Hearing the clash of arms, and took his hand,
And thus with quivering lips awhile did stand
Regarding him; but he made little show
Of manliness, but let the hot tears flow
Fast o'er his cheeks. At last she spake:
"Weep then!
If thou who art the kindest of all men
Must sorrow for me, yet more glad were I
To see thee leave my bower joyfully
This last time; that when o'er thee sorrow
came,
And thought of me therewith, thou mightst
not blame
My little love for ever saddening thee.
Love!—let me say love once—great shalt thou
be,
Beloved of all, and dying ne'er forgot,
Farewell! farewell! farewell! and think thou
not
That in my heart there lingers any hate
Of her who through these years for thee did
wait,
A weary waiting—three long, long, long years,
Well over now; nay, when of me she hears,
Fain were I she should hate me not. Behold,
Here is a coif, well wrought of silk and gold
By folk of Micklegarth, who had no thought
Of thee or me, and thence by merchants brought
Who perchance loved not. Is Gudrun too fair
To take this thing a queen might long to wear?
Upon the day when on the bench ye sit,
Hand held in hand, crown her fair head with
it.
And tell her whence thou hadst it. Ah, fare-
well,
Lest of mine eyes thou shouldst have worse to
tell
Than now thou hast!"
Therewith she turned from him
And took the coif, wherein the gold was dim
With changing silken threads, the linen white,
Scarce seen amid the silk and gold delight.
With hands that trembled little did she fold
The precious thing, and set its weight of gold
Within a silken bag; and then to his
She reached her hands, and in one bitter kiss
Tasted his tears, while a great wave of thought
Of what sweet things the changed years might
have brought
Swept over her and then she knew him gone,
And yet for all that scarcely felt more lone
Than for many days past she had felt.
So with fixed eyes she drew into her belt
Her kirtle, and to this and that thing turned
With heart that ever for the long rest yearned.

William Morris.

1840.—FROM "THE LOVES OF GUDRUN."

Then Gudrun turned
Sick-hearted from them; how her longing
burned
Within her heart! ah, if he died not now,
How might she tell whereto his hate would
grow?
Yet a strange hope that longing shot across,
As she got thinking what would be the loss
If Bodli fell 'neath Kiartan's hand. That day,
Like years long told, past Gudrun wore away,
She knew not how; but when the next day
came
She cried aloud, "The same, ah, still the
same,
Shall every day be, now that he is dead!"
She started as she heard her voice, her head
Seemed filled with flame: she crawled into her
bower,
And at her mirrored face hour after hour
She stared, and wondered what she really
was,
The once-loved thing o'er which his lips would
pass.
Her feet grew heavy at the end of day,
Her heart grew faint, upon her bed she lay
Moveless for many an hour, until the sun
Told her that now the last day was begun;
Then she arose, as one might in a dream,
To clothe herself, till a great cloud did seem
To draw away from her; as in bright hell
Sunless but shadowless she saw full well
Her life that was and would be, now she knew
The deed unmasked that summer day should
do.

And then she gnashed her teeth and tore her hair,
And beat her breast, nor lightened thus despair,
As over and over the sweet names she told
Whereby he called her in the days of old;
And then she thought of Refna's longing eyes,
And to her face a dreadful smile did rise
That died amidst its birth, as back again
Her thoughts went to the tender longing pain
She once had deemed a sweet fair day would end;
And therewith such an agony did rend
Her body and soul, that all things she forgat
Amidst of it; upon the bed she sat
Rigid and stark, and deemed she shrieked, yet made
No sound indeed; but slowly now did fade
All will away from her, until the sun
Risen higher, on her moveless body shone,
And as a smitten thing beneath its stroke
She shrank and started, and awhile awoke
To hear the tramp of men about the hall.
Then did a hand upon the panel fall;
And in her very soul she heard the ring
Of weapons pulled adown, and everything,
Yea, even pain, was dead a little space.

William Morris.

1841.—FROM "THE BLESSED DAMOZEL."

The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

It seemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti

1842.—FROM "THE PORTRAIT."

This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir,—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her.

Alas! even such the thin-drawn ray
That makes the prison-depths more rude,—
The drip of water night and day
Giving a tongue to solitude.
Yet this, of all love's perfect prize
Remains; save what in mournful guise
Takes counsel with my soul alone;
Save what is secret and unknown,
Below the earth, above the skies.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

1843.—NEWBORN DEATH.

I.

To-day Death seems to me an infant child
Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
Has set to grow my friend and play with me;
If haply so my heart might be beguiled
To find no terrors in a face so mild,—
If haply so my weary heart might be
Unto the newborn milky eyes of thee,
O Death, before resentment reconciled.
How long, O Death? And shall thy feet depart
Still a young child's with mine, or wilt thou stand
Fullgrown the helpful daughter of my heart,
What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?

II.

And thou, O Life, the lady of all bliss,
With whom, when our first heart beat full and fast,
I wandered till the haunts of men were pass'd,
And in fair places found all bowers amiss
Till only woods and waves might hear our kiss,
While to the winds all thought of Death we cast:—
Ah, Life! and must I have from thee at last
No smile to greet me and no babe but this?
Lo! Love, the child once ours; and Song, whose hair
Blew like a flame and blossomed like a wreath;
And Art, whose eyes were worlds by God found fair—
These o'er the book of Nature mixed their breath
With neck-twined arms, as oft we watched them there:
And did these die that thou mightst bear me Death?

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

AMERICAN POETS.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

A MAN of considerable genius. Among Mr. Freneau's poems are illustrations of creative passion which will preserve his name long after authors of more refinement and elegance are forgotten. His best pieces were for the most part written in early life, when he was most ambitious of literary distinction. It is worthy of notice that he was the first of our authors to treat the "ancients of these lands" with a just appreciation, and in a truly artistical spirit. His song of "Alknomook" had long the popularity of a national air. Washington Irving has recorded that when he was a youth it was familiar in every drawing-room, and among the earliest theatrical reminiscences of Mr. William B. Wood is its production in character upon the stage. The once well-known satire, entitled "A New England Sabbath-day Chase," was so much in vogue when Mr. Irving was a school-boy, that he committed it to memory as an exercise in declamation. The political odes and pasquinades which he wrote during the revolution possess much historical interest, and, with his other works, they will sometime undoubtedly be collected and edited with the care due to unique and curious souvenirs of so remarkable an age.—*Born* 1752, *Died* 1832.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

This poet was a popular lawyer, and appointed to honourable offices by the people and the government. From 1795, in consequence of ill-health, he declined all public employment, and was for several years an invalid. At length, recovering his customary vigour, he was in 1800 elected a member of the legislature, and in the year following a judge of the Superior Court. In 1808 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Errors, and held the office until 1819, when he finally retired from public life. His poems were collected and published in 1820, and in 1825 he removed to Detroit, where his daughter, the wife of the Honourable William Woodbridge, recently a member of the United States Senate for Michigan, was residing, and died there in May, 1831, in the eighty-first year of his age.—*Born* 1750, *Died* 1831.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The merits of Dr. Dwight as a poet are eminently respectable. Cowper, who wrote a criticism of his "Conquest of Canaan" in the "Analytical Review" for 1789, says:—"His numbers imitate pretty closely those of Pope, and therefore cannot fail to be musical; but he is chiefly to be commended for the animation with which he writes, and which rather increases as he proceeds than suffers any abatement. . . . . A strain of fine enthusiasm runs through the whole seventh book, and no man who has a soul impressible by a bright display of the grandest subjects that revelation furnishes, will read it without some emotion."—*Born* 1752, *Died* 1817.

DAVID HUMPHREYS.

The principal poems of Colonel Humphreys are an "Address to the Armies of the United States," written in 1772, while he was in the army; "A Poem on the Happiness of America," written during his residence in London and Paris, as secretary of legation; "The Widow of Malabar, or the Tyranny of Custom, a Tragedy, imitated from the French of M. Le Mierre," written at Mount Vernon; and a "Poem on Agriculture," written while he was minister at the court of Lisbon. The "Address to the Armies of the United States" passed through many editions in America and Europe, and was translated into the French language by the Marquis de Chastellux, and favourably noticed in the Parisian gazettes. The "Poem on the Happiness of America" was reprinted nine times in three years; and the "Widow of Malabar" is said, in the dedication of it to the author of "McFingal," to have met with "extraordinary success" on the stage. The "Miscellaneous Works of Colonel Humphreys" were published in an octavo volume, in New York, in 1790, dedicated to the Duke de Rochefoucauld, who had been his

intimate friend in France. In the Dedication he says: "In presenting for your amusement the trifles which have been composed during my leisure hours, I assume nothing beyond the negative merit of not having ever written anything unfavourable to the interests of religion, humanity, and virtue." He seems to have aimed only at an elegant mediocrity, and his pieces are generally simple and correct in thought and language. He was one of the "four bards with Scripture names" satirized in some verses published in London, commencing,

"David and Jonathan, Joel and Timothy,
Over the water, set up the hymn of the," &c.

and is generally classed among the "poets of the Revolution." The popularity he enjoyed while he lived, and his connection with Trumbull, Barlow, and Dwight, justify the introduction of a sketch of his history and writings into this volume.—*Born* 1753, *Died* 1818.

JOEL BARLOW.

In the summer of 1808 appeared his "Columbiad," in a splendid quarto volume, surpassing, in the style of its typography and embellishments, any work before that time printed in America. From his earliest years Barlow had been ambitious to raise the epic song of his nation. The "Vision of Columbus," in which the most brilliant events in American history had been described, occupied his leisure hours when in college, and afterward, when, as a chaplain, he followed the standard of the liberating army. That work was executed too hastily and imperfectly, and for twenty years after its appearance, through every variety of fortune, its enlargement and improvement engaged his attention.

The events of the Revolution were so recent and so universally known as to be inflexible to the hand of fiction; and the poem could not therefore be modelled after the regular epic form, which would otherwise have been chosen. It is a series of visions, presented by Hesper, the genius of the western continent, to Columbus, while in the prison at Valladolid, where he is introduced to the reader uttering a monologue on his ill-requited services to Spain. These visions embrace a vast variety of scenes, circumstances, and characters. Europe in the middle ages, with her political and religious reformers; Mexico and the South American nations, and their imagined history; the progress of discovery; the settlement of the states now composing the federation; the war of the Revolution, and establishment of republicanism; and the chief actors in the great dramas which he attempts to present.

The poem, having no unity of fable, no regular succession of incidents, no strong exhibition of varied character, lacks the most powerful charms of a narrative; and has, besides, many dull and spiritless passages, which would make unpopular a work of much more faultless general design. The versification is generally harmonious, but mechanical and passionless, the language sometimes incorrect, and the similes often inappropriate and inelegant. Yet there are in it many bursts of eloquence and patriotism, which should preserve it from oblivion. The descriptions of nature and of personal character are frequently condensed and forceful; and passages of invective, indignant and full of energy.

Barlow was much respected in private life for his many excellent social qualities. His manners were usually grave and dignified, though when with his intimate friends he was easy and familiar. He was an honest and patient investigator, and would doubtless have been much more successful as a metaphysical or historical writer than as a poet. As an author he belonged to the first class of his time in America; and for his ardent patriotism, his public services, and the purity of his life, he deserves a distinguished rank among the men of our golden age.—*Born* 1755, *Died* 1812.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD.

The poems embraced in the volume of his writings published in 1801 are generally political, and are distinguished for wit and vigour. The longest in the collection was addressed to M. Adet, on his leaving America for France.—*Born* 1765, *Died* 1812.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The merits of Mr. Adams as a poet are not great, but he wrote much in verse, and frequently with good sense, humour, and scholarly polish. Among his earlier productions are translations of the seventh and thirteenth satires of Juvenal, written for Dennie's "Portfolio," and Mr. Griswold speaks of a translation of Wieland's "Oberon," which he made while residing officially at Berlin, in 1798. It would have been printed at the time, had not Wieland informed a friend of Mr. Adams, who exhibited to him the manuscript, of the English version of his poem then just published by Mr. Sotheby, of the existence of which Mr. Adams had not been aware. The longest of Mr. Adams' original poems is "Dermot Mac Morrogh; or, the Conquest of Ireland, an Historical Tale of the Twelfth Century, in Four Cantos," which appeared in 1832. It is a story of various profligacy and brutality, in which it is difficult to see any poetical elements; but Mr. Adams deemed the subject suitable for an historical tale; and to give it "an interest which might invite readers," it appeared "advisable to present it in the garb of poetry." "Dermot Mac Morrogh" added

very little to Mr. Adams's literary fame. Reviewers of all parties condemned it as an utter failure in poetry, philosophy, and wit. It is probable that the eminent position of the author was as injurious to him with the critics, as it was advantageous to his booksellers with the public. A collection of his shorter effusions appeared soon after his death, under the title of "Poems of Religion and Society," and the editor expresses an opinion that many of them "are informed with wisdom and various learning," and that some of the illustrious writer's hymns "are among the finest devotional lyrics in our language." This praise is not altogether undeserved, but perhaps it may be discovered that they are more remarkable for the quality of piety than for that of poetry.—*Born* 1767, *Died* 1848.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON.

Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D., son of Francis Hopkinson, author of "The Battle of the Kegs," &c., was educated for the bar in the office of his father. He wrote verses with fluency, but had little claim to be regarded as a poet. His "Hail, Columbia!" is, however, one of the very few national songs of America, and is likely to be looked for in all collections of American poetry. At the time of his death, which occurred on the 15th of January, 1842, the author was President of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Philosophical Society, and a Judge of the District Court of the United States.—*Born* 1770, *Died* 1842.

WILLIAM CLIFTON.

The poetry of Clifton has more energy of thought and diction, and is generally more correct and harmonious, than any which had been previously written in this country. Much of it is satirical, and relates to persons and events of the period in which he lived; and the small volume of his writings published after his death doubtless contains some pieces which would have been excluded from an edition prepared by himself, for this reason, and because they were unfinished and not originally intended to meet the eye of the world.—*Born* 1722, *Died* 1799.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

Of this artist and poet, Mr. Griswold says that although he "owed his chief celebrity to his paintings, which will preserve for his name a place in the list of the greatest artists of all the nations and ages, his literary works alone would have given him a high rank among men of genius. A great painter, indeed, is of necessity a poet, though he may lack the power to express fittingly his conceptions in language. Allston had in remarkable perfection all the faculties required for either art. 'The Sylphs of the Seasons,' his longest poem, in which he describes the scenery of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and the effects of each season on the mind, show that he regarded nature with a curious eye, and had power to exhibit her beauties with wonderful distinctness and fidelity. 'The Two Painters' is an admirable satire, intended to ridicule attempts to reach perfection in one excellency in the art of painting, to the neglect of every other. The 'Paint King' is a singularly wild, imaginative story; and nearly all his minor poems are strikingly original and beautiful. It was in his paintings, however, that the power and religious grandeur of his imagination were most strongly developed."—*Born* 1779, *Died* 1843.

HENRY ROWE SCHOOLCRAFT.

Dr. Schoolcraft has written voluminously upon the North American Indians, and most American writers are indebted to his labours regarding these tribes. His principal work in this connection is "Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," in five quarto volumes, published by the Government. —*Born* 1793.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

When but little more than eighteen years of age he had written his noble poem of "Thanatopsis," which was published in the "North American Review" for 1816. In 1821 he delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College his longest poem, "The Ages," in which, from a survey of the past eras of the world, and of the successive advances of mankind in knowledge, virtue, and happiness, he endeavours to justify and confirm the hopes of the philanthropist for the future destinies of man. It is in the stanza of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." "To a Waterfowl," "Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood," and several other pieces, were likewise written about the same time. In 1832 a collection of all the poems Mr. Bryant had then written was published in New York; it was soon after reprinted in Boston, and a copy of it reaching Washington Irving, who was then in England, he caused it to be published in London, where it has since passed through several editions. In 1842 he published "The Fountain and other Poems;" in 1844 "The White-footed Deer and other Poems;" in 1846 an edition of his complete Poetical Works, illustrated with engravings from pictures by Leutze; and in 1855 another edition, containing his later

poems, in two volumes. His "Letters of a Traveller" appeared in 1852, and the last result of his laborious mind is the translation of the "Iliad" (1870).—*Born* 1794.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

In 1822 and 1823 Mr. Halleck visited Great Britain and the continent of Europe. Among the souvenirs of his travels are two poems, "Burns," and "Alnwick Castle," which, with a few other pieces, he gave to the public in a small volume in 1827. His fame was established by these, and in New York, where his personal qualities are best known, and his poems, from their local allusions, are read by everybody, he has enjoyed a constant popularity.—*Born* 1795.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

General Morris has written a number of popular songs. That one which represents him here is widely known, but not everybody remembers who is the author. For many years he has been connected with Mr. Willis in journalistic labours.—*Born* 1801.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

This American essayist, the son of a Unitarian minister of Boston, U.S., was designed for the same profession. The peculiarity of his views, however, led him into other studies, which broke his connection with the religious body to which he belonged. After publishing several essays or orations, he, in 1840, started a publication called the "Dial," devoted to the discussion of prominent questions in philosophy, history, and literature. It lived for four years, during which period Mr. Emerson kept himself before the public by delivering orations upon popular subjects. In 1844 he published "Lectures on New England Reformers," and subsequently lectured on Swedenborg, Napoleon, and other eminent men. In 1846 appeared a volume of poems, and in 1849 he visited England, where he delivered a series of lectures, and afterwards published them, under the title of "Representative Men." Soon after, he published "English Traits," embodying some of his observations on English manners, customs, and characteristics. Besides these more special labours, he contributed to various reviews and other periodicals.

Mr. Emerson's sympathy with nature is evinced in everything he has written; beauty, in external objects, whether it be grandeur, sublimity, splendour, or simple grace, is not with him an illustration merely; it is an instructing presence, to be questioned and heard as one of the forms or manifestations of divinity. The old prayer of Ajax is translated in his verse:

"Give me of the true,—
Whose ample leaves and tendrils, curl'd
Among the silver hills of heaven,
Draw everlasting dew;
Wine of wine,
Blood of the world,
Form of forms, and mould of statures,
That I, intoxicated,
And by the draught assimilated
May float at pleasure through all natures;
The bird-language rightly spell,
And that which roses say so well."

What to others who have repeated the words has been an unmeaning fable, has to him been a truth: he has found

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing,"

and this he says for himself, in a little poem called

"THE APOLOGY.

"Think me not unkind and rude
That I walk alone in grove and glen:
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

"Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.

"Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.

"There was never mystery
But 'tis figured in the flowers;
Was never secret history
But birds tell it in the bowers.

"One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thy acres yield,
Which I gather in a song."

Mr. Emerson was born about 1803.—*Beeton's Dictionary of Biography.*

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

I have endeavoured to define the sphere and dignity of the song: but whatever may be thought of it as an order of writing, I am satisfied that Mr. Hoffman has come as near to the highest standard or idea of excellence which belongs to this species of composition, as any American poet has done in his own department, whatever that department may be. Many of his productions have received whatever testimony of merit is afforded by great and continued popular favour; and though there are undoubtedly some sorts of composition respecting which the applause or silence of the multitude is right or wrong only by accident, yet, as regards a song, popularity

appears to me to be the only test, and lasting popularity to be an infallible test of excellence. —*Born* 1806.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The most successful of all American poets; his name is as familiar in English homes as in the Pilgrim States. If his fame is a little exaggerated, he is still entitled to a very respectable position in the poetic roll. We can only briefly refer to his works. "Outre Mer, or a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea," tales and sketches, appeared about 1838; in 1839, "Hyperion;" in 1848, "Kavanagh." In 1845 "The Poets and Poetry of Europe" was published, which is described by an admirer as "the most comprehensive, complete, and accurate review of the poetry of the continental nations that has ever appeared in any language." The first collection of his own poems was published in 1839, under the title of "Voices of the Night." His "Ballads and other Poems" followed in 1841; "The Spanish Student, a Play," in 1843; "Poems on Slavery," in 1844; "The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems," in 1845; "Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie," in 1847; "The Seaside and the Fireside," in 1849; "The Golden Legend," in 1851: and "The Song of Hiawatha," in 1855. Many editions of his poems have been published both in England and America. His latest works have been "Miles Standish" and translations from Dante.

From an American critic we quote the following:—"Of all our poets Longfellow best deserves the title of artist. He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. His tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success. There is an aptitude, a gracefulness, and vivid beauty, in many of his stanzas, which at once impress the memory and win the ear and heart. There is in the tone of his poetry little passion, but much quiet earnestness. It is not so much the power of the instrument, as the skill with which it is managed, that excites our sympathy. His acquaintance with foreign literature has been of great advantage by rendering him familiar with all the delicate capacities of language, from the grand symphonic roll of Northern tongues, to the 'soft, bastard Latin' of the South. His ideas and metaphors are often very striking and poetical; but there is no affluence of imagery, or wonderful glow of emotion, such as take us captive in Byron or Shelley: the claim of Longfellow consists rather in the wise and tasteful use of his materials than in their richness or originality. He has done much for the Art of Poetry in this country by his example, and in this respect may claim the praise which all good critics of English poetry have bestowed on Gray and Collins. The spirit of Longfellow's muse is altogether unexceptionable in a moral point of view. He illustrates the gentler themes of song, and pleads for justice, humanity, and particularly the beautiful, with a poet's deep conviction of their eternal claims upon the instinctive recognition of the man." Mr. Longfellow was born in 1807.

N. P. WILLIS.

Mr. Willis is better known as a prose writer than a poet. The one poem which represents him here is a fair specimen of his powers.—*Born* 1807.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When he was twenty, he began literary work as conductor of "The American Manufactures," a "protection" journal. Afterwards he gave himself to politics and agriculture, and wrote but little. In 1836, however, he published the poem of "Mogg Megone." In this, as in the ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," and in some of his prose writings, he has exhibited in a very striking manner the intolerant spirit of the Puritans. In 1838 Mr. Whittier published a volume of "Ballads;" "Lays of my Home, and other Poems," in 1845; a full collection of his "Poems," in 1849; "Songs of Labour," in 1851; and "The Chapel of the Hermits, and other Poems," in 1852. His prose works, besides "Legends of New England," before mentioned, are "The Stranger in Lowell," a collection of prose essays, 1845; "Supernaturalism in New England," 1847; Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal," illustrating the age of the Puritans, 1849; "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches," 1850; and "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies," in 1854. He is thus criticised by Mr. Griswold:—"Although boldness and energy are Whittier's leading characteristics, his works are not without passages scarcely less distinguished for tenderness and grace. He may reasonably be styled a national poet. His works breathe affection for and faith in our republican polity and unshackled religion, but an affection and a faith that do not blind him to our weakness or wickedness. He is of that class of authors whom we most need in America to build up a literature that shall elevate with itself the national feeling and character."—*Born* 1808.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Mr. Griswold thus writes of the author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:—"The earlier poems of Dr. Holmes appeared in 'The Collegian.' They were little less

distinguished for correct and melodious versification than his more recent and most elaborate productions. They attracted attention by their humour and originality, and were widely republished in the periodicals. But a small portion of them have been printed under his proper signature. In 1831 a small volume appeared in Boston, entitled 'Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings,' and composed of metrical pieces, chiefly satirical, written by Dr. Holmes and Epes Sargent. It embraced many of our author's best humorous verses, afterwards printed among his acknowledged works. His 'Poetry, a Metrical Essay,' was delivered before a literary society at Cambridge. It is in the heroic measure, and in its versification it is not surpassed by any poem written in America. It relates to the nature and offices of poetry, and is itself a series of brilliant illustrations of the ideas of which it is an expression. In 1843 Dr. Holmes published 'Terpsichore,' a poem read at the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in that year; and in 1846, 'Urania, a Rhymed Lesson,' pronounced before the Mercantile Library Association. The last is a collection of brilliant thoughts, with many local allusions, in compact but flowing and harmonious versification, and is the longest poem Dr. Holmes has published since the appearance of his 'Metrical Essay' in 1835. Dr. Holmes is a poet of wit and humour and genial sentiment, with a style remarkable for its purity, terseness, and point, and for an exquisite finish and grace. His lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as successful in their way as those mirthful frolics of his muse for which he is best known—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness. All his poems illustrate a manly feeling, and have in them a current of good sense, the more charming because somewhat out of fashion now in works of imagination and fancy." English readers are best acquainted with his "Autocrat" and "Professor." His novels may be considered popular, and there can be no doubt that "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel" contain original and characteristic portraits, drawn with subtlety and delicacy. As a physician and writer of physiological works, he is much to be admired, for he speaks plainly and seeks to rid the world of many an absurd theory cherished ignorantly and warmly. His principal medical writings are comprised in his "Boylston Prize Essays," "Lectures on Popular Delusions in Medicine," and "The Theory and Practice of Medicine."—*Born* 1809.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The wayward life of this wonderful writer we have no space to record. He was at a school in England for four or five years, travelled through Great Britain, and returned to the States in 1822. Then he went to Jefferson University, Charlottesville, Virginia, and, in 1829, to West Point. Two years later he began his literary career, wrote magazine articles and edited periodicals at Richmond and Philadelphia. In 1841 appeared his "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque."

Near the end of 1844 Mr. Poe removed to New York, where he conducted for several months a literary miscellany called "The Broadway Journal." In 1845 he published a volume of "Tales," and a collection of his "Poems;" in 1846 wrote a series of literary and personal sketches entitled "The Literati of New York City," which commanded much attention; in 1848 gave to the public, first as a lecture, and afterwards in print, "Eureka, a Prose Poem;" and in the summer of 1849 delivered several lectures, in Richmond and other cities, and on the 7th October, while on his way to New York, died, suddenly, at Baltimore, aged 38.

In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with marvellous ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper. His rank as a poet is with the first class of his times. "The Raven," "Ulalume," "The Bells," and several of his other pieces, will be remembered as among the finest monuments of the capacities of the English language.—*Born* 1811, *Died* 1849.

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Mr. Tuckerman has spent a considerable portion of his time in European travel, and in 1839 published "Isabel; or, Sicily, a Pilgrimage," which, in 1846, was reprinted in London. Subsequently appeared, "Thoughts on the Poets," "Artist Life," "Characteristics of Literature," and some biographies and criticisms. A collection of his "Poems" appeared in 1851, but it embraces only a small proportion of those he had published in the magazines and newspapers. In his works it has been noted he has occasionally done injustice to his own fine powers by the carelessness with which he has adopted familiar ideas, images, and forms of expression from other writers.—*Born* 1813.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The author of the "Biglow Papers" was born at Boston, educated at Harvard, and his first appearance was in 1839, when he printed a class poem recited at Cambridge. It was a composition in heroic verse, which, though it

betrayed marks of haste, contained many strokes of vigorous satire, much sharp wit, and occasional bursts of feeling. Two years afterwards he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, under the title of "A Year's Life." This bore no relationship to his first production. It illustrated entirely different thoughts, feelings, and habits. In 1844 Mr. Lowell published a new volume evincing very decided advancement in thought, and feeling, and execution. The longest of its contents, "A Legend of Brittany," is without any of the striking faults of his previous compositions, and in imagination and artistic finish is the best poem he has yet printed. In the same volume appeared the author's "Prometheus," "Rhœcus," and some of his most admired shorter pieces. He gave to the public a third collection of his poems in 1848. In this there is no improvement of versification, no finer fancy, or braver imagination, than in the preceding volume; but it illustrates a deeper interest in affairs, and a warm partisanship for the philanthropists and progressists of all classes. Among his subjects are "The Present Crisis," "Anti-Texas," "The Capture of Fugitive Slaves," "Hunger and Cold," "The Landlord," &c. He gives here the first examples of a peculiar humour, which he has since cultivated with success. In the same year Mr. Lowell published "A Fable for Critics, or a Glance at a Few of our Literary Progênies," a rhymed essay, critical and satirical, upon the principal living writers of the country. Afterwards came the "Biglow Papers," a collection of verses in the New England dialect, with introduction and notes by a suppositious, pedantic, but keen-witted and patriotic country parson. "The Vision of Sir Launfal, a Legend of the Holy Grail," was also issued about the same time.—*Born* 1819.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

Dr. English published a collection of his "Poems," in New York, in 1855. "Several of them are written," says his biographer, "in a style of vigorous declamation, upon subjects to which such a style is suitable. The stirring lyric of "The Gallows-Goers" is the best of his productions, and there are few more effective examples of partisan verse. It was much quoted during the agitation of the death-punishment question in several of the States between 1845 and 1850. Of a more poetical character are various love songs, written carelessly, but with freshness and apparent earnestness. Of one of these, entitled, "Dora Lee," the concluding verses display in a creditable manner his abilities for description.—*Born* 1819.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Mr. Read is a painter as well as a poet, and settled at Florence in 1853. His earliest literary work was a series of lyrics published in the "Boston Courier" in 1843 and 1844. In 1847 he printed in Boston the first collection of his "Poems;" in 1848, in Philadelphia, "Lays and Ballads;" in 1849, in the same city, "The Pilgrims of the Great Saint Bernard," a prose romance, in the successive numbers of a magazine; in 1853 an illustrated edition of his "Poems," comprising, with some new pieces, all he wished to preserve of his other volumes; and in 1855 the longest of his works, "The New Pastoral," in thirty-seven books. His verse, though sometimes irregular, is always musical. Indeed, in the easy flow of his stanzas and in the melody of their cadences, he seems to follow some chime of sound within his brain. This is the pervading expression of his poems, many of which might more probably be called songs. Though he has written in the dramatic form with freedom and unaffected feeling, and extremely well in didactic and descriptive blank verse, his province is evidently the lyrical. Like most of our poets, in his earlier poems Mr. Read wrote from the inspiration of foreign song and story, and he seems but lately to have perceived that the most appropriate field for the exercise of his powers is to be found at home.—*Born* 1822.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

Mr. Leland is best known to English readers as the author of "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," and the translator of Heinrich Heine's poems. An American critic says of him: "His poems are for the most part in a peculiar vein of satirical humour. He has an invincible dislike of the sickly extravagances of small sentimentalists, and the absurd assumptions of small philanthropists. He is not altogether incredulous of progress, but does not look for it from that boastful independence, characterizing the new generation, which rejects the authority and derides the wisdom of the past. He is of that healthy intellectual constitution which promises in every department the best fruits to his industry." He was born in 1824.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Mr. Taylor has travelled very largely, and written excellent accounts of his wanderings. He has published "The American Legend," a poem delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, in 1850; and "Poems of the Orient," which appeared in 1854, and embrace only such pieces as were written while he was on his passage round the

world, and present the more poetical phases of that portion of his experiences.— *Born* 1825.

R. H. STODDARD.

He originally was placed in an iron foundry, and in 1847 some verses in the "Union Magazine" gave evidence that his mind as well as his body was toiling. The first was, however, the stronger of the two, for in 1848, after publishing a small volume entitled "Footprints," his health gave way, and he surrendered his mechanical occupation. He has furnished a considerable number of pieces to "Putnam's Monthly" and "Graham's Magazine," and to the last, two, "The Burden of Unrest" and "The Squire of Low Degree," in the composition of which he has exercised with suitable care his best abilities.

SEVENTH PERIOD—*Continued.*

1844.—THE DYING INDIAN.

"On yonder lake I spread the sail no more!
Vigour, and youth, and active days are past—
Relentless demons urge me to that shore
On whose black forests all the dead are cast:—
Ye solemn train, prepare the funeral song,
For I must go to shades below,
Where all is strange and all is new;
Companion to the airy throng!—
What solitary streams,
In dull and dreary dreams,
All melancholy, must I rove along!

To what strange lands must Chequi take his way!
Groves of the dead departed mortals trace:
No deer along those gloomy forests stray,
No huntsmen there take pleasure in the chase,
But all are empty, unsubstantial shades,
That ramble through those visionary glades;
No spongy fruits from verdant trees depend,
But sickly orchards there
Do fruits as sickly bear,
And apples a consumptive visage show,
And wither'd hangs the whortleberry blue.

Ah me! what mischiefs on the dead attend!
Wandering a stranger to the shores below,
Where shall I brook or real fountain find!
Lazy and sad deluding waters flow—
Such is the picture in my boding mind!
Fine tales, indeed, they tell
Of shades and purling rills,
Where our dead fathers dwell
Beyond the western hills;
But when did ghost return his state to show;
Or who can promise half the tale is true!

I too must be a fleeting ghost!—no more—
None, none but shadows to those mansions go;
I leave my woods, I leave the Huron shore,
For emptier groves below!
Ye charming solitudes,
Ye tall ascending woods
Ye glassy lakes and purling streams,
Whose aspect still was sweet,
Whether the sun did greet,
Or the pale moon embraced you with her beams—
Adieu to all!
To all, that charm'd me where I stray'd,
The winding stream, the dark sequester'd shade;
Adieu all triumphs here!
Adieu the mountain's lofty swell,
Adieu, thou little verdant hill,
And seas, and stars, and skies—farewell!
For some remoter sphere!

Perplex'd with doubts, and tortured with despair,
Why so dejected at this hopeless sleep?
Nature at last these ruins may repair,
When fate's long dream is o'er, and she forgets to weep;
Some real world once more may be assign'd,
Some new-born mansion for the immortal mind!
Farewell, sweet lake; farewell, surrounding woods:
To other groves, through midnight glooms I stray,
Beyond the mountains and beyond the floods,
Beyond the Huron bay!
Prepare the hollow tomb, and place me low,
My trusty bow and arrows by my side,
The cheerful bottle and the venison store,
For long the journey is that I must go,
Without a partner, and without a guide."

He spoke, and bid the attending mourners weep,
Then closed his eyes, and sunk to endless sleep!

Philip Freneau.—Born 1752, *Died* 1832.

1845—CHARACTER OF McFINGAL.

When Yankees, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;
Instructed them in warlike trade,
And new manœuvres of parade;
The true war-dance of Yankee-reels,
And *manual exercise* of heels;
Made them give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh, and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out by fear and trembling;
Taught Percy fashionable races,
And modern modes of Chevy-Chaces:

From Boston, in his best array,
Great Squire McFingal took his way,
And, graced with ensigns of renown,
Steer'd homeward to his native town.

His high descent our heralds trace
To Ossian's famed Fingalian race;
For though their name some part may lack,
Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac;
Which great McPherson, with submission,
We hope will add to the next edition.

His fathers flourish'd in the Highlands
Of Scotia's fog-benighted island;
Whence gain'd our squire two gifts by right,
Rebellion and the second-sight.
Of these the first, in ancient days,
Had gain'd the noblest palms of praise;
'Gainst kings stood forth, and many a crown'd head
With terror of its might confounded;
Till rose a king with potent charm
His foes by goodness to disarm;
Whom every Scot and Jacobite
Straight fell in love with—at first sight;
Whose gracious speech, with aid of pensions,
Hush'd down all murmurs of dissensions,
And with the sound of potent metal,
Brought all their blust'ring swarms to settle;
Who rain'd his ministerial mannas,
Till loud sedition sung hosannas;
The good lord-bishops and the kirk
United in the public work;
Rebellion from the northern regions,
With Bute and Mansfield swore allegiance,
And all combined to raze, as nuisance,
Of church and state, the constitutions;
Pull down the empire, on whose ruins
They meant to edify their new ones;
Enslave the American wildernesses,
And tear the provinces in pieces.
For these our squire, among the valiant'st,
Employ'd his time, and tools, and talents;
And in their cause, with manly zeal,
Used his first virtue—to rebel;
And found this new rebellion pleasing
As his old king-destroying treason.

Nor less avail'd his optic sleight,
And Scottish gift of second-sight.
No ancient sibyl, famed in rhyme,
Saw deeper in the womb of time;
No block in old Dodona's grove
Could ever more oracular prove.
Nor only saw he all that was,
But much that never came to pass;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Though former days produced a plenty:
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him may espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen.
As in the days of ancient fame,
Prophets and poets were the same,
And all the praise that poets gain
Is but for what they invent and feign:
So gain'd our squire his fame by seeing
Such things as never would have being;
Whence he for oracles was grown
The very tripod of his town.
Gazettes no sooner rose a lie in,
But straight he fell to prophesying;
Made dreadful slaughter in his course,
O'erthrew provincials, foot and horse;
Brought armies o'er by sudden pressings
Of Hanoverians, Swiss, and Hessians;
Feasted with blood his Scottish clan,
And hang'd all rebels to a man;
Divided their estates and pelf,
And took a goodly share himself.
All this, with spirit energetic,
He did by second-sight prophetic.

Thus stored with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centres
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some muskets so contrive it,
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And, though well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over:
So fared our squire, whose reas'ning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injured more his side,
The stronger arguments he applied;
As old war-elephants, dismay'd,
Trod down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle
Than less and ordinary cattle:
Yet at town meetings ev'ry chief
Pinn'd faith on great McFingal's sleeve
And, as he motion'd, all by rote,
Raised sympathetic hands to vote.

John Trumbull.—Born 1750, *Died* 1831.

1846.—ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Soon fleets the sunbright form, by man adored!—
Soon fell the head of gold to Time a prey,
The arms, the trunk, his cankering tooth devour'd,
And whirlwinds blew the iron dust away.
Where dwelt imperial Timur, far astray
Some lonely musing pilgrim now inquires;
And, rack'd by storms and hastening to decay,
Mohammed's mosque foresees its final fires,
And Rome's more lordly temple day by day expires.

As o'er proud Asian realms the traveller winds,
His manly spirit, hush'd by terror, falls
When some forgotten town's lost site he finds
Where ruin wild his pondering eye appals,
Where silence swims along the moulder'd walls,
And broods upon departed Grandeur's tomb,
Through the lone, hollow aisles, sad Echo calls
At each slow step; deep sighs the breathing gloom,
And weeping fields around bewail their empress'd doom.

Where o'er a hundred realms the throne uprose
The screech-owl nests, the panther builds his home;
Sleep the dull newts, the lazy adders doze
Where pomp and luxury danced the golden room;
Low lies in dust the sky-resembled dome,
Tall grass around the broken column waves,
And brambles climb and lonely thistles bloom;
The moulder'd arch the weedy streamlet laves,
And low resound, beneath, unnumber'd sunken graves.

In thee, O Albion! queen of nations, live
Whatever splendours earth's wide realms have known;
In thee proud Persia sees her pomp revive,
And Greece her arts, and Rome her lordly throne;
By every wind thy Tyrian fleets are blown;
Supreme, on Fame's dread roll, thy heroes stand.
All ocean's realms thy naval sceptre own;
Of bards, of sages, how august thy band!
And one rich Eden blooms around thy garden'd land.

But, O how vast thy crimes! Through Heaven's great year,
When few centurial suns have traced their way;
When Southern Europe, won by feuds severe,
Weak, doting, fallen, has bow'd to Russian sway,
And setting Glory, beam'd her farewell ray,
To wastes, perchance, thy brilliant fields shall turn;
In dust thy temples, towers, and towns decay;
The forest howl where London turrets burn,
And all thy garlands deck thy sad funereal urn.

Some land, scarce glimmering in the light of fame,
Sceptred with arts and arms (if I divine),
Some unknown wild, some shore without a name,
In all thy pomp shall then majestic shine.
As silver-headed Time's slow years decline,
Not ruins only meet the inquiring eye;
Where round yon mouldering oak vain brambles twine,
The filial stem, already towering high,
Ere long shall stretch his arms, and nod in yonder sky.

Where late resounded the wild woodland roar,
Now heaves the palace, now the temple smiles;
Where frown'd the rude rock and the desert shore,
Now Pleasure sports, and Business want beguiles,
And Commerce wings her flight to thousand isles;
Culture walks forth, gay laugh the loaded fields,
And jocund Labour plays his harmless wiles:
Glad Science brightens, Art her mansion builds,
And Peace uplifts her wand, and Heaven his blessing yields.

Timothy Dwight.—Born 1752, *Died* 1817.

1847.—WESTERN EMIGRATION.

With all that's ours, together let us rise,
Seek brighter plains, and more indulgent skies;
Where fair Ohio rolls his amber tide,
And nature blossoms in her virgin pride;
Where all that Beauty's hand can form to please
Shall crown the toils of war with rural ease.

The shady coverts and the sunny hills,
The gentle lapse of ever-murmuring rills,
The soft repose amid the noontide bowers,
The evening walk among the blushing flowers,
The fragrant groves, that yield a sweet perfume,
And vernal glories in perpetual bloom
Await you there; and heaven shall bless the toil:
Your own the produce, and your own the soil.

There, free from envy, cankering care and strife,
Flow the calm pleasures of domestic life;
There mutual friendship soothes each placid breast:
Blest in themselves, and in each other blest.
From house to house the social glee extends,
For friends in war in peace are doubly friends.

There cities rise, and spiry towns increase,
With gilded domes and every art of peace.
Their Cultivation shall extend his power,
Rear the green blade, and nurse the tender flower;
Make the fair villa in full splendour smile,
And robe with verdure all the genial soil.
There shall rich Commerce court the favouring gales,
And wondering wilds admire the passing sails,
Where the bold ships the stormy Huron brave,
Where wild Ontario rolls the whitening wave,
Where fair Ohio his pure current pours,
And Mississippi laves the extended shores.
And thou Supreme! whose hand sustains this ball,
Before whose nod the nations rise and fall,
Propitious smile, and shed diviner charms
On this blest land, the queen of arts and arms;
Make the great empire rise on wisdom's plan,
The seat of bliss, and last retreat of man.

David Humphreys.—Born 1753, *Died* 1818.

1848.—BURNING OF NEW ENGLAND VILLAGES.

FROM THE "COLUMBIAD."

Through solid curls of smoke, the bursting fires
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
With equal rage from every point of heaven,
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
The twisting flames, and through the rafters roar;
Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far,
To warn the nations of the raging war;
Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd,
Careering, brightening o'er the lustred world:
Seas catch the splendour, kindling skies resound,
And falling structures shake the smouldering ground.
Crowds of wild fugitives, with frantic tread,
Flit through the flames that pierce the midnight shade,
Back on the burning domes revert their eyes,
Where some lost friend, some perish'd infant lies.
Their maim'd, their sick, their age-enfeebled sires
Have sunk sad victims to the sateless fires;
They greet with one last look their tottering walls,
See the blaze thicken, as the ruin falls,
Then o'er the country train their dumb despair,
And far behind them leave the dancing glare;
Their own crush'd roofs still lend a trembling light,
Point their long shadows and direct their flight.
Till, wandering wide, they seek some cottage door,
Ask the vile pittance due the vagrant poor;
Or, faint and faltering on the devious road,
They sink at last, and yield their mortal load.

Joel Barlow.—Born 1755, *Died* 1812.

1849.—CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS.

Of crimes, empoison'd source of human woes,
Whence the black flood of shame and sorrow flows,
How best to check the venom's deadly force,
To stem its torrent, or direct its course,
To scan the merits of vindictive codes,
Nor pass the faults humanity explodes,
I sing—what theme more worthy to engage
The poet's song, the wisdom of the sage?
Ah! were I equal to the great design,
Were thy bold genius, blest Beccaria! mine,
Then should my work, ennobled as my aim,
Like thine, receive the meed of deathless fame.

O Jay! deserving of a purer age,
Pride of thy country, statesman, patriot, sage,
Beneath whose guardian care our laws assume
A milder form, and lose their Gothic gloom,
Read with indulgent eyes, nor yet refuse
This humble tribute of an artless muse.

Great is the question which the learn'd contest,
What grade, what mode of punishment is best;
In two famed sects the disputants decide,
These ranged on Terror's, those on Reason's side;
Ancient as empire Terror's temple stood,
Capt with black clouds, and founded deep in blood;
Grim despots here their trembling honours paid,
And guilty offerings to their idol made:
The monarch led—a servile crowd ensued,
Their robes distain'd in gore, in gore imbrued;
O'er mangled limbs they held infernal feast,
Moloch the god, and Draco's self the priest.
Mild Reason's fane, in later ages rear'd,
With sunbeams crown'd, in Attic grace appear'd;
In just proportion finish'd every part,
With the fine touches of enlighten'd art.
A thinking few, selected from the crowd,
At the fair shrine with filial rev'rence bow'd;
The sage of Milan led the virtuous choir,
To them sublime he strung the tuneful lyre:
Of laws, of crimes, and punishments he sung,
And on his glowing lips persuasion hung:
From Reason's source each inference just he drew,
While truths fresh polish'd struck the mind as new:
Full in the front, in vestal robes array'd,
The holy form of Justice stood display'd:
Firm was her eye, not vengeful, though severe,
And e'er she frown'd she check'd the starting tear.
A sister form, of more benignant face,
Celestial Mercy, held the second place;
Her hands outspread in suppliant guise she stood,
And oft with eloquence resistless sued;
But where 'twas impious e'en to deprecate,
She sigh'd assent, and wept the wretch's fate.

In savage times, fair Freedom yet unknown,
The despot, clad in vengeance, fill'd the throne;
His gloomy caprice scrawl'd the ambiguous code,
And dyed each page in characters of blood,
The laws transgress'd, the prince in judgment sat,
And Rage decided on the culprit's fate:
Nor stopp'd he here, but, skill'd in murderous art,
The sceptred brute usurp'd the hangman's part;

With his own hands the trembling victim hew'd,
And basely wallow'd in a subject's blood.
Pleased with the fatal game, the royal mind
On modes of death and cruelty refined:
Hence the dank caverns of the cheerless mine,
Where, shut from light, the famish'd wretches pine;
The face divine, in seams unsightly sear'd,
The eyeballs gouged, the wheel with gore besmear'd,
The Russian knout, the suffocating flame,
And forms of torture wanting yet a name.
Nor was this rage to savage times confined;
It reach'd to later years and courts refined.
Blush, polish'd France, nor let the muse relate
The tragic story of your Damien's fate;
The bed of steel, where long the assassin lay,
In the dark vault, secluded from the day:
The quivering flesh which burning pincers tore,
The pitch, pour'd flaming in the recent sore;
His carcase, warm with life, convulsed with pain,
By steeds dismember'd, dragg'd along the plain.

As daring quacks, unskill'd in medic lore,
Prescribed the nostrums quacks prescribed before;
Careless of age or sex, whate'er befall,
The same dull recipe must serve for all:
Our senates thus, with reverence be it said,
Have been too long by blind tradition led:
Our civil code, from feudal dross refined,
Proclaims the liberal and enlighten'd mind;
But till of late the penal statutes stood
In Gothic rudeness, smear'd with civic blood;
What base memorials of a barbarous age
What monkish whimsies sullied every page!
The clergy's benefit, a trifling brand,
Jest of the law, a holy sleight of hand:
Beneath this saintly cloak what crimes abhorr'd,
Of sable dye, were shelter'd from the lord;
While the poor starveling, who a cent purloin'd,
No reading saved, no juggling trick essoin'd;
His was the servile lash, a foul disgrace,
Through time transmitted to his hapless race;
The fort and dure, the traitor's motley doom,
Might blot the story of imperial Rome.
What late disgraced our laws yet stand to stain
The splendid annals of a George's reign.

Say, legislators, for what end design'd
This waste of lives, this havoc of mankind?
Say, by what right (one case exempt alone)
Do ye prescribe, that blood can crimes atone?
If, when our fortunes frown, and dangers press,
To act the Roman's part be to transgress;
For man the use of life alone commands;
The fee residing in the grantor's hands.
Could man, what time the social pact he seal'd,
Cede to the state a right he never held?
For all the powers which in the state reside,
Result from compact, actual or implied.
Too well the savage policy we trace
To times remote, Humanity's disgrace;
E'en while I ask, the trite response recurs,
Example warns, severity deters.
No milder means can keep the vile in awe,
And state necessity compels the law.
But let Experience speak, she claims our trust;
The data false, the inference is unjust.
Ills at a distance, men but slightly fear;
Delusive Fancy never thinks them near:
With stronger force than fear temptations draw,
And cunning thinks to parry with the law.
"My brother swung, poor novice in his art,
He blindly stumbled on a hangman's cart;
But wiser I, assuming every shape,
As Proteus erst, am certain to escape."
The knave, thus jeering, on his skill relies,
For never villain deem'd himself unwise.

Sir John Honeywood.—Born 1765, *Died* 1798

1850.—THE WANTS OF MAN.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
'Tis not with me exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and if told,
Would muster many a score;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread,
And canvas-backs and wine;
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me when I dine;
With four choice cooks from France, beside,
To dress my dinner well;
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell.

What next I want, at heavy cost,
Is elegant attire:
Black sable furs for winter's frost,
And silks for summer's fire;
And Cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace.
My bosom's front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

And then I want a mansion fair,
A dwelling-house, in style,
Four stories high, for wholesome air—
A massive marble pile;
With halls for banquetings and balls,
All furnish'd rich and fine;
With high-blood studs in fifty stalls,
And cellars for my wine.

I want a garden and a park,
My dwelling to surround—
A thousand acres (bless the mark!)
With walls encompass'd round—
Where flocks may range and herds may low,
And kids and lambkins play,
And flowers and fruits commingled grow,
All Eden to display.

I want, when summer's foliage falls,
And autumn strips the trees,
A house within the city's walls,
For comfort and for ease;
But here as space is somewhat scant,
And acres somewhat rare,
My house in town I only want
To occupy—a square.

I want a steward, butler, cooks;
A coachman, footman, grooms;
A library of well-bound books,
And picture-garnish'd rooms;
Correggio's Magdalen, and Night,
The Matron of the Chair;
Guido's fleet coursers, in their flight,
And Claudes at least a pair.

I want a cabinet profuse
Of medals, coins, and gems;
A printing-press for private use,
Of fifty thousand ems;
And plants, and minerals, and shells;
Worms, insects, fishes, birds;
And every beast on earth that dwells
In solitude or herds.

I want a board of burnish'd plate,
Of silver and of gold;
Tureens, of twenty pounds in weight,
And sculpture's richest mould;
Plateaus, with chandeliers and lamps,
Plates, dishes—all the same;
And porcelain vases, with the stamps
Of Sèvres and Angoulême.

And maples of fair glossy stain,
Must form my chamber doors,
And carpets of the Wilton grain
Must cover all my floors;
My walls with tapestry bedeck'd,
Must never be outdone;
And damask curtains must protect
Their colours from the sun.

And mirrors of the largest pane
From Venice must be brought;
And sandal-wood and bamboo-cane,
For chairs and tables bought;
On all the mantel-pieces, clocks
Of thrice-gilt bronze must stand,
And screens of ebony and box
Invite the stranger's hand.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,
Affectionate and fair,
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share;
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind,
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment refined.

And as time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

And when my bosom's darling sings,
With melody divine,
A pedal harp of many strings
Must with her voice combine.
Piano, exquisitely wrought,
Must open stand, apart,
That all my daughters may be taught
To win the stranger's heart.

My wife and daughters will desire
Refreshment from perfumes,
Cosmetics for the skin require,
And artificial blooms.
The civet fragrance shall dispense,
And treasured sweets return;
Cologne revive the flagging sense,
And smoking amber burn.

And when at night my weary head
Begins to droop and dose,
A chamber south, to hold my bed,
For nature's sofe repose;
With blankets, counterpanes, and sheet,
Mattress, and sack of down,
And comfortables for my feet,
And pillows for my crown.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power;
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship prove as strong
For him, as his for me.

I want a kind and tender heart,
For others' wants to feel;
A soul secure from fortune's dart,
And bosom arm'd with steel;
To bear Divine chastisement's rod,
And, mingling in my plan,
Submission to the will of God,
With charity to man.

I want a keen, observing eye,
An ever-listening ear,
The truth through all disguise to spy,
And wisdom's voice to hear;

A tongue, to speak at virtue's need,
In heaven's sublimest strain;
And lips, the cause of man to plead,
And never plead in vain.

I want uninterrupted health,
Throughout my long career,
And streams of never-failing wealth,
To scatter far and near—
The destitute to clothe and feed,
Free bounty to bestow,
Supply the helpless orphan's need,
And soothe the widow's woe.

I want the genius to conceive,
The talents to unfold,
Designs, the vicious to retrieve,
The virtuous to uphold;
Inventive power, combining skill,
A persevering soul,
Of human hearts to mould the will,
And reach from pole to pole.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the people's unbought grace,
To rule my native land;
Nor crown, nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought, in future days,
The friend of human kind;
That after-ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim,
In choral union to the skies,
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man;
I cannot need them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want, absorbing all,
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

And oh! while circles in my veins
Of life the purple stream,
And yet a fragment small remains
Of nature's transient dream,
My soul, in humble hope unscared,
Forget not thou to pray,
That this THY WANT may be prepared
To meet the Judgment-Day.

J. Q. Adams.—Born 1767, *Died* 1848.

1851.—HAIL, COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won!
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause:
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat:
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united, &c.

Joseph Hopkinson.—Born 1770, *Died* 1842.

1852.—TO WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the strings,
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleased, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

While this delirious age enchanted seems
With hectic Fancy's desultory dreams;
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian vigour and of Roman grace,
With fond delight, we yet one bard behold,
As Horace polish'd and as Persius bold,
Reclaim the art, assert the muse divine,
And drive obtrusive dulness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the Tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the muse so near,
No Age when Learning had so much to fear,
As now, when love-lorn ladies light verse frame,
And every rebus-weaver talks of Fame.

When Truth in classic majesty appear'd,
And Greece, on high, the dome of science rear'd,
Patience and perseverance, care and pain
Alone the steep, the rough ascent could gain:
None but the great the sun-clad summit found;
The weak were baffled, and the strong were crown'd.
The tardy transcript's high-wrought page confined
To one pursuit the undivided mind.
No venal critic fatten'd on the trade;
Books for delight, and not for sale were made;
Then shone, superior, in the realms of thought,
The chief who govern'd, and the sage who taught:
The drama then with deathless bays was wreath'd,
The statue quicken'd, and the canvas breathed.
The poet, then, with unresisted art,
Sway'd every impulse of the captive heart.
Touch'd with a beam of Heaven's creative mind,
His spirit kindled, and his taste refined:
Incessant toil inform'd his rising youth;
Thought grew to thought, and truth attracted truth,
Till, all complete, his perfect soul display'd
Some bloom of genius which could never fade.
So the sage oak, to Nature's mandate true,
Advanced but slow, and strengthen'd as it grew!
But when, at length (full many a season o'er),
Its virile head, in pride, aloft it bore;
When steadfast were its roots, and sound its heart,
It bade defiance to the insect's art,
And, storm and time resisting, still remains
The never-dying glory of the plains.

Then, if some thoughtless Bavius dared appear,
Short was his date, and limited his sphere;
He could but please the changeling mob a day,
Then, like his noxious labours, pass away:
So, near a forest tall, some worthless flower
Enjoys the triumph of its gaudy hour,
Scatters its little poison through the skies,
Then droops its empty, hated head, and dies.

Still, as from famed Ilyssus' classic shore,
To Mincius' banks, the muse her laurel bore,
The sacred plant to hands divine was given,
And deathless Maro nursed the boon of Heaven.
Exalted bard! to hear thy gentler voice,
The valleys listen, and their swains rejoice;
But when, on some wild mountain's awful form,
We hear thy spirit chanting to the storm,
Of battling chiefs, and armies laid in gore,
We rage, we sigh, we wonder, and adore.
Thus Rome with Greece in rival splendour shone,
But claim'd immortal satire for her own;
While Horace pierced, full oft, the wanton breast
With sportive censure, and resistless jest;
And that Etrurian, whose indignant lay
Thy kindred genius can so well display,
With many a well-aim'd thought, and pointed line,
Drove the bold villain from his black design.
For, as those mighty masters of the lyre,
With temper'd dignity, or quenchless ire,
Through all the various paths of science trod,
Their school was Nature and their teacher God.
Nor did the muse decline till, o'er her head,
The savage tempest of the north was spread;
Till arm'd with desolation's bolt it came,
And wrapp'd her temple in funereal flame.

But soon the arts once more a dawn diffuse,
And Dante hail'd it with his morning muse;
Petrarch and Boccace join'd the choral lay,
And Arno glisten'd with returning day.
Thus science rose; and, all her troubles pass'd,
She hoped a steady, tranquil reign at last;
But Faustus came: (indulge the painful thought,)
Were not his countless volumes dearly bought?
For, while to every clime and class they flew,
Their worth diminish'd as their numbers grew.
Some pressman, rich in Homer's glowing page,
Could give ten epics to one wondering age;
A single thought supplied the great design,
And clouds of Iliads spread from every line.
Nor Homer's glowing page, nor Virgil's fire
Could one lone breast with equal flame inspire,
But, lost in books, irregular and wild,
The poet wonder'd, and the critic smiled:
The friendly smile, a bulkier work repays;
For fools will print, while greater fools will praise.

Touch'd with the mania, now, what millions rage
To shine the laureate blockheads of the age.
The dire contagion creeps through every grade;
Girls, coxcombs, peers, and patriots drive the trade,

And e'en the hind, his fruitful fields forgot,
For rhyme and misery leaves his wife and cot.
Ere to his breast the wasteful mischief spread,
Content and plenty cheer'd his little shed;
And, while no thoughts of state perplex'd his mind,
His harvests ripening, and Pastora kind,
He augh'd at toil, with health and vigour bless'd,
For days of labour brought their nights of rest:
But now in rags, ambitious for a name,
The fool of faction, and the dupe of fame,
His conscience haunts him with his guilty life,
His starving children, and his ruin'd wife.
Thus swarming wits, of all materials made,
Their Gothic hands on social quiet laid,
And, as they rave, unmindful of the storm,
Call lust, refinement; anarchy, reform.

William Clifton.—Born 1772, *Died* 1799.

1853.—AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble land,
Our father's native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim,
Then let the world combine—
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have pass'd,
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,—
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet, still, from either beach,
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

Washington Allston.—Born 1779, *Died* 1843.

1854.—GEEHALE: AN INDIAN LAMENT.

The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected or ever express'd,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast, it is bless'd in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay—
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore:
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;

And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

O, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colour'd stain,
Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin when heaven was black;
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track.
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engender'd beyond the big seas:
My wife and my children,—O spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale?

Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.—Born 1793.

1855.—THE PRAIRIES.

These are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fix'd,
And motionless for ever.—Motionless?—
No—they are all unchain'd again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the south!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not—ye have play'd
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisp'd the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fann'd
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound; I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race, that long has pass'd away,
Built them;—a disciplined and populous race
Heap'd, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourish'd their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison low'd,
And bow'd his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmur'd with their toils,
Till twilight blush'd, and lovers walk'd, and woo'd
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremember'd form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter-tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanish'd from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone—
All—save the piles of earth that hold their bones—
The platforms where they worshipp'd unknown gods—
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay—till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flock'd to those vast, uncover'd sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense

Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumph'd. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seem'd to forget,—yet ne'er forgot,—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butcher'd, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamp'd beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learn'd the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream
And I am in the wilderness alone.

W. C. Bryant.—Born 1794.

1856.—FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offer'd to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the grey old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that sway'd at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bow'd
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.
Father, Thy hand
Hath rear'd these venerable columns, Thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in Thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show,
The boast of our vain race, to change the form
Of Thy fair works. But Thou art here—Thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds,
That run along the summit of these trees
In music;—Thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with Thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquillity that Thou dost love,

Enjoys Thy presence. Noiselessly around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of Thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of Thee. This mighty oak,
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated,—not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With delicate breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
For ever. Written on Thy works, I read
The lesson of Thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From Thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seem'd
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men
Who deem'd it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble, and are still. O, God! when Thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at Thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of Thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of Thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchain'd elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate
In these calm shades Thy milder majesty
And to the beautiful order of Thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. Bryant.—Born 1794.

1857.—THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

Here are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
That stream with grey-green mosses; here the ground
Was never touch'd by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungather'd. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter as they pass
A fragrance from the cedars thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years
Back to the earliest days of Liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crown'd his slave,
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Arm'd to the teeth art thou: one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarr'd
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong and struggling. Power at thee has launch'd
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee:
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shiver'd, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,

And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
To teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes: and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the Deluge. Tyranny himself,
The enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obey'd,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler, yet subtler; he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His wither'd hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains conceal'd in chaplets. Oh! not yet
Mayst thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new Earth and Heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Behold thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

W. C. Bryant.—Born 1794.

1858.—OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE.

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheeks the glow is spread
That tints the morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods, are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Ay, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art—
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe!

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen:

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By the lone rivers of the West;
How faith is kept, and truth revered,
And man is loved, and God is fear'd,
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams!

There's freedom at thy gates and rest
For earth's down-trodden and oppress'd,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved labourer toil and bread.
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh, fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour,
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower;
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye,
Upon their lips the taunt shall die!

W. C. Bryant.—Born 1792.

1859.—SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gather'd
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery Barb
Across the moonlight plain.
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
For ever from our shore.

W. C. Bryant.—Born 1792.

1860.—BURNS.

To a Rose, brought from near Alloway Kirk, in Ayrshire, in the Autumn of 1822.

Wild rose of Alloway! my thanks.
Thou mind'st me of that autumn noon,
When first we met upon "the banks
And braes o' bonny Doon."

Like thine, beneath the thorn-tree's bough,
My sunny hour was glad and brief,
We've cross'd the winter sea, and thou
Art wither'd—flower and leaf.

And will not thy death-doom be mine—
The doom of all things wrought of clay—
And wither'd my life's leaf, like thine,
Wild rose of Alloway?

Not so his memory, for whose sake
My bosom bore thee far and long,
His, who an humbler flower could make
Immortal as his song.

The memory of Burns—a name
That calls, when brimm'd her festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up.

A nation's glory—be the rest
Forgot—she's canonized his mind;
And it is joy to speak the best
We may of human kind.

I've stood beside the cottage-bed,
Where the bard-peasant first drew breath:
A straw-thatch'd roof above his head,
A straw-wrought couch beneath.

And I have stood beside the pile,
His monument—that tells to heaven
The homage of earth's proudest isle,
To that bard-peasant given.

Bid thy thoughts hover o'er that spot,
Boy-minstrel, in thy dreaming-hour;
And know, however low his lot,
A poet's pride and power.

The pride that lifted Burns from earth,
The power that gave a child of song
Ascendency o'er rank and birth,
The rich, the brave, the strong;

And if despondency weigh down
Thy spirit's fluttering pinions then,
Despair—thy name is written on
The roll of common men.

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls, and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires:

Yet read the names that know not death;
Few nobler ones than Burns are there;
And few have won a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair.

His is that language of the heart,
In which the answering heart would speak,
Thought, word, that bids the warm tear start,
Or the smile light the cheek;

And his that music, to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time
In cot or castle's mirth or moan,
In cold or sunny clime.

And who hath heard his song, nor knelt
Before its spell with willing knee,
And listen'd, and believed, and felt
The poet's mastery.

O'er the mind's sea, in calm and storm,
O'er the heart's sunshine and its showers,
O'er Passion's moments, bright and warm,
O'er Reason's dark, cold hours;

On fields where brave men "die or do,"
In halls where rings the banquet's mirth,
Where mourners weep, where lovers woo,
From throne to cottage hearth;

What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue,
When "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"
Or "Auld Lang Syne" is sung!

Pure hopes, that lift the soul above,
Come with his Cotter's hymn of praise,
And dreams of youth, and truth, and love,
With "Logan's" banks and braes.

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Alloway's witch-haunted wall,
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

Imagination's world of air,
And our own world, its gloom and glee,
Wit, pathos, poetry, are there,
And death's sublimity.

And Burns—though brief the race he ran,
Though rough and dark the path he trod,—
Lived—died—in form and soul a man,
The image of his God.

Though care, and pain, and want, and woe,
With wounds that only death could heal,
Tortures—the poor alone can know,
The proud alone can feel;

He kept his honesty and truth,
His independent tongue and pen,
And moved, in manhood and in youth,
Pride of his fellow-men.

Strong sense, deep feeling, passions strong,
A hate of tyrant and of knave;
A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward, and of slave.

A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
That could not fear and would not bow,
Were written in his manly eye,
And on his manly brow.

Praise to the bard! his words are driven,
Like flower-seeds by the far winds sown,
Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
The birds of fame have flown.

Praise to the man! a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay,
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is,
The last, the hallow'd home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

Such graves as his are pilgrim-shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

Sages, with Wisdom's garland wreathed,
Crown'd kings, and mitred priests of power,
And warriors with their bright swords sheathed.
The mightiest of the hour;

And lowlier names, whose humble home
Is lit by Fortune's dimmer star,
Are there—o'er wave and mountain come,
From countries near and far;

Pilgrims, whose wandering feet have press'd
The Switzer's snow, the Arab's sand,
Or trod the piled leaves of the West,
My own green forest-land;

All ask the cottage of his birth,
Gaze on the scenes he loved and sung,
And gather feelings not of earth
His fields and streams among.

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Nith, and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

But what to them the sculptor's art,
His funeral columns, wreaths, and urns?
Wear they not graven on the heart
The name of Robert Burns?

Fitz-Greene Halleck.—Born 1795.

1861.—ALNWICK CASTLE.

Home of the Percy's high-born race,
Home of their beautiful and brave,
Alike their birth and burial-place,
Their cradle and their grave!
Still sternly o'er the castle gate
Their house's Lion stands in state,
As in his proud departed hours;
And warriors frown in stone on high,
And feudal banners "flout the sky"
Above his princely towers.

A gentle hill its side inclines,
Lovely in England's fadeless green,
To meet the quiet stream which winds
Through this romantic scene
As silently and sweetly still,
As when, at evening, on that hill,

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here too my sisters play'd.
My mother kiss'd me here;
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand!

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

George P. Morris.—Born about 1800.

1864.—"GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD!"

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home;
Thou art not my friend; I am not thine:
Too long through weary crowds I roam:—
A river ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am toss'd like the driven foam;
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court and street,
To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone
Bosom'd in yon green hills alone;
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies plann'd,
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay;
And evil men have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretch'd beneath the pines
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born about 1803.

1865.—TO THE HUMBLE-BEE.

Fine humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zig-zag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines,
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower-bells,
Honey'd cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze,
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodels,
Clover, catchfly, adders-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he pass'd.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breech'd philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—

Thou already slumberest deep,
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1866.—THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveller stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild wor'
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1867.—THE PROBLEM.

I like a church, I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul,
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains on pensive smiles,
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?
Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature roll'd
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groin'd the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity.
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew,
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast;
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell;
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon
As the best gem upon her zone;
And morning opens with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
These wonders rose to upper air;
And nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass,
Art might obey but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him plann'd,
And the same power that rear'd the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting quires,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken,
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told
In groves of oak or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the Fathers wise,—
The book itself before me lies,—
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines
Taylor, the Shakspere of divines;
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear,
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1868.—THE POET.

For this present, hard
Is the fortune of the bard,
  Born out of time;
All his accomplishment,
From nature's utmost treasure spent,
  Booteth not him.
When the pine tosses its cones
To the song of its waterfall tones,
He speeds to the woodland walks,
To birds and trees he talks:
Cæsar of his leafy Rome,
There the poet is at home.
He goes to the river side,—
  Not hook nor line hath he:
He stands in the meadows wide,—
  Nor gun nor scythe to see;
With none has he to do,
  And none to seek him,
Nor men below,
  Nor spirits dim.
What he knows nobody wants;
What he knows, he hides, not vaunts.
Knowledge this man prizes best
Seems fantastic to the rest;
Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,
Grass buds, and caterpillars' shrouds,
Boughs on which the wild bees settle,
Tints that spot the violets' petal,
Why nature loves the number five,
  And why the star-form she repeats;—
Lover of all things alive,
  Wonderer at all he meets,
Wonderer chiefly at himself,—
  Who can tell him what he is;
Or how meet in human elf
  Coming and past eternities? . . . .
And such I knew, a forest seer,
A minstrel of the natural year,
Foreteller of the vernal ides,
Wise harbinger of spheres and tides,
A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seem'd that nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place,
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow, between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It open'd in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam show'd the place,
And tell its long descended race.
It seem'd as if the breezes brought him,
It seem'd as if the sparrows taught him
As if by secret sight he knew
Where in far fields the orchis grew.
There are many events in the field,
  Which are not shown to common eyes,
But all her shows did nature yield
  To please and win this pilgrim wise.
He saw the partridge drum in the woods,
  He heard the woodcock's evening hymn,
He found the tawny thrush's brood,
  And the shy hawk did wait for him.
What others did at distance hear
  And guess'd within the thicket's gloom,
Was shown to this philosopher,
  And at his bidding seem'd to come.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1869.—DIRGE.

Knows he who tills this lonely field
  To reap its scanty corn,
What mystic fruit his acres yield
  At midnight and at morn?

In the long sunny afternoon
  The plain was full of ghosts,
I wander'd up, I wander'd down,
  Beset by pensive hosts.

The winding Concord gleam'd below,
  Pouring as wide a flood
As when my brothers, long ago,
  Came with me to the wood.

But they are gone—the holy ones
  Who trod with me this lonely vale,
The strong, star-bright companions
  Are silent, low and pale.

My good, my noble, in their prime,
  Who made this world the feast it was,
Who learn'd with me the lore of Time,
  Who loved this dwelling-place;

They took this valley for their toy,
  They play'd with it in every mood,
A cell for prayer, a hall for joy,
  They treated Nature as they would.

They colour'd the whole horizon round,
  Stars flamed and faded as they bade,
All echoes hearken'd for their sound,
  They made the woodlands glad or mad.

I touch this flower of silken leaf
  Which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief
  Whose balsam never grew.

Hearken to yon pine warbler,
  Singing aloft in the tree;
Hearest thou, O traveller!
  What he singeth to me?

Not unless God made sharp thine ear
  With sorrow such as mine,
Out of that delicate lay couldst thou
  Its heavy tale divine.

"Go, lonely man," it saith,
  "They loved thee from their birth,
Their hands were pure and pure their faith,
  There are no such hearts on earth.

"Ye drew one mother's milk,
  One chamber held ye all,
A very tender history
  Did in your childhood fall.

"Ye cannot unlock your heart,
  The key is gone with them;
The silent organ loudest chants
  The master's requiem."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1870.—THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

The Mountain and the Squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter, "Little Prig:"
Bun replied—
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere;
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Ralph Waldo Emerson.—Born 1803.

1871.—THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?)
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drunk in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dewdrops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scatter'd profusely in every one's reach,
When call'd on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Express'd the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while Venus look'd on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been miss'd in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy shook,
And with roseate fingers press'd down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
But julops the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

Charles Fenno Hoffman.—Born 1806.

1872.—NUREMBERG.

In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across
broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old
town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the
rooks that round them throng;

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the
emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying,
centuries old;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted,
in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretch'd its
hand through every clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with
many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen
Cunigunde's hand;

On the square the oriel window, where in old
heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous
world of Art,—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture
standing in the common mart;

And above cathedral doorways saints and
bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commission'd as apostles to
its own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and labour'd Albrecht Durer, the Evangelist of Art;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the better land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies;
Dead he is not,—but departed,—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air!

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walk'd of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammer'd to the anvil's chime;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laugh'd.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
With a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man grey and dove-like, with his great white beard and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanish'd is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard;
But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay:

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour,—the long pedigree of toil.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1873.—THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD.

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnish'd arms,
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing,
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys!
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norsemen's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin;

The tumult of each sack'd and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguer'd towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrench'd asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestow'd on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorr'd!
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1874.—THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes,
Pale flashes seem'd to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Follow'd the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd,
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she—
Among the Norsemen!
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armèd hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's-bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies:
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoal! to the Northland! *skoal!*"
—Thus the tale ended.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1875.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1876.—ENDYMION.

The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.

And silver-white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.

On such a tranquil night as this,
She woke Endymion with a kiss,
When, sleeping in the grove,
He dream'd not of her love.

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassion'd gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him, who slumbering lies.

O, weary hearts! O, slumbering eyes!
O, drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto its own.

Responds—as if, with unseen wings,
A breath from heaven had touch'd its strings;
And whispers, in its song,
"Where hast thou stay'd so long?"

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1877.—THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I have read in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguer'd the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flow'd between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasp'd the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaim'd the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamp'd beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1878.—IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,
The darting swallows soar and sing,
And from the stately elms I hear
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,
It seems an outlet from the sky,
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

All things rejoice in youth and love,
The fulness of their first delight,
And learn from the soft heavens above
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden! that read'st this simple rhyme,
Enjoy thy youth—it will not stay;
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,
For, O! it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of Love and Youth,
To some good angel leave the rest,
For Time will teach thee soon the truth—
There are no birds in last year's nest.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1879.—MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

Yes, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and blear'd!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain-passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing; Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—pray!

The hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers;—
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain!

There he stands, in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crown'd with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear,
A king,—a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! O, the old man grey
Loveth her ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,
And the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
Pray do not mock me so!
Do not laugh at me!

And now the sweet day is dead;
Cold in his arms it lies,
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist nor stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
Vex not his ghost!

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away!
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O soul! could thus decay,
And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
There shall be a darker day;
And the stars, from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away!
Kyrie Eleison;
Christie Eleison!

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1880.—MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou, whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet!
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then, why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafen'd by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough where slumber'd
Birds and blossoms many-number'd;—
Age, that bough with snows encumber'd.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds, that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1881.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lour,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me,
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is open'd
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall-stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded,
They enter my castle wall.

They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And I will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble in ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1882.—A SPRING LANDSCAPE.

The green trees whisper'd low and mild:
It was a sound of joy;
They were my playmates when a child,
And rock'd me in their arms so wild,—
Still they looked at me and smiled
As if I were a boy:

And ever whisper'd, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckon'd solemnly and slow:
Oh! I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood—
Solemn and silent everywhere—
Nature with folded hands seem'd there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer—
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombrous pines;
Abroad their fanlight branches grew,
And where the sunshine darted through,
Spread a vapour soft and blue
In long and sloping lines.

And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again—
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripen'd grain,
As once upon the flower.

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1883.—THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sail'd the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day;
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
With his pipe in his mouth,
And watch'd how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up, and spake an old sailor,
Had sail'd the Spanish Main—
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laugh'd he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows froth'd like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shudder'd, and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leap'd her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapp'd her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church-bells ring!
O say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast,"
And he steer'd for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns!
O say what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father, I see a gleaming light!
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answer'd never a word—
A frozen corpse was he!

Lash'd to the helm all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleam'd thro' the gleaming snow
On his fix'd and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasp'd her hands and pray'd,
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who still'd the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks, and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck, where the white and fleecy waves
Look'd soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheath'd in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roar'd.

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lash'd close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight, and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

H. W. Longfellow.—Born 1807.

1884.—APRIL VIOLETS.

I have found violets. April hath come on,
And the cool winds feel softer, and the rain
Falls in the beaded drops of summer-time.
You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck; and, from the hills,
A murmur like the hoarseness of the sea,
Tells the release of waters, and the earth
Sends up a pleasant smell, and the dry leaves
Are lifted by the grass; and so I know
That Nature, with her delicate ear, hath heard
The dropping of the velvet foot of Spring.
Take of my violets! I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That lean'd to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers,
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe out
Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deem'd too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry. Go out!
Ye spirits of habitual unrest,
And read it, when the "fever of the world"
Hath made your hearts impatient, and, if life
Hath yet one spring unpoison'd, it will be
Like a beguiling music to its flow,
And you will no more wonder that I love
To hunt for violets in the April-time.

N. P. Willis.—Born 1807

1885.—THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing
rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath pluck'd
the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cool'd the furnace around the
faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His
handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my
prison bars,
Last night across my damp earth-floor fell the
pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through
the long night-time,
My grated casement whiten'd with Autumn's
early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour
crept by;
Star after star look'd palely in and sank
adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that
which seem'd to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of
the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on
the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me
in my sorrow,
Dragg'd to their place of market, and
bargain'd for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer
from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the
shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like
whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly?" the
wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth
thy maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft
and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the
pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the
summer Sabbath through
Turn'd tenderly and timidly unto thy father's
pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink
thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the
warm bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble, on fore-
heads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden
hair

"Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not
for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by
laughing boys are broken;
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap
are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful
hunters braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy
fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to
tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching
pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-hair'd
and sackcloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock
at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread
and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from
the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying
in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee!—a sadly toil-
ing slave,
Dragging the slowly length'ning chain of
bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in
hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of
all!"

Oh!—over as the Tempter spoke, and feeble
Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of
unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove
in silent prayer
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak!—that Thou,
indeed, wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's
cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the
prison shackles fell,
Till I seem'd to hear the trailing of an angel's
robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to
sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the
peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my
spirit melt:
When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the lan-
guage of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his
doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning; again the
sunshine fell,
Fleck'd with the shade of bar and grate within
my lonely cell:

The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I pass'd;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How from every door and window the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burn'd upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:
"O Lord! support Thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scatter'd like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seem'd whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapp'd and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains with faces bronzed and old,
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest lean'd o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirr'd my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go light the dark, cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lower'd the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipp'd priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:
"Which of ye worthy seamen will take this Quaker maid?
In the Isle of Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seem'd lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growl'd back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me!—I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answer'd, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I look'd on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;

Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turn'd in
silence back,
And sneering priest, and baffled clerk rode
murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff look'd in bitterness
of soul;
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and
crush'd his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have
fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not
well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear,
swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade
me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet
of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turn'd the
hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seem'd changed
beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls
of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream
and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters
of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all
praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His
handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the
mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for
the poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly; on evening's
twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the
grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the
saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued
Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty
men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His
hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging
hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven
and devour:

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in
heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes
of praise be clad,
For He who cool'd the furnace, and smooth'd
the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty sti
to save!

John G. Whittier.—*Born* 1808.

1886.—PENTUCKET.

How sweetly on the wood-girt town
The mellow light of sunset shone!
Each small, bright lake, whose waters still
Mirror the forest and the hill,
Reflected from its waveless breast
The beauty of a cloudless west,
Glorious as if a glimpse were given
Within the western gates of Heaven,
Left, by the spirit of the star
Of sunset's holy hour, ajar!

Beside the river's tranquil flood
The dark and low-wall'd dwellings stood,
Where many a rood of open land
Stretch'd up and down on either hand,
With corn-leaves waving freshly green
The thick and blacken'd stumps between;
Behind, unbroken, deep and dread,
The wild, untravell'd forest spread,
Back to those mountains, white and cold,
Of which the Indian trapper told,
Upon whose summits never yet
Was mortal foot in safety set.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary labourer left his plough—
The milkmaid caroll'd by her cow—
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praise, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay.—
So slept Pompeii, tower and hall,
Ere the quick earthquake swallow'd all,
Undreaming of the fiery fate
Which made its dwellings desolate!

Hours pass'd away. By moonlight sped
The Merrimack along his bed.
Bathed in the pallid lustre, stood
Dark cottage-wall and rock and wood,
Silent, beneath that tranquil beam,
As the hush'd grouping of a dream.
Yet on the still air crept a sound—
No bark of fox—no rabbit's bound—
No stir of wings—nor waters flowing—
Nor leaves in midnight breezes blowing.

Was that the tread of many feet,
Which downward from the hill-side beat?
What forms were those which darkly stood
Just on the margin of the wood?—
Charr'd tree-stumps in the moonlight dim,
Or paling rude, or leafless limb?
No—through the trees fierce eyeballs glow'd,
Dark human forms in moonshine show'd,
Wild from their native wilderness,
With painted limbs and battle-dress!

A yell, the dead might wake to hear,
Swell'd on the night air, far and clear—
Then smote the Indian tomahawk
On crashing door and shattering lock—
Then rang the rifle-shot—and then
The shrill death-scream of stricken men—

Sunk the red axe in woman's brain,
And childhood's cry arose in vain—
Bursting through roof and window came,
Red, fast, and fierce, the kindled flame;
And blended fire and moonlight glared
Over dead corse and weapons bared.

The morning sun look'd brightly through
The river-willows, wet with dew.
No sound of combat fill'd the air,
No shout was heard,—nor gun-shot there:
Yet still the thick and sullen smoke
From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
And on the greensward many a stain,
And, here and there, the mangled slain,
Told how that midnight bolt had sped,
Pentucket, on thy fated head!

E'en now, the villager can tell
Where Rolfe beside his hearth-stone fell,
Still show the door of wasting oak
Through which the fatal death-shot broke,
And point the curious stranger where
De Rouville's corse lay grim and bare—
Whose hideous head, in death still fear'd,
Bore not a trace of hair or beard—
And still, within the churchyard ground,
Heaves darkly up the ancient mound,
Whose grass-grown surface overlies
The victims of that sacrifice.

John G. Whittier.—Born 1808.

1887.—RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Oh, Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And o'er them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving—
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scorning;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps—still looking to the west,
Beneath the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, sage, and tribune!—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting—
The tenderest wail of human woe,
The scorn like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond-shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all, romance and song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laurell'd Clio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties fear'd him: each in turn
Beheld its schemes disjointed,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foe of Cant, he smote it down
With trenchant wit, unsparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe Pretence was wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherish'd,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perish'd.
While others hail'd in distant skies,
Our eagle's dusky pinion,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Rack'd nerve, and brain all burning,
His loving faith in mother-land
Knew never shade of turning:
By Britain's lakes, by Nova's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers' rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences;
Nor paid a lying priest to seek
For scriptural defences.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scorning,
Fell firelike on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while
His reverence for the human;
In the dark vassals of his will
He saw but man and woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley enter'd;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Laid down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping.
His latest thought, his latest breath,
To freedom's duty giving,
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying bless'd the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient state
A truer son or braver;
None trampling with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favour.
He knew her faults, yet never stoop'd
His proud and manly feeling
To poor excuses of the wrong,
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague-spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his gaunt frame upbracing,
He traced with dying hand, "Remorse!"
And perish'd in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy pall which hides
The sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
Virginia! o'er thy land of slaves
A warning voice is swelling.

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quenchèd hearths, where thine exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee—wolves for men,
And briers for corn-sheaves giving!
Oh! more than all thy dead renown
Were now one hero living!

John G. Whittier.—Born 1808.

1888.—DEMOCRACY.

Oh, fairest-born of love and light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!

Beautiful yet thy temples rise,
Though there profaning gifts are thrown;
And fires, unkindled of the skies,
Are glaring round thy altar-stone.

Still sacred—though thy name be breathed
By those whose hearts thy truth deride;
And garlands, pluck'd from thee, are wreathed
Around the haughty brows of pride.

O, ideal of my boyhood's time!
The faith in which my father stood,
Even when the suns of lust and crime
Had stain'd thy peaceful courts with blood!

Still to those courts my footsteps turn,
For, through the mists that darken there,
I see the flame of freedom burn—
The Kebla of the patriot's prayer!

The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the right of all divine—
The pitying heart—the helping arm—
The prompt self-sacrifice—are thine.

Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their suffering lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!

Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stoop'd to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.

By misery unrepell'd, unawed
By pomp or power, thou see'st a man
In prince or peasant—slave or lord—
Pale priest, or swarthy artisan.

Through all disguise, form, place or name,
Beneath the flaunting robes of sin,
Through poverty and squalid shame,
Thou lookest on the man within.

On man, as man, retaining yet,
Howe'er debased, and soil'd, and dim,
The crown upon his forehead set—
The immortal gift of God to him.

And there is reverence in thy look;
For that frail form which mortals wear
The Spirit of the Holiest took,
And veil'd His perfect brightness there.

Not from the cold and shallow fount
Of vain philosophy thou art,
He who of old on Syria's mount
Thrill'd, warm'd by turns the listener's heart.

In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels yearn'd to know,
Proclaim'd thy message from on high—
Thy mission to a world of woe.

That voice's echo hath not died!
From the blue lake of Galilee,
And Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

Thy name and watchword o'er this land
I hear in every breeze that stirs,
And round a thousand altars stand
Thy banded party worshippers.

Not to these altars of a day,
At party's call, my gift I bring;
But on thy olden shrine I lay
A freeman's dearest offering:

The voiceless utterance of his will—
His pledge to freedom and to truth,
That manhood's heart remembers still
The homage of its generous youth.

John G. Whittier.—Born 1808.

1889.—ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine—it tells of good old times—
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true,
That dipp'd their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammer'd by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaff'd a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas fill'd with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reach'd at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next: it left the Dutchman's shore
With those that in the May-Flower came—a hundred souls and more—
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes—
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and fill'd it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirr'd the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He pour'd the fiery Hollands in—the man that never fear'd—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard:
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and pray'd—
All drank as 'twere their mothers' milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew:
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learn'd the rule he taught to kith and kin:
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flatten'd down each little cherub's nose;
When once again the bowl was fill'd, but not in mirth or joy—
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good; poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if—God bless me—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill."
So John did drink—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to drink its symbol here.
'Tis but the fool that loves excess: hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull—not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past—its press'd yet fragrant flowers—
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the ivy on its towers—
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeath'd: my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanish'd joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquor be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear, where have you been?"

O. W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1890.—AN EVENING THOUGHT.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

If sometimes in the dark-blue eye,
Or in the deep-red wine,
Or soothed by gentlest melody,
Still warms this heart of mine,
Yet something colder in the blood,
And calmer in the brain,
Have whisper'd that my youth's bright flood
Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,
Or Arno's yellow stream,
Each star of memory could awake,
As in my first young dream,
I know that when mine eye shall greet
The hill-sides bleak and bare,
That gird my home, it will not meet
My childhood's sunsets there.

O, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss
Burn'd on my boyish brow,
Was that young forehead worn as this?
Was that flush'd cheek as now?
Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart
Like these, which vainly strive,
In thankless strains of soulless art,
To dream themselves alive?

Alas! the morning dew is gone,
Gone ere the full of day;
Life's iron fetter still is on,
Its wreaths all torn away;
Happy if still some casual hour
Can warm the fading shrine,
Too soon to chill beyond the power
Of love, or song, or wine!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1891.—LA GRISETTE.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had pass'd,
I said, "We meet again,"
I dream'd not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak;
Their gentler sighs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek;
The trailing of thy long, loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all return'd, more sweet, more fair;
O, had we met again!

I walk'd where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watch'd where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices pray'd;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wander'd through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And wither'd, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1892.—THE TREADMILL SONG.

The stars are rolling in the sky,
The earth rolls on below,
And we can feel the rattling wheel
Revolving as we go.
Then tread away, my gallant boys,
And make the axle fly;
Why should not wheels go round about
Like planets in the sky?

Wake up, wake up, my duck-legg'd man,
And stir your solid pegs;
Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,
And shake your spider legs;
What though you're awkward at the trade?
There's time enough to learn,—
So lean upon the rail, my lad,
And take another turn.

They've built us up a noble wall,
To keep the vulgar out;
We've nothing in the world to do,
But just to walk about;
So faster, now, you middle men,
And try to beat the ends:—
It's pleasant work to ramble round
Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,
He sha'n't be lazy here;
And punch the little fellow's ribs,
And tweak that lubber's ear;
He's lost them both; don't pull his hair,
Because he wears a scratch,
But poke him in the farther eye,
That isn't in the patch.

Hark! fellows, there's the supper-bell,
And so our work is done;
It's pretty sport,—suppose we take
A round or two for fun!
If ever they should turn me out,
When I have better grown,
Now, hang me, but I mean to have
A treadmill of my own!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1893.—LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When borrios, whortle-, rasp-, and straw-,
Grow bigger downwards through the box,—

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitch'd with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbour not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac-tunnel's bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1894.—THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-hair'd boy
Than reign a grey-beard king!

"Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

"One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!"

—My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silver'd hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wish'd-for day?"

"—Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!"

—The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband, too!"

—"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With these dissolving years!"

"Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!"

The smiling angel dropp'd his pen,—
"Why this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too!"

And so I laugh'd,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the grey-hair'd boys.

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1895.—WHAT WE ALL THINK.

That age was older once than now,
In spite of locks untimely shed,
Or silver'd on the youthful brow;
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,
Which faded with those "good old days,"
When winters came with deeper snow,
And autumns with a softer haze.

That—mother, sister, wife, or child—
The "best of women" each has known.
Were school-boys ever half so wild?
How young the grandpapas have grown.

That but for this our souls were free,
And but for that our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain,
Some common ailment of the race,—
Though doctors think the matter plain,—
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burn'd
We count one bitter maxim more,
Our lesson all the world has learn'd,
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,
The angels hovering overhead
Count every pitying drop that flows,
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye
And turn the beggar from our door,
They still approve us when we sigh,
"Ah, had I but one thousand more!"

That weakness smoothed the path of sin,
In half the slips our youth has known;
And whatsoe'er its blame has been,
That Mercy flowers on faults outgrown.

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,
Their tablets bold with what we think,
Their echoes dumb to what we know;

That one unquestion'd text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: God is Love!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1896.—THE LAST BLOSSOM.

Though young no more we still would dream
Of beauty's dear deluding wiles;
The leagues of life to greybeards seem
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice?
It play'd with Goethe's silver'd hair,
And many a Holy Father's "niece"
Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain
To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,
We think upon those ladies twain
Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,
The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,
And dream that Youth and Age embrace,
As April violets fill the snow.

Tranced in her Lord's Olympian smile
His lotus-loving Memphian lies,—
The musky daughter of the Nile
With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress
Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,
And earth's brown clinging lips impress
The long cold kiss that waits us all!

My bosom heaves, remembering yet
The morning of that blissful day
When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,
And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,
A lasso, with its leaping chain,
Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew
O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,
Sweet vision, waited for so long!
Dove that would seek the poet's cage
Lured by the magic breath of song!

She blushes! Ah, reluctant maid,
Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has told!
O'er girlhood's yielding barricade
Floats the great Leveller's crimson fold!

Come to my arms!—love heeds not years;
No frost the bud of passion knows,—
Ha! what is this my frenzy hears?
A voice behind me utter'd,—Rose!

Sweet was her smile,—but not for me!
Alas, when woman looks too kind,
Just turn your foolish head and see,—
Some youth is walking close behind!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809

1897.—CONTENTMENT.

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My choice would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share;—
I only ask that fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;—
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, not so large, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame shall dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait, two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more,—
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them much,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

Oliver W. Holmes.—Born 1809.

1898.—EUTHANASIA.

Methinks, when on the languid eye
Life's autumn scenes grow dim;
When evening's shadows veil the sky,
And Pleasure's siren hymn
Grows fainter on the tuneless ear,
Like echoes from another sphere,
Or dreams of seraphim,
It were not sad to cast away
This dull and cumbrous load of clay.

It were not sad to feel the heart
Grow passionless and cold;
To feel those longings to depart
That cheer'd the good of old;
To clasp the faith which looks on high,
Which fires the Christian's dying eye,
And makes the curtain-fold
That falls upon his wasting breast
The door that leads to endless rest.

It were not lonely thus to lie
On that triumphant bed,
Till the pure spirit mounts on high,
By white-wing'd seraphs led:
Where glories earth may never know
O'er "many mansions" lingering glow,
In peerless lustre shed;
It were not lonely thus to soar,
Where sin and grief can sting no more.

And, though the way to such a goal
Lies through the clouded tomb,
If on the free, unfetter'd soul
There rest no stains of gloom,
How should its aspirations rise
Far through the blue, unpillar'd skies,
Up, to its final home!
Beyond the journeyings of the sun,
Where streams of living waters run.

Willis G. Clark.—Born 1810, *Died* 1841.

1899.—ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee—
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea;
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre,
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea),
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1900.—ULALUME: A BALLAD.

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roam'd with my soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek,
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber,
(Though once we had journey'd down here)—
Remember'd not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings till they trail'd in the dust—
In agony sobb'd, letting sink her
Plumes till they trail'd in the dust—
Till they sorrowfully trail'd in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light—
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendour is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night:
See, it flickers up the sky through the night.
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleamings,
And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kiss'd her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquer'd her scruples and gloom;
And we pass'd to the end of the vista,
But were stopp'd by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said, "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied, "Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried, "It was surely October
On this very night of last year,
That I journey'd—I journey'd down here
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year.
Oh, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

Said we then—the two, then—"Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds—
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds—
Have drawn up the spectre of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls—
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the hell of the planetary souls?"

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1901.—DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reach'd these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thulé—
From a wild, weird clime that lieth, sublime
Out of space—out of time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dread—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.

By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead—
Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily—
By the mountains, near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever—
By the gray woods—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp—
By the dismal tarns and pools
Where dwell the ghouls—
By each spot the most unholy,
In each nook most melancholy—
There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted memories of the past;
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by;
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to earth— and heaven!

For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region;
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not, dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringèd lid;
And thus the sad soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darken'd glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wander'd home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thulé.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1902.—LENORE.

Ah, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere,
Hast thou no tear?
Weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier
Low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead,
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye bless'd her—that she died!
How shall the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem, how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young!"

Peccavimus:
But rave not thus!
And let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may
feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore
Hath "gone before,"
With Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair
And *debonair*,
That now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair
But not within her eyes—
The life still there,
Upon her hair—
The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night
My heart is light,
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pæan of old days!
Let no bell toll!—
Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note,
As it doth float—
Up from the damnèd earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From hell unto a high estate
Far up within the heaven—

From grief and groan,
To a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven."

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1903.—ISRAFEL.

In heaven a spirit doth dwell
"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamour'd moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up god—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassion'd song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!
Yes, heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1904.—THE BELLS.

I.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1905.—TO F. S. O.

Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1906.—FOR ANNIE.

Thank Heaven! the crisis—
The danger, is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever call'd "Living"
Is conquer'd at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length;
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead—

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That madden'd my brain—
With the fever call'd "Living"
That burn'd in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures,
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the napthaline river
Of Passion accurst:
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
With a lullaby sound,
From the spring but a few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting, its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drown'd in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kiss'd me,
She fondly caress'd,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguish'd,
She cover'd me warm,
And she pray'd to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love,)
That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast,)
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars of the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1907.—THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I ponder'd, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious
Volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd,
"Tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember,
It was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember
Wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wish'd the morrow;
Vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—
Sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain
Rustling of each purple curtain
Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic
Terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating
"'Tis some visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating
Entrance at my chamber door;—
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger;
Hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly
Your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping,
And so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping,
Tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you,"—
Here I open'd wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering,
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal
Ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken,
And the darkness gave no token,

d the only word there spoken
Was the whisper'd word, "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo
Murmur'd back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon I heard again a tapping
Somewhat louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is
Something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is,
And this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment,
And this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter,
When, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven
Of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he;
Not an instant stopp'd or stay'd he;
But, with mien of lord or lady,
Perch'd above my chamber door—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door—
Perch'd, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient raven,
Wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvell'd this ungainly
Fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—
Little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing
That no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with seeing
Bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured
Bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven sitting lonely
On the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in
That one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he utter'd—
Not a feather then he flutter'd—
Till I scarcely more than mutter'd
"Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me,
As my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken
By reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters
It is only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master
Whom unmerciful Disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster,
Till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope the
Melancholy burden bore
Of 'Nevermore,'—of 'Nevermore.'"

But the raven still beguiling
All my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in
Front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking,
I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking
What this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly,
Gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing,
But no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now
Burn'd into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining,
With my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining
That the lamplight gloated o'er;
But whose velvet violet lining
With the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser,
Perfumed from an unseen censer,
Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls
Tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,
By these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe
From thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe,
And forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether
Tempest toss'd thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted,
On this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—
Tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?
Tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—
Prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—
By that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden
If, within the distant Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden
Whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting,
Bird or fiend!" I shriek'd, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest
And the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token
Of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—
Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart,
And take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting,
Still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas
Just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming
Of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
Throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
That lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1908.—THE CONQUEROR WORM.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewing'd, bedight
In veils, and drown'd in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama!—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!

It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with a rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
Its hero the Conqueror Worm.

Edgar A. Poe.—Born 1811, *Died* 1849.

1909.—MARY.

What though the name is old and oft repeated,
What though a thousand beings bear it now,
And true hearts oft the gentle word have greeted—
What though 'tis hallow'd by a poet's vow?
We ever love the rose, and yet its blooming
Is a familiar rapture to the eye;
And yon bright star we hail, although its looming
Age after age has lit the northern sky.

As starry beams o'er troubled billows stealing,
As garden odours to the desert blown,
In bosoms faint a gladsome hope revealing,
Like patriot music or affection's tone—
Thus, thus, for aye, the name of Mary spoken
By lips or text, with magic-like control,
The course of present thought has quickly broken,
And stirr'd the fountains of my inmost soul.

The sweetest tales of human weal and sorrow,
The fairest trophies of the limner's fame,
To my fond fancy, Mary, seem to borrow
Celestial halos from thy gentle name:
The Grecian artist glean'd from many faces,
And in a perfect whole the parts combined,
So have I counted o'er dear woman's graces
To form the Mary of my ardent mind.

And marvel not I thus call my ideal—
We inly paint as we would have things be—
The fanciful springs ever from the real,
As Aphrodite rose from out the sea.
Who smiled upon me kindly day by day,
In a far land where I was sad and lone?
Whose presence now is my delight away?
Both angels must the same bless'd title own.

What spirits round my weary way are flying.
What fortunes on my future life await,
Like these mysterious hymns the winds are sighing,
Are all unknown—in trust I bide my fate;

one blessing I might crave from Heaven,
'Twould be that Mary should my being cheer,
Hang o'er me when the chord of life is riven,
Be my dear household word, and my last accent here.

Henry T. Tuckerman.—Born 1813.

1910.—FLORENCE.

Princes, when soften'd in thy sweet embrace,
Yearn for no conquest but the realm of grace,
And thus redeem'd, Lorenzo's fair domain
Smiled in the light of Art's propitious reign.
Delightful Florence! though the northern gale
Will sometimes rave around thy lovely vale,
Can I forget how softly Autumn threw
Beneath thy skies her robes of ruddy hue,
Through what long days of balminess and peace,
From wintry bonds spring won thy mild release?
Along the Arno then I loved to pass,
And watch the violets peeping from the grass,
Mark the grey kine each chestnut grove between,
Startle the pheasants on the lawny green,
Or down long vistas hail the mountain snow,
Like lofty shrines the purple clouds below.
Within thy halls, when veil'd the sunny rays,
Marvels of art await the ardent gaze,
And liquid words from lips of beauty start,
With social joy to warm the stranger's heart.
How beautiful at moonlight's hallow'd hour,
Thy graceful bridges, and celestial tower!
The girdling hills enchanted seem to hang
Round the fair scene whence modern genius sprang;
O'er the dark ranges of thy palace walls
The silver beam on dome and cornice falls;
The statues cluster'd in thy ancient square,
Like mighty spirits print the solemn air;
Silence meets beauty with unbroken reign,
Save when invaded by a choral strain,
Whose distant cadence falls upon the ear,
To fill the bosom with poetic cheer!

Henry T. Tuckerman.—Born 1813.

1911.—TO THE DANDELION.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoy'd that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offer'd wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my trophies and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirass'd bee
Feels a more summer-like, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tint,
His conquer'd Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind—of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap—and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are link'd with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listen'd as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he did bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

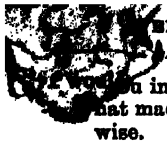
How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

James R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1912.—THE POET.

In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife;
He saw the mysteries which circle under
The outward shell and skin of daily life.
Nothing to him were fleeting time and fashion,
His soul was led by the eternal law;
There was in him no hope of fame, no passion,
But with calm, godlike eyes, he only saw.
He did not sigh o'er heroes dead and buried,
Chief mourner at the Golden Age's hearse,
Nor deem that souls whom Charon grim had ferried
Alone were fitting themes of epic verse:
He could believe the promise of to-morrow,
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day;
He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow
Than the world's seeming loss could take away.
To know the heart of all things was his duty,
All things did sing to him to make him wise,
And, with a sorrowful and conquering beauty,
The soul of all look'd grandly from his eyes.
He gazed on all within him and without him,
He wat·h'd the flowing of Time's steady tide,
And shapes of glory floated all about him,
And whisper'd to him, and he prophesied.
Than all men he more fearless was and freer,
And all his brethren cried with one accord,—
"Behold the holy man! Behold the Seer!
Him who hath spoken with the unseen Lord!"
He to his heart with large embrace had taken
The universal sorrow of mankind,
And, from that root, a shelter never shaken,
The tree of wisdom grew with sturdy rind.
He could interpret well the wondrous voices
Which to the calm and silent spirit come;
He knew that the One Soul no more rejoices
In the star's anthem than the insect's hum.
He in his heart was ever meek and humble,
And yet with kindly pomp his numbers ran,
As he foresaw how all things false should crumble
Before the free uplifted soul of man:
And, when he was made full to overflowing
With all the loveliness of heaven and earth,
Out rush'd his song, like molten iron glowing,
To show God sitting by the humblest hearth.
With calmest courage he was ever ready
To teach that action was the truth of thought,
And, with strong arm and purpose firm and steady,
The anchor of the drifting world he wrought,
So did he make the meanest man partaker
Of all his brother-gods unto him gave;
All souls did reverence him and name him Maker,
And when he died heap'd temples on his grave.

And still his deathless words of swimming
Serene throughout the great, deep infinite
Of human soul, unwaning and undimming,
To cheer and guide the mariner at night.
But now the Poet is an empty rhymer,
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's prides and fancies as they pass.
Not his the song, which, in its metre holy,
Chimes with the music of the eternal stars,
Humbling the tyrant, lifting up the lowly,
And sending sun through the soul's prison-bars.
Maker no more,—O, no! unmaker rather,
For he unmakes who doth not all put forth
The power given by our loving Father
To show the body's dross, the spirit's worth.
Awake! great spirit of the ages olden!
Shiver the mists that hide thy starry lyre,
And let man's soul be yet again beholden
To thee for wings to soar to her desire.
O, prophesy no more to-morrow's splendour,
Be no more shame-faced to speak out for Truth,
Lay on her altar all the gushings tender,
The hope, the fire, the loving faith of youth!
O, prophesy no more the Maker's coming,
Say not his onward footsteps thou canst hear
In the dim void, like to the awful humming
Of the great wings of some new-lighted sphere!
O, prophesy no more, but be the Poet!
This longing was but granted unto thee
That, when all beauty thou couldst feel and know it,
That beauty in its highest thou couldst be.
O, thou who moanest, tost with sealike longings,
Who dimly hearest voices call on thee,
Whose soul is overfill'd with mighty throngings
Of love, and fear, and glorious agony,
Thou of the toil-strung hands and iron sinews
And soul by Mother Earth with freedom fed,
In whom the hero-spirit yet continues,
The old free nature is not chain'd or dead,
Arouse! let thy soul break in music-thunder,
Let loose the ocean that is in thee pent,
Pour forth thy hope, thy fear, thy love, thy wonder,
And tell the age what all its signs have meant.
Where'er thy wilder'd crowd of brethren jostles,
Where'er there lingers but a shade of wrong,
There still is need of martyrs and apostles,
There still are texts for never-dying song;
From age to age man's still aspiring spirit
Finds wider scope and sees with clearer eyes,



u in larger measure dost inherit
at made thy great forerunners free and wise.
Sit thou enthronèd where the Poet's mountain
Above the thunder lifts its silent peak,
And roll thy songs down like a gathering fountain,
That all may drink and find the rest they seek.
Sing! there shall silence grow in earth and heaven,
A silence of deep awe and wondering;
For, listening gladly, bend the angels, even
To hear a mortal like an angel sing.

Among the toil-worn poor my soul is seeking
For one to bring the Maker's name to light,
To be the voice of that almighty speaking
Which every age demands to do it right.
Proprieties our silken bards environ;
He who would be the tongue of this wide land
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron
And strike it with a toil-embrownèd hand;
One who hath dwelt with Nature well-attended,
Who hath learnt wisdom from her mystic books,
Whose soul with all her countless lives hath blended,
So that all beauty awes us in his looks;
Who not with body's waste his soul hath pamper'd,
Who as the clear north-western wind is free,
Who walks with Form's observances unhamper'd,
And follows the One Will obediently;
Whose eyes, like windows on a breezy summit,
Control a lovely prospect every way;
Who doth not sound God's sea with earthly plummet,
And find a bottom still of worthless clay;
Who heeds not how the lower gusts are working,
Knowing that one sure wind blows on above,
And sees, beneath the foulest faces lurking,
One God-built shrine of reverence and love;
Who sees all stars that wheel their shining marches
Around the centre fix'd of Destiny,
Where the encircling soul serene o'erarches
The moving globe of being, like a sky;
Who feels that God and Heaven's great deeps are nearer
Him to whose heart his fellow-man is nigh,
Who doth not hold his soul's own freedom dearer
Than that of all his brethren, low or high;
Who to the right can feel himself the truer
For being gently patient with the wrong,
Who sees a brother in the evildoer,
And finds in Love the heart's blood of his song:—
This, this is he for whom the world is waiting
To sing the beatings of its mighty heart,
Too long hath it been patient with the grating
Of scrannel-pipes, and heard it misnamed Art.
To him the smiling soul of man shall listen,
Laying awhile its crown of thorns aside,
And once again in every eye shall glisten
The glory of a nature satisfied.
His verse shall have a great, commanding motion,
Heaving and swelling with a melody
Learnt of the sky, the river, and the ocean,
And all the pure, majestic things that be.
Awake, then, thou! we pine for thy great presence
To make us feel the soul once more sublime,
We are of far too infinite an essence
To rest contented with the lies of Time.
Speak out! and, lo! a hush of deepest wonder
Shall sink o'er all his many-voicèd scene,
As when a sudden burst of rattling thunder
Shatters the blueness of a sky serene.

J. R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1913.—THE SIRENS.

The sea is lonely, the sea is dreary,
The sea is restless and uneasy;
Thou seekest quiet, thou art weary,
Wandering thou knowest not whither;—
Our little isle is green and breezy,
Come and rest thee! O come hither!
Come to this peaceful home of ours,
Where evermore
The low west wind creeps panting up the shore
To be at rest among the flowers;
Full of rest, the green moss lifts,
As the dark waves of the sea
Draw in and out of rocky rifts,
Calling solemnly to thee
With voices deep and hollow,—
"To the shore
Follow! O follow!
To be at rest for evermore!
For evermore!"

Look how the grey old Ocean
From the depth of his heart rejoices,
Heaving with a gentle motion,
When he hears our restful voices;
List how he sings in an undertone,
Chiming with our melody;
And all sweet sounds of earth and air
Melt into one low voice alone,
That murmurs over the weary sea,—
And seems to sing from everywhere,—
"Here mayest thou harbour peacefully,
Here mayest thou rest from the aching oar;
Turn thy curvèd prow ashore,
And in our green isle rest for evermore!
For evermore!"

And Echo half wakes in the wooded hill,
And, to her heart so calm and deep,
Murmurs over in her sleep,
Doubtfully pausing and murmuring still,
"Evermore!"
Thus, on Life's weary sea,
Heareth the mariners
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing low and clear,
Ever singing longingly.

Is it not better here to be,
Than to be toiling late and soon?
In the dreary night to see
Nothing but the blood-red moon
Go up and down into the sea;
Or, in the loneliness of day,
To see the still seals only
Solemnly lift their faces grey,
Making it yet more lonely?
Is it not better, than to hear
Only the sliding of the wave
Beneath the plank, and feel so near
A cold and lonely grave,
A restless grave, where thou shalt lie
Even in death unquietly?
Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark,
Lean over the side and see
The leaden eye of the side-long shark
Upturned patiently,
Ever waiting there for thee:
Look down and see those shapeless forms,
Which ever keep their dreamless sleep
Far down within the gloomy deep,
And only stir themselves in storms,
Rising like islands from beneath,
And snorting through the angry spray,
As the frail vessel porpoiseth
In the whirls of their unwieldy play:
Look down! Look down!
Upon the seaweed, slimy and dark,
That waves its arms so lank and brown,
Beckoning for thee!
Look down beneath thy wave-worn bark
Into the cold depth of the sea!
Look down! Look down!
Thus, on Life's lonely sea,
Heareth the mariners
Voices sad from far and near,
Ever singing full of fear,
Ever singing dreadfully.

Here all is pleasant as a dream;
The wind scarce shaketh down the dew,
The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue:
Listen! O listen!
Here is a gush of many streams,
A song of many birds,
And every wish and longing seems
Lull'd to a number'd flow of words,—
Listen! O listen!
Here ever hum the golden bees
Underneath full-blossom'd trees,
At once with glowing fruit and flowers crown'd;—
The sand is so smooth, the yellow sa[nd]
That thy keel will not grate, as it touch[es]
land;
All around, with a slumberous sound,
The singing waves slide up the strand,
And there, where the smooth, wet pebbles be,
The waters gurgle longingly,
As if they fain would seek the shore,
To be at rest from the ceaseless roar,
To be at rest for evermore,—
For evermore.
Thus, on Life's gloomy sea,
Heareth the mariners
Voices sweet, from far and near,
Ever singing in his ear,
"Here is rest and peace for thee!"

James R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1914.—AN INCIDENT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

He spoke of Burns: men rude and rough
Press'd round to hear the praise of one
Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
As homespun as their own.

And, when he read, they forward lean'd,
Drinking, with thirsty hearts and ears,
His brook-like songs whom glory never wean'd
From humble smiles and tears.

Slowly there grew a tender awe,
Sun-like, o'er faces brown and hard,
As if in him who read they felt and saw
Some presence of the bard.

It was a sight for sin and wrong
And slavish tyranny to see,
A sight to make our faith more pure and strong
In high humanity.

I thought, these men will carry hence
Promptings their former life above,
And something of a finer reverence
For beauty, truth, and love.

God scatters love on every side,
Freely among his children all,
And always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

There is no wind but soweth seeds
Of a more true and open life,
Which burst, unlook'd-for, into high-soul'd deeds
With wayside beauty rife.

We find within these souls of ours
Some wild germs of a higher birth,
Which in the poet's tropic heart bear flowers
Whose fragrance fills the earth.



...in the hearts of all men lie
...ese promises of wider bliss,
Which blossom into hopes that cannot die,
In sunny hours like this.

All that hath been majestical
In life or death, since time began,
Is native in the simple heart of all,
The angel heart of man.

And thus, among the untaught poor
Great deeds and feelings find a home,
That cast in shadow all the golden lore
Of classic Greece and Rome.

O mighty brother-soul of man,
Where'er thou art, in low or high,
Thy skyey arches with exulting span
O'er-roof infinity!

All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole:

In his broad breast the feeling deep
That struggled on the many's tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought, whose surges leap
O'er the weak thrones of wrong.

All thought begins in feeling,—wide
In the great mass its base is hid,
And, narrowing up to thought, stands glorified,
A moveless pyramid.

Nor is he far astray who deems
That every hope, which rises and grows broad
In the world's heart, by order'd impulse streams
From the great heart of God.

God wills, man hopes: in common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls
A blessing to his kind.

Never did Poesy appear
So full of heaven to me as when
I saw how it would pierce through pride and fear
To the lives of coarsest men.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;—

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutor'd heart.

He who doth this, in verse or prose,
May be forgotten in his day,
But surely shall be crown'd at last with those
Who live and speak for aye.

J. R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1915.—THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O, rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O, poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine.
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me.
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. Lowell.—*Born* 1819.

1916.—TO THE FUTURE.

O, Land of Promise! from what Pisgah's height
Can I behold thy stretch of peaceful bowers?
Thy golden harvests flowing out of sight,
Thy nestled homes and sun-illumined towers?
Gazing upon the sunset's high-heap'd gold,
Its crags of opal and of chrysolite,
Its deeps on deeps of glory that unfold
Still brightening abysses,
And blazing precipices,
Whence but a scanty leap it seems to heaven,
Sometimes a glimpse is given,
Of thy more gorgeous realm, thy more unstinted blisses.

O, Land of Quiet! to thy shore the surf
Of the perturbed Present rolls and sleeps;
Our storms breathe soft as June upon thy turf
And lure out blossoms: to thy bosom leaps,
As to a mother's, the o'erwearied heart,
Hearing far off and dim the toiling mart,
The hurrying feet, the curses without number,
And circled with the glow Elysian,
Of thine exulting vision,
Out of its very cares woos charms for peace and slumber.

To thee the Earth lifts up her fetter'd hands
And cries for vengeance; with a pitying smile
Thou blessest her, and she forgets her bands,
And her old woe-worn face a little while
Grows young and noble; unto thee the Oppressor
Looks, and is dumb with awe;
The eternal law
Which makes the crime its own blindfold redresser,
Shadows his heart with perilous foreboding,
And he can see the grim-eyed Doom
From out the trembling gloom
Its silent-footed steeds toward his palace goading.

What promises hast thou for Poets' eyes,
Aweary of the turmoil and the wrong!
To all their hopes what overjoy'd replies!
What undream'd ecstasies for blissful song!
Thy happy plains no war-trumps brawling clangour
Disturbs, and fools the poor to hate the poor;
The humble glares not on the high with anger;
Love leaves no grudge at less, no greed for more;
In vain strives self the godlike sense to smother;
From the soul's deeps
It throbs and leaps;
The noble 'neath foul rags beholds his long-lost brother.

To thee the Martyr looketh, and his fires
Unlock their fangs and leave his spirit free;
To thee the Poet 'mid his toil aspires,
And grief and hunger climb about his knee
Welcome as children: thou upholdest
The lone Inventor by his demon haunted;
The prophet cries to thee when hearts are coldest,
And gazing o'er the midnight's bleak abyss,
Sees the drowsed soul awaken at thy kiss,
And stretch its happy arms and leap up disenchanted.

Thou bringest vengeance, but so loving-kindly
The guilty thinks it pity; taught by thee,
Fierce tyrants drop the scourges wherewith blindly
Their own souls they were scarring; conquerors see
With horror in their hands the accursèd spear
That tore the meek One's side on Calvary,
And from their trophies shrink with ghastly fear;
Thou, too, art the Forgiver,
The beauty of man's soul to man revealing;
The arrows from thy quiver
Pierce error's guilty heart, but only pierce for healing.

O, whither, whither, glory-wingèd dreams,
From out Life's sweat and turmoil would ye bear me?
Shut, gates of Fancy, on your golden gleams,
This agony of hopeless contrast spare me!

cheating glow, and leave me to my night!
He is a coward who would borrow
A charm against the present sorrow
From the vague Future's promise of delight:
As life's alarums nearer roll,
The ancestral buckler calls,
Self-clanging, from the walls
In the high temple of the soul;
Where are most sorrows, there the poet's sphere is,
To feed the soul with patience,
To heal its desolations
With words of unshorn truth, with love that never wearies.

J. R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1917.—THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn to night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward
Never a-weary!

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless, aspiring;
Ceaseless, content;
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

J. R. Lowell.—Born 1819.

1918.—BEN BOLT.

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so grey,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listen'd to Appleton's mill:
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,
Has follow'd the olden din.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grows grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then,
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel inthedeeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

Thomas Dunn English.—Born 1819.

1919.—THE BRICKMAKER.

I.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded.
In no stately structures skill'd,
What the temple we would build?
Now the massive kiln is risen—
Call it palace—call it prison;
View it well: from end to end
Narrow corridors extend—
Long, and dark, and smother'd aisles:
Choke its earthy vaults with piles
Of the resinous yellow pine;

Now thrust in the fetter'd Fire—
Hearken! how he stamps with ire,
Treading out the pitchy wine;
Wrought anon to wilder spells,
Hear him shout his loud alarms;
See him thrust his glowing arms
Through the windows of his cells.

But his chains at last shall sever;
Slavery lives not for ever;
And the thickest prison wall
Into ruin yet must fall.
Whatsoever falls away
Springeth up again, they say;
Then, when this shall break asunder,
And the fire be freed from under,
Tell us what imperial thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a stately building
Airy dome and column'd walls;
Mottoes writ in richest gilding
Blazing through its pillar'd halls.

In those chambers, stern and dreaded,
They, the mighty ones, shall stand;
There shall sit the hoary-headed
Old defenders of the land.

There shall mighty words be spoken,
Which shall thrill a wondering world;
Then shall ancient bonds be broken,
And new banners be unfurl'd.

But anon those glorious uses
In these chambers shall lie dead,
And the world's antique abuses,
Hydra-headed, rise instead.

But this wrong not long shall linger—
The old capitol must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

II.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded—
Till the heavy walls be risen,
And the fire is in his prison:
But when break the walls asunder,
And the fire is freed from under,
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

There shall grow a church whose steeple
To the heavens shall aspire;
And shall come the mighty people
To the music of the choir.

On the infant, robed in whiteness,
Shall baptismal waters fall,
While the child's angelic brightness
Sheds a halo over all.

There shall stand enwreath'd in marriage
Forms that tremble—hearts that thrill—
To the door Death's sable carriage
Shall bring forms and hearts grown still!

Deck'd in garments richly glistening,
Rustling wealth shall walk the aisle
And the poor without stand listening,
Praying in their hearts the while.

There the veteran shall come weekly
With his cane, oppress'd and poor,
'Mid the horses standing meekly,
Gazing through the open door.

But these wrongs not long shall linger—
The presumptuous pile must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

III.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded:
Say again what stately thing
From the ruin shall upspring?

Not the hall with column'd chambers,
Starr'd with words of liberty,
Where the freedom-canting members
Feel no impulse of the free:

Not the pile where souls in error
Hear the words, "Go, sin no more!"
But a dusky thing of terror,
With its cells and grated door.

To its inmates each to-morrow
Shall bring in no tide of joy.
Born in darkness and in sorrow,
There shall stand the fated boy.

With a grief too loud to smother,
With a throbbing, burning head,
There shall groan some desperate mother,
Nor deny the stolen bread!

There the veteran, a poor debtor,
Mark'd with honourable scars,
Listening to some clanking fetter,
Shall gaze idly through the bars:

Shall gaze idly not demurring,
Though with thick oppression bow'd,
While the many, doubly erring,
Shall walk honour'd through the crowd.

Yet these wrongs not long shall linger—
The benighted pile must fall;
For, behold! the fiery finger
Flames along the fated wall.

IV.

Let the blinded horse go round
Till the yellow clay be ground,
And no weary arms be folded
Till the mass to brick be moulded—
Till the heavy wall be risen
And the fire is in his prison.
Capitol, and church, and jail,
Like our kiln at last shall fail;

Every shape of earth shall fade;
But the heavenly temple, made
For the sorely tried and pure,
With its Builder shall endure!

T. B. Read.—Born 1822.

1920.—MY HERMITAGE.

Within a wood one summer's day,
And in a hollow, ancient trunk,
I shut me from the world away,
To live as lives a hermit monk.

My cell was a ghostly sycamore,
The roots and limbs were dead with age;
Decay had carved the Gothic door
Which look'd into my hermitage.

My library was large and full,
Where, ever as a hermit plods,
I read until my eyes are dull
With tears; for all those tomes were God's.

The vine that at my doorway swung
Had verses writ on every leaf,
The very songs the bright bees sung
In honey-seeking visits brief—

Not brief—though each stay'd never long—
So rapidly they came and went,
No pause was left in all their song,
For while they borrow'd still they lent.

All day the woodland minstrels sang—
Small feet were in the leaves astir—
And often o'er my doorway rang
The tap of a blue-wing'd visitor.

Afar the stately river sway'd,
And pour'd itself in giant swells,
While here the brooklet danced and play'd,
And gaily rung its liquid bells.

The springs gave me their crystal flood,
And my contentment made it wine—
And oft I found what kingly food
Grew on the world-forgotten vine.

The moss, or weed, or running flower,
Too humble in their hope to climb,
Had in themselves the lovely power
To make me happier for the time.

And when the starry night came by,
And stooping look'd into my cell,
Then all between the earth and sky
Was circled in a holier spell.

A height and depth and breadth sublime
O'erspread the scene, and reach'd the stars,
Until Eternity and Time
Seemed drowning their dividing bars.

And voices which the day ne'er hears,
And visions which the sun ne'er sees,
From earth and from the distant spheres,
Came on the moonlight and the breeze.

Thus day and night my spirit grew
In love with that which round me shone,
Until my calm heart fully knew
The joy it is to be alone.

The time went by, till one fair dawn
I saw against the eastern fires,
A visionary city drawn
With dusky lines of domes and spires.

The wind in sad and fitful spells
Blew o'er it from the gates of morn,
Till I could clearly hear the bells
That rung above a world forlorn.

And well I listen'd to their voice,
And deeply ponder'd what they said—
Till I arose—there was no choice—
I went while yet the east was red.

My waken'd heart for utterance yearn'd—
The clamorous wind had broke the spell—
I needs must teach what I had learn'd
Within my simple woodland cell.

T. B. Read.—Born 1822.

1921.—THELEME.

I sat one night on a palace step,
Wrapp'd up in a mantle thin;
And I gazed with a smile on the world without,
With a growl at my world within,—
Till I heard the merry voices ring
Of a lordly companie,
And straight to myself I began to sing,
"It is there that I ought to be."

And long I gazed through a lattice raised
Which smiled from the old grey wall,
And my glance went in, with the evening breeze,
And ran o'er the revellers all;
And I said, "If they saw me, 'twould cool their mirth,
Far more than this wild breeze free,
But a merrier party was ne'er on earth,
And among them I fain would be."

And oh! but they all were beautiful,
Fairer than fairy dreams,
And their words were sweet as the wind harp's tone
When it rings o'er summer streams;
And they pledged each other with noble mien,
"True heart with my life to thee!"
"Alack!" quoth I, "but my soul is dry,
And among them I fain would be!"

And the gentlemen were noble souls,
Good fellows both sain and sound,
I had not deem'd that a band like this
Could over the world be found;
And they spoke of brave and beautiful things,
Of all that was dear to me;
And I thought, "Perhaps they would like me well,
If among them I once might be!"

And lovely were the ladies too,
  Who sat in the light bright hall,
And one there was, oh, dream of life!
  The loveliest 'mid them all;
She sat alone by an empty chair,
  The queen of the feast was she,
And I said to myself, "By that lady fair
  I certainly ought to be."

And aloud she spoke, "We have waited long
  For one who, in fear and doubt,
Looks wistfully into our hall of song
  As he sits on the steps without;
I have sung to him long in silent dreams,
  I have led him o'er land and sea,
Go welcome him in as his rank beseems,
  And give him a place by me!"

They open'd the door, yet I shrunk with shame,
  As I sat in my mantle thin,
But they hail'd me out with a joyous shout,
  And merrily led me in—
And gave me a place by my bright-hair'd love,
  And she wept with joy and glee,
And I said to myself, "By the stars above,
  I am just where I ought to be!"

Farewell to thee, life of joy and grief!
  Farewell to ye, care and pain!
Farewell, thou vulgar and selfish world!
  For I never will know thee again.
I live in a land where good fellows abound,
  In Thelemé, by the sea;
They may long for a "happier 'ife" that will.—
  I am just where I ought to be!

C. G. Leland.—Born 1824.

1922.—A DREAM OF LOVE.

I dream'd I lay beside the dark blue Rhine,
  In that old tower where once Sir Roland dwelt:
Methought his gentle lady-love was mine,
  And mine the cares and pain which once he felt.
Dim, cloudy centuries had roll'd away,
  E'en to that minstrel age—the olden time,
When Roland's lady bid him woo no more,
  And he, aweary, sought the eastern clime.

Methought that I, like him, had wander'd long
  In those strange lands of which old legends tell;
Then home I turn'd to my own glancing Rhine,
  And found my lady in a convent cell;
And I, like him, had watch'd through weary years,
  And dwelt unseen hard by her convent's bound,
In that old tower, which yet stands pitying
  The cloister-isle, enclosed by water round.

I long had watch'd—for in the early m
  To ope her lattice came that lady oft;
And earnestly I gazed, yet naught I saw,
  Save one small hand and arm, white, fair, and soft.
And when, at eve, the long, dark shadows fell
  O'er rock and valley, vineyard, town, and tower,
Again she came—again that small white hand
  Would close her lattice for the vesper hour.

I linger'd still, e'en when the silent night
  Had cast its sable mantle o'er the shrine,
To see her lonely taper's soften'd light
  Gleam, far reflected, o'er the quiet Rhine!
But most I loved to see her form at times,
  Obscure those beams—for then her shade would fall,
And I beheld it, evenly portray'd—
  A living profile, on that window small.

And thus I lived in love—though not in hope—
  And thus I watch'd that maiden many a year,
When, lo! I saw, one morn, a funeral train—
  Alas! they bore my lady to her bier!
And she was dead—yet grieved I not therefore,
  For now in Heaven she knew the love I felt,
Death could not kill affection nor destroy
  The holy peace wherein I long had dwelt.

Oh, gentle lady! this was but a dream;
  And in a dream I bore all this for thee.
If thus in sleep love's pangs assail my soul,
  Think, lady, what my waking hours must be!

C. G. Leland.—Born 1824.

1923.—THE THREE FRIENDS.

I have three friends, three glorious friends,
  three dearer could not be;
And every night when midnight tolls, they
  meet to laugh with me.
The first was shot by Carlist thieves, three
  years ago, in Spain;
The second drown'd, near Alicante, and I
  alive remain.

I love to see their thin white forms come stealing through the night,
And grieve to see them fade away in the early morning light.
The first with gnomes in the Under-land is leading a lordly life,
The second has married a mermaiden, a beautiful water-wife.

And since I have friends in the earth and sea
  —with a few, I trust, on high,
'Tis a matter of small account to me, the way
  that I may die.

...ther I sink in the foaming flood, or
...ing on the triple tree,
Or die in my grave as a Christian should, is
much the same to me.

C. G. Leland.—Born 1824.

1924.—BEDOUIN SONG.

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1925.—THE ARAB TO THE PALM.

Next to thee, O fair gazelle,
O Beddowee, girl, beloved so well;

Next to the fearless Nedjidee,
Whose fleetness shall bear me again to thee;

Next to ye both I love the Palm,
With his leaves of beauty, his fruit of balm;

Next to ye both I love the Tree
Whose fluttering shadow wraps us three
With love, and silence, and mystery!

Our tribe is many, our poets vie
With any under the Arab sky;
Yet none can sing of the Palm but I.

The marble minarets that begem
Cairo's citadel-diadem
Are not so light as his slender stem.

He lifts his leaves in the sunbeam's glance
As the Almées lift their arms in dance—

A slumberous motion, a passionate sign,
That works in the cells of the blood-like wine.

Full of passion and sorrow is he,
Dreaming where the beloved may be.

And when the warm south winds arise,
He breathes his longing in fervid sighs—

Quickening odours, kisses of balm,
That drop in the lap of his chosen palm.

The sun may flame and the sands may stir,
But the breath of his passion reaches her.

O Tree of Love, by that love of thine,
Teach me how I shall soften mine!

Give me the secret of the sun,
Whereby the wooed is ever won!

If I were a King, O stately Tree,
A likeness, glorious as might be,
In the court of my palace I'd build for thee!

With a shaft of silver burnish'd bright,
And leaves of beryl and malachite.

With spikes of golden bloom a-blaze,
And fruits of topaz and chrysoprase:

And there the poets, in thy praise,
Should night and morning frame new lays—

New measures sung to tunes divine:
But none, O Palm, should equal mine!

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1926.—KUBLEH;

A STORY OF THE ASSYRIAN DESERT.

The black-eyed children of the Desert drove
Their flocks together at the set of sun.
The tents were pitch'd; the weary camels bent
Their suppliant necks, and knelt upon the sand;
The hunters quarter'd by the kindled fires
The wild boars of the Tigris they had slain,
And all the stir and sound of evening ran
Throughout the Shammar camp. The dewy air
Bore its full burden of confused delight
Across the flowery plain, and while, afar,
The snows of Koordish mountains in the ray
Flash'd roseate amber, Nimroud's ancient mound

Rose broad and black against the burning West.
The shadows deepen'd, and the stars came out
Sparkling in violet ether; one by one
Glimmer'd the ruddy camp-fires on the plain,
And shapes of steed and horseman moved among
The dusky tents with shout and jostling cry,
And neigh and restless prancing. Children ran
To hold the thongs, while every rider drove
His quivering spear in the earth, and by his door
Tether'd the horse he loved. In midst of all
Stood Shammeriyah, whom they dared not touch,—
The foal of wondrous Kubleh, to the Sheik
A dearer wealth than all his Georgian girls.
But when their meal was o'er,—when the red fires
Blazed brighter, and the dogs no longer bay'd,—
When Shammar hunters with the boys sat down
To cleanse their bloody knives, came Alimàr,
The poet of the tribe, whose songs of love
Are sweeter than Bassora's nightingales,—
Whose songs of war can fire the Arab blood
Like war itself: who knows not Alimàr?
Then ask'd the men: "O poet, sing of Kubleh!"
And boys laid down the knives half burnish'd, saying:
"Tell us of Kubleh, whom we never saw—
Of wondrous Kubleh!" Closer flock'd the group
With eager eyes about the flickering fire,
While Alimàr, beneath the Assyrian stars,
Sang to the listening Arabs:
"God is great!
O Arabs, never yet since Mahmoud rode
The sands of Yemen, and by Mecca's gate
The winged steed bestrode, whose mane of fire
Blazed up the zenith, when, by Allah call'd,
He bore the Prophet to the walls of heaven,
Was like to Kubleh, Sofuk's wondrous mare:
Not all the milk-white barbs, whose hoofs dash'd flame
In Bagdad's stables from the marble floor—
Who, swathed in purple housings, pranced in state
The gay bazaars, by great Al-Raschid back'd:
Not the wild charger of Mongolian breed
That went o'er half the world with Tamerlane:
Nor yet those flying coursers, long ago
From Ormuz brought by swarthy Indian grooms
To Persia's kings—the foals of sacred mares,
Sired by the fiery stallions of the sea!

"Who ever told, in all the Desert Land,
The many deeds of Kubleh? Who can tell
Whence came she, whence her like shall come again?
O Arabs, like a tale of Scheherazade
Heard in the camp, when javelin tried
On the hot eve of battle, is her story.

"Far in the Southern sands, the hunters say,
Did Sofuk find her, by a lonely palm.
The well had dried; her fierce, impatient eye
Glared red and sunken, and her slight young limbs
Were lean with thirst. He check'd his camel's pace,
And while it knelt, untied the water-skin,
And when the wild mare drank, she follow'd him.
Thence none but Sofuk might the saddle gird
Upon her back, or clasp the brazen gear
About her shining head, that brook'd no curb
From even him; for she, alike, was royal.

"Her form was lighter, in its shifting grace,
Than some impassion'd Almée's, when the dance
Unbinds her scarf, and golden anklets gleam
Through floating drapery, on the buoyant air.
Her light, free head was ever held aloft;
Between her slender and transparent ears
The silken forelock toss'd; her nostril's arch,
Thin-drawn, in proud and pliant beauty spread,
Snuffing the desert winds. Her glossy neck
Curved to the shoulder like an eagle's wing,
And all her matchless lines of flank and limb
Seem'd fashion'd from the flying shapes of air
By hands of lightning. When the war-shouts rang
From tent to tent, her keen and restless eye
Shone like a blood-red ruby, and her neigh
Rang wild and sharp above the clash of spears.

"The tribes of Tigris and the Desert knew her:
Sofuk before the Shammar bands she bore
To meet the dread Jebours, who waited not
To bid her welcome; and the savage Koord,
Chased from his bold irruption on the plain,
Has seen her hoofprints in his mountain snow.
Lithe as the dark-eyed Syrian gazelle,
O'er ledge and chasm and barren steep, amid
The Sindjar hills, she ran the wild ass down.
Through many a battle's thickest brunt she stormed,
Reeking with sweat and dust, and fetlock-deep
In curdling gore. When hot and lurid haze
Stifled the crimson sun, she swept before
The whirling sand-spout, till her gusty mane
Flared in its vortex, while the camels lay
Groaning and helpless on the fiery waste.

"The tribes of Taurus and the Caspian knew her:
The Georgian chiefs have heard her trumpet-neigh
Before the walls of Tiflis. Pines that grow
On ancient Caucasus have harbour'd her,
Sleeping by Sofuk, in their spicy gloom.



Trebizond has bathed her flanks,
On the shore she saw the white-sail'd
That brought him home from Stamboul.
Never yet,
O Arabs, never yet was like to Kubleh!

"And Sofuk loved her. She was more to him
Than all his snowy-bosom'd odalisques.
For many years, beside his tent she stood,
The glory of the tribe.

"At last she died:
Died, while the fire was yet in all her limbs—
Died for the life of Sofuk, whom she loved.
The base Jebours—on whom be Allah's curse!—
Came on his path, when far from any camp,
And would have slain him, but that Kubleh sprang
Against the javelin-points and bore them down,
And gain'd the open desert. Wounded sore,
She urged her light limbs into maddening speed
And made the wind a laggard. On and on
The red sand slid beneath her, and behind
Whirl'd in a swift and cloudy turbulence,
As when some star of Eblis, downward hurl'd
By Allah's bolt, sweeps with its burning hair
The waste of Darkness. On and on, the bleak,
Bare ridges rose before her, came and pass'd;
And every flying leap with fresher blood
Her nostril stain'd, till Sofuk's brow and breast
Were flecked with crimson foam. He would have turn'd
To save his treasure, though himself were lost,
But Kubleh fiercely snapp'd the brazen rein.
At last, when through her spent and quivering frame
The sharp throes ran, our distant tents arose,
And with a neigh, whose shrill excess of joy
O'ercame its agony, she stopp'd and fell.
The Shammar men came round her as she lay,
And Sofuk raised her head and held it close
Against his breast. Her dull and glazing eye
Met his, and with a shuddering gasp she died.
Then like a child his bursting grief made way
In passionate tears, and with him all the tribe
Wept for the faithful mare.

"They dug her grave
Amid Al-Hather's marbles, where she lies
Buried with ancient kings; and since that time
Was never seen, and will not be again,
O Arabs, though the world be doom'd to live
As many moons as count the desert sands,
The like of wondrous Kubleh. God is great!"

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1927.—THE POET IN THE EAST.

The poet came to the land of the East,
When Spring was in the air;
The earth was dress'd for a wedding feast,
So young she seem'd, and fair;
And the poet knew the land of the East—
His soul was native there.

All things to him were the visible forms
Of early and precious dreams—
Familiar visions that mock'd his quest
Beside the western streams,
Or gleam'd in the gold of the cloud unroll'd
In the sunset's dying beams.

He look'd above in the cloudless calm,
And the Sun sat on his throne;
The breath of gardens deep in balm,
Was all about him blown,
And a brother to him was the princely Palm,
For he cannot live alone.

His feet went forth on the myrtled hills,
And the flowers their welcome shed;
The meads of milk-white asphodel
They knew the Poet's tread,
And far and wide, in a scarlet tide,
The poppy's bonfire spread.

And, half in shade and half in sun,
The Rose sat in her bower,
With a passionate thrill in her crimson heart
She had waited for the hour!
And, like a bride's, the Poet kiss'd
The lips of the glorious flower.

Then the Nightingale who sat above
In the boughs of the citron-tree,
Sang: "We are no rivals, brother mine,
Except in minstrelsy;
For the rose you kiss'd with the kiss of love,
Is faithful still to me."

And further sang the Nightingale:
"Your bower not distant lies.
I heard the sound of a Persian lute
From the jasmined window rise,
And like two stars from the lattice-bars,
I saw the Sultana's eyes."

The Poet said: "I will here abide,
In the Sun's unclouded door;
Here are the wells of all delight
On the lost Arcadian shore:
Here is the light on sea and land,
And the dream deceives no more."

B. Taylor.—Born 1825

1928.—KILIMANDJARO.

Hail to thee, monarch of African mountains,
Remote, inaccessible, silent, and lone—
Who, from the heart of the tropical fervours,
Liftest to heaven thine alien snows,

Feeding for ever the fountains that make thee
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

The years of the world are engraved on thy forehead;
Time's morning blush'd red on thy firstfallen snows;
Yet lost in the wilderness, nameless, unnoted,
Of Man unbeholden, thou wert not till now.
Knowledge alone is the being of Nature,
Giving a soul to her manifold features,
Lighting through paths of the primitive darkness
The footsteps of Truth and the vision of Song.
Knowledge has born thee anew to Creation,
And long-baffled Time at thy baptism rejoices.
Take, then, a name, and be fill'd with existence,
Yea, be exultant in sovereign glory,
While from the hand of the wandering poet
Drops the first garland of song at thy feet.

Floating alone, on the flood of thy making,
Through Africa's mystery, silence, and fire,
Lo! in my palm, like the Eastern enchanter,
I dip from the waters a magical mirror,
And thou art reveal'd to my purified vision.
I see thee, supreme in the midst of thy co-mates,
Standing alone 'twixt the Earth and the Heavens,
Heir of the Sunset and Herald of Morn.
Zone above zone, to thy shoulders of granite,
The climates of Earth are display'd, as an index,
Giving the scope of the Book of Creation.
There, in the gorges that widen, descending
From cloud and from cold into summer eternal,
Gather the threads of the ice-gender'd fountains—
Gather to riotous torrents of crystal,
And, giving each shelvy recess where they dally
The blooms of the North and its evergreen turfage,
Leap to the land of the lion and lotus!
There, in the wondering airs of the Tropics
Shivers the Aspen, still dreaming of cold:
There stretches the Oak, from the loftiest ledges,
His arms to the far-away lands of his brothers,
And the Pine-tree looks down on his rival the Palm.

Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,
Tinted and shadow'd by pencils of air,
They battlements hang o'er the slopes and the forests,
Seats of the gods in the limitless ether,
Looming sublimely aloft and afar.
Above them, like folds of imperial ermine,
Sparkle the snow-fields that furrow thy forehead—
Desolate realms, inaccessible, silent,
Chasms and caverns where Day is a stranger,
Garners where storeth his t[illegible]
Thunder,
The Lightning his falchion, his arr[illegible]
Hail!

Sovereign Mountain, thy brothers give welcome:
They, the baptized and the crowned of ages,
Watch-towers of Continents, altars of Earth,
Welcome thee now to their mighty assembly.
Mont Blanc, in the roar of his mad avalanches,
Hails thy accession; superb Orizaba,
Belted with beech and ensandall'd with palm;
Chimborazo, the lord of the regions of noonday,—
Mingle their sounds in magnificent chorus
With greeting august from the Pillars of Heaven,
Who, in the urns of the Indian Ganges,
Filter the snows of their sacred dominions,
Unmark'd with a footprint, unseen but of God.

Lo! unto each is the seal of his lordship,
Nor question'd the right that his majesty giveth;
Each in his awful supremacy forces
Worship and reverence, wonder and joy.
Absolute all, yet in dignity varied,
None has a claim to the honours of story,
Or the superior splendours of song,
Greater than thou, in thy mystery mantled—
Thou, the solo monarch of African mountains,
Father of Nile and Creator of Egypt!

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1929.—AN ORIENTAL IDYL.

A silver javelin which the hills
Have hurl'd upon the plain below,
The fleetest of the Pharpar's rills,
Beneath me shoots in flashing flow.

I hear the never-ending laugh
Of jostling waves that come and go,
And suck the bubbling pipe, and quaff
The sherbet cool'd in mountain snow

The flecks of sunshine gleam like stars
Beneath the canopy of shade;
And in the distant, dim bazaars
I scarcely hear the hum of trade.

No evil fear, no dream forlorn,
Darkens my heaven of perfect blue;
My blood is temper'd to the morn—
My very heart is steep'd in dew.

What Evil is, I cannot tell;
But half I guess what Joy may be;
And, as a pearl within its shell,
The happy spirit sleeps in me.

more the pulse's strife,—
e tides of Passion's ruddy sea,
live the sweet, unconscious life
That breathes from yonder jasmine-tree.

Upon the glittering pageantries
Of gay Damascus streets I look
As idly as a babe that sees
The painted pictures of a book.

Forgotten now are name and race;
The Past is blotted from my brain;
For memory sleeps, and will not trace
The weary pages o'er again.

I only know the morning shines,
And sweet the dewy morning air;
But does it play with tendrill'd vines?
Or does it lightly lift my hair?

Deep-sunken in the charm'd repose,
This ignorance is bliss extreme:
And whether I be Man, or Rose,
O, pluck me not from out my dream!

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1930.—HASSAN TO HIS MARE.

Come, my beauty! come, my desert darling!
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head!
Fear not, though the barley-sack be empty,
Here's the half of Hassan's scanty bread.

Thou shalt have thy share of dates, my beauty!
And thou know'st my water-skin is free:
Drink and welcome, for the wells are distant,
And my strength and safety lie in thee.

Bend thy forehead now, to take my kisses!
Lift in love thy dark and splendid eye:
Thou art glad when Hassan mounts the saddle—
Thou art proud he owns thee: so am I.

Let the Sultan bring his boasted horses,
Prancing with their diamond-studded reins;
They, my darling, shall not match thy fleetness
When they course with thee the desert plains!

Let the Sultan bring his famous horses,
Let him bring his golden swords to me—
Bring his slaves, his eunuchs, and his harem;
He would offer them in vain for thee.

We have seen Damascus, O my beauty!
And the splendour of the Pashas there;
What's their pomp and riches? Why, I would not
Take them for a handful of thy hair!

Khaled sings the praises of his mistress,
And because I've none he pities me;
What care I if he should have a thousand,
Fairer than the morning? I have thee.

He will find his passion growing cooler
Should her glance on other suitors fall:
Thou wilt ne'er, my mistress and my darling,
Fail to answer at thy master's call.

By-and-by some snow-white Nedjid stallion
Shall to thee his spring-time ardour bring;
And a foal, the fairest of the Desert,
To thy milky dugs shall crouch and cling.

Then, when Khaled shows to me his children,
I shall laugh, and bid him look at thine;
Thou wilt neigh, and lovingly caress me,
With thy glossy neck laid close to mine.

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1931.—THE PHANTOM.

Again I sit within the mansion,
In the old, familiar seat;
And shade and sunshine chase each other
O'er the carpet at my feet.

But the sweetbriar's arms have wrestled upwards
In the summers that are past,
And the willow trails its branches lower
Than when I saw them last.

They strive to shut the sunshine wholly
From out the haunted room;
To fill the house, that once was joyful,
With silence and with gloom.

And many kind, remember'd faces
Within the doorway come—
Voices, that wake the sweeter music
Of one that now is dumb.

They sing, in tones as glad as ever,
The songs she loved to hear;
They braid the rose in summer garlands,
Whose flowers to her were dear.

And still, her footsteps in the passage,
Her blushes at the door,
Her timid words of maiden welcome
Come back to me once more.

And all forgetful of my sorrow,
Unmindful of my pain,
I think she has but newly left me,
And soon will come again.

She stays without, perchance, a moment,
To dress her dark-brown hair;
I hear the rustle of her garments—
Her light step on the stair!

O, fluttering heart! control thy tumult,
Lest eyes profane should see
My cheeks betray the rush of rapture
Her coming brings to me!

She tarries long: but lo, a whisper
Beyond the open door,
And, gliding through the quiet sunshine,
A shadow on the floor!

Ah! 'tis the whispering pine that calls me,
The vine, whose shadow strays;
And my patient heart must still await her,
Nor chide her long delays.

But my heart grows sick with weary waiting,
As many a time before:
Her foot is ever at the threshold,
Yet never passes o'er.

B. Taylor.—Born 1825.

1932.—LEONATUS.

The fair boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
It was his duty evermore
To tend the Lady Imogen:
By peep of day he might be seen
Tapping against her chamber door,
To wake the sleepy waiting-maid;
She woke, and when she had array'd
The Princess, and the twain had pray'd,
(They pray'd with rosaries of yore,)
They call'd him, pacing to and fro;
And cap in hand, and bowing low,
He enter'd, and began to feed
The singing birds with fruit and seed.

The brave boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
He tripp'd along the kingly hall,
From room to room, with messages;
He stopp'd the butler, clutch'd his keys,
(Albeit he was broad and tall,)
And dragg'd him down the vaults, where wine
In bins lay beaded and divine,
To pick a flask of vintage fine;
Came up, and clomb the garden wall,
And pluck'd from out the sunny spots
Peaches, and luscious apricots,
And fill'd his golden salver there,
And hurried to his Lady fair.

The gallant Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
He had a steed from Arab ground,
And when the lords and ladies gay
Went hawking in the dews of May,
And hunting in the country round,
And Imogen did join the band,
He rode him like a hunter grand,
A hooded hawk upon his hand,
And by his side a slender hound:
But when they saw the deer go by,
He slipp'd the leash, and let him fly,
And gave his fiery barb the rein,
And scour'd beside her o'er the plain.

The strange boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
Sometimes he used to stand for hours
Within her room, behind her chair;
The soft wind blew his golden hair
Across his eyes, and bees from flowers
Humm'd round him, but he did not care.
He fix'd his earnest eyes on her,
A pure and reverent worshipper,
A dreamer building airy towers:
But when she spoke he gave a start,
That sent the warm blood from his heart
To flush his cheeks, and every word
The fountain of his feelings stirr'd.

The sad boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
He lost all relish and delight,
For all things that did please before;
By day he wish'd the day was o'er,
By night he wish'd the same of night;
He could not mingle in the crowd,
He loved to be alone, and shroud
His tender thoughts, and sigh aloud,
And cherish in his heart its blight.
At last his health began to fail,
His fresh and glowing cheeks to pale;
And in his eyes the tears unshed
Did hang like dew on violets dead.

The timid Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
"What ails the boy!" said Imogen:
He stammer'd, sigh'd, and answer'd "Naught."
She shook her head, and then she thought
What all his malady could mean;
It might be love; her maid was fair,
And Leon had a loving air;
She watch'd them with a jealous care,
And play'd the spy, but naught was seen:
And then she was aware at first,
That she, not knowing it, had nursed
His memory till it grew a part—
A heart within her very heart!

The dear boy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
She loved, but own'd it not as yet;
When he was absent she was lone,
She felt a void before unknown,
And Leon fill'd it when they met;
She call'd him twenty times a day,
She knew not why, she could not say;
She fretted when he went away,
And lived in sorrow and regret;
Sometimes she frown'd with stately mien,
And chid him like a little queen;
And then she soothed him meek and mild,
And grew as trustful as a child.

The neat scribe Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
She wonder'd that he did not speak,
And own his love, if love indeed
It was that made his spirit bleed;
And she bethought her of a freak
To test the lad; she bade him write
A letter that a maiden might,
A billet to her heart's delight;
He took the pen with fingers weak.
Unknowing what he did, and wrote,
And folded up and sealed the note:

...e the superscription sage,
Leonatus, Lady's Page!"

The happy Leonatus,
The page of Imogen:
The page of Imogen no more,
But now her love, her lord, her life,
For she became his wedded wife,
As both had hoped and dream'd before.
He used to sit beside her feet,
And read romances rare and sweet,
And, when she touch'd her lute, repeat
Impassion'd madrigals of yore,
Uplooking in her face the while,
Until she stoop'd with loving smile,
And press'd her melting mouth to his,
That answer'd in a dreamy bliss—
The joyful Leonatus,
The lord of Imogen!

R. H. Stoddard.—Born 1825.

1933.—THE SHADOW OF THE HAND.

You were very charming, Madam,
In your silks and satins fine;
And you made your lovers drunken,
But it was not with your wine!
There were court gallants in dozens,
There were princes of the land,
And they would have perish'd for you
As they knelt and kiss'd your hand—
For they saw no stain upon it,
It was such a snowy hand!

But for me—I knew you better,
And, while you were flaunting there,
I remember'd some one lying,
With the blood on his white hair!
He was pleading for you, Madam,
Where the shriven spirits stand;
But the Book of Life was darken'd,
By the Shadow of a Hand!
It was tracing your perdition,
For the blood upon your hand!

R. H. Stoddard.—Born 1825.

1934.—INVOCATION TO SLEEP

Draw the curtains round your bed,
And I'll shade the wakeful light;
'Twill be hard for you to sleep,
If you have me still in sight:—
But you must though, and without me,
For I have a song to write:
Then sleep, love, sleep!
The flowers have gone to rest,
And the birds are in the nest:
'Tis time for you to join them beneath the wings of Sleep!

Wave thy poppies round her, Sleep!
Touch her eyelids, flood her brain;
Banish Memory, Thought, and Strife,
Bar the portals of her life,
Till the morning comes again!
Let no enemy intrude
On her helpless solitude:
Fear and Pain, and all their train—
Keep the evil hounds at bay,
And all evil dreams away!
Thou, thyself, keep thou the key,
Or intrust it unto me,
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
A lover's eyes are bright
In the darkest night;
And jealous even of dreams, almost of thee, dear Sleep!

I must sit, and think, and think,
Till the stars begin to wink:
(For the web of song is wrought
Only in the looms of Thought!)
She must lie, and sleep, and sleep,
(Be her slumbers calm and deep!)
Till the dews of morning weep;
Therefore bind your sweetest sprite
To her service and delight,
All the night,
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
And I'll whisper in her ear,
(Even in dreams it will be dear!)
What she loveth so to hear,
Tiding sweeter than the flowers,
All about this love of ours,
And its rare increase:
Singing in the starry peace,
Ditties delicate, and free,
Dedicate to her, and thee,
Sleep! Sleep! Sleep!
For I owe ye both a boon,
And I mean to grant it soon,
In my golden numbers that breathe of Love and Sleep!

R. H. Stoddard.—Born 1825.

1935.—AT REST.

With folded hands the lady lies
In flowing robes of white,
A globèd lamp beside her couch,
A round of tender light.

With such a light above her head,
A little year ago,
She walk'd adown the shadowy vale,
Where the blood-red roses grow!

A shape or shadow join'd her there,
To pluck the royal flower,
But from her breast the lily stole,
Which was her only dower.

That gone, all went: her false love first,
And then her peace of heart;
The hard world frown'd, her friends grew cold,
She hid in tears apart:

And now she lies upon her couch,
Amid the dying light:
Nor wakes to hear the little voice
That moans throughout the night!

R. H. Stoddard.—Born 1825.

1936.—THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But she was rich, and he was poor,
And so it might not be.
A lady never could wear—
Her mother held it firm—
A gown that came of an Indian plant,
Instead of an Indian worm!
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But he was high, and she was low,
And so it might not be.
A man who had worn a spur,
In ancient battle won,
Had sent it down with great renown,
To goad his future son!—
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

A youth would marry a maiden,
For fair and fond was she;
But their sires disputed about the Mass,
And so it might not be.
A couple of wicked Kings
Three hundred years agone,
Had play'd at a royal game of chess,
And the church had been a pawn!—
And so the cruel word was spoken;
And so it was two hearts were broken.

J. G. Saxe.

1937.—YE TAILYOR-MAN.

A CONTEMPLATIVE BALLAD.

Right jollie is ye tailyor-man,
As annie man may be;
And all ye daye upon ye benche
He worketh merrilie.

And oft ye while in pleasante wise
He coileth up his lymbes,
He sippeth songs ye like whereof
Are not in Watts his hymns.

And yet he toileth all ye while
His merrie catches rolle;
As true unto ye needle as
Ye needle to ye pole.

What cares ye valiant tailyor-man
For all ye cowarde feares?
Against ye scissors of ye Fates
He pointes his mightie shearES.

He heedeth not ye anciente jeats
That witlesse sinners use;
What feareth ye bolde tailyor-man
Ye hissinge of a goose?

He pulleth at ye busie threade,
To feede his lovinge wife
And eke his childe; for unto them
It is ye threade of life.

He cutteth well ye riche man's coate,
And with unseemlie pride
He sees ye little waistcoate in
Ye cabbage bye his side.

Meanwhile ye tailyor-man his wife,
To labour nothinge loth,
Sits bye with readie hands to baste
Ye urchin and ye cloth.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
Yet is he often tried,
Lest he, from fullnesse of ye dimes,
Wax wanton in his pride.

Full happie is ye tailyor-man,
And yet he hath a foe,
A cunninge enemie that none
So well as tailyors knowe.

It is ye slipperie customer
Who goes his wicked wayes,
And weares ye tailyor-man his coate,
But never, never payes!

J. G. Saxe

1938.—BROKEN FAITH.

Buds on the apple-boughs,
And robins in every tree;
Brown on the children's sun-kiss'd brows
A softer blue on the tender sea,
Ah me!
Bees in the maples murmuring,
Brooks on the hillsides;—and yet, O Spring,
Thou hast broken thy faith with me!

Broken thy faith with me,
Who have pined for thee so long,—
Waiting and waiting patiently
Through all the Winter's cruel wrong,
Ah me!
Climbing the rugged, desolate hills
To watch the sky for the faintest thrill
Of the azure yet to be.

...sten the woods
...rple the river-sides,
...ep in the shady solitudes
...s last sweet bud of the arbutus hides,
Ah me!
And the treacherous honey-bee stays his wing
To wrong its sweetness;—but yet, O Spring,
Thou hast broken thy faith with me!

Never a bud is seen
Within my garden walls,—
Never a touch of sprouting green;
And the fitful sunlight faintly falls,
Ah me!
On broken trellis and leafless vine,
Where last year's tendrils bleach and pine,
With blacken'd stems between.

June will be here anon,
Flushing the smiling skies,
Putting her bravest garments on,
Flaunting her roses in homesick eyes,
Ah me!
Which will not smile at the thoughts they bring,
Or weep when they wither;—for thou, O Spring,
Hast broken thy faith with me!

Elizabeth Akers.

1939.—TIME.

You see the tree that sweeps my window-pane?
All the long winter-time it moans and grieves;
In the bleak night I hear its boughs complain,
Praying for gracious sunshine and warm rain,
And its withheld inheritance of leaves.

But what avails it? Though the sad tree wears
Its heart out with its grief, what shall it gain?
Do you believe the tardy summer cares
For all its wild rebukes and passionate prayers,
Or that the sun shines warmer for its pain?

Verily not. No pleader can prevail
Who prays against the laws of Time or Fate:
No matter how we murmur and bewail,
The robins will not build in winter hail,
Nor lilacs blow in February. Wait!

Have faith, my friend. And when these stormy glooms
Have glisten'd us for June, come here again,
And you shall see my tree made glad with blooms,
Its branches all a-toss with purple plumes
Swaying across this selfsame window-pane!

Elizabeth Akers.

1940.—ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh:
Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life,
Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal,
That still, although the trembling flesh be torn,
This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill;
We seek some small escape; we weep and pray;
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still;
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life;
We hold it closer, dearer than our own:
Anon it faints and fails in deathly strife,
Leaving us stunn'd, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,—
This also can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things,—famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body,—but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn,—
Lo, all things can be borne!

Elizabeth Akers.

1941.—SINGING IN THE RAIN.

Where the elm-tree branches by the rain are stirr'd,
Careless of the shower, swings a little bird:
Clouds may frown and darken, drops may fall in vain;—
Little heeds the warbler singing in the rain!

Silence soft, unbroken, reigneth everywhere,—
Save the rain's low heart-throbs pulsing on the air,
Save the song, which, pausing, wins no answering strain;—
Little cares the robin singing in the rain!

Not yet are the orchards rich with rosy snow,
Nor with dandelions are the fields aglow;
Yet almost my fancy in his song's sweet flow
Hears the June leaves whisper, and the roses blow!

Dimmer fall the shadows, mistier grows the air,—
Still the thick clouds gather, darkening here and there.
From their heavy fringes pour their drops amain;
Still the bird is singing, singing in the rain.

O thou hopeful singer, whom my faith perceives
To a dove transfigured bringing olive-leaves,—
Olive-leaves of promise, types of joy to be;
How, in doubt and trial, learns my heart of thee!

Cheerful summer prophet! listening to thy song,
How my fainting spirit groweth glad and strong.
Let the black clouds gather, let the sunshine wane,
If I may but join thee singing in the rain!

Elizabeth Akers.

1942.—A DREAM.

Back again, darling? O day of delight!
How I have long'd for you, morning and night!
Watch'd for you, pined for you, all the day through,
Craving no boon and no blessing but you,—
Pray'd for you, pled for you, sought you in vain,
Striving for ever to find you again,—
Counting all anguish as naught, if I might
Clasp you again as I clasp you to-night!

O, I have sorrow'd and suffer'd so much
Since I last answer'd your lips' loving touch,—
Through the night-watches, in daylight's broad beams,
Anguish'd by visions and tortured by dreams,—
Dreams so replete with bewildering pain,
Still it is throbbing in heart and in brain:
O, for I dream'd,—keep me close to your side,
Darling, O darling!—I dream'd you had died!

Dream'd that I stood by your pillow, and heard
From your pale lips love's last half-utter'd word;
Saw by the light of the May-morning skies
Watch'd your face whiten, and saw your dear eyes
Gazing far into the Wonderful Land;
Felt your fond fingers grow cold in my hand;—
"Darling," you whisper'd, "My darling!" you said
Faintly, so faintly,—and then you were dead!

O the dark hours when I knelt by [illegible]
Calling upon you to love and to save;
Pleading in vain for a sign or word
Only to tell me you listen'd and heard,—
Only to say you remember'd and knew
How all my soul was in anguish for you;
Bitter, despairing, the tears that I shed,
Darling, O darling, because you were dead!

O the black days of your absence, my own!
O to be left in the wide world alone!
Long, with our little one clasp'd to my breast,
Wander'd I, seeking for refuge and rest;
Yet all the world was so careless and cold,
Vainly I sought for a sheltering fold;—
There was no roof and no home for my head,
Darling, O darling, because you were dead!

Yet, in the midst of the darkness and pain,
Darling, I knew I should find you again!
Knew, as the roses know, under the snow,
How the next summer will set them aglow;
So did I always, the dreary days through,
Keep my heart single and sacred to you,
As on the beautiful day we were wed,
Darling, O darling, although you were dead!

O the great joy of awaking, to know
I did but dream all that torturing woe!
O the delight, that my searching can trace
Nothing of coldness or change in your face!
Still is your forehead unfurrow'd and fair;
None of the gold is lost out of your hair,
None of the light from your dear eyes has fled—
Darling, O how could I dream you were dead?

Now you are here, you will always remain,
Never, O never to leave me again!
How it has vanish'd, the anguish of years!
Vanish'd! nay, these are not sorrowful tears,—
Happiness only my cheek has impearl'd,—
There is no grieving for me in the world;
Dark clouds may threaten, but I have no fear.
Darling, O darling, because you are here!

Elizabeth Ak[illegible]

1943.—KISSES.

The kiss of friendship, kind and cal
May fall upon the brow like balm
A deeper tenderness may sper
In precious pledges on the lips meet,
Thrice dear may be, when ya sweet;—
Love's dowy pressure, clo-i prize
But more than all thea my eyes.
The faithful lips tha' courtly lips
Smile, lady, smile, finger-tips;
Touch reverently den, when you feel
Blush, happy, ress love's glowing seal;
The lips wh years darklier roll,
But as the she experienced soul
Grown wis dearer far than they
Will o which kiss the tears aw
The l

Elizabeth Akers.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Fashion the words—ROCK ME TO SLEEP.
Purple the river, and turn backward, O Time, in your
Deep in the night,
Let sweet [illegible]e me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
[illegible] fall on your shoulders again as of old;
[illegible] it drop over my forehead to-night,
[illegible]ing my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Elizabeth Akers.

1945.—LOST.

The word has come;—go forth
An outcast and a blot upon the earth;
Lo, the fierce angel, with his sword of flame,
And brow of bitter blame,
Stands at the portal, and commands thee,—hark!
"Go forth into the dark,
The blind and pitiless dark,
Perdita!"

Go forth into the storm,
Wrap the rough sackcloth round thy delicate form,
Since torn for ever thence
Are the fair garments of thine innocence,
Which not by prayer, nor penance, nor much pain,
Can be made white again,
Perdita!

Nay, it is vain to plead,—
There is no hand to help, no ear to heed,—
Not even his, whose art
Did win and cast aside thy credulous heart,—
Who from thy forehead gather'd ruthlessly
The luminous lilies of white Purity,
And planted there instead
Shame's heavy blossoms, broad and scarlet-red,
Perdita!

Whom thou wouldst die to please;
Whom thou hast follow'd on thy bleeding knees
Through wrong and woe and strife,
To kiss his footsteps in the dust of life,—
Pleading with tears the while
For the great blessing of a word or smile,
As starvelings plead for bread,
To those, who, taunting, fling a stone instead,—
Perdita!

Lift not thy pleading eyes
To the calm scorn of the unpitying skies,—
Hide thy dishonour'd brow,—
Sweet Mercy's smile is not for such as thou,
Perdita!

Elizabeth Akers.